



**WE SHALL OVERCOME**  
**PROTECT RELIGIOUS LIBERTIES AND MINORITIES**



# Prolongation of the American Providences

---

---

*The Foley Square Rally*

# FAREWELL SPEECH

*Reverend Sun Myung Moon*

*This speech was delivered on July 20, 1984 at East Garden, hours before Reverend Moon departed for Danbury Correctional Facility.*

My faith will not change, wherever I go! To say that your faith will never change means that your mind will never change. By the same token, the world that I am pursuing will not change, either. Wherever I go, whether it is a high place or a low one, my life will be the same life.

## To Bring Unity

Since we do not have much time today, I would like to give you a very short and simple lecture. The work of God is to make unity. If there had been no fall, each man and woman would have experienced the unity of mind and body. Then with the unity of man and woman in marriage, the ideal would have been achieved. What is the path I am walking? My ultimate mission as the son of God is to bring about the unity of the entire world. If there had been no fall, God would never have had any problem in visiting this world. All people would have become perfected and would have automatically welcomed God into this world. It would not have mattered how many billions of people were born; they would all have been incorporated into the unified world. God has worked so hard to bring unity on the levels of family, clan, tribe, nation and the world. But if Adam and Eve had not fallen, they would have automatically created that unified family, clan, tribe, nation and world. If that was the reality, then God would be free to travel everywhere to be with His people.

There have been many saints throughout history and they were always unifiers. In the face of adversity, they never allowed themselves to become divided. Among the saints, the greatest of all was Jesus Christ. Jesus was the son of God and he came to unite the world, with the greatest power of unity that anyone had ever seen. He brought unity among all different races and cultures. Even his enemies, the forces of Satan who tried to destroy him, could be brought into unity by him. I want you to understand that Jesus prayed on the cross for his enemies because his deepest purpose and mission was to bring unity to everyone.

However, when Jesus was bearing the cross, he was a single, solitary person. Judaism was not supporting Jesus; the chosen nation was not supporting him and the Roman Empire was not supporting him. He was absolutely alone. But today, what is Reverend Moon doing? Reverend Moon came to this modern age to bring unity. He is a unifier—he is casting fire to bring about unity. Thus, no matter what we face, we will succeed. The forces of Satan are trying to divide the Moonies and they are trying to divide Christianity, but they cannot do it.



## The World Is Watching

The entire world is watching the Unification Church and Reverend and Mrs. Moon. Many people are curious about Mrs. Moon and how she is taking the recent turn of events. Also they are wondering if the Unification Church is now shattered into pieces and destroyed. But on the contrary, under these difficult circumstances the Unification Church has found itself most powerful. If Mother sheds tears, they are not the tears of tragedy or defeat; they are the tears of unity, tears for bringing hope to the future.

God's method has always been that of being hit and then restoring, over and over again throughout history. Thus we can sometimes weep knowing that our tears will bring us greater determination and hope to allow us to march forward to the greatest victory. But if we become defeatists, we will never become the people who can receive the ultimate blessings from God. Those ultimate blessings can come only to those who endure being hit and never falter, those who continue to move forward.

Even though Reverend Moon is opposed by the entire United States, I will never be defeated. I am ready to receive the blessing that goes far beyond any blessing of this country. We are growing every day—today we are greater than yesterday and tomorrow we will be greater than today. If God provides a way for me to bring about the unity of the 4.5 billion people of this world, I will not hesitate an instant to take that path.

When the Supreme Court rejected our review on May 14, I never wavered in asking God, “What way do You want to lead us now?” Since then, in the past two months great numbers of Christians have become united. Today I am going the road of incarceration and I am asking God, “What is Your next chapter for me? Let Your will be done and bring the unity of all mankind, centering upon the True Parents.” I know that no matter where I go, I will find people who will follow; strangers will follow me, even beyond the Unification Church.

## The Road of the Cross

When I walk over the hill, the unified world will be waiting there to welcome me. The billions of people will become united into one. There is a way for God to come and dwell with mankind. For the first time, the unity between God and man will be achieved.

Therefore, I walk the road of the cross with hope and a totally victorious mind. We are here together, people from all different cultures and the five different colors of skin. You must be united as you follow me. You blessed couples must follow me with your entire family united. All the members throughout the world must follow in unity; that is the only way you can follow me. Because of this momentous day, there is great hope for unity starting from Mother and myself, the East Garden family, and the entire membership of the Unification Church, as well as for the rest of humanity. Because of this day, unification shall become a reality. It will continue to grow, greater and greater.

When Jesus was crucified, he went into hell first and opened the doors there. Today I am bearing my cross, but I will not die; I will open the doors of hell as a living person. From that point on, resurrection and Pentecost will come. That is the way I understand the meaning of this day.

The living God never dies. Therefore, my cross will only bring unification and victory. The doors to 120 nations shall be opened from today forward, depending upon how much you act. Today I am going as a champion, to bring the unification of all of humanity, as well as the unification of Heaven and earth.

The road of suffering and the cross shall have no power over me. I confront all difficulties and shatter them with my determination. I am opening the highway to the horizon of hope and beyond, all the way to the victory. Even if the time comes to give up my life, it will be given up for the unification of mankind. Then God will erect a monument to me as the champion of unity. Certainly

anyone who died under such circumstances would be launched like a rocket directly into God's heart.

## **March Forward Victoriously**

You and I have the same mission of world unification—that is the job we must do. I am going to open the doors of hell, so while I am doing that, you must take care of this world. Unification is your sublime duty and your goal.

Those who are going to march according to my instructions, please stand up and shout Amen!

I want you to understand that I am going to prison on the worldwide level at this time. I have already gone to prison on the individual level, the family and the national level. This is my destiny. Now the only job remaining to you is to go out and fight the Heavenly battle. Bring the unification—that is your task.

At the leaders' conference the other day, I instructed them to rally 30,000 ministers. If each of those ministers can reach out to ten churches, then 300,000 churches will be united. We organized everything for a crusade. 30,000 video tapes of the Divine Principle will eventually be distributed. How many ministers are you going to contact and bring together? Even those ministers who are not members of our church are going to bring together ten churches, so you have to do at least ten times more.

Now show me your determination by standing and giving three cheers of Mansei!

# Prolongation of the American Providence

## 1977-1985

**BASED ON THE SUCCESS OF WASHINGTON MONUMENT,** Rev. Moon expected that the American movement would increase its membership to 30,000 by the end of 1978 and become self-sufficient. This would have enabled him to pursue objectives elsewhere. In particular, he wanted a strong and diversified U.S. movement to spearhead a “march on Moscow” by 1981. In reality, these goals proved to be exceedingly elusive and the “Moscow Rally” did not materialize, at least according to schedule. Rev. Moon found that it still was necessary to focus his attention and expend movement resources on projects in America. This was a source of frustration, especially when his efforts and expenditures were unappreciated or viewed with suspicion. The church’s enemies also did not relax their efforts for long. Kidnappings and “deprogrammings” continued, sometimes sanctioned by court order, and opponents attempted to block most of the movement’s initiatives.

After 1977, the church found itself increasingly on the defensive, caught up in government investigations and legal battles. In 1984, Rev. Moon’s sentiment that he “may have to be jailed in America” was realized as he spent thirteen months at a Federal Correctional Institution in Danbury, Connecticut on charges of “tax evasion.” At the same time, the prosecution of Rev. Moon, more than any other single factor, gained the church a significant amount of grass-roots support.

The prolongation of the providence in America, continued opposition and even the incarceration of Rev. Moon should not obscure the movement’s accomplishments during this period. Between 1977-85, it developed new methods of outreach, created a powerful student movement on American campuses, sponsored conferences for literally thousands of academics and religious leaders, launched far-flung economic ventures, established a major daily newspaper in the nation’s capital, won a succession of legal victories that vindicated the church’s rights as a *bona fide* religion, put an end to the “deprogramming” movement, and developed a significant network of prominent supporters. With a far more solid infrastructure in place, the movement was better situated to take on challenges after 1985 than it had been earlier.



## Witnessing Efforts

The American movement's primary mandate between 1977-85 was to increase its membership. As already noted, Rev. Moon believed that the church needed to have 30,000 members by the end of 1978 in order to have a significant impact in the United States. In 1983, on the eve of a "total mobilization" of members for evangelism, Rev. Moon upped that figure to 60,000. Neither of these goals were close to being achieved in terms of gaining core membership. There were a number of reasons for this. Obviously, a major factor was the general climate of negativity toward the church. A 1977 Gallup poll, for example, reported that Sun Myung Moon "elicited one of the most overwhelmingly negative responses ever reported by a major poll" and that "in the more than twenty years the Gallup poll has been asking Americans to rate various people, only Nikita Khrushchev and Fidel Castro have received more negative ratings."

Negativity toward the Unification Church was part of a more generalized negativity toward new religious movements which was greatly stimulated by the murder/mass-suicides of People's Temple devotees at Jonestown, Guyana in late 1978. In addition, young people were less idealistic in the early 1980s than they had been a decade earlier. Rather than religious seekership, middle-class youth looked to pursue career paths and high-paying jobs. Apart from these external factors, the church lacked a stable and consistently followed witnessing method. The goals were consistent—30,000 members overall and each member bringing one new member every month (1-1-1). However, specific strategies for achieving these goals continually changed. There was constant rotation of leadership and changes in direction. Emergency "mobilizations" disrupted local efforts and in many instances, the church went in all directions at once.

For example, immediately following the Washington Monument rally, Rev. Moon announced plans for a "gigantic training program" in June 1978. State members relocated during the previous campaign were instructed to return, and new state leaders were appointed with the direction to hold monthly "festival-like" programs, to have a "roving evangelist," to create a brass band, to start at least one CARP chapter, and to continue community cleaning modelled after the "America the Beautiful" project. At the same time, he discussed a videotape production of the *Divine Principle* and the idea of printing *Divine Principle* extracts as newspaper advertisements, and re-assigned state Itinerary Workers (IWs). He also directed the revival of the International One World Crusade (IOWC) in America, said they should sponsor programs featuring outstanding church speakers, reinstated Barrytown Training, instructed the states to carry out 3 and 7-day workshops, and asked Mr. Sudo to set up Barrytown evangelical teams.

## 40-DAY PIONEER WITNESSING EXPERIENCE

---

**John B. Parker**

**O**f all my experiences in the Unification Church, my 40-day pioneer witnessing experience was one of the most precious. I was doing Home Church in Brooklyn, New York, during the summer of 1980. I was shocked when I heard the announcement that we would now be doing 40-day pioneer witnessing twice a year in the United States, as had been the tradition in Korea and Japan. (I believe the exact dates of my pioneering were July 20th through August 31st, 1980.) The city of Middletown, Rhode Island, was chosen for me. Before long, I found myself on a train headed for a strange place I had never been before, with only a few belongings, a little money, and a little faith. When I arrived in my city, it was already dark. I was scared, but there was no turning back. I took a bus from the train station, and decided to get off near the beach. When I got off the bus, I noticed that the street signs showed that I was at the corner of “Kane Street” and “Purgatory Road.” I climbed up some rocks overlooking Rhode Island Sound, found a sandy spot, huddled under my thin jacket, and tried to keep warm. Needless to say, I didn’t have any trouble staying awake during prayer that night. The cold wind made me shiver, and I had a hard time sleeping.

The next day I wandered around the city and prayed for the people there. I asked Heavenly Father what I should do to fulfill the goal of bringing one full time member to the Church. I just started talking to people, and one young Christian invited me to stay with him at his house. It felt so good to have something to eat and a warm place to stay, but the next day he just abruptly kicked me out. I think he had asked his pastor about our movement, and got very negative. So there I was, back out in the elements, without a clue how to survive, much less how to witness to anybody. What little confidence I had was quickly turning into desperation. The next night I slept on the porch of a church, and had a vivid dream. In the dream, one of my first Divine Principle lecturers, Sandra (Lang) Lowen, was stuffing fresh raspberries into my mouth, more than I could eat. She was laughing at me, saying, “John, you don’t have enough faith—don’t you know that Heavenly Father has already provided for

you?” The very next day, as I was walking and praying, I noticed that there were bushes full of ripe raspberries scattered throughout the city! They were so delicious, and filling. I felt so much love from Heavenly Father, and his miraculous provision renewed my hope of at least surviving. Those raspberries turned out to be like my “quail and manna” during my 40-day pioneering.

I found an abandoned house that had been a former Church of God in Christ, and adopted it as my base of operations. I rented a small storage locker at the nearby bowling alley, where I stored what little I had brought with me. Although wild raspberries were my staple food, I also discovered that the grocery stores often threw away expired baked goods, fresh fruit, etc. I checked the dumpsters daily, but there wasn’t always food there. So I used \$1 as seed money for fundraising, purchased a box of peanut brittle, sold it, and eventually bought more and more in order to fundraise for food money. I also met a few good contacts during my weekly fundraising efforts.

Many days I just prayed, studied Father’s words, or just walked around the town. I felt little confidence in approaching people at first, so I just gave Divine Principle lectures to the spirit world, instead. Every day was a battle just to survive spiritually.

In order to make friends and find a way to win people’s hearts, I handed out the best of the expired baked goods which had I found behind the grocery stores. On one occasion, I had just handed my contact at the gas station a package of pastries when a policeman drove up in his patrol car, looked at my Unification Church name tag, and promptly arrested me. He drove me to the police station, fingerprinted me, but never told me why he was doing this. He was negative against the Unification Church, and asked me if I had ever sought out psychiatric help. I told him, “No, but I did study psychology in college.” I was locked up in a jail cell for several hours, and then a detective came in and asked me some questions. I explained why I was in Middletown—doing my 40-day pioneer witnessing—and wondered why I had been arrested. He said that on that day there were fundraisers from the Unification Church who had been kicked out, and they assumed that I was one of them coming back into town to fundraise without permission. When I explained to the man that all I had done was give a gift of pastries to my contact at the gas station, he looked surprised, and abruptly left my jail cell. A little while later, the original policeman came to my cell, unlocked it, and told me that I was free to go. He looked

very embarrassed about the entire incident. After all, he had arrested me without any due cause, and it looked like he had been reprimanded by his superiors for his mistake.

I visited various churches in the area, including Roman Catholic, Church of Christ, and the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. The people were friendly, and we had some interesting discussions about our respective faiths. One time, I visited a Baptist church and attended the service and Bible study. However, the minister was very negative about Reverend Moon, and kept raising his voice as he asked me to get out of his church. The choir director tried to reason with him about letting me at least attend their Bible study, but the minister refused to listen to him, and angrily demanded that I get out and never come back again.

One day on the beach I met a young man about my age, named Greg Walsh. We talked about God and about life, and he didn't have a problem with the fact that I was from Reverend Moon's church. I remembered True Father's words in the *Way of Tradition* about how we can learn from the birds, who lovingly go out and find food for their young. So I went behind the grocery store and found a dumpster full of fresh strawberries, which I brought back to my abandoned house. When Greg woke up, his jaw dropped as he gazed upon the strawberries, which I had prepared for him. He excitedly explained about how he had just been dreaming about eating strawberries! Wow! He was now convinced that God was showing him that he should come back with me to the workshop. I was very inspired, but I only had one train ticket, and not enough money to purchase another. Greg didn't have enough money with him either, so we just hitchhiked our way back to New York. The person who picked us up was negative against the Unification Church, but he let us ride with him in his truck anyway. When Greg and I arrived in New York City, we went together to the workshop at Camp New Hope in Accord, New York. After the 7-day workshop, he decided to join the Church!

I am grateful to Heavenly Father and True Parents for making this precious 40-day pioneer witnessing experience possible. Despite my lack of faith, God could work through me to fulfill my goal of bringing one new member to the Church.

## Michael Hentrich

---

I became a state leader in various states. Father first sent me to North Dakota for three years. We had state leaders meetings every month. I took the bus, usually. It was the cheapest way to travel to New York from North Dakota. I fundraised with silver and turquoise jewelry there. I drove a little red Ford Pinto. President Durst came to visit me one day. I showed him my little apartment with my patented custom furniture inside and he scolded me for not pursuing the invention as a business.

I did home church in North Dakota. I really enjoyed that kind of witnessing and believe in it very much. I was living near the University campus there and I set up a book table outside of the library, even in the snowy winter months. I had a flip chart and displayed books and a special 1-hour Divine Principle tape which I was strongly inspired to create. That tape was one of the best things I ever did. That tape was passed around quickly and kids would listen to it in their dorm rooms with their friends. It quickly made its way to one of the most prominent spiritual leaders in the non-Christian community. I felt that we needed a brief expression that was more sensitive to controversial Christian doctrinal issues. This version was very good. It was definitely inspired.

One time, when I was fundraising out of necessity, we were told to do a witnessing condition. I could not stop, so I decided to combine my fundraising with a 7-day fast. I asked God to help me find someone to witness to. One day, at the end of the fast, I felt strongly steered by spirit world to a particular apartment building that I was not intending to go to. When I knocked on one of the doors, a girl answered the door and asked, "Are you with MFT or are you a local member?" I was shocked. She was Susan Schroeder. She said she had left the Church years ago but that she was hoping she would meet someone who could help her to come back. So many things like this happened.



*Rev. Won Pil Kim (center) with UTS graduates from the class of 1978. They served as Home Church pioneers in England.*

*Opposite: Rev. Ken Sudo at work in his Home Church area, Park Slope, Brooklyn, New York*

into a center, the approach was to establish “Home Churches” in one’s witnessing area. Home Church held forth the promise of reducing negativity toward the church and at the same time significantly increasing numerical growth. Thus, it was emphatically embraced. Rev. Moon stated that Home Church should have been set up in the Garden of Eden and that it was the movement’s final frontier and destiny. “In the future,” he predicted, “presidents and prime ministers will do home church.” It was the place where the races would be united and all human problems liquidated. Paraphrasing John 14:6, he said that “no one comes to the Father except by home church,” and he explained that the number 144,000 of the Book of Revelation was “the number of home churches we will lift up.”

Under such mottos as “Home Church Is My Kingdom of Heaven,” members worked assiduously to set up home churches. Rev. Moon prepared a letter, subtitled “A Gift from 8,000 Miles Away,” which was mailed to one million New York households. Members formed home church associations, held home church banquets and even conventions, undertook service projects, and distributed educational materials. However, even at its height, home church was not the only witnessing method pursued by the church. The movement still required full-time personnel, and members were subject to periodic mobilizations. In 1979, fifty senior “blessed wives” were called to the field for two years for work on college campuses. In 1981, 120-day training was re-instituted. Finally, between 1983-85, the movement abandoned local work entirely during an emergency period of “total mobilization.” All church wives and many members were asked to join mobile IOWC teams for three years. Eventually, fifty of these teams campaigned throughout the country—witnessing, holding workshops on weekends, preaching, fundraising, doing public relations work, etc. The pattern was to campaign twenty-one days in a given city, then move to the next one. In mid-1984, the pattern changed. Each of the fifty IOWC teams were assigned to a different state and given the assignment of establishing four pioneer centers.



## The Oakland Family

In addition to widespread negativity and the lack of a stable and consistently-followed witnessing method, East-West tensions were a third reason why the church did not reach its membership goals. There were two separate issues here. The first was a tension between the mainstream church and its Northern California wing; the second was a gap between Oriental and Western culture. The tension within the American movement was a continuation of the 1960s' conflict between Miss Kim's Unified Family and Mr. Choi's San Francisco-based Re-Education Foundation. Originally a mission outpost of Mr. Choi's group, the Oakland Family's membership totals skyrocketed from a handful of members to several hundred during the early 1970s. While existing San Francisco Bay Area centers were depleted by the demands of the Day of Hope era, the Oakland Family thrived, inheriting what remained of Miss Kim's Berkeley Center and Mr. Choi's Re-Education Foundation by the end of 1974. During the late 1970s, the Oakland Family emerged alongside the national movement as a minority tradition with a distinct ideology and lifestyle. Ideologically, the Oakland Family took Mr. Choi's less theological, character-educational approach a step further by utilizing concepts from humanistic psychology. Organizationally, the Oakland Family departed from the mainstream by incorporating such entities as New Education Development Systems, Inc. (NEDs) and the Creative Community Project (CCP) with a less-than-clear articulation of their connection to the national movement. This provoked controversy both within and outside the movement.

The church would have moved sooner to incorporate the Oakland Family within its national structure were it not for the group's exceptional witnessing results. In late 1976, Mr. Sudo recruited Matthew Morrison, a longtime Oakland member, to be coordinator of Barrytown Training workshops, "incorporating some of the spirit and ideas which had helped the Bay Area bring scores of members." In September 1977, Bo Hi Pak reported Oakland recruiting results to assembled state leaders, stating that "90 percent of the work of our movement is done by one center." The following month, Rev. Moon asked Oakland Center Director, Dr. Mose Durst, to give a report on their activities and suggested that a key to their success was the unity between Dr. Durst and his wife, Soo Lim "Onni" Durst. "People," he said, "are attracted by their parental love and warmth. Furthermore, everybody does his share to make guests and new members comfortable, to feel at home and to be intoxicated in heavenly love."

There clearly were other reasons for Oakland's success. Obviously, the San Francisco Bay Area was a magnet for youth, and the Oakland Family recruited actively at train and bus stations, especially targeting anyone wearing a backpack. However, equally important was the stability of its witnessing program. The Oakland Family never varied its schedule of nightly evening programs, two-day weekend workshops every weekend for as many as 300 members and



*Members in the Bay Area, 1977*

guests, seven-day workshops for those who wanted to learn more, and “actionizer” programs for those who decided to move in. Moreover, while Oakland might send any number of new recruits to the church, it always kept its staff intact. Therefore, there was not the constant rotation of leadership that characterized the movement as a whole. Oakland also departed from the “on-your-own” pioneer philosophy that typified the Barrytown Training Program. All members participated in a “trinity system” which functioned as a family within the Family to provide internal support. Finally, Oakland emphasized only the positive and refused to have give-and-take with negativity. Unlike the Barrytown Training program, it refused to be drawn into speculation about failure. Enthusiasm and joy were in. Doom and gloom were out.

# From One Strange World to Another

Jonathan Gullery

**W**e lived to witness. We slept to witness. We dreamed witnessing. Witnessing was the purpose of life. Would that there could have been more than 24 hours in the day to witness. In especially zealous periods we would in fact witness 24 hours. I remember those conditions, when we would witness throughout the night in two-hour stints. Our trinity would park a car behind the San Francisco Greyhound Station, and pairs would go out, while the next team would sleep. The least-favored time slot was 3–5 am, because then you would get to arrive home just in time for pledge, house cleaning, morning chanting, and then . . . out witnessing. At least if you got two hours of sleep you felt grateful! I remember (or was it a dream) witnessing with Tim Henry at the San Francisco airport in the middle of the night, and being so exhausted that I collapsed into a vacant wheelchair. He pushed me around, still witnessing! An often-repeated favorite Oakland story was of one pair out late at night. One brother found a good prospect and began talking to him, and turned around to find his partner semi-asleep, drooling on the floor. Those were the days.

When we invited guests to the evening program, we would have to warn them about the unfriendly people outside our house. This was at the height of legalized conservatorships, kidnappings, and the court case involving the “Faithful Five.” “Oh, they just don’t like our community and our lifestyle, and they don’t want anyone coming over,” we would say to guests. The scene outside 1169 Washington Street was like a wild circus. Picketers with big signs would be circling like vultures on the sidewalk, waiting for us to try to get people inside safely. They would most often succeed in at least getting a flyer in the hands of guests, who would be a bit confused and alarmed by this screaming mob. We also had a band of “regulars” who would appear at crucial witnessing moments. They could be counted on to come up with the most inflammatory things to say! We always witnessed in pairs those days, so with a little luck (and lots of spiritual intervention) one of us would be able to draw the “nego” off, although they were pretty good at figuring out who was being witnessed to! Despite all this, people came in



*Talking to guests before the nightly evening program at Washington Street, San Francisco.*

droves, people were sincerely moved, and so many, many people joined. I remember occasions when over 100 guests would attend weekend workshop at Boonville.

## Our Spiritual Diet

We wanted to make really good conditions, and understand people in the world who did not have enough, so it was understood that we would always have “liquid breakfast.” Orange juice and coffee were not a good combination, even in large quantities. Runny oatmeal passed as liquid, if a little gruelly. Some enterprising cooks, however, had a reputation for defying the laws of physics, and making practically anything liquid. Hearst Street in Berkeley was the place to be! A lot of people who worked in business missions lived there, and needed a little more substantial breakfast. Yesterday’s peanut butter sandwiches, last night’s pizza, all kinds of things would be tossed in



the blender, and violá! Liquid breakfast!

One time we initiated an eat-breakfast campaign. Bring a guest for breakfast and you can have some too! This was a big hit, and there was some mighty hard witnessing on the streets of San Francisco in the early mornings. One sister who joined during this period was known as Suzy Pancake for many years.

Our diet, over the period of a year, was probably quite balanced, but we tended to eat one particular thing for a long time. There was the english muffin period. This one lasted a very long time, and it is only relatively recently that I can even face an english muffin again. Muffins became lunch-muffin pbj's, dinner-muffin pizza, snack, etc. One time we received continual donations of little pizzas. It was remarkable the number of ways to serve and eat these things. Pizza lasagna, pizza soup, etc. The mention of pizza, english muffins, brocolli, and stinky cheese to those who lived in Oakland in those years, will bring smiles and groans.

## The Heart of Oakland

In December of 1977, Rick Joswick was convinced that we should begin a musical group—which became the Heart of Oakland Band. In those days, doing anything other than witnessing was more or less to defy the purpose for which we were created, so it took a great deal of talk and persuasion before we were finally given permission to practice. Rick, Joshua Cotter, Mark Ungar, myself and later Joe Taylor created a partnership which lasted several years. The band could rehearse whenever we wanted, so long as all our public responsibilities were fulfilled. In other words, we were to witness full-time, attend all weekend workshops (every weekend), attend all evening prayers and morning pledge (every morning), and after that we could use our free time to practice! We made a rehearsal room at Hearst Street, and every night, after 11pm prayer at Washington Street in San Francisco (where we lived), we would drive out over the Bay Bridge through Berkeley and practice till around 2 or 3am. Then we'd drive back into the city, catch a few hours sleep till the Red Red Robin came around singing at about 4:45, and then begin our day again. Consequently, it took us a long time to learn new songs.

This period was really a God-send to me. I had played the piano from childhood, and was a professional musician before joining, but I had realized how shallow the whole musical industry was. I had decided that unless I found out what and who God really was, I did not want

to play anymore. It was at that point that I came to America, and found the church. I had no desire to play piano; I just wanted to find the truth.

We “debuted” at a rally on Berkeley Campus, well-attended by our ever-present negative faction. It was great! We played at most evening programs, and at weekend workshops. We wrote songs that became church standards, and we loved what we did. But the memory of those rehearsal periods understandably remains a little hazy.

## Schedule

The red, red robin came around to wake us up for 5 am pledge every morning. This was followed by a period of house-cleaning, and then back to the main rooms for 30 minutes of chanting. This took the form of “Glory to Heaven, peace on earth, bring 120,000 right now,” for about five minutes, and then on to a succession of other things to be accomplished. There we were in a large circle, dressed in our odd “prayer” clothes, swaying back and forth chanting loudly at about six in the morning. Guests would often be sleeping in one of our houses, either people returning from camp before going their way, guests graduating from camp and coming to the city for the first time, etc. No matter how quiet we tried to be, upwards of 60 or 70 people trying to be sincere about chanting could only be so quiet. From time to time a guest would wander



*The Heart of Oakland Band at Hearst Street, Berkeley, 1978*

in, looking completely confused!

Then on to our somewhat not-solid breakfast. Trinity leaders would then have to make teams for the day. In retrospect we could have used some good planning and scheduling software, because it was always a complicated process, with someone being lost in the fray once in a while. A general panic of “get out of the house, you are spacing out” now prevailed, as witnessing was IT. Off we went, to Powell and Market, Fishermen’s Wharf, Golden Gate Park, fanning out across the city to cast the net.

Lunch-time programs were tried, but sometimes resulted in members becoming stuck in the house again, so we often improvised, bringing guests for lunch wherever we were. If we had what seemed to be a great guest, we would take them to the house right away. I remember one time telling my trinity head that I had had a particularly wonderful guest for evening program. “Did they stay?” I was asked. “Well then, they were not great at all,” was the somewhat caustic response to my reply.

Then back for the evening program, the event we lived for. It was well-organized, well-run and generally really quite good. Members entertained, singing, telling jokes, doing magic tricks, and opening people’s hearts. Then Dr. Durst gave the famous Elephant Lecture.

*I would like to give you a very brief introduction to the Principles that guide our foundation, Principles that allow us as individuals to realize our full value and to enter into the full value of relationship. . . .*

This was followed by a slide show and then invitations to “go up to the land.” The van would eventually leave, taking that night’s guests off to Boonville, and later to Camp K, along with their spiritual parent for the week.

The house would then quiet down a little, with some late witnessing teams coming in. There would be a little free time, till evening prayer at 11. Time to crash out for most people, though there was always someone fasting, and other trinity members would stay up to prepare a fast-break for midnight. We would make something very simple for the one-day fasters (sometimes just left-overs), while three- and seven-day fasters would get something a little more lovingly prepared and special.

Finally, all was quiet—the last people had gone to bed, ready to start all over again at five. It was a hectic schedule and an intense life, but we loved it, and we loved each other. We were at the center of the cosmic struggle for spiritual life.

## Joining in Oakland

---

### Patti Callaghan Couweleers

I met my spiritual father while I was traveling. He was an Oakland member fundraising. I was in an airport in Saskatoon, Satchkatchewan. I met this American guy, and we were both going to Northern BC. There was a change of planes in Edmonton. Another brother was with him. They talked to me—I was reading the life of St. Teresa of Avilla. They were really friendly; they said they were from a Christian community—I was looking out for things like that.

They said, maybe you could visit—for a week. I was on my way to go to visit my friend. It was outlandish...they talked again and convinced me it was a special opportunity.

I phoned my friend to see if she was nonchalant about my going, so I could check this out for a week. She didn’t mind; she said it would give her a chance to clean up her house. I couldn’t back down, because I said that I would go if it was okay with my friend. This was so unlike her. I prayed, God, if anything happens to me... But the brother and I flew to San Francisco. I got off the plane in 70-degree weather and I had a big fur coat on. So bizarre.

## The Heart of the Missionary

---

### Sheri Reuter and Rebecca Sommer

This past summer (1999) we had a special opportunity to spend time together with our families. This led us to think about how to convey to our children our deepest experiences in the church. We both thought back to our days and nights on the streets witnessing in Oakland in the seventies.

Onni Durst was the consummate missionary. Our earliest memories in the church were of her telling us of the tremendous hope she had to save American young people. She moved us with her genuine love and commitment for a country that was not really her own. From her we learned that the heart of our True Parents was essentially a heart of salvation. Their never-ending sacrifice through blood, sweat and tears paid for our own personal salvation and would be the source of salvation for



*Sheri Reuter, Ruth Finamore and Rebecca Sommer witnessing at Powell and Market, San Francisco, 1978.*

all the people of the world. Mrs. Durst's love for God and True Parents was so tangible that she was able to make it a reality in the lives of a bunch of motley hippies who had come from communes across the country and been led to her door. We felt this in her love for us and her belief that we could grow to do God's will.

We caught that heart from her as she led us in a lifestyle in which every moment centered on witnessing. In the early years, we all worked at jobs outside the church to pay the bills, yet we witnessed every spare moment, whether on the bus, at lunchtime or in a parking lot. The main focus was always to witness, to talk to everyone to find the one who would respond. In those days we came home from work and didn't even sit down at dinner, just ate quick and went out to meet the people. We also learned God's heart of loving whoever responds. Some of our early guests were a bit strange perhaps, but we learned how to treat them as kings and queens. This foundation enabled the Oakland family to provide a way to bring thousands of children to True Parents.

After days on the street we clearly came to realize and feel God's love for His children. I felt God working through me, encouraging me to turn right at a specific corner in order to meet the person who had been praying for guidance in their life. Sometimes it was so clear as spirit world would guide me to exactly the right spot

to meet someone. The conditions we set, the fasting, the praying, the chanting, and the hours on the street, enabled God to work through us to save His children. Our days on the streets were long and the nights at the bus station and airport seemed even longer. The power we had to be out there came from a simple, fundamental faith that in order for God to give His love to His children, we needed to open

our mouths. Through a simple, "Hi, where are you from?" whole lives could change. We knew it wasn't us. Our clothes were rather strange and we always looked tired, and yet God needed us to be their link. If we were not there at the bus station to meet the 3 o'clock bus from Chicago, how could God have spoken to that person looking for a new direction in their life?

Although the two of us each witnessed quite a bit, we usually led different teams and didn't spend much time with each other. One of us might be at Fisherman's Wharf and the other pounding the pavement at Powell & Market. One day we had the opportunity to go together to buy a present for True Father in downtown San Francisco. After we made the purchase, we thought of stopping for a cup of coffee and a sisterly chat. On our way down the street we passed Powell & Market where a street performer had gathered a small crowd. As we glanced at the crowd, two backpacks beckoned to us and we had to stop. The coffee stop was forgotten as we struck up a conversation with the two guys. We invited them to the center for dinner, although one of them was definitely more interested in a place to shower. They agreed to come and we left them with hope in our hearts that they would be there that night. We had already picked the one we thought would be the more righteous of the two and respond to the lecture. They both came

to dinner and boarded the bus for the workshop that night. However, our idea of who was prepared was not God's plan. The quieter friend responded. He was blessed with a wonderful wife and three lovely children, and they are currently living in New Hampshire.

We felt that through our spiritual children we developed the heart to prepare for our physical children. To be there from the first hello on the street to the full conversion experience in their life takes quite an investment of heart and effort from the spiritual parent. The trials and tribulations of our spiritual children deepened and strengthened our ability to love with a parent's heart. We had many experiences of an urgent middle-of-the-night drive to the workshop at Camp K in order to prevent a spiritual child from hopping on the bus. As we prayed in tears for that special person for hours in the prayer room or fasted seven days for them, we began to feel just how desperate Heavenly Father was to love His children. We talked and pleaded for them to stay "just one more day," encouraged them to put aside their own plans to be part of building the ideal world, and in some cases even lay down on the road to prevent them from driving away. That intensity seems almost unreal now.

## Rebecca

On one occasion I remember flying to Arizona to stake out a house where the deprogrammers were holding a sister against her will. We spent more than a week in the desert just waiting for an opportunity to speak to her. At one point we felt we had a chance and Mrs. Durst hopped on the plane from Oakland. When she arrived she walked right up to the door of the house and began calling and calling for our sister. She was so desperate to reach her. I said, "Don't do that, we'll get arrested!" Sure enough, the cops pulled up and we spent the night in the Tucson jail. I'll never forget Onni witnessing to the various hookers in the cell as we waited to be bailed out.

## Sheri

Finally, Dr. Durst moved to New York to become the church president and some of us went with him. He brought some of us to help set up a witnessing effort there. I became the lecturer, along with Josh Cotter, Jonathan Gullery and Marjorie Buessing. We ran Camp New Hope. We worked together for a while, but at a certain point the members who had come from Oakland

eventually were sent back to California. It was sort of a political move that went awry. Rev. Kwak wanted me in the education department. People were complaining about us to Father, so I think he said, if you don't want them, send them back. I always felt that uniting the east and the west in our movement was really important, and I felt really bad about it. So I talked to Dr. Durst and told him I wanted to go back to the east coast. Around then, Aiden Barry left and Dr. Durst called and asked if I would like to go there. So I went to Boston in 1980 or 1981 as State Leader and then later went to Chicago; now I live with my family in Los Angeles.

I did mountain climbing before the church and the pinnacle was the hardest part to climb. The worst part is the last part. It seems like a few yards but it's straight up. This is where people are falling off the cliff. I know that I have a lot of strength spiritually. I was given a lot of blessing initially. My spiritual childhood was very rich.

I realized the reason we're doing Hoon Dok Hae is a survival strategy. If I don't do it, I get lost. I think we thought this would be the easy part, but it's the most difficult time. A lot of the work has been condition-making, not kingdom-building, which is what we really all wanted to do. I would look out over the city on Sunday morning when we'd pray at the holy ground, and I would believe we would restore it. I could totally envision it. We kept getting bigger and bigger. I really believed we would do it.

## John R. Williams

---

One of the happiest memories was being with Sheri Rueter and Joshua Cotter as workshop staff at "Camp Happy Lake" in Accord, New York in 1980-82. In those days we had several hundred guests and members each weekend. On Saturday night of the weekend introductory program, all the groups of staff and guests would hold an entertainment evening consisting of skits and songs they had written, usually with themes related to the Divine Principle. As the lecturer, with the long day of lectures behind me, a late-night staff meeting ahead of me, this was a window to relax and enjoy the fun.

Everyone would gather after dinner in the big barn. One Saturday, as usual, the preliminary singing had gotten us all warmed up and several skits had already gone up. Sheri's group was next. Among the staff this was a highly

anticipated event; she was notorious for her outrageous skits. The group was called to assemble and sing their song.

We waited for a few moments, wondering what wild costume or entrance or other gimmick they would use this time (I can still remember the time Sheri entered on a surfboard carried by her group as they sang some silly Disney song). It soon became clear the gimmick was that they were going to do it on roller skates they had found in a box in the barn.

The problem was that these were not skilled skaters; once they successfully got on their feet in their skates, they could not control where they were rolling. They drifted helplessly all over the platform facing different directions, trying in vain to maneuver themselves to get together in a line. The audience was all in stitches. Sheri stood in the middle laughing so hysterically she could not even announce what they were trying to do. I was laughing so hard myself I could barely breathe and I recall wetting my pants. Even to this day, the memory makes me crack up.

An unforgettable moment with God for me was a Saturday morning at our New York workshop site in the country. I was the workshop lecturer, having finished a quiet 5-day program the night before and now facing an influx of hundreds of guests for a new 2-day workshop. The pressure was on to be fresh and deliver inspiration, enthusiasm and wisdom yet again, and I was expected at 9 am. I was tired, irritable and depressed. I slipped away from the crowds and walked alone in the woods trying to cope with my feelings and find God.

It was a vivid, moist, autumn day. I walked the leaf-strewn path, talking out loud to God, praying for my task ahead and venting my heart, crying and emptying myself. I reached a numb, blank, desperate state of heightened receptivity.

Rainfall from the night before had left all the tree bark and ground a dark, dramatic foil to the vibrantly colored leaves. I gazed at an exquisite yellow leaf, thinking about the simple truths that I would be teaching about soon: "God is heart, focused entirely on matters of love. We are Father and

children. God made this out of love for our joy and pleasure. God made this for me."

Suddenly what I was saying hit me with profound poignancy. The realization of boundless love washed over me. I went down on my knees, was pushed down onto my back, groaning, tears pouring from my eyes with the overwhelming sensation of being accepted, cared about, important to the most important One. My entire being tingled in a kind of rapture. I felt His presence within and around me, in a deeply satisfying communion.

After many moments, I was aware of words: "Someday we will be like this always. We have an appointed rendezvous in the future. Until then, farewell..." He was telling me this was a taste of perfection. He knows this is my destiny and He is patient, willing to wait until I mature enough. He is always aware of me in a personal way, always has been and always will be. My future is being guided by Someone who loves me.

My heart was full. I returned to the camp empowered and inspired, ready to share the Principle and the God that I knew wanted to connect with everyone there.

*Workshop at the camp in New York. John is on the left.*



*Oakland members traveled by bus to New York, arriving in early May, 1980, to join Dr. Durst, the new president of HSA-UWC. They immediately began witnessing and running evening programs and workshops.*



The Oakland Family was the major supplier of the American movement's personnel during the late 1970s. Each month, it sent a quota of members, rarely less than twenty and sometimes as many as fifty, to missions throughout the church. This earned it "hands-off" treatment and exempted it from mobilizations affecting other centers. However, all was not idyllic. During the 1960s, when the movement was almost entirely unknown, Mr. Choi's Re-Education Foundation introduced prospects gradually to the church. During the late 1970s, when the movement became highly visible and hugely controversial, this was no longer possible. The Oakland Family's persistence in identifying itself as the Creative Community Project created an explosive situation. Charges of deceptive recruitment practices, front groups, and lying were generalized to the movement as a whole, creating "a folklore of deception as a common tactic in all Unificationist mission work." High-pressure techniques described in innumerable "lurid exposes" also were generalized indiscriminately to the wider movement. In fact, two sociologists studying this phenomenon pointed out that a "Careful examination of the articles that attempt to describe in detail the brainwashing process allegedly used by the Moonies will reveal that nine times out of ten references are made almost exclusively to the Oakland Family." A final source of strain between the Oakland Family and the larger movement were conflicts between aggressive Oakland fundraising teams, nicknamed the "Oakland Raiders," and the church's National MFT.

The movement finally dealt with these matters by elevating Dr. Durst to the Presidency of the Unification Church in America in May 1980. On the face of it, this appeared to be a brilliant solution. Placing Dr. Durst in a position of national prominence directly associated with the church would end confusion

about his role and defuse charges of deception. At the same time, there was the possibility of infusing the wider movement with the Oakland spirit and results. However, this was not to be. After the Dursts and their key staff moved East, a succession of senior leaders from the Korean movement took charge of the Bay Area church and attempted to dismantle the entire Oakland apparatus. Thus, rather than permeating the movement as a whole, the Oakland Family was cut off at its root. In addition, Dr. and Mrs. Durst had nowhere near the authority or the autonomy in New York that they enjoyed in California. They, too, were subjected to the demands and ethos of the larger movement.

Dr. Durst had a rich and varied background, was a polished and engaging speaker, possessed an amiable personality, and with his wife had fashioned and led a center that had better witnessing results than the rest of the U.S. movement combined. Yet, over time, Dr. Durst was reduced to being a church spokesman and apologist. He did this well, and several of his nationwide public relations tours were well received. Still, his inability to become the leader of the Unification Church in America highlighted a second East-West tension.

The Unification movement placed a great deal of public emphasis on the international, intercultural and interracial dimensions of its work. At Yankee Stadium, Rev. Moon stated, "God seeks to build one family of man. Therefore, the family, church, and nation God desires transcend all barriers of race and nationality. The people who are a unified blending of all colors of skin and who transcend race and nationality are most beautiful in the sight of God and most pleasing to him." At Washington Monument, he stated, "The United States of America, transcending race and nationality, is already a model of the unified world." America may have strayed from its Godly heritage, especially since the 1960s, and Rev. Moon clearly saw himself in the role of a physician or firefighter from the outside called to put America's house back in order. Nevertheless, during the Day of Hope, Yankee Stadium, and Washington Monument campaigns, he was always careful to acknowledge America's strong spiritual foundation and potential.

This changed after 1977. In the face of continuing rejection, the failure of the American church to bring substantial witnessing results, and especially after his indictment and conviction on "tax evasion" charges, Rev. Moon adopted a more critical posture toward the United States and American culture. Though rarely articulated in public, Rev. Moon's frustration became increasingly apparent in his speeches to members and in his choice of leaders. As early as 1978, he decided that "westerners couldn't cope on their own." This led to a number of increasingly unflattering comparisons between Western and Oriental members. In 1979, Rev. Moon stated,

My policy is that members of the Unification movement cannot afford to do only one thing at a time. Sometimes I give so many instructions at one time that the members are immobilized and don't know where to move. But the

Oriental members will run like ants, jumping from mission to mission, and bring the result.

He concluded that American members lacked sufficient dedication or were too “business-like” in their approach to achieve spiritual breakthroughs. Thus, by January 1983, senior Korean leaders held the positions of highest authority in the American church. Rev. Moon explained that he wanted “western leaders to be trained under the fullest, vertical tradition of the Korean church.” He cautioned, “I do not mean that Korean culture should become American culture...just that Koreans are closer to the heavenly tradition.” In a memorable turn of phrase, he stated, “English is spoken only in the colonies of the kingdom of heaven.” At times, his critique was more trenchant. In March 1983, he questioned how Americans became so egoistic and individualistic. Two months later, in a “Heart-To-Heart” talk with American sisters, he observed that they were “contaminated by the American way of life.”

This tension was not resolved between 1977-85 nor afterwards. Some members took Rev. Moon’s words as a challenge and redoubled their efforts. One brother who had been fundraising for five years wrote in a March 1983 issue of the church’s world mission magazine, *Today’s World*, “I have made a pledge to God that I will shed tears for Him every day of this year. If I fail one day, then the next day I will fast. If I cannot shed tears for one week, I will fast for a week. If I cannot shed tears for a month, then I will fast for month. If I cannot shed tears at all, I will die.” Other members complained about the “Koreanization” of the church and recalled that Rev. Moon had announced previously that “the leader-centered movement is over, and the member-centered movement is going to begin.” In fact, the Korean leaders were no more successful in stimulating increased membership than their Japanese and American predecessors had been. If anything, there was an increased exodus out of the church centers.

## Madison Square Garden—2,075 Couples

*Opposite: The Blessing of 2,075 couples at Madison Square Garden, New York on July 1, 1982*

A large percentage of the American movement, 2075 couples or 4150 persons in all, participated in a record-setting wedding sponsored by the church at New York’s Madison Square Garden on July 1, 1982. This number eclipsed the previous record of 1800 couples married by Rev. Moon in 1975, which was recorded in the *Guinness Book of World Records* as the largest mass wedding in history. Engagement ceremonies of 705 couples in May 1979, 843 couples in December 1980 and 653 couples in June 1982, led up to the ceremony. With this event, the church went from being a movement of primarily single people to one of married people, virtually overnight.





The Madison Square Garden Blessing introduced new complexities into members' lives which had not been there before. These included the matter of spousal relationships, the presence of children, and issues of financial support. The church attempted to minimize disruptions and integrate newly-formed couples into its witnessing effort through lengthy engagement periods prior to the ceremony or separation periods afterwards, by setting standards of bringing a certain number of "spiritual children" before consummating marriages, and by mobilizing wives for IOWC teams. During its three-year period of "total mobilization" between 1983-85, the movement set up twenty-four hour day-care facilities at locations throughout the country so that members would be free to focus on witnessing.

Despite these measures, married life and children were a distraction for many. Unificationist couples understood that they were engrafted into the new humanity through participation in marriage "blessings" presided over by Rev. and Mrs. Moon. They also understood that children born of marriages arranged and blessed by Rev. Moon were free from the taint of original sin. The vast majority of members accepted their partners, most gratefully. However, since 63 percent of the couples were either inter- racially or cross-culturally mixed, spousal relationships required attention and work that otherwise might have been dedicated to outreach. Other couples, while affirming their blessing, redefined their church commitments. Some took conventional jobs and seemed to take on conventional lives. At this stage, the movement viewed family and mission as being in competition with one another. It did not yet comprehend how Unification families would provide new avenues of entrance into American life, mitigate the church's more threatening aspects, and lead to substantial numerical growth through high fertility rates.

The channeling of witnessing energies into other areas of interest or need was a final reason why the church did not meet its membership goals. Rev. Moon's desire for the movement to become more substantial and to diversify into many areas of endeavor required increased membership and was the reason that he emphasized evangelism so heavily during these years. Financial support for movement projects continually exerted a pull, and hundreds of new members were pressed into service on mobile fundraising teams (MFT). This service was understood to be part of a seven-year "formula course," three and a half years of which were dedicated to restoring the things of creation. Still, this diverted members from witnessing and created a situation whereby many fundraisers stayed in the field five, seven or even ten years. Other fundraisers had difficulty in adjusting to witnessing and took "business missions" rather than fulfill the second three and a half years of the formula course, which was dedicated to restoring people.

The movement undertook other initiatives which also pulled witnessing members from the field. Mention already has been made of the missionaries and global IOWC teams which went out in 1975. Although these members were dedicated to front-line activity, it was outside of the United States and had an adverse effect on American witnessing efforts as noted. That same year, Rev. Moon founded Unification Theological Seminary at Barrytown, New York, which pulled an additional fifty members from the field, all college graduates, for a two-year course of study in religious education. The long-term vision was to prepare religious leaders. Still, this necessitated a commitment of up to fifty top members a year between 1977-85. In late 1976, Rev. Moon established a New York daily newspaper, *The News World*, which was the first of the movement's media initiatives in the United States. This also drained off talent from the field, as members staffed most positions.

## CARP

All of these activities were deemed to be providential necessities, necessary for the movement to go forward. However, the diversion of energies into related areas of concern also affected organizations set up primarily for witnessing purposes. The most important of these was the Collegiate Association for the Research of Principles (CARP). CARP was one of the movement's major recruitment vehicles on Japanese college campuses, where its activists also challenged communist student organizations during the 1960s and 1970s. It had the same dual purposes in America but was largely inactive, except for activities on a few East coast campuses, until the movement committed personnel and resources toward its development in late 1978. Under Rev. Chong Goo "Tiger" Park, CARP grew from less than 100 members in January 1979 to nearly 1,000 in June 1980, a year and a half later. However, the bulk of this growth was due to the reassignment of members rather than direct recruitment. In February 1979, fifty elder blessed wives were mobilized for a two-year commitment. The Oakland Family also contributed large numbers of new members who in previous years would have gone to the MFT. In the late 1970s and early 1980s, Seminary graduates were assigned CARP missions, as were members of the movement's Performing Arts groups.

CARP witnessed actively but never became the student-based movement it was in Japan. On most campuses where CARP maintained centers, active students were in the minority, and leadership was vested in older church members, most of whom had already finished school. Recruitment was undertaken in a focused way mainly during the summer and even then, not on campuses but through street-witnessing in geographical areas frequented by young people. As a consequence, CARP never developed a regularized campus witnessing program and did not become a major source of new members as in Japan. What

CARP did do extremely well was confront leftist groups on campuses. These efforts began as the result of an unplanned confrontation in March 1979 at California State University at Los Angeles (CSLA) when the Revolutionary Communist Youth Brigade (RCYB) assaulted CARP members distributing a pamphlet, "Communism and Fascism—Totalitarian Twins." As campus police moved in, the RCYB assaulted two officers, resulting in the arrest of eight RCYB members and the loss of its official recognition at CSLA.

This episode was the beginning of innumerable confrontations between CARP and leftist campus groups over the next several years. Many of the most memorable encounters occurred in traditionally liberal or radical campus settings, such as the University of California at Berkeley, the University of Wisconsin at Madison, and various campuses in New York City and Boston. The University of Wisconsin at Madison was especially difficult as members were "spat upon, kicked, even ambushed on the streets at night," and taunted with jeers of "Moonie slime" or "Moonie wimps." Signs were torn up and speakers, including Eldridge Cleaver who spoke at the invitation of CARP, were shouted down and forced from the stage. However, CARP did not back off and following the Soviet downing of Korean Airline Flight 007 in 1983, the tide turned. CARP had developed a revolutionary, activist élan of its own replete with practiced chants, burnings of Soviet leaders in effigy, hard-driving rock bands with names such as "Blue Tuna" and "Prime Force," and touring martial arts groups (these were especially helpful in protecting podiums from assaults). Earlier, Rev. Park led a counter-demonstration of 130 CARP members against a massive 250,000-strong anti-nuclear armament rally in Bonn, Germany, barely escaping after having been pursued by stick, pipe and chain-wielding attackers. Incidents of this nature, rather than more pedestrian recruitment testimonies, became part of the lore and allure of CARP.

Under Dr. Joon Ho Seuk, who became National Director in 1983, CARP blossomed into a genuinely national organization while maintaining a distinct identity and a high profile on college campuses. In 1984, Rev. Moon's eldest son, Hyo Jin Nim, became World CARP President. He convened the first World CARP Convention and led CARP activists in a march to the Berlin Wall. During the mid-1980s, CARP became a major source of new members. However, witnessing efforts were only one facet of its multi-pronged agenda and CARP's recruitment totals did not match those of the Oakland Family during the late 1970s.

# CARP

---

## Howard Self

In my over 11 years of full time CARP activities I remember most vividly Tiger Park. He was the most outrageous person I have ever known. His main mission was to show us the fighting spirit! CARP had many famous battles during the Tiger era ('78-'83). Tiger Park didn't just take responsibility for confrontations, he relished them; he loved them; he was never happier than when in the middle of the fray.

I first met Tiger Park in the middle of a demonstration on the CCNY campus in April, 1979. After graduation from UTS and leading a Home Church team in England for nine months, Father had assigned me to CARP, which was just starting to create a lot of waves both inside the movement and out.

At CCNY, we were in the process of shutting down a "student newspaper" which was receiving funding from student fees. The editor of this leftist rag had pictured herself in its pages, dressed as a nun, masturbating with a crucifix. The Marxists and their cronies had become used to doing whatever they wanted on certain campuses by the mid-seventies; there was no organized opposition to them. Their agenda called for breaking down existing morals or principles. This would lead to societal chaos and that would lead to the final struggle from which the inevitable revolution would emerge. Thus, religion was their favorite target. And CARP was their worst nightmare.

CARP circulated a petition for the students to cut off funding and held rallies on the issue. A lot of media, police and Marxist counter-demonstrators came to this particular event. Hundreds of extremely angry leftists were determined to shut down our rally. As our protest got underway, they surged forward en masse toward our rather small group as we held our signs and banners and denounced the vile rag with one voice through chants and slogans.

Indeed, like a tiger springing on its prey, Tiger Park leapt into the middle of the Marxists. Now the power of Tiger Park's voice is well recorded. No one who ever heard that voice in full power can ever forget it. All CARP members from that era will tell of how that voice changed their lives. He once told me that his name "Chong Goo" was given to him by his grandfather and meant "loud noise across the sky." Using his voice as his



*Rev. Moon signing the newly-printed "Green Level 4" books at East Garden, May, 1980, for CARP leaders. Tiger Park is standing next to Father.*

weapon, Tiger drew the Marxist leaders and TV cameras to himself, where within one inch of their noses, he yelled the truth of the situation. And that truth set CCNY free. We got the issue into the next ballot and when the votes were counted, that "student newspaper" was no more.

The rest of us neophyte CARP members just followed his example...in that rally and in many more which followed. We learned to throw ourselves into the fray, knowing that God was with us. Later we would face tens of thousands in the streets of Washington, D.C. Some went on together with Tiger Park to take on hundreds of thousands in Europe.

## Eric Bobrycki

---

It was the May Day celebration of 1980 and I was in Washington leading a CARP fundraising team. Our team had been invited to be a part of the counter-demonstration of the 30,000 Marxist sympathizers camped out near the Capitol. I was not prepared for the day's events.

I might have guessed or been forewarned by the tone of the morning service the day before. Tiger Park gave the service to about 20 of us who had gathered at the Upshur house. He did his best to wipe the sleep from his face—even his strong hands could not do it. He was exhausted. He spoke of his struggles—that he had been struggling with the same things for a long time and there was so much work to do. It was sobering.

The next day, about 500 church and CARP members gathered. The Washington mounted police had no intention of letting us confront the Communists. Tiger Park had other ideas.

I had to park our van. I ended up about 15 blocks away. I could take a short cut through the Communists or go around. No epiphany here—just abject fear. It must have been the day. I had two placards with me: one said “Castro Out of El Salvador!” and the other had a Soviet hammer and sickle with a diagonal line through it (no to Soviet Communism). I decided to walk through the enemy camp. No reaction at first. I had the signs facing down. I walked and walked and for some reason my arms started raising those placards higher and higher. It must have been angels. The response was not angelic. Several men yelled that they would kill me. I had surprised them—they only threatened me.

I finally joined our main group. Tiger Park wanted to start the confrontation right away—we and the Washington police had been unwilling. We finally regrouped and chose our site. We basically started a shouting and chanting match with the Communists. We had better chants and were more organized. I shouted with all my might and wind. My head pounded with each shout—it felt like we were at it for hours—but it may only have been an hour. I remember something Tiger Park had said about Jericho. Their heads must have ached too. Our goal had been to get equal press.

We finished. What had seemed like real violence ended quite civilly—it reminded me of a House of Commons debate. My head ached and I wondered what

had been accomplished—it seemed senseless and quite out of my sphere of creating the Kingdom of Heaven on earth. Then Tiger Park grabbed my hand and he was smiling from ear to ear. He said, “Wasn't that great!” My immediate reaction was no, but I just smiled back at him. Tiger Park was chatting and carrying on like we just came from a movie or a sporting event. He and I sat down on bench and just smiled and talked on. We then got up and met with the others and he announced what a great victory we had and how proud he was of our courage. I was overcome with pride. Pride in him and proud of being with him.

We did get equal press. The walls did come down.

## Mark E. Lincoln

---

I was a CARP member in Texas in the early 80s when Communist rebels were trying to take over El Salvador. CISPES (Committee In Solidarity with the People of El Salvador) was holding a rally and march at the state capitol in Austin. Texas CARP, under the leadership of Denny Jamison, decided to hold a counter-rally and march right behind them. We assembled our 25 or so members, and when they figured out who we were they were livid! I never got to participate in the march because one of their security forces (known as the Brown Berets) cracked me over the head with a pole, knocking me unconscious. Before the march even started, I was off to the hospital in Denny's little red Datsun, with David Toner driving, to get stitched up. I heard later that we did a good job getting our point of view across.

## Reflections on the Tiger

---

### Henry Schauffler

No one who worked with Chong Goo “Tiger” Park in America will forget his passion for God's Will and his deep love for America and Americans. He had a powerful vision for how to create a youth movement that was deeply rooted in the orthodoxy of True Parents' vision, but relevant to American Youth. During the 3+ years he worked with us, he transformed our lives and the CARP movement forever.



I first met him at UTS in January of 1979, when he came to do a 7-day workshop with all of the CARP members. When I shook his hand, it was not particularly strong, and he seemed humble. He had two large duffel bags with him, one quite overstuffed. Mike Smith told him that we had a room for him up in the Professors wing. He said, "Please show me the lecture room." We took him there; he prayed and said, "I'll sleep here for the first three nights to prepare the atmosphere for the lecturer, then I'll go to that room...." Seeing as I was to be the lecturer, I was quite moved.

That night, he gave us a talk about Father's heart, and his course pioneering in Korea, and how he learned about the deep passion Father has for saving mankind. He was very animated and powerful; most of us cried. As we left the room, he asked who the lecturer was. I introduced myself and he shook my hand quietly. He asked which lectures I would give the next day. As I began to leave the room, he was rolling out his sleeping bag. My last sight of him was in prayer, no doubt for me and my lectures.

I was the first to arrive for 7:00 am prayer. Rev. Park

*CARP members hold a rally on a campus*

was in prayer when I arrived, his sleeping bag rolled neatly in the corner. That's how our workshop started. That seven days were among the most memorable moments of education for all of us. He connected us deeply to True Parents' heart and conviction to save America with youth. When we finished the workshop, we had a new vision for CARP and ourselves as children of True Parents.

Many times over the time I worked with him, he traveled with sleeping bag in hand. Most times when he came to workshop sites for new members, even though we would prepare the customary nice room, he would go with his sleeping bag to the dorm where the guests were and stay with them.

Once at Camp Mazumdar, I went to the dorm at around midnight to see if the lights were out and everything was quiet. There he was in the men's dorm, with all the young men gathered around in rapt attention as he told stories of the early days with True Parents. He was a 36 couple, but in his heart, he was just a brother who had a wealth

of experience to share. He was totally unpretentious and unaware of position. At least he knew that Americans need this atmosphere to connect with someone.

While many remember his fighting spirit and literal willingness to die fighting Communism, I remember most his passionate heart and love for God and brothers and sisters. For me, living with him was a peek at what it must have been like to live with True Father in the early days. He laughed, cried and loved through more than three powerful years with us. I count it a true blessing and honor to have been able to work with him.

## Utmost Sincerity Moves Heaven

---

Gareth Davies

Could this seemingly fragile, mild-mannered, doctor really be the person chosen by Father to lead CARP? Could a former administrator at the Seminary really fill the shoes of the legendary Tiger Park? Those who never had the opportunity to get to know Dr. Joon Ho Seuk may still be underestimating him, as I did in 1983. But those who have had the opportunity to work closely with him could begin to understand the trials and the challenges that had forged deep within him a powerful determination to overcome adversity and to bring victory for Heaven.

When Dr. Seuk became the national director in January 1983, CARP was in need of direction. The dynamic and charismatic Tiger Park had passed away in April 1982 and Reverend Yong Suk Choi had not had time to make his presence felt as CARP National Director before he was reassigned in December. Dr. Seuk was therefore the third director in nine months.

In what we later learned was a typical approach, he immediately leapt into action. Dr. Seuk was assigned to his new position on January 2 and on February 1, he began a national campaign. The Unificationism and Martial Arts tour started in Boston despite the fervent efforts of CARP leaders to point out that it would make much more sense to start in California and move East as the weather improved. This was when I first began developing my theory that Dr. Seuk actually relishes difficulty. Over the years, I came to believe that few things make him happier than when somebody tells him that

what he is about to do is impossible and crazy. That way, once the success is achieved, it makes a great story! Of course it snowed in Boston in February 1983 and of course it made things very difficult, but the event was a significant success and that became one of Dr. Seuk's favorite stories. And he always mentions that there were those who told him that it was a bad idea. I was not surprised when I later learned that as a young man, he had volunteered to fight in the Vietnam War.

One thing that every CARP member has is great stories that usually came out of difficult, challenging situations. Dr. Seuk often speaks about *gosaeng*, a Korean word meaning a willingness to go through any kind of difficulty and hardships for the sake of God and humanity. He is a big believer in the need to confront hardships in order to grow and develop and he was very direct in telling CARP members what to expect. At the end of his first year as leader, he gave this warning, "The CARP life is not an easy one. Beginning next year I will push you even harder. This year has been nothing compared to next year. In 1984 there may be a lot of wild directions coming at you. If you are not ready, you had better leave now!"

It was hard to believe that 1984 would be busier than 1983. The Unificationism and Martial Arts Tour continued on campuses across the country all through the summer and CARP's campus activities in general were increasing. Then, on August 31, Korean Air Lines flight 007 was shot down by Soviet aircraft. Within the next 26 days, beginning on September 1, CARP initiated and participated in 49 rallies all across the nation. The rallies made national headlines. *Young Spartacus*, the newspaper of the Spartacus Youth League, one of the more rabid communist campus groups, wrote the following assessment in October, "The Moonies – those flower-peddling zombies belonging to the purportedly religious cult of Sun Myung Moon, have become well-organized and aggressive shock troops for America's anti-Soviet war-drive. Seizing on the downing of KAL 007, the Moonies' Collegiate Association for the Research of Principles (CARP) organized instant, anti-communist, war mongering demonstrations on campuses throughout the country from Columbus to Madison to Berkeley." Of course, everyone in CARP read this as a ringing endorsement.

Being in CARP in the 80s proved to be just as challenging as promised. CARP MFT became very disciplined under Mr. Itetsu Aoki because Dr. Seuk had determined that CARP would be self-sufficient. Father had advised him to send 70 members to national MFT



but he decided that instead, CARP MFT would be improved and that CARP would be self-sufficient. CARP's witnessing campaigns also became very focused and very successful and CARP was able to provide manpower for other missions.

Father clearly viewed CARP as an important training ground for church leaders, and UTS graduates were frequently sent to CARP to be trained. One of them, David Tebo, testified that, "CARP after three years in the Seminary is like ice water after a sauna." CARP was very, very busy and we naturally learned a lot through the variety and sheer number of activities that we undertook. Also, with so many young members in CARP, older members were forced to be parental and to care for others.

But much of the training also came through personal interaction with Dr. Seuk. He spoke frequently of the qualities that he admired in True Parents and I was moved by the fact that he tried so hard to embody those qualities himself. He spoke of filial piety, total submission to God; humility and meekness; iron-willed determination; true love; and utmost sincerity of heart. In Dr. Seuk's home, there is a large calligraphy written by Father which reads, "Utmost sincerity moves Heaven." I believe Dr. Seuk has made that his life's motto as he often refers to it. As CARP director, he always tried to be an example of the qualities that he hoped we would recognize in True Parents.

In June 1984, Hyo Jin Moon became President of World CARP. His first event was the rally at the Berlin Wall in 1987. The Berlin CARP Convention was very dangerous. CARP faced a lot of opposition by communists; there were bomb threats and many negative newspaper articles. Despite the opposition Hyo Jin Nim not only wanted to attend the rally, he wanted to lead the march to the Wall.

Heavily armed German police and twenty vans escorted the CARP marchers and protected them on both sides, but still it was a very perilous situation. East German territory is six or seven meters from the Berlin Wall and West German police can do nothing in that area. So the communists tried to disrupt the rally with a counter-rally there. The CARP members had to confront them and push them away from blocking the wall. The next day, the newspapers said that the Unification Church pushed the leftists into East German territory. "At the end," said Dr. Seuk, "Hyo Jin Nim went to the Wall and prayed so fervently that his face became thoroughly wet with tears. I did not pray; not because I did



*Dr. Jeun Ho Seuk*

not want to but because I wanted to keep watch. Therefore, I could see his face as he prayed and I could really feel his deep commitment. Father and Mother were so happy to hear of the victory at the wall. It was a major victory because for the first time, international students gathered together to demand the destruction of the Berlin Wall. It made a world impact. Father and Mother called us to go directly to Alaska from Germany. When we got to Alaska, Father came back early to hear our report."

Having lived a life of *gosaeng*, Dr. Seuk urged CARP members to do the same, making CARP a place to learn to overcome all difficulties. By the end of the 1980s, there were many hundreds of members who had experienced that training and who trusted in Dr. Seuk's leadership. That was an important foundation for the success that would come when the Wall came down and a unique opportunity presented itself in the Soviet Union. What needed to be done was impossible and everybody knew it. CARP did it anyway.

## “Reverend Beatrice Clyburn”

The last thing in the world I was expecting to be called was “Reverend Clyburn,” or “Reverend Beatrice” as Dr. Seuk calls me. I was raised Catholic (no “reverends” there!) and even at the Seminary, my focus was more on counseling.

In early 1986, Dr. Seuk said that seminary graduates should become Campus Ministers. He was so serious to unite with Father’s direction that I had to unite too. At the beginning of 1986, when I was doing my research into campus ministry, he would call me, asking about my findings. He would ask me to make reports all the time. I am grateful that he pushed me. That made me serious.

In September, I was accepted as an official Unification Campus Minister at Howard University. Actually, about the time I was going to apply, the Dean of the Chapel, Reverend Evans E. Crawford, came to our book table and asked why we didn’t have a campus minister! I later had a few interviews with Dean Crawford. I should say we had heart-to-heart talks. He asked me millions of questions about my mission, Father, how I joined the church, why I wanted to be at Howard. I will not forget—he will not either—the day I was in his office, telling him in tears how God had given me the life mission to heal the heart of black people. That’s why he was sending me, a white person, to serve the Howard black community. Then he shared about his experience with Dr. Martin Luther King. That time, our hearts touched. It felt like we were father and daughter. I love him so much. I always bring him flowers to decorate his office and to bring to his wife. His secretaries are like my sisters. Last Tuesday, I brought them flowers. Margaret, one of them, grabbed me and gave me a big kiss!

One thing has moved me to shed many tears during the past year at Howard. I have gone to many celebrations, meetings and services at the chapel of the School of Divinity. I love hanging out there. It is so peaceful. During one service, a young student sang “His eyes are on the sparrow.” She totally gave herself in her singing. I was overwhelmed with God’s love for all these people. Most of them were ministers from other churches. I was overwhelmed by the fact that they too, just like me, had given their lives to God. They had struggled for

many more years than I had under the heavy responsibility of bringing God’s children back to him. I felt their sincerity, their commitment, their sense of responsibility, their pained hearts and their love for God and Jesus Christ.

In November, I went to a conference at the School of Divinity. One professor, Dr. Felder, was speaking in front of a chapel packed with ministers. When I entered, I asked God where I should sit and I found myself next to two ladies. Afterward, the older one started to show me pictures of her children and grandchildren, talking as if she had known me for years. Then Dr. Felder came over and it turned out that this lady was his mother. Then I knew God had a plan, but when Dr. Felder realized I was a Moonie, he expressed his negative feelings. Two years before, he had been invited to a conference in the Bahamas but had refused to go as he was convinced that Reverend Moon was enticing black ministers and brainwashing them.

The next Monday, I was in his office for two hours. He bombarded me with a hundred questions about Father, my commitment to the church and my mission at Howard. Then he changed completely. He invited me to come to his apartment with his secretaries and one of his classes for a Christmas party. He even drove me home that day. I was very moved by the change. This man has a national-level mission with his church and is also editor of the well-known *Journal of Religious Studies*.

The warmest event of the whole semester was the Christmas party that Dean Crawford put on for his whole department. Dean Crawford introduced me warmly, explaining how I was accepted into this position. He was so beautiful and embracing. It all felt like family. I was able to meet several other campus ministers there and the number one topic with everyone was Reverend Moon. Since I am accepted at Howard by the three deans, then people feel free to ask. They don’t feel reluctant because I am one of them. I am grateful God could tell Dr. Seuk that this was my mission, against my own interpretation. I saw the incredible result right away. God wanted me there.

\* This testimony originally appeared in *Frontline* Vol.5, No.1 (Spring 1988).



### Academic and Interreligious Outreach

Between 1977-85, the Unification movement made remarkable progress in reaching intellectual and cultural elites in American society. It also set up business and media networks that gained widespread exposure. In addition, the movement began to make inroads into the American conservative movement and New Right through its support of traditional Judeo-Christian values and opposition to communism. These advances came at a steep price. The movement expended millions of dollars, drawing on its worldwide resources, particularly from Japan. It also had to contend with continuing opposition. Nevertheless, by 1985 the movement was in a decidedly better position than at the start of 1977. The major difference was that at the end of the period it had a broad array of supporters. These included mainstream, even stellar academics, theologians and religionists, journalists, and civic leaders. In this sense, the Washington Monument campaign was a watershed event as Rev. Moon suggested. Prior to that time, the movement had few, if any allies. Afterwards, it had an increasing number of defenders, some of whom came to its defense entirely on their own. This did not mean that the time of tribulation was over. It simply meant that after 1977 Rev. Moon and the church did not have to face it alone.

The movement did cultivate some friends before, particularly through its sponsorship of the International Conference on the Unity of the Sciences (ICUS). As noted, the ICUS conferences which met each November at rotating sites grew dramatically from 20 participants from 8 nations in 1972, to 60

*The 4th ICUS in  
New York*

participants from 17 nations in 1973, to 128 participants from 28 nations in 1974, to 340 participants from 57 nations in 1975, to 360 participants from 53 nations in 1976. During these years, critics of the movement utilized a variety of tactics to dissuade participants from attending. These ranged from letter-writing and telephone-calling to publicly “naming names” of those who attended. Most of those who had participated previously or accepted invitations stood their ground. Some addressed the sponsorship issue by stating that the meetings were valuable, that they were allowed “complete freedom of expression, agenda and organization,” and that “science accepts money from many sources which may be in some way tainted.” Although this line of argument may have been a viable defense against conference’s detractors, it was a less than ringing endorsement of the movement.

The situation changed after 1977 in at least two ways. One of these changes was that a number of participants made a serious effort to investigate the charges against the church and its founder. Dr. Fredrick Sontag, a philosopher from Pomona College, undertook the most serious and systematic investigation. He interviewed members and movement leaders, including Rev. Moon, on three continents, stayed in church centers, attended a weekend training session as a participant, attended the Washington Monument rally as a spectator, and “contacted as many ex-members and anti-Moon organizations as possible to gather their literature.” The results of his investigation were published as *Sun Myung Moon and the Unification Church* (Abingdon, 1977). Sontag’s book was replete with typical academic disclaimers that “the Moon phenomenon does not admit of easy solutions” and that for every simple issue resolved, “more important and difficult questions emerged.” Nevertheless, he did reach “two firm conclusions.” These were: “(1) The origins of the movement are genuinely humble, religious, and spiritual (which many doubt); and (2) the adaptability and solidarity of the movement are such that we are dealing with a movement here to stay.” As he put it, “We have witnessed in our own lifetime the birth, growing pains—and will see the maturity—of a new religious movement.” Although the debate over “science, sin and sponsorship” continued, it no longer threatened the existence of ICUS, which continued to expand through 1981 when 808 participants from 100 nations gathered for the tenth conference in Seoul, Korea.

A second change was the emergence of a new synergy. The power of academic networking was such that participants not only brought colleagues but also fresh ideas. The Professors World Peace Academy (PWPA), which was founded by Rev. Moon in 1973 but which operated almost exclusively in Asia, increasingly drew on ICUS-related scholars in setting up chapters and sponsoring conferences worldwide after 1981. The movement organized Paragon House Publishers (PHP) in 1982 largely as an outlet for ICUS and PWPA-related scholars, and in 1983 it incorporated the Washington Institute for Values in Public Policy as “an independent, nonprofit research and educational organization” providing “nonpartisan analysis exploring the ethical values

underlying public policy issues.” Building on this interest, the movement sponsored 40 “Introductory Seminars on the Unification Movement” (ISUMs) which reached more than 2,100 university scholars, professionals and government officials responsible for higher education from over 70 countries.

The movement followed a similar process in its ecumenical and interfaith relations. If ICUS was the base upon which the movement connected its value perspective to the sciences, Unification Theological Seminary (UTS) was the engine that powered its ecumenical outreach between 1977-85. Established in 1975 with the purpose of promoting “interfaith, interracial and international unity,” the Seminary installed an original faculty consisting of a Dutch Reformed professor of Biblical Studies, a Harvard and University of Tuebingen-educated Church of Christ professor of Church History, a Jesuit professor of Philosophy, a Roman Catholic professor of Psychology and Religious Education, and a Unification professor of Systematic Theology and World Religions. The Seminary added an orthodox Jewish rabbi as professor of Biblical Literature and Judaic Studies, a Greek Orthodox professor of Church History, and a Confucianist professor of Oriental Philosophy the following year, making it undoubtedly the most religiously diverse seminary in America, at least in terms of its faculty.

As with its outreach to the scientific community, the movement faced opposition in its ecumenical work. The most serious and ongoing problem was the New York State Board of Regents’ refusal to approve the Seminary’s charter application. Despite receiving charter recommendations from two teams of consultants, State Board of Education staff members, and the State Commissioner of Education, the New York State Board of Regents delayed action on the UTS provisional charter application for thirty-four months, tabling a decision six times. On one of those occasions, a Regents’ “committee on UTS” raised “no questions about the adequacy of the program” but repeated allegations about “brainwashing, alleged deceptive practices of the Church, [and] alleged liaisons with the Korean government or K.C.I.A.” When these were not substantiated, the Regents denied the application in February 1978 on the basis of an unannounced site visit that turned up “inconsistencies in admission standards” and misrepresentations in the catalog and a brochure. The Seminary pointed out that three previous review teams had examined and approved the admissions system and that SED staff had previously seen both the catalog and brochure without charging any misrepresentation. Nevertheless, UTS was denied its charter and forced to function without state authorization to offer courses for credit, to grant degrees, or to issue student visas.

# Life at Barrytown

---

## Dan Fefferman

UTS was a Mecca for me, a place where God allowed me to absorb the knowledge of the Christian centuries in preparation to return to the mission field strengthened and enriched. I recall the day that President David Kim spoke to our incoming class during orientation in 1983. During his presentation, I had the clear sensation of hearing a heavenly voice saying, "Drink deeply of the Foundation of My Knowledge." Just then, President Kim called my name and said, "Dan, Father sent you here, even though you are already a proven leader in the field. My advice to you is not to worry about being a class officer or student leader; just focus hard on your studies." In this way, it was confirmed to me by both Heaven and Earth that God would use UTS to give me a precious gift. I took the opportunity seriously, and those years at UTS were among my happiest.

President Kim and Dr. Edwin Ang had created a staff and curriculum that immersed students in a wealth of educational experiences. The core teaching staff represented a panoply of traditions: Josef Hausner (a Hasidic rabbi), Old Testament; Thomas Boslooper (a Dutch Reform minister), New Testament; Constantine Tsirpanlis (a Greek Orthodox scholar and former monk), Church History; Henry Thompson (a Methodist minister), Ministry; Stefan Matczak (a Jesuit scholar), Philosophy; Joe McMahon (a secular Catholic), Psychology.

President Kim was a constant inspiration to us, whether through his inspirational talks during morning service, his weekly walks with students after Sunday Pledge service, or his friendly banter as he battled students on the tennis court. One day he challenged me to try my hand at writing a school song. Later that week, taking my turn doing guard duty in the information booth at 3 a.m. on a snowy night, I came up with something that fairly well captures the spirit of that time for me:

As the Hudson returns to the sea  
Here we pledge our complete loyalty  
Faithful we will remain  
Faithful we will remain  
Study the truth of the ages  
Our knowledge will free the world  
Marching through history's pages  
Love's beautiful banner unfurled  
And though the seasons pass and the tears flow  
Still our motto resounds  
Ever strong, as the years roll  
Faith is our life at Barrytown  
She endures through our fond memories  
Center of God's great new history  
Alma mater restored  
Alma mater restored  
Netting carp by the river  
He showed us with his own hands  
Memories and victories linger  
Throughout all ages and lands  
And though the seasons pass and the tears flow...  
Our True Parents forever remain  
Through the sunshine, the wind, and the rain  
Here at dear Barrytown  
Here at dear Barrytown  
Father's path still reminds us  
That he was the true pioneer  
Wherever providence finds us  
Our hearts will always be here  
And though the seasons pass and the tears flow  
Still our motto resounds  
Ever strong, as the years roll  
Faith is our life at Barrytown  
Faith is our life at Barrytown  
Faith is our life at Barrytown



## Fishing at UTS

### Eric Bobrycki

Craig Dahl and I had the distinct privilege and joy of taking care of Father when he came to fish at the Seminary. We were known around school as Huck Finn and Tom Sawyer. The Hudson River is wondrous and magical and we spent every moment we could on it or near it. Father provided a great excuse—I say he was a co-conspirator at having us get on the river.

We would fish for striped bass. A great fighting fish that Father, Craig and I love to eat. Father would usually get the fish and then give them as gifts to people who visited Tarrytown.

Father had been fishing the week before. We never

knew he was coming until about an hour beforehand. So when Dr. Seuk would tell us, we dropped everything (usually our classes) and went for fresh bait and the boat. We were determined to have everything go smoothly for his next visit. He had scolded us for not having any new fishing spots. We took this scolding as a mission—more reasons to stay on the river.

We were in our favorite bait store and I found two new lures—they were Shad Raps and quite expensive—\$10 each. My first thought had been that Father would like these lures. I spent my own money on them and carefully put them in Father's tackle box.

He came the next day and we were ready. Craig had found this little creek with this nice waterfall. We definitely shocked the fisherman on that creek—coming down it with a 28 ft .Good Go. I saw Father's eyes light

up as we maneuvered around the big boulders—I was literally hanging off the bow preventing our meeting with the rocks—Craig was masterful at motoring the boat.

Father was excited. We moored the boat away from the shore fisherman and handed a baited pole to Father. I then remembered the Shad Raps. I showed them to Father and he told me to put one on. First cast—striped bass. Second cast—striped bass. Third cast, Father had got it snagged. He started pulling hard and I said, “No, don’t pull,” and snap—we lost the lure. He turned to me and said, “Another”—I was so glad I had another. First cast—striped bass. Second cast—snag—I yelled “No”—and snap. Lost the lure. Father turned to me and said, “Another”—I said there weren’t any more.

Father was quite emphatic about those lures. He said that I should have President David Kim purchase 1,000 lures. I did the math and got the message: get \$10,000 from David Kim for fishing lures. It was only seconds later that I burst out in laughter. I believe that it may have been what Sara felt when she got the news.

Father had immediately turned around so that I could not see his face. I could sense his reaction from Colonel Han’s face who was sitting on the side of the boat and facing me—he was all smiles.

I laughed at the Messiah and did not die. My intimacy with Father changed that day. The Hudson continues to be a magical river.

## Seminary Life

---

### Bruce Sutchar—Divinity Class of 1985

I entered the 40-day pre-seminary workshop immediately after the 1982 blessing. One special story concerns the first time that Father visited the seminary during my tenure there. It was in the fall of 1982. He came and spoke to us in the Faculty Dining Room. He talked about how we had to be able to do five things at the same time. These included the ability to do church work, do political work, work with the media, teach Divine Principle and do financial work. I will never forget Father’s words from this speech.

Afterwards Father took some of the Korean leaders fishing on the Hudson River. It was a cold, rainy, wind-swept day and Father was fishing under the Kingston Bridge nearly all day. We went down to Father’s house at the river to wait for him, but of course he did not come

back for many, many hours. Gradually, nearly all of the students returned to the seminary. Eventually only a handful of students remained along with Dr. Young Oon Kim. The hours that we waited were among the most valuable of my three years at UTS. Dr. Kim shared with us during these several hours, telling us so many stories about her years with True Parents.

Eventually, as nightfall approached, we could hear the motor from Father’s boat. We ran down to the shore and I had the blessing of being right there when Father’s boat approached the dock. The boat was filled with beautiful striped bass, which would soon become Father’s dinner. I was able to thrust out my hand and help Father out of the boat and help pull him up on the shore.

A second benefit I derived from this experience was that this day was the beginning of a very special relationship which I developed with Dr. Young Oon Kim over the next three years that I was to be at UTS. I consider my relationship with her, both as my teacher, my elder sister, my advisor and my friend, to be among the most valuable experiences which I was to have at UTS.

## Pamela Valente Kuhlmann

---

When I was in the seminary around 1980, Father would come and speak by surprise. He would come and sit with us in groups outside. We never knew when he would come. Everyone would leave their class when he came.

He would talk to us. Once he talked for a long time and then he told everyone to go back to class when he was finished. I was completely caught off guard. I had no intention of going back. Everyone was going down a path to the river. He was going to the river with the Korean leaders. He told everyone to go back to class.

I and one other person couldn’t leave. We kept following him down the path. By the time we got there it was evening. He sat on a rock. They started fires on the beach. I sat by his feet. I thought he was going to be mad. He looked at me and I looked at him. I looked into his face and he just smiled this incredible smile. I just stayed there. I realized he was our father and even though I disobeyed him, he didn’t mind.



Representative bodies within American Protestantism, and Judaism also, opposed the movement's ecumenical outreach. Reference has already been made to the American Jewish Committee's charge that the movement's main theological text was anti-semitic. On June 21, 1977, the Commission on Faith and Order of the National Council of Churches of Christ in the U.S.A. followed suit by releasing to the press and other interested persons "A Critique of the Theology of the Unification Church as Set Forth in *Divine Principle*." The eleven-page "official study document," drafted by Sister Agnes Cunningham of Mundelein Seminary (Roman Catholic), was issued "to clarify the claim to Christian identity made by the Unification Church." The Commission acknowledged receiving Unification Church "statements of self-clarification" but disregarded them. It also admitted to "diversity in Christian belief and theology and, thus, internal disagreement." Nonetheless, the Commission determined that the Unification Church "is not a Christian Church" and that its "claim...to Christian identity cannot be recognized." The church's efforts to engage both the American Jewish Committee and the National Council of Churches in dialogue were fruitless. The Roman Catholic hierarchy in the United States took no official stance. However, Japanese bishops issued a statement saying that the movement "has nothing to do with Catholicism, not even with Christianity, and is not an object of ecumenism."

Ironically, these actions did not have their intended effect. Rather than shutting its doors, the Seminary effectively parleyed interest stimulated by controversy about the movement into a broad-based ecumenical and interreligious conference program. This began in February 1977 when Professor Herbert Richardson of St. Michael's College at the University of Toronto "brought together 8-10 of his old students—now professors teaching in various parts of North America—to dialogue with UTS students about Unification theology and what this 'Moonie' stuff was all about." This led to a follow-up conference in April and several more weekend "theologian conferences," organized by UTS students before the end of the year. In 1978, the Seminary hosted two "Evangelical-Unification" dialogues convened by evangelical author Richard Quebedeaux, which brought its students into conversation with "born-again" Christians. These conferences and others fed into a week-long Virgin Islands Seminar on Unification Theology for fifty theologians, scholars of religion, philosophers, ministers, social scientists and others from July 22-29, 1979. Ferment from that conference carried over into the first "Advanced Seminar on Unification Theology" held the following February in the Bahamas.

By this time, the conference program had caught the interest of Rev. Moon, who committed significantly more resources to its development. This led to the founding of the New Ecumenical Research Association (New ERA) and the creation of a twenty-one member board of consultants who met twice yearly "to plan conferences, publications and other events to bring people together ecumenically worldwide." Under the New ERA board of consultants the confer-

*Rev. Moon meets with founding members of New ERA at East Garden, New York in 1979. Clockwise from Rev. Moon: Col. Bo Hi Pak, Drs. Richard Quebedeaux, Frederick Sontag, J. Stillman Judah, Herbert Richardson, unknown, and Darrol Bryant.*



ence schedule was regularized so that there were annual summer introductory conferences, advanced winter seminars, New ERA regional conferences, special theme conferences, and UTS conferences. Hundreds of scholars participated at the movement's expense in the summer introductory seminars which were held in Hawaii, Puerto Rico, Madiera, the Canary Islands and Athens, Greece between 1980-84. The advanced winter seminars consisted of three or four concurrent sessions on specific topics and were held at various sites in the Caribbean. Regional, special theme and UTS conferences covered a wide range of topics. The most substantial of these was an ongoing series of sociology conferences which included many of that field's most prominent academics.

No less than was the case with ICUS, the movement's distinctive form of "academic ecumenism" generated a good deal of synergy. In 1981, in response to a proposal by a New ERA board member, the movement convened the first of four annual conferences on "God: The Contemporary Discussion." These large international gatherings were conceptualized as a kind of "internal ICUS" with various conference sections and participants expected to produce papers. The Youth Seminar on World Religions (YSWR) emerged out of the first "God Conference" at which some participants asked whether the event could "extend beyond the scholarly level" and allow students to have a similar "broadening experience with the world's religions." Rev. Moon endorsed the idea, and

between 1982-84, some 150 students and professors gathered annually during the summer for a 1-week orientation and 7-week around-the-world pilgrimage to sites associated with the religious traditions of Buddhism, Christianity, Confucianism, Hinduism, Islam, Judaism and Unificationism. These events further expanded the movement's ecumenical and interreligious network and involved religious scholars of the highest rank, including Huston Smith, author of *The World's Religions* and one of the country's foremost authorities on world faiths, who with his wife co-chaired the first two Youth Seminars and served as chairperson of the fourth God Conference.

The New ERA model had additional benefits for the movement. During the early 1980s, some thirty-six UTS graduates pursued doctorates in religion at major U.S. seminaries and universities. These students served as lecturers, panelists and conference coordinators for many of these meetings and thereby gained invaluable experience. In addition, the church applied the New ERA model to its ministerial outreach, establishing Interdenominational Conferences for Clergy (ICC) in 1982. These focused on three broad themes: Christian Perspectives on the Family, The Church and Social Action, and Unification Theology: With Implications for Ecumenism and Social Action. More than 800 ministers attended ICC gatherings by 1984. The International Religious Foundation (IRF) was incorporated in 1983 "to bring under one umbrella the various interfaith and ecumenical activities sponsored by the Unification Church." In addition to its vigorous conference and publishing program which eventually included several imprint series with Paragon House Publishers, IRF provided seed money and development grants to the National Council for the Church and Social Action (NCCSA), a coalition of community-based and community-governed organizations which "grew out of ideas proposed by black clergy of different denominations in dialogue with members of the Unification [Church] Interfaith Affairs department." By 1983, there were forty-nine chapters in thirty-four states.

## Business Ventures

All of these initiatives raised questions about funding. In actuality, movement support of its non-profit organizations, though amounting to as much as \$10-15 million dollars a year, paled in relation to expenditures on its for-profit business and media ventures. In 1983, according to the *Maeil Economic Daily*, the movement's Korean business enterprises had total assets worth \$198,000,000. These included two titanium industrial companies, a pharmaceutical company, a stoneware company, and Tong-il industries which was a Republic of Korea defense contractor but also produced lathes, milling machines and boilers. These holdings appeared to be extensive or even ominous to movement detractors who often described Rev. Moon as a Korean industrialist. However, as sociologist David Bromley argued in a study of "The

Economic Structure of the Unificationist Movement” (see J. Richardson, *Money and Power in the New Religions*, 1988), “A simple aggregate dollar comparison of UM economic resources with those of mainline churches leads quickly to the conclusion that the former are dwarfed by the latter.” Bromley cited sources that put the value of mainline, church-owned, tax-exempt property in the United States in excess of \$1 trillion and annual church income in excess of \$20 billion in 1976. Even “similarly aggressive single denominations,” such as Mormonism, far outstripped the UM with an estimated income of nearly \$2 billion and estimated total assets approaching \$10 billion in 1985. And if one used the movement’s “controversial public solicitation of funds” as a basis of comparison, again according to Bromley, “Other religious organizations generate much larger revenues.” He noted research that showed “the top four programs on television took in over a quarter of a billion dollars in 1980.”

The movement’s Korean enterprises provided only marginal funding for U.S. operations during this period and were themselves, particularly Il Shim Stoneworks, the beneficiaries of cash flow from Japan. In reality, Japan was the economic juggernaut which powered the worldwide movement. In 1984, two former church officials in Japan reported that the movement there had sent more than \$800 million into the United States over the past nine years through a variety of businesses that benefited greatly from Japan’s overheated economy. Most of these funds supported start-up and operating costs for large-scale fishing-related enterprises, daily newspapers in New York and Washington, and a commercial feature film release.

American mobile fundraising teams supplemented this funding from Japan for the church in America. Bromley estimated, “At the height of this effort there may have been 1,500 to 2,000 fundraisers and...revenues of \$40,000,000 to \$60,000,000” but acknowledged that “UM officials insist that receipts actually peaked at \$20,000,000.” However the figures are calculated, the period clearly was one of significant economic expansion and diversification.

## Ralph Schell

---

I was out fundraising in the Mid-West one summer day of 1981 and, as sometimes happens in the Bible belt, was constantly harassed with the question “What church is this for???” Oftentimes I dodged the question (the standard HSA line), but it did me no good. At one house no one came to answer the doorbell. After a while I decided to move on. Just then a bucket appeared out of the window and I received a free shower. Fortunately the water was clean and the weather hot, so it quickly dried. Sometime later I came to a door and a man answered, naturally asking the same question as above. A rough guess on my part made him out to be (most likely) a fundamentalist Christian. I decided I would be rid of all the questions and answer this man straight to his face. I replied “It’s for the Unification Church. You know, Reverend Moon.”

“Yes, I know Rev. Moon,” he replied, and proceeded to name a number of negative reports he had gleaned from friends, news media and otherwise, and concluded with the remark “You’ll go to Hell with Rev. Moon!!!” All the while, hearing his response, I thought to myself, “What a self-righteous....” When he was done, my reply to him was terse, “Well, I’d rather go to Hell with Rev. Moon than go to Heaven with you ANY day!!!” His jaw dropped, completely aghast, his eyes almost popped out of his head. He just could not believe what he had just heard. I politely bid him farewell, saying “Well, I’m sorry but I cannot talk with you anymore; I must go on. You have a nice day, sir....” and left him standing there and proceeded on my way. He looked at me all the way down the street in pretty much the same pose until I turned the corner. Around the corner I myself proceeded to laugh until my belly ached with laughter. From then on my day took off and only got better. I can really say he \*made\* my day.

## Gus (Larry) Alden

---

It was 1978 in Buffalo, NY, and I was the fundraising captain of 12 Oakies just recently shipped over to the National MFT. One of them was a young Jewish fellow, short and stocky, and even more spaced out than the rest. For example, one day, I found him trying to assemble pieces of peanut crunch. I asked him what he was doing, and his reply was that he was recreating the tablets. His explanation was that it was a condition to liberate Moses.

Anyway, one Friday night, I had just dropped him off for a few hours of blitzing when some of his team members reported to me that they had smelled alcohol on his breath. Please understand, I wasn’t exactly myself in those days—you see, I was going by the name of Larry then (note the double letters)—and I was mad as hell to hear it. I proceeded to drop everyone off as fast as I could and went searching for him.

I walked into every bar on his stretch, asking the bartenders if they had seen a short, stout fellow fundraising. Most of them had, but he had already come and gone. I must have gone to 10-15 bars looking for him. Finally, one bartender pointed to the back of the bar, and told me he was in the back room. I still remember it. It had my adrenaline going. I ran to the back of the bar and through a curtain into a dusky, smoky, little back room where there were about 20 old Polish men sitting at a long table, all nursing huge mugs of beer. And there he was, perched there at the table and sitting with them, nursing his own humungous mug of beer. I must say, he looked happy like I’d never seen him before.

He looked up at me, grinned, got up from the table and followed me out to the van. He put his bucket of flowers into the back, climbed in and went for the back seat, laid himself down and immediately went to sleep with not a word said.

I don’t remember if I chewed him out later on, but I probably did, for one day a few days later, as he was climbing out of the van for drop off, and just a split second before slamming the door shut, he looked me straight in the eye and said, “Thanks a lot, Satan.” Ah, the things one remembers!

A few days later still, we were in the van together, just the two of us. It was dark, and he was scribbling into a notebook. He would turn his head and peer at me for a few moments and then return to his writing. This hap-

pened a few times, so it began to stir my curiosity. I asked him, “What is it that you’re writing into your notebook?” He paused for a moment, and staring at me with a completely straight face said, “I’m.. writing.. down.. every.. word.. you.. speak.. and.. every.. damn.. move.. you.. make.”

You might not be too terribly surprised to hear that he didn’t stay with the movement for very long. Neither did the other 11 for that matter, but I’m sitting here now some 22 years later, chuckling uncontrollably to remember these things, and thinking that had I only kept the cooler in the van nicely stocked with ice cold beer, he might have stayed longer than he did.

On that note, I think I’ll get a frothy one out of the fridge and offer a toast to Mr. Kamiyama.



## Larry Moffitt and Scott Avery

---

One bleak night in Denver we ran out of carnations with an hour to go before Frank Grow was to pick us up. We were in Sunburst (the band) and, as usual, we were fundraising.

One of us said, “Hey, I know, let’s sell snow. We have plenty of that.”

It had snowed about four feet and the drifts were chest-high everywhere. So we filled up our buckets and went door-to-door selling “the white stuff.” Definitely no danger of running out of product.

I’ll never forget the sight of Scott dredging up a big gob of snow for a woman who agreed to buy a dollar’s worth. He studied the pile carefully, considered the size and weight, the cost-per-unit, overhead—and then he scraped about a third of it back into the bucket!!

I thought I was going to die from laughter. Then, Scott handed it to the woman and she said, “Oh...just put it in the yard.” We ended up selling quite a bit of snow. I only remember one person who was irritated by it.

## Will Couweleers

---

It was 12 or 1 in the morning at the holy ground in Phoenix. After our group prayer I told everyone to go off and have individual prayer and that I would sing “Tong II” in about five minutes. There was a pond with some ducks there. Everyone went off to find a place to pray. Then all of a sudden, there was a big splash. One sister fell asleep praying and fell in the pond!

Later while we were fundraising with her she ended up in the wrong place at the wrong time. There was a bank robbery and she was kidnapped as a hostage. She was a riot, a British sister with a kind of Liverpooian accent. She was talking so much to the robbers that she was driving them crazy and they finally dropped her off in the middle of nowhere.

*Fundraisers overcome by the 193° heat!*

## David Payer

---

I was a fundraising leader in Western New York, outside of Buffalo. We had 13 guys in a van when we went out and it was quite a family experience. One of the most memorable was when we visited towns that were not too friendly to our being there.

This was 1977. I had a new high-tech device to help me—a voice pager. Team members could call in, leave a message and it would be broadcast to me. They would tell me where they were and I could find them in the evenings better that way.

One night we had a bit of a problem. Several of our team were stopped by the police for fundraising. I had to go into the police station and take responsibility for them. As I was discussing the situation with the sergeant, his assistant and our three members, I got a beep on my pager. It was Tom Iversen shouting: “The police have been looking all over for me but I ditched them! I’ll see you at 9:00!!”

I turned several shades of red, acted like it never happened and walked out with my teammates.

(That’s my story and I’m stickin’ to it!)

## Heather Lykes Partis

---

Probably the most dramatic experience I ever had on MFT was around the year 1982. I was working in Houston, Texas under Commander Tsujimura. During my first year I had pushed my body very hard, even though I had rheumatoid arthritis. I ended up working in a wheelchair for the next year. At some point, I just physically couldn’t keep up with the tough schedule even though I had been off and on, on challenge teams. My body felt like it just broke down. I worked half days, or only the nights on the week-ends. I repented deeply every day that I couldn’t work harder. I wanted SO MUCH to pay indemnity for America. That desire burned inside of me. I was so sorry to God that I wasn’t more useful for Him. Anyway, one Friday night I went first to sit outside of a very classy restaurant, and I did surprisingly well. After that I went to my usual week-end nightclub restaurant, a place that I liked and where I was known to the owners and security guard. I believe the place was called “Harlowe’s.” Early on, a cowboy came up and started talking intensely to me; I don’t think he was really making sense. Then all of a sudden he pulled

out his wallet and (one at a time) handed me four hundred-dollar bills. I offered him my bucket of flowers, but all he wanted was one rose. Imagine that. The power of God’s presence was electrifying.

Later on that weekend I counted the days from my initial collapse to that night. Guess what? It was exactly forty. My health improved after that. Plus my experiences with God during that time had been many and deep. I value those years with all of my heart. I often bless my brothers and sisters whom I worked with during those times. We sacrificed and prayed and worked so hard for God, America and the World.

## Laura Hornbeck

---

Here’s one thing that happened when I was on MFT, fundraising on the streets and byways of Michigan. It was the summer of 1977 and I was in some town, maybe Lansing (I can’t remember for sure). I was carrying peanut brittle and walking down a lovely, tree-lined street. A young man of about 25 had just parked his car and was getting out of it as I came along. I said to him, “Greetings! Can you help our church and get some peanut brittle?” I was wearing my Unification Church identification badge, by the way. I liked to be up front about my purpose for fundraising.

He looked at my badge and said, “I don’t like organized religion.”

Without missing a beat, and without feeling a bit disloyal, I said, “Oh, don’t worry. We are a very DISorganized religion!”

He laughed and gave me \$5 for some peanut brittle.

## Susan Felsenthal Janer

---

I was in Charleston, South Carolina. There’s a lot of sailors there. One Friday night I was doing especially well. They all got paid and I sold out all my flowers. I was on a roll without any product, only a bucket, and about two hours left until pickup time. I started walking towards the pickup spot. As I walked I passed a graveyard that had so many flowers growing in there, mostly BIG chrysanthemums of all colors, so I looked around to make sure no one was watching me and went into the graveyard. I started hearing voices saying, “Take mine, no, take the ones from my place.”

Those spirits were so friendly and eager to share the

flowers growing around their graves. So yes, I did pick a whole bucket of flowers from that graveyard. And yes, I did sell them in the next few bars. The sailors were buying them like crazy and never ever thought that these could be graveyard flowers. The funny part is that after that, even years later, occasionally people would joke with me about regular flowers from the flower market, asking if they came from the graveyard. I would always remember that night and chuckle because once I really did get the flowers from the graveyard.

I was on MFT fundraising in the late 70s. I was going door to door and had just left a house where they did not buy. The teenage son and his friends came home as I was walking back down the driveway on the way to the next house. So of course I asked them if they wanted to buy. They asked me, "What Church?" and I said, "The Unification Church."

"Oh a moonie!!!" he said, and then he hawked one up from deep in his throat and spit it on me and then walked into the house laughing. I felt so terrible...nothing like that ever happened to me in my entire life. I went into another world at that moment, almost like I left my body, but at the same time, I also felt angels gathering around me to pick me up spiritually. I felt how much God loved me for being the one to receive that insult from Satan and share in His Heart.

## Paul Rosenbaum

---

I had experiences where people would dream of me coming, days before I fundraised to them. One woman in Sante Fe, New Mexico told me that because I was fundraising with roses, she knew that her patron saint, a martyr whose name I can't remember now, Teresa, maybe? was with me—had in fact sent me to her. She gave all she had—three dollars, but shared with tears in her eyes that now she was sure God would remove the sudden and devastating shocking spinal pains which would come when she didn't expect them. Now she felt sure she could even die and it would be alright. Those kinds of experiences taught me about the reality of the Spirit World. How are our children going to learn those lessons? I wonder about that.

## An Angel from Heaven

---

### Robert Beebe

It was the last day of the month, and the last day of the third month of my attempt to make a \$120 average in order to qualify for a "green pin." I was on a fundraising team somewhere in either Indiana or Kentucky circa 1980 (the background setting for this story has become a little hazy over the years—sometimes it seems to me it all happened in the spirit world, such is my feeling about it now).

I fundraised all the bars. No result. Not one sale. Then, I came to the last bar with ten minutes to go to pick-up time. I stood outside and looked in through the window. It was a dark and dingy place, the kind of place frequented by factory workers and the like. There didn't appear to be so many people inside. Trying to keep faith, I drew a deep breath and opened the door.

Inside were just the bartender and several people at the bar—one man who looked to be about sixty with white hair and dressed in a three-piece suit, and three ladies all dressed in evening gowns and expensive jewelry. Strange. As soon as I stepped inside, the man looked over at me and called me over: "Come on over here. Let me see what you've got."

I walked over and rather sheepishly opened my box of cheap jewelry, waiting to be laughed out of the tavern. Instead, the three ladies were suddenly all "ooing" and "aahing" over my box and wanting to try on necklaces, earrings, bracelets, rings, everything. "Okay, girls," the man said, "Pick out whatever you like and I'll buy it for you." When they finally settled on what they wanted and the bill was totaled, it came out to be exactly what I needed to make my goal. Somewhat stunned, I thanked them profusely and closed up my box. I was on my way out when I suddenly stopped and came back. There was a question I just had to ask this peculiar man.

"Uh, excuse me," I said curiously, looking over his three-piece suit. "You don't look like the kind of person who usually comes to this kind of place. If you don't mind my asking, where are you from anyway?"

The man looked around at me and said, with a twinkle in his eye, "Maybe I'm an angel from heaven."

To this day I am convinced that God's help came to me that day in the form of an angel so that I could gain that green pin. It was the only pin I would ever be awarded in my three and a half years on MFT.





## Mark Anderson

---

One time on MFT our team had come up five dollars short of our goal for a 40-day condition. As the captain, I decided to go out and make the last five dollars to achieve the goal. It was 4 a.m. and no businesses were open, but I got out of the van confident I could sell two more boxes of candy. I found an open manhole and heard some clinking sounds under the street beneath a hospital. A man was working on the pipes. I surprised him with my line about fundraising for my church and he bought two boxes. As I climbed up out of the manhole and headed back to the van where everyone was already sleeping, I could feel the presence of heaven.

A few months after I joined the church, I was selling peanuts at a stop light in Chicago. After running back and forth all day at the light, I came home to the center and stayed up reading the Book of Revelation after all the “old members” had gone to bed. Suddenly, I felt the presence of a spirit which made me feel very euphoric, and as I continued to read, I was able to understand all the symbols in the Book of Revelation and what they related to in modern times. I was amazed at how these symbolic prophecies of the Second Coming were happening in my lifetime. The next thing that happened was that a painting on the wall of a vase of flowers came out of the wall and the flowers started moving as if the wind was blowing on them. After that finished, I went to bed.

## Linda Feher

---

It was Christmas Eve, 1980. As a center member in Baltimore, I was preparing to go fundraising with the rest of the team but there was no holiday joy in my heart. The thought of fundraising on such a major holiday seemed cruel and pointless. I remember that the drive to our fundraising area that day was unusually quiet and gloomy. To make matters worse the sky was very dark gray and it was definitely going to rain!

The team leader (Tony Snodgrass) and I were the last ones to get out of the van. I knew he was struggling also. I could see him across the street, methodically going from door to door. He looked as lonely and small as I felt. I couldn't understand why we were doing this. No one was buying anything. Every time I looked over to where he was I got angrier. Why did we have to do

this on Christmas Eve? Seeing the warm yellow glow inside each house made me homesick. When someone answered their door and I could see inside where the families were all enjoying the holiday together, my heart felt as though it would break from loneliness.

We weren't out very long before it started to rain. I wasn't wearing a raincoat. I didn't have an umbrella, so it didn't take long for me to get completely wet, even through my coat and down to my underwear. I looked over at Tony. I was sure the rain would call a halt to this craziness, but he just kept going. The rain turned to freezing rain and ice began to cover everything. The trees, grass and sidewalks were soon covered with sheets of ice. So we had to walk on the grass to keep from falling down. My hair was frozen and my eyebrows were covered with ice. I had goosebumps on top of goose bumps! I could hardly move my mouth to speak. I was soooooo negative that I cried in between each house. My face was raw from the freezing rain so the tears burned on their way down only to freeze on my chin. What a mess! When the mothers answered their doors, all I could get out of my mouth was “h, I fnra fr m chch.” They would look at me in horror and slam the door without saying a word. (Maybe it was the blue lips!) I remember thinking to myself, “It's Christmas Eve and you don't even know who I am or why I'm here. Can't you see that I'm suffering! Don't you care?” I couldn't bear the rejection; it hurt more than being cold.

With each passing minute I got angrier and more frustrated. Why are we out here on this holiday? The people don't want us here! They think we're out of our minds, and we are! I thought for sure Tony would be coming across the street to tell me it was time to go home, but when I glanced across the street I could no longer see him. This was too much. My teeth were chattering uncontrollably, I was freezing to my bones and hurting real bad. All that was more bearable to me than the negative feelings in my heart.

As I stood there on someone's frozen grass, I shook my fist at the sky and screamed at God, “Why am I here, God? What purpose does all this have? You tell me what value this has in the scheme of eternity!” Suddenly I went into a trance-like state and had a vision. I was looking at Father when he was a young man in a North Korean prison. He was standing outside with the other prisoners; they were lined up and the guards were shouting at them. It was very cold; you could see their breath freezing as it came out of their mouths. The sound of the



prisoners' chattering teeth sounded like thunder.

As I observed this scene I became acutely aware of Father's suffering and I began to cry. Suddenly my own suffering paled and at the same time became infinitely precious because it connected me to Father in a very deep way. As that realization took root in my mind and heart, I felt a touch on the top of my head. It was warm and soothing. It started at the top of my head and made me warm all the way down to my toes. My clothes were still cold and wet but I was comfortably warm. I felt wrapped up in God's embrace. It felt like my heart was touching Father's heart. It was intoxicating!

## The Day My Feet Left The Ground

---

### Ronnie Fuhrmann

I was never a good fundraiser. Many times I had days were I only made 2 or 3 dollars. This particular day started out like one of those.

We were fundraising with peanut brittle, house to house somewhere in New Jersey. The team captain would often put me together with one Austrian brother, perhaps because we were so opposite in character. He

was very straight and serious. Normally, we got along fine, but I was having one of those \$2 days, so I was getting on his nerves. He would be all the way around the block before I had even finished four or five houses, and he would ask what was taking me so long.

By the evening run, I had had enough. After being dropped of, I leaned against the picket fence of a pretty little house for a long time. I just couldn't go on anymore. I hadn't made any money, and a lot of people had been negative. I had stopped to pray, but nothing changed. I didn't have the energy to go one more step. So I leaned against the picket fence and prayed one more time. I decided to fundraise at the pretty little house, but was going to quit right after.

A father and son answered the door at that house. They were so cheerful and friendly and they bought 2 for \$5, thus doubling what I had made so far that day. I felt sufficiently uplifted to go on to the next house.

From then on, I felt like I was floating from house to house. Nearly everyone was home and nearly everyone bought. My steps became so light, and movement was so effortless. I was enjoying the sensation, but never assumed it was more than that. I was still fundraising with the same brother. It wasn't until he kept asking me how it was that I was getting around the blocks so fast that I realized what an incredible spiritual experience I was having.

## The Night Heaven Sang

---

A sister with whom I was sharing a sleeping room had become severely ill, spiritually. Others from her country had seen her through these episodes, which had happened before. Nights were especially bad for her. I would wake up and she would be thrashing around. In the dark it seemed as though she had sprouted extra arms and legs, and I got the impression of a very large spider.

After a time, she began to improve. Sleep was still difficult for her, so she would sometimes sit up and sing Holy songs softly during the night. She had a nice voice, but not an exceptional one.

One night, she was singing and I woke up and was listening to her. She sang two or three songs, then began to sing "The Song of the Garden." The singing was so unbelievably beautiful that it lulled me right off to sleep, even though I was quite restless. In the morning I told her that her singing of this song had been so beautiful. She looked at me, puzzled. "But I never sang that one," she said.

## Bob Gauper

---

**B**etty, call the shopkeepers and the townspeople. Warn them that there's a Moonie in town." Such was the response when I asked the hardware store owner, in a small northern Wisconsin town, if he would like to make a donation for a butterfly pin to help our church work.

He then asked me to come into his office so he could show me something. One wall of his office was covered with negative articles about the Unification Church. Looking at the articles I had a feeling that today was going to be an interesting day.

I left the hardware store and then proceeded to go shop to shop. Which of course was futile since every shopkeeper had been "warned" about me. Having finished the shops in record time (having someone yell "no" at you when you open the door doesn't take very long), I started to go house to house. Although many of the residents had been warned about me, I was still able to gain some success. However, it was soon to become more difficult.

One gentleman, perhaps a relative of the hardware store owner, believed it was his personal responsibility to make sure that no one in this town was going to give me

any money. So he went with me to every house to let the residents know why they shouldn't give to me.

I was often able to outrun my persecutor, an overweight middle-aged man, and was able to knock on a few doors without his presence. However, he would drive around in his car, and would soon spot me. I then decided to try another part of town. Walking near downtown I passed a small gas station where I had been earlier. An elderly lady asked me to come inside the station. She asked me what all the commotion was about. (Meanwhile, I noticed that my house-to-house antagonist was driving around trying to find me, but couldn't see me inside the gas station.) I briefly explained what I was doing. She stated, "People in this town are mean. You seem like a nice young man. I'll buy some of your butterflies." She gave me ten dollars. I then left the station, ran to the other side of town, and started to go house to house unmolested. Until! Until, I reached a newer subdivision.

They'd been waiting for me! "Red Alert! Red Alert! Moonie on the block!" about six kids on their bicycles shouted as I started going house to house. Surprisingly people still bought. (Perhaps they felt sorry for me.)

Around about 7:00 p.m. a police officer pulled up and said the townspeople had a special meeting to decide what they should do about me. The officer stated that he knew I had every right to fundraise for my church, but for my own safety, he suggested that I stop fundraising. Since I was almost done with the town, I agreed. "You know," I stated, "I get an idea how Jesus must have felt when he got kicked out of towns."

"Yeah, and I know what it must have been like for Pontius Pilate," remarked the officer.

I walked over to the post office where I was to be picked up in about an hour, sat down, and started to reflect about the day. I thought about the elderly lady who had asked me into her gas station; I thought about the policeman; I thought about the various people who gave me a donation while someone was screaming at them not to. In particular, I thought about an elderly couple living in a small shack down a small dirt road, a couple who were both reading their Bibles when I knocked on their door. They offered me some lemonade, said that they were glad I came by, and gave me \$5.00.

Around 8:00 the fundraising van picked me up. I counted up. I had made exactly 100 dollars. Someone asked me about my day. "Well, when I walked in to this hardware store ...."

All of the movement's major economic ventures had a strong idealistic component. In other words, the movement's primary motivation for undertaking projects was not profit-making but rather implementation of its religious vision. This was true for the movement's nonprofits as well as for its businesses. Religion and science, according to its theological teaching, must come together "under one unified theme." This was the "internal" purpose of the Science Conference. Similarly, contradictions within Christianity and the various world faiths should be explained, clarified and solved. This was the inner motivation behind the movement's ecumenical and interreligious network. However, it was one thing to base nonprofits on religious idealism. The question was how well these qualities transferred to businesses. In general, the results were mixed. Given members' underlying religious motivation and zeal, the movement's business enterprises had access to inexpensive, even voluntary labor. Also, since profit-making was not the primary motivation, they could absorb huge operating losses which in normal business circumstances would have been fatal. This enabled the movement to persevere in its efforts and draw public attention to its economic program. On the other hand, these businesses' access to cheap labor and their relative inattention to profits meant that many of the movement's particular investments were less than well planned or managed. This had the potential to undermine idealism and foster cynicism or even disillusionment.

Rev. Moon based his economic program on two compelling ideals. The first was the necessity for the "equalization of technology" and for "technology transfers" from advanced to developing nations. These ideas stemmed from his religious vision of a just economic system as well as from the experience of the Korean people who had suffered exploitation under Japanese colonialists. They also underlay the movement's effort to develop heavy industry, notably the Tong-il group, in Korea. During the early 1980s the movement expanded aggressively in West Germany, buying several large machine tool plants. It subsequently set up Saeilo Machinery as a worldwide machine distribution network to market the Tong-il line of machine tools and its West German lines. Saeilo Machinery (USA), Inc. exhibited sophisticated, computerized metal-cutting machinery from Korea and Germany at the National Machine Tool Builders' Association biennial international machine tool show (IMTS '82), the biggest and most prestigious trade show in the North American metalworking industry. Although the movement's industrial investments were highly publicized and controversial in Germany, they received little, if any, media coverage in the United States and were generally unknown.

## The Ocean Providence

The same could not be said of the movement's involvement in U.S. fishing industry-related enterprises, which was intensely publicized and explosive, particularly in local communities. Rev. Moon considered the ocean to be a potential solution to world hunger and a key to future human survival. As he put it,

[P]opulation will increase ten-fold.... The land itself will be crowded. There will be less space to farm and more people to feed.... For a while mankind may try and escape to space and live up there, but the expenses will be too much and...[they] will come right back down to earth.

Then...[mankind] will have to turn to the ocean. It is only a matter of time. The future of the ocean is inevitable.

Although the movement began fishing operations globally, America became the main focus for several reasons. First, there were multiple excellent fishing grounds on both coasts. Second, the American fishing industry was regarded to be depressed and the overall fish market underdeveloped. Third, and most important, Rev. Moon was working in the U.S. An avid fisherman, he began fishing in the Hudson River near Tarrytown, New York in 1973. Later that year he fished off the Connecticut coast and out of Freeport, Long Island. After he became very successful catching small tuna off the Long Island and New Jersey coasts, locals suggested he go to Gloucester, Massachusetts to challenge the giant bluefin tuna which can swim sixty miles per hour and grow to three-quarters of a ton. Unable to catch one in 1974, Rev. Moon returned in 1975 and landed his first after three weeks of effort. He caught seven more that season. Continuing to refine his technique and taking to the sea as early as three or even two o'clock in the morning, his party caught sixty-four giant tuna during the seventy-day season two years later. It was during this period that Rev. Moon announced, "We are going to be a sea-going movement."

The movement pursued two tracks in its sea-going ventures. The first was the business track. From 1976 through the mid-1980s, the movement invested in a plethora of fishing-related businesses along the Korean *chae-bol* or conglomerate model. In other words, it acquired or built shipbuilding yards, commercial and charter fishing fleets, fish processing plants, and a distribution network consisting of wholesale and retail fish companies, restaurants, markets and groceries. The idea was to create a comprehensive, interlocking system of enterprises. The movement's major investments between 1976-81 were for shipbuilding yards and food processing plants in Norfolk, Virginia; Bayou La Batre, Alabama; Gloucester, Massachusetts; and Kodiak, Alaska. During and after this period, approximately \$30,000,000 was spent to purchase or construct several hundred ocean-going vessels ranging from multi-ton trawlers to sport-fishing boats. The movement also capitalized on widespread interest in Japan



and its raw fish or “sushi” tradition during the 1980s by creating a network of several dozen Japanese restaurants across the country. Other movement companies sold to American retailers or exported fish, especially tuna and lobster, to Japan at significantly higher prices. Research into various fish powders, imitation crab meat, which later evolved into a successful business, and the possibilities of fish farms and aquaculture also commenced.

The second track that the movement pursued was in relation to the “ocean” providence. This involved the stimulation of interest among Americans, particularly young people, in the ocean, the revitalization of American seaports, and the creation of “ocean” churches. Rev. Moon frequently spoke about the virtues of fish over the American meat diet, the depressed state of the American fishing industry, and the need of youth, especially inner-city youth, to be exposed to the challenges and excitement of sea-going life. An early effort to stimulate interest and excitement was the “World Tuna Tournament” which the movement sponsored in Gloucester, Massachusetts between August 24-30, 1980.

*Tuna fishing  
in Gloucester, MA*

1977–1985

251

Total prize money was \$100,000: \$70,000 for first, \$20,000 for second, and \$10,000 for third. This was the biggest cash prize ever awarded in a tuna-fishing tournament and far eclipsed the amounts awarded in other local, established tuna tournaments, which ranged from \$200-\$1,000. Not surprisingly, in combination with the movement's purchase of a prominent restaurant and marina, its setting up of a fifteen-vessel commercial tuna-fishing fleet, and, as a *coup de grace*, its purchase of the former Cardinal Cushing Villa on the outskirts of town created an explosive controversy. The angry Gloucester mayor attempted to enlist the help of the Pope in blocking the villa's sale, the business community feared an "economic takeover" and complained of the church's "free labor force," parents feared that their children would be stolen and brainwashed, locals broke windows in the Unification-owned restaurant, repair shops refused to service "Moonie" engines, most Gloucester fishermen boycotted the event, and "[s]ome of their relatives and friends picketed the dock area to discourage other competitors" or blasted "a continual barrage of threats and insults" over the radio channel designated for the tournament. As a result, only 88 boats entered, approximately 15 of which were movement-owned. One commentator described this as "a relatively small number, considering both the walloping first prize and the fact that there are 8,000 commercially licensed tuna fishing boats in the United States—a majority of which operate from New England seaports, or within traveling distance." Rev. Moon's *New Hope* won first prize which was donated to a scholarship fund for Gloucester fishermen's children, but the city refused to accept it.

While the movement may have precipitated some of this conflict, much of it was unfair and most of the townspeople's fears were unfounded, as more dispassionate observers noted. Scott Cramer, writing for the November 1980 issue of *Yankee* magazine, noted that the movement held to "a policy of no recruiting in Gloucester," that the impact of its businesses was "insignificant," and that its operations were "only moderately successful." However, Cramer noted, "the Moonies' tuna-fishing fleet has enjoyed success that awes and angers the local tuna fishermen." Prior to the tournament, he noted that the "church fleet" caught 115 tuna, a total he described as "phenomenal." He further wrote that "although the church fleet may be outnumbered ten to one on any given fishing day, the ratio of Moonie to non-Moonie tuna caught is two to one." One tuna fisherman he interviewed "repeated the general disbelief of their success" but wished every boat was "Moon-owned" as "they were the most courteous boats out there. They seldom cut anchor lines and...would be the first ones to move if you were fighting a fish." Cramer acknowledged that puzzlement by "the consistent effectiveness of the Moonie fishing fleet" was not surprising as "the majority of their captains have been fishing for less than two seasons." Nevertheless, he observed "noticeable differences between the Moonie and non-Moonie fleets. The Moonie boats are spotless—every night they are methodically scrubbed. And they are the first boats to leave in the morning and



the last ones to come home.” Still, one local fisherman grouched, “If you don’t have a wife or anything to come home to at night, and if all your expenses are taken care of for you, you stay out there fishing.” Unification captains, on the other hand, attributed their success to attitude, Rev. Moon’s tuna seminar, “spiritual vitality” which made “the bait more appetizing,” and teamwork.

On October 1, 1980, Rev. Moon inaugurated Ocean Church. Initially he chose twenty-four seminary graduates and sixty members in supporting roles to pioneer twenty-four port cities on the East, West and Gulf coasts. He directed them to build a foundation of sixty members, at which point they were to order ten, twenty-eight foot “Good Go” fiberglass boats from the movement’s fleet and one large stern trawler. He advised the Ocean Church pioneers to “visit the Coast Guard chief, police chief and mayor,” telling them that “your sole concern is to revive the fishing industry in America.” He further said,

These boats will be your churches, and in the future when people visit your port, they will ask where the boat church is. The members will have a regular spiritual life, their mission will be on the ocean. The crews will rise before the sun and pray, then head out to the sea at sunrise. They will fish all day and return as the sun sets. They will catch more fish than anyone else in the area, even more than people who have been fishing for many years.

Clearly, Rev. Moon’s plan was for the pioneers to follow his path. Beginning in July 1981, he initiated an “Ocean Challenge” program which brought Ocean Church pioneers and large numbers of members to Gloucester for the seventy-day tuna-fishing season.

Ocean Church, not unlike the church’s inland witnessing efforts, did not meet Rev. Moon’s expectations. By September 1982, he was “deeply disappointed” and in a February 1984 speech entitled, “Let Us Begin Again,” he stated, “I had expected a great deal from Ocean Church, but those expectations have been somewhat betrayed.” He noted that boats intended for ocean cities were “still sitting in storage,” unwanted, and questioned where this “disillusionment” came from. Basically, the same problems that undermined the movement’s witnessing efforts generally—the overall climate of negativity, the lack of a consistently-followed program, east-west tensions, conflicting demands of family and mission, and the channeling of energies into other areas of concern—also affected Ocean Church. These issues were compounded by Rev. Moon’s court case, which increasingly became a distraction. More so than other American projects, Ocean Church was Rev. Moon’s creation and demanded his direct guidance and participation. Although Rev. Moon later proclaimed another new start for the oceanic providence, it was becoming clear that the business rather than the church track was dominant.

## Catching a Giant Tuna

---

### Kieran O'Neill

**O**n our first day's fishing we caught a small shark. What was unusual was that the fish was not caught on a hook, but on one of our sinkers, a circular weight. I felt that this was a sign from heaven that we would succeed. The next day, we caught our giant tuna. It was a miracle that, with our simple equipment, we should catch it and beat others with very sophisticated fishing tackle. We couldn't even have fished another day, because we had no money to buy gas. However, after catching the giant tuna, someone gave us money for gas, and we continued to fish in an effort to win the prize for catching the most fish.

I learned that when everything is going wrong is the time nearest the goal, that God is not distant; He is a living reality, close to us, and we meet Him when we are in extremity. I shed many tears during those days—and experienced rebirth. I realized that our attitude is the most important thing; faith and the determination to win at any cost, to give it whatever it takes, count much more than tackle. And when I think that a finger-sized hook can hold a ten-foot tuna, I know that we can do great things if we have the heart to do so.

You couldn't imagine the confusion as we played that fish. The sea was rough, the surrounding waters were laced with boats, and it raced around in a desperate effort to escape, crossing lines and tangling them. It took all our effort to play it as it lunged frantically about. Finally we hauled it aboard. It was a tuna, ten feet long and weighing more than one thousand pounds. It was the heaviest and the longest fish caught in the tournament and won us a prize of \$23,000.

After the tournament, Father talked with me. He told me to go now and fish for men.

*Opposite: The first fish caught by Rev. Moon after his release from Danbury. Rev. Moon and Alan Hokanson are in the background on board the New Hope. On the Golden Sea; Gerhardt Peemoeller, Marilyn Morris, Steve Taylor, Karen Smith, Takeru Kamiyama and Hiroshi Matsuzaki.*

## Karen Judd Smith

---

**T**he ocean, for me a “classroom and cathedral,” gave me the groundedness (ironically enough), intertwined with the intangibles, that provide fertile ground for growth through dramatic daily life experiences. For me, perhaps the word that best describes Ocean Church and the Ocean Challenge experience is “irony.” If I were a Zen enthusiast, I might describe it as “the sound of one hand clapping.” That is, the ocean in its kindness and severity, its beauty and its harsh, brute strength, its mystery, its giving of life and taking away of life, gives plenty of opportunity for our “well-ordered,” compartmentalizing human habits to be evaporated into intense momentary reality for which there is no “box.” The ocean is a place where I learned and where I met God again and again. . . and where I met Father's heart, a simple yet profound desire of a father to feed his children—all six billion of us—physically and spiritually.

As deep as the ocean is, its beauty, strength, endless giving, powerful demands and humor are no less. How could I share my ten years from 1983 to 1993? I started as a new seminary graduate—everyone's favorite! Female—enough said there. I lived and breathed fish, boats, saltwater, engines, seafood, chum, fish farming, ocean potentials and disasters, Alaska, the Keys, Gloucester. I was my older western brothers' “lovely little sister” in the national office “telling them what to do.” My older Japanese brothers loved having their un-Japanese sister persistently around with something to say! I always had a quiet chuckle when they were faced with the reality that I could haul the anchor in less time than it took two of them and handle seas that turned their stomachs. No great shakes. It just leveled the field. Without a word.

I could tell you one of the first impressions my new husband got of his delicate wife, as she pulled the small shark out of the water, and with a knife 18” long, cut off the spines, slit the belly, emptied the entrails into the water, removed the head, and put the still “swimming” body of the dogfish, washed, into the cooler for later use.

I could tell Father-stories, commercial fishermen-stories, stories of nights at sea being rocked by the waves as we told newly spun sea-stories to the sound of a flute and the lapping of waves on the side of the boat. I could tell stories of lives and deaths, of hot sun that scorches



the scalps and minds of those who dared sit there all day, and of cold that chills to the bone marrow as wind lashed, of cables catching trawlers to unmovable bottom structures. The tension in the cable is in every human fiber of heart and soul as each visits again the realization that our connection with life itself is a very thin thread.

But most of all, I can tell stories of love that grew out of pain so deep in the souls of my brothers and sisters because we were given a harbor to protect us from the storm. My life was given a chance for greater potential, meaning and hope—a gift of relating to God anew through one man that I still barely know, and who occasionally I feel I can call “my father.”

But these stories will have to come later.

## Gerhard Peemoeller

---

When I was asked to do security at East Garden and then became Father’s bodyguard, it was my mission to escort Father, and go with him many times to the water. It was my mission as security to go with him on the boat.

So ever since 1974 I have been going to sea with Father. 1974, 1975, 1976 and 1977. When I left East Garden in 1978 he told me to go tuna fishing but he didn’t come. He was not there then; he went to England. We did tuna fishing without Father, and in 1979 we did it again. It became my tradition. When Father was tuna fishing, Gerhard had to be there. So I spent three months in Gloucester every summer. Then in 1980, I went tuna fishing again at Father’s request. I was working security in the World Mission Center at that time. In February of that year, Daikan came. He always went fishing with Father. He was Father’s fishing guide. When he wanted to go fishing, he took Daikan. Daikan is now in spirit world.

We were busy all spring and then in summer we went tuna fishing. Father was talking about the founding of Ocean Church. He called it the Mako mission. The brand name of the boat Father bought was Mako. When I came to America in 1973, Father liked to go fishing. He went with a rod and reel on the Hudson river, in Barrytown. He liked to go casting from the land. Not fly fishing but casting. He liked to fish in Korea at Chung Pyong Lake. Many times he got a small boat and an outboard motor and fished on Chung Pyong Lake. They

built a boat once in Korea under Father’s direction. A Mr. Eu (not President Eu) became the captain. Father was on a condition to only eat what the boat would produce. Sometimes the catch was miserable. There was nothing to eat. Mother was pregnant with Ye Jin Nim then. One day there were just two fish, only two small fish for Father. The cook only had a little rice and kim chi, and the cook said, “I’m sorry Father, but Mother needs the calcium to help the baby.” Father growled but he gave half the fish to Mother.

Father only ate what the boat would produce. It was very difficult. Those stories are not discussed much any more, but it was a very difficult time. The boat was a 50 foot, wooden fishing boat. Father came to America December 18, 1971. He left everything behind in Korea.

In 1974 Father bought the *New Hope*, a 48 foot Pace Maker for deep sea fishing. Then he bought *The Flying Phoenix* for river fishing, which is a 24 foot Well Craft speed boat. It can go as fast as a car can go. He went on the Hudson River with it.

The problems of the world and America, and the problems of the Messiah were solved at sea. He went out for 18 hours or more at a time, then went home to sleep for a couple of hours and then, he’d say, lets go back out again. That’s how he got spiritual victory. He would go out and pray. That’s why the *New Hope* is such a precious boat. He really saved America on that boat. He solved the problems on the water.

Father goes to sea because it is the purest place in creation. There’s nothing fallen around him. Just the driver, and a crewman or two. It’s a pure atmosphere.

Jesus went to the desert to pray where no one else was. When Father is at sea he doesn’t talk much. He can come closest to God there. He meditates and does some fishing. He sits on top of the boat and meditates.

So Father had the boats. Father wanted to have 3000 members then. Father had a Japanese team centered on Mr. Kamiyama in New York. Mr. Werner and the German team were sent to Los Angeles. It was very difficult. Father wanted 3,000 to join in New York, and 3000 in LA. We did not deliver the number. The goal was never reached.

Twice the 3,000-member goal was not met. Later on Father was asking the church membership to get 30,000 members. If we had gotten 30,000 members, I feel quite sure that the trial and the inquiry into Father would not have happened. We were such a small group.

Then Donald Frasier investigated Father and Col. Bo



*Boat builders pose with Rev. Moon during the construction of Sea Hope 1.*

Hi Pak was called and they wanted to subpoena Father. Hours before that, Father left to do the home church providence in England. They delivered the subpoena, but Father wasn't there, so Bo Hi Pak dealt with it.

Father never gave up on the 30,000-member idea. He wondered how we could reach it. He thought maybe we could use some sort of method to attract more people. He wanted to design a beautiful boat that could attract people. He hoped for a flood gate, and he thought it might be Ocean Church.

The idea was that since the land church couldn't bring the 30,000, maybe Ocean Church could. He wanted to build 300 boats to bring people. He built many boats. We had written down the points of Father's speeches. We actually accomplished all the points except one point: One boat, five people. If you get more people, you get more boats. So the most important point was to get five people per boat.

If you have 10 Good Go boats, then you get an ocean trawler.

What were we supposed to do with the boats then? Maybe that answer wasn't clear. But the idea was that one boat would bring five people. Father said the boats

would witness to the people. But people didn't really want to run after the boat and want to be on it. It wasn't like that. It wasn't easy to bring five people just because we had the boats. We did everything else that he asked us to do out of 36 points. Except bringing the five people per boat.

Later he said that we failed. We said, "We thought we did everything." He said, "You didn't bring the people." We didn't understand that that was the priority. Father wanted to fulfill the goal, and attract the people. We had 200 people in 1981 and 1982. We had some big programs, maybe 100 boats for Ocean Challenge. And 300 people participated. Then I trained about 300 people to become captains, and 1,000 people to become fishermen. All these people knew nothing about boating, but we never had even one major accident during that time.

That was the idea behind it. So twenty years later, that's how I see it. We couldn't really attract the people that the land church couldn't bring. Father scolded us and said we betrayed his hope. We sat there so sadly; what did we do wrong? We couldn't do what he hoped.

We brought some members but sometimes when things were changed around, the spirit was lost.

Then Daikan was supposed to spearhead Ocean Church. He was so good attending Father while fishing. I was there too, but we had a language barrier. He had to translate everything in his head to talk to me. He could relate to Daikan so easily because the Japanese just flows out of him. It was so easy for him to relate to the Japanese. He was so comfortable and close to Daikan. I was very close to Father like no one else, but there was no way to converse. I lived in his sphere and had been with him day and night, but that close and comfortable feeling like Father had with Daikan was rare. It was like a natural attraction, the Adam and Eve nations. You could feel how close they were, naturally closer. Even if you tried your absolute best, as a member of the archangel nation you couldn't be as close to him. Adam and Eve are naturally closer.

Father said that I should be the head of Ocean Church. I had been security on *New Hope*, and for Morning Garden and Gloucester. Then someone called me on the walkie-talkie and said, you have been assigned to Norfolk for Ocean Church. I couldn't say anything I had been with Father for so many years. They said, "Did you hear me? You have been assigned to Norfolk, to Ocean Church!"

Then October 1st, he picked seminarians, and then he assigned teams of three people, with captains. Seminarians became the Ocean Church leaders. Some people didn't get boats, some people got no people. Some places got just a seminarian to pioneer. We were faced with so many ideas that Father gave us.

That is how I got chosen for Ocean Church. When I was Father's bodyguard during 1975, 1976, 1977—that was the peak of persecution. It was unreal. Whenever they found out who we were, they said, "Moonie!" Such an evil force behind their voices, "MOONIE." All your hair stood up. There was so much negativity then.

During Yankee Stadium persecution was at its height. There were 1,000 threats on Father's life. Now if people call up and say, "I'm going to blow up this school," the police go crazy. But there were 1,000 threats on Father's life at Yankee Stadium. Can you believe it? More than anyone could imagine. We kept a record in the World Mission Center. I read the book they kept, and I read the first 100 threats. Afterward there was so many more. There were phone calls, letters, someone would try to come in the building screaming, "I'm gonna kill Rev. Moon." Some were written like ransom notes, with words cut out from the newspaper glued on paper.

Anonymous letters. It makes you think. There were so many people who were negative. Some supported Father, but at Yankee Stadium it seemed like no one was supporting him.

In the spring of 1980, we bought Cardinal Cushing's villa in Gloucester, Massachusetts. It became Morning Garden. It has over twenty rooms. It's a big mansion, the pride of Gloucester. Aiden Barry had a friend who bought it, and then he sold it to us. That made Gloucester mad. All the young people went to this bar and restaurant by the water; maybe 1,000 people came every night in the summer. It was called Bob's Clam Shack. It was a magnet where all the young people went, and Father bought it, and bought a marina that had about 30 boats in it. Then those people got nasty.

Every single day there were people demonstrating in front of the restaurant. In the beginning without fail, there were hundreds every day. Six months later it was about 20 people, but they kept it up. They were so negative. It looked like Father was buying up Gloucester. They had signs, "Honk if You Blah Blah Blah..."

Some people doing security at night got shot at—stones were thrown at us. Gloucester became the center of anti-moonie madness in America, the soul of the anti-moonie sentiment. Then we started tuna fishing. They knew our cars, they knew our boats. They knew everything. There were some bars on the main street, and they had lookouts. If they saw a moonie car, they would yell, "Moonie car!!!" They had rocks prepared and they would come running out and throw rocks and would yell and scream at us. They threw stuff at the boats, yelling and screaming. It seemed to be the entire town of Gloucester. The overall feeling was outrage. What we had to go through!

The people who went to sea in Gloucester were the most vulgar you can imagine. The big thing to do was to "moon" us. They would drive and pull their pants down and show us their butts.

They would yell, "Moonie sucks!" They would yell that all season long: "Moonie sucks!" They would yell that again and again. Father was sick of it. We were all sick of it. Father said to us, "You're dead moons. They just call you all kinds of names and you don't respond. You don't yell back!" There was one brother who was kind of a bad dude before the church. He was from the Bronx. He knew how to answer. He said, "When they say, Moonie sucks, you say, 'Your mother sucks!' or 'Your sister sucks!'"

So those people kept saying, "Moonie sucks!" We had been taking it for months, all this building up inside. So we yelled back, "Your mother sucks!!!" And they would yell back, "my mother?????" and it would escalate. We'd keep screaming, "Your mother sucks! Your sister sucks! Your wife sucks!" They got so mad.

Every day, the entire fleet was so negative. We were so outnumbered. We caught tuna and the rest of them caught nothing. We hooked up and caught tuna every day. God's blessing came to us no matter what they did to us. We caught tuna and they didn't. That made them madder.

Once Father was anchored and a negative guy came along and said, "Move! Move!" and Father said right back, with the same intensity, "Don't move!!" to the brother driving. Our brother was quiet, but Father said, "Don't move!"

Then of course we had fights on the ocean. One time I caught the biggest fish I ever caught. Then the nasty guys picked a fight with me. At that moment I hooked a fish. Then we took off and they picked a fight with someone else. Then they picked a fight with little Joseph. They were throwing chum at each other. He decided to crash into their boat. He turned around and crashed into them.

In 1981, it intensified. They were ready to kill us. There were anchor lines cut, and an anchor was lost. The fleet was so negative. I was the head of our fleet that summer. Father wasn't there. It was like the old west, with Custer surrounded by Indians. The *New Hope* cranked up. Daikan was on it and said, "Gerhard, you're in charge." I sat and watched to see what was developing.

One of the seminarians called on the radio, "Maybe we should call the Coast Guard." And that stopped them. The Coast Guard is the police of the ocean. If people tried to lynch the moonies, and someone called the Coast Guard, they would interfere with it, and might press charges. They backed down, but made an appointment to meet us at a restaurant at night. The Seagull Restaurant. All the fishermen gathered there, to talk it out. The problem of the moons. A couple hundred Gloucester people. And us. The media came, and the next day it was in the paper. All the yelling and screaming. We did talk with some of them, but some crazy ones really screamed. They said, "You do this and this and this...." We just took it and swallowed it.

Once that meeting was finished, we went home. We stopped the car and someone said, "Look at all the fluid

under the car." It turned out they had cut the brake lines. They tried to kill us that way. That is how Gloucester treated us.

Things died down little by little. I hated it there and never wanted to go back. In 1982 I went back and I was so sick of it. During that season we could only catch one fish a week. Daikan went to Father and said, "Gerhard doesn't want to come this summer." And Father said, "It's not necessary this summer because we're only catching one fish a week."

But I had to go back in 1983. Our program got bigger and bigger and bigger. All the fishermen knew us from Maine to Long Island. Everyone knew us along the whole coast. In 1984 and 1985 we still fished during the tuna season. We had a great season in 1985. Father went to prison in 1984. Towards the end of the season in 1985 he was able to come and fish with us and he caught one tuna.

I was on the *New Hope* then, the head of the fleet. I taught them fishing in Father's tradition. Mr. Sugiyama came and asked me to teach all of Father's tradition, like a 200-year-old tradition. So I prayed all night long about what to teach them. I made lectures, many kinds of lectures. I taught the content of Father's content. When Father came from Danbury to go fishing, he said to Mr. Sugiyama that it looked like Ocean Church was inheriting Father's tradition. So that was the best season. We caught more tuna than any other season, even when Father was spearheading everything himself.

Afterwards the program became bigger with more people and more boats, but the year of 1985 we caught the most fish. There were about 20 seminarians who came regularly to help us. We had some people who joined the church during that time. Mary Lou and Frank Zochol worked with me, and Mary Lou witnessed and brought some people. I liked her. It was so sad she passed away.

There were seminarians helping. Tom Carter had an idea to do something like Outward Bound, only on the ocean. So we made Ocean Challenge. Through endurance they could have a great experience. Not just enduring the elements but also catching a tuna fish. By going out and fishing all day they could have a great experience winning over the odds. At first we had just our church members come to participate, very few outside people. Sometimes another group came, but the money involved was too much. Most people were not so eager to do it. It wasn't such an attraction to outside people. Outward Bound has less of an experience than



Ocean Challenge in my opinion. Fight the waves and the elements, from morning to night, and into the night.

A typical day of Ocean Challenge, we left the dock at 4 am which was Father's tradition. The first day everyone is really hot. Everyone wants to go out at 4 o'clock. But after two or three days with no end in sight, people are not so hot to go out again. The first day everyone is hot and all the boats leave on time. Ocean Challenge became our members—Karen, Frank, and Sugiyama. And members usually thought they needed morning service, and then breakfast, and then leave at 4 o'clock. It was maybe a 1 or 1 1/2 hour-ride to the spot. Then you find the anchor spot, bait the hook, set the lines and start the work of fishing with a prayer. Then chumming, cut the fish and throw the fish in and fight the sharks. Then you cut up the fish and they make the line dull. Then if you get lucky someone gets a strike. On a normal day nothing happens. Sometimes at 6 p.m. we head back. We go out and come back in a V formation. It looks really incredible, 100 boats in formation. I have that on video; it looks great.

Sometimes if you're not used to the elements, motion sickness comes, and then you see your breakfast and you're fighting with yourself. After someone throws up they want to go to sleep. You can see the outline of the boats and people completely flattened out. Father doesn't like that; he doesn't like people giving in to seasickness. He wants people to fight against it. It's hard to be seasick and have no rest. Then the sun is so bright, and the reflection is so intense. Even with sunscreen the sunburn is really bad. Sometimes you get scrapes or cuts

and get fish juice in it and bacteria gets in it and you get fish poison where your hand swells up and you can't move it. It's numb. The fish poison, intense sun with no shade in sight—the boat itself, there's so much spray, so unless you have rubber clothes and rubber boots you get soaking wet. If you're not prepared, you get completely wet, and fighting the dog fish, and then rain, and you get completely soaked. Your skin becomes like prunes.

Wrinkles. You have to deal with all that. Then the tide is changing so you constantly have to adjust the lines and check if the bait is there, and fight the seagulls and chase the sharks away. You get rid of sharks by cutting one up and throwing it among them and hope it scares them away. But sometimes they're so thick they just eat their own guts. They eat anything, their own meat, anything. You just keep working. If there's nothing on the hook, you won't catch a tuna fish. If another boat comes close to you, you have to deal with that.

You have to deal with the insanities and difficulties of the other fishermen. You can hear so easily. They can hear you sneeze. Sometimes there are two or three people on a boat. One year Father asked me to go out alone. I had to do everything myself. He didn't give me a mate. Then he gave me a broken-down boat. It took me four weeks to fix it. But he said, Gerhard will catch the most fish.

And of course, on the boat, the bathroom is a bucket. And that is another experience. For brothers it's not as difficult, when it's just brothers. It is not as easy with sisters on the boat too. In the beginning it was only brothers on the boats. Then when the first sister came, I didn't want it at first because it wasn't easy. I didn't want to



relieve myself in front of a sister. So I talked to Joseph about it. He said he would ask the sister to go to the bow of the boat and look out that way. And he would go to the back of the boat and use a bucket, and when he was finished he would say, "now you can turn around." That became the standard. And the same way with the sisters. You had number 1, number 2 or diarrhea. One time there was this wonderful sister named Brenda Svenson. She is married to a Japanese brother. One time I had terrible diarrhea. I had to say, "Brenda, look over there." And it was awful. I had to dump everything overboard. In the beginning it was hard to use the bucket. I resisted using it. Even with brothers. But with diarrhea I couldn't stop it. I asked one brother to please drive in circles outside Gloucester harbor. I couldn't wait any more. We had at that time a visiting baby whale that followed the boat. He followed the boat, and swam around the boat constantly. Then I had to dump the bucket into the water, and the whale saw it and aimed for it and began to jump through it—his head was halfway through—then the whale smelled it and he stopped and backed up the way he came. He didn't continue, he went backwards!

One day Father was faced with the same thing on the *Flying Phoenix*. No toilet on the boat. He needed to urinate. He had to stand and make sure the wind wasn't blowing back. He tried it one time and knew it wasn't quite right. So he got a bucket after that. It's awful going number 2 on the water. Many people have a hard time doing that. We told Father that people have a hard time going to the toilet in a bucket on the boat. He said that there are so many people in the spirit world who would love to come back to earth,—they would give a fortune—even if the only thing that they were allowed to do was go to the toilet in a bucket on Father's boat. So it's like a holy act to go to the toilet on Father's boat. Father encouraged members not to complain. I took some sisters on the *Flying Phoenix* and it had a little cabin. You were in there, but your head stuck out of the top. But the Good Go boats don't have a cabin. You're just out in the open.

After working all day, your fingers are prunes, you're soaking wet or sunburned, you can't live and can't die...for some people they thought it was a miracle to have solid ground under their feet again. Then you need to get chum, bait, ice, fuel and food for the next day. You need to fix your fishing equipment, and wash the boat down. Then you can have dinner, and then it is about 8:00 or 8:30 pm. Sometimes we would have an inspirational talk or I would speak, or there would be testimonies.

There was room for 200 people in the room but there would be 300 people there. All the windows were open and sometimes people outside would be listening. One time I got angry at people. People took it so easily. It was the best year fishing, and no one knew how hard the foundation had come, what people had gone through until then. I was so angry and I scolded them. They were so scared, the wrath of Gerhard came upon them.

The place we used for meetings, holy meetings, pledge and everything was Bob's Clam Shack where the disco had been. The sleeping space was difficult. Some slept on the boat. Sometimes we had Japanese guests and they got the best sleeping rooms and nicest sleeping bags. They were given the best accommodations. People slept everywhere, Chong Pyung style. I slept on the boat all the time. Ocean Challenge lasted 70 days. People got so tired after a while. It was hard to challenge them and inspire them to do better. It was one group at a time and it lasted 70 days. Some people tried to escape the pressure and avoided going out. Once one sister got tired of going out; it was boring, enduring the work and the difficulty. So one day, she didn't go out. And that day her captain caught a tuna. So she missed the one day of getting the tuna. Some people liked to escape the pressure and that bothered me. I had to push myself all the time too. I never get up easily. I think the times I woke up my wife for pledge service I can count on one hand. I am not the one that can wake up easily. My wife always wakes me up. Even threatening! Ha ha. But during that tuna season, to get up every morning to leave the dock at 4 am was really hard.

In the evening people liked to enjoy each other. They would get excited late at night, but no one was excited in the morning. There was activity there until midnight sometimes. On my boat I didn't let anyone sleep and I didn't sleep myself, but sometimes people slept on the boats. They weren't supposed to, though. Sometimes I got cramps in my legs. That can be a sign of overwork. I had that every morning, fighting with the cramps.

When there was really bad weather, it was so welcome because it meant we weren't going out. Everyone went back to sleep until 10:00 o'clock. People had breakfast, wrote letters, went to town, just enjoyed themselves. It was a wonderful relief not to go out. We were so grateful for a rough day. Sometimes we went to other ports too, not only Gloucester. We would go to a restaurant and mingle with the townspeople. Ocean Church was an experience that everyone will remember who did it.

## Creating an Alternative Media Network

Unlike the unity of religion and science, the unity of religions, or even the equalization of technology and the ocean providence, the creation of a media network was not originally part of Rev. Moon's thinking or planning. Having for the most part been generously welcomed during his initial Day of Hope tours, he planned to complete the proclamation phase of his ministry with major rallies at Yankee Stadium and Washington Monument while at the same time increasing the movement's membership to 30,000 by the end of 1978. To his way of thinking, this would have been sufficient to move public opinion and push the country in the correct direction. However, it was apparent quite early that this strategy would need to be re-visited. Beginning in 1975, the print and electronic media increasingly vilified Rev. Moon. This created a climate of extreme hostility and frustrated the movement's witnessing efforts. Rev. Moon, in turn, recognized the "awesome power" of the media "to create or to destroy."

The movement's media initiatives were the direct result of its victimization at the hands of the dominant media culture. From the beginning, the movement aimed its journalistic endeavors less at self-vindication than at challenging "the supremacy of...established media that were skewing Americans' perception of the world toward the sensational, the shallow, the amoral and the political left." In this respect, the attempt was, first, to provide an alternative model of journalistic endeavor. Second, since it was unable to gain substantial enough membership to generate significant grassroots support, the movement utilized media instruments rather than large numbers of members to achieve its goals. Between 1977-85, these efforts were only partially successful. None of its newspapers sold widely, and no Unification-related media enterprise made money. In fact, they accumulated losses which eventually totaled hundreds of millions of dollars. Some of its efforts were subject to derision, and advertisers routinely withheld dollars partly due to public hostility and partly due to skepticism about subscription totals which were not audited. On the other hand, due to a happy convergence between its investments and the rise to power of a conservative Republican administration during the early 1980s, the movement's media efforts afforded it access and influence at the highest levels. *The Washington Times*, established by the movement in 1982 after *The Washington Star* folded, became the darling of the New Right and newspaper of choice in the Reagan White House.

Rev. Moon initiated the movement's first major journalistic venture on October 10, 1976, shortly after the Washington Monument rally, when he assembled a dozen or so members with journalism degrees and "set the deadline" for producing the first issue of a new daily newspaper in New York City "at December 31, 1976, the last day of the Bicentennial year." Doubtless, the symbolism of ushering in America's third century "with a new era of modern journalism" was compelling. Nevertheless, according to a later account, "It



*President Ronald Reagan  
and Dr. Bo Hi Pak*

seemed impossible to start a daily newspaper literally from scratch, using inexperienced people, in dilapidated offices, in less than three months.” Still, “second-hand desks and typewriters were purchased,” and in November “the few who had journalism degrees...gave the first staff of about sixty a crash course in journalism.” On December 31st, “the presses rolled early in the morning...and the first issue of *The News World* hit the streets of New York.”

Replete with a color photograph featured each morning on the front page and a motto that described it as “New York’s oldest daily color newspaper,” *The News World* was a twenty-four page general-interest daily with a staff of 200, the bulk of whom were church members. Eventually housed in the Fifth Avenue and 37th Street Tiffany Building, which the movement purchased, *The News World* had several “moments of glory.” During the New York City blackout of 1977, “it was the only newspaper to publish, with reporters working by candlelight to write and edit stories before sending them to an upstate printing plant.” Later, during a three-month newspaper strike which shut down the city’s other major dailies, *The News World* continued to publish, “with its circulation soaring to nearly 400,000 daily.” Undoubtedly, the paper’s boldest move was to predict a “Reagan Landslide” in a bold headline on November 4, 1980, the day of the election. The next day, having been vindicated in its prediction that Reagan would “win by more than 350 electoral votes and carry New York as well,” the paper published another banner headline which read “Thank God! We Were Right!” and featured a UPI photo of President-elect Reagan holding the previous day’s *News World*. In 1983, *The News World* changed its name to the *New*

*York City Tribune*, “revamped its design, cut out nonessential features, comics, and sports, and concentrated on hard news, analysis and commentary.” It broke several major stories during the 1980s, including the shady real estate dealings of John Zaccaro, husband of 1984 Democratic vice presidential candidate Geraldine Ferraro. New York Mayor Ed Koch called its Commentary section the “best in the nation” and wrote a weekly column for five years.

Previously, *The News World* spawned a sister Spanish-language New York daily, *Noticias Del Mundo* on October 22, 1980. The movement also published a Korean-language daily, a Harlem weekly, and a small press service, Free Press International (FPI), out of New York. Overseas newspapers included *Sekai Nippo*, a daily in Japan; *Ultimas Noticias*, a daily in Uruguay; and the *Middle East Times*, a weekly published in Cyprus. Apart from print media, a movement film company, One-Way Productions, Inc., produced a feature-length motion picture, *Inchon*, which dramatized events surrounding the amphibious landing of U.N. troops led by General Douglas MacArthur during the Korean War. The production featured two international stars, Laurence Olivier as Douglas MacArthur, and Toshiro Mifune, as well as an all-star cast of Jacqueline Bisset, Ben Gazzara, Richard Roundtree and David Jansen. It also included such extras as 20-ton tanks, a fleet of transport convoys, an armada of Navy destroyers, jeeps, tugboats, F-86 aircraft, 1,500 soldiers and a Scottish bagpipe marching band. Logistics were a nightmare, particularly since no major film had been shot in Korea before. At a cost of nearly \$50 million, *Inchon* was remembered as one of Hollywood’s all-time busts. Rev. Moon explained that his reasons for supporting the film did not involve “making money” but were, first, “to document the historical fact that it was the North which invaded the South,” a situation that he said had been subject to persistent distortions over the past thirty years. Second, he “wanted to pay tribute to General Douglas MacArthur” whose “masterpiece of military strategy” helped preserve Korea. He also admitted to “a very personal side” behind his support in that the Inchon landing precipitated his own liberation by U.N. forces from a North Korean prison camp “just hours before I was to be taken out and executed.”

For all this, the movement’s media enterprises would have received scant attention or would have been accounted an oddity had it not been for Rev. Moon’s decision in 1982 to launch *The Washington Times* in the nation’s capital. There, the movement had a much stronger potential niche than in the more crowded and commercialized New York market. *The Washington Star*, the capital’s only major competitor of the powerful but liberal-leaning *Washington Post*, folded in 1981, and numerous, especially conservative voices railed against the prospect of Washington, D.C. being a “one-newspaper town.” On January 1, 1982, Rev. Moon selected 200 newspaper trainees from among a full ballroom of member volunteers and directed that the Washington paper be published within two months. On the face of it, this was reminiscent of *The News World*’s beginnings. However, there were significant differences. First, the movement



had accumulated a great deal of experience and expertise in the intervening years. Second, and more importantly, the movement turned over the paper's editorial reins to nonmember professionals. James R. Whelan, a former editor of *The Sacramento Union*, was hired as the *Times'* editor and publisher, and he wasted little time assembling a first-rate staff, including a number of well-known journalists...along with a sizable contingent from the defunct *Washington Star*. Third, the movement spared few expenses in what one commentator termed "its bid to make it in the big leagues." Start-up costs were estimated to be in the \$40,000,000 to \$50,000,000 range, and in 1983, the *Times* completed an \$18,000,000 renovation of its headquarters, including a 10,000 square-foot newsroom overlooking the National Arboretum, which was regarded as "among the handsomest in the country." By 1984, the movement had invested \$150,000,000 in the five-day-a-week paper.

Although the *Times* was welcomed by Washington, D.C. Mayor Marion Barry and sectors of the public, it faced hazing from many quarters and was controversial from the beginning. Attention focused primarily on the matter of overt or behind-the-scenes church control. This was accentuated when James Whelan was fired. He announced at a July 17, 1984 press conference that the *Times* was firmly in the hands of top officials of the Reverend Sun Myung

*Rev. Moon signs copies of the first edition of The Washington Times.*

Moon's Unification movement. Whelan's charges were countered by non-member *Times* officials who charged that Whelan's contentions were a cover for "managerial shortcomings" and a "loss of support among his subordinates." To some extent, these disputes overshadowed the very real influence exerted by the *Times* on any number of issues between 1982-85. In 1982, for example, when Reagan felt support ebbing for his tax proposals, even among Republicans, he "felt compelled" to give an exclusive interview to the *Times* White House correspondent as "the way to reach his political constituency." The *Times*, likewise, maintained a strong advocacy for Reagan's SDI initiative and was forceful in its support for the Nicaraguan resistance, launching a Nicaraguan Freedom Fund which became national news. Along with the *Times*' subsequent reporting of Soviet assistance to Nicaraguan President Daniel Ortega, its public relations offensive was instrumental in the U.S. Congress reversing its position on humanitarian aid to the Contras. The *Times* "highlighted Soviet human rights violations, did expansive features on the public relations and lobbying activities of left-leaning organizations...and frequently reported on the Soviets' nuclear build-up and their sizeable military and logistic aid to national liberation movements in Asia, Latin America and Africa. Alex Jones of *The New York Times* called *The Washington Times* the "third most-quoted newspaper in America" after only *The Washington Post* and *The New York Times* and reported that "AP cited the *Times* in more than 80 major dispatches from D.C." during the first five months of 1985.

World Media Conferences, which the movement sponsored annually from 1978, and "fact-finding tours" which it ran were additional components of the movement's media network. The World Media Conferences were similar to ICUS and other movement-sponsored conferences in format. However, they evolved from gatherings of media scholars to meetings of working journalists. The first several were held in New York and dealt with threats to media freedom. Between 1982-84, they were convened in Seoul, Korea; Cartagena, Colombia; and Tokyo, Japan with themes related to media responsibility. The conferences were marked by increasing numbers of participants: 240 from 70 nations in Korea, 500 from 92 nations in Colombia, and 700 from 88 nations in Japan. The World Media Association, which sponsored these conferences, also ran fact-finding tours for groups of journalists to Central America, Europe, the USSR and Asia. By the end of 1984, close to 2,500 journalists had participated in the conferences and tours.

## Edwin Pierson

---

**M**y sister and I were two of the youngest “cubs” called to work at *The News World*. I was in Norfolk, undecided about my future, when I received a letter saying I had been selected based on interests and experiences (high school yearbook and newspaper editor) that I had put on my UC membership application (or whatever it was called then). We were both pleasantly surprised to see the other at the quickeer orientation in New York. It was the beginning of an extraordinary adventure as we got ready to put out a daily newspaper in New York by the end of the year. I still remember that first night when the paper was “done” up there on the eleventh floor of the New Yorker Hotel. To have made it that far was the miracle of a lot of sweat, prayer, teamwork, and just plain insanity...as I look back now.

And for me personally, it was the fulfillment of a dream that I had shortly before or after my sister had followed me into the movement: My sister and I were in Rome together...tall columns on either side of us...and at that moment in time True Parents were welcomed...and we were there side-by-side to welcome them and witness the spectacle. It was a great beginning and to a certain degree I keep this idealism alive in my heart.

## Maureen Spagnolo

---

**T**he *Times* ... now, how was it started? Ahh, yes! We were in the same ballroom where we had been matched. It was around God’s Day. Father asked who wanted to write for the new Washington newspaper. Many people raised their hands. Father picked me, amongst others.

Shortly after, we began our “training.” There were hundreds of us crowded together in a room at the *News World* building, New York. George Archibald and several seasoned newsmen spoke to us about journalism and related topics. Then, we went out on “assignment.” We could write on any relevant topic we choose. I decided to do an op-ed piece on recidivism. I spent days and nights in the library. There was a wealth of information on the topic, and, of course, I gathered too much to be whittled down easily into an op-ed article. But I did it, somehow. Still too long. From there, a smaller group were selected as “reporters.” We were all taken to the Washington, D.C. church. The basement had been equipped with

bunk beds, lined up about 18 inches apart. Space was a premium. Hot shower water even more so. How we ever went out on the job looking “professional” is one of life’s mysteries. A team was selected to find housing for us. It took a while, but, eventually, we all ended up in group homes, mostly in Maryland, but some on The Hill.

It was decided that I should cover the society beat. I will never forget one of my first assignments. I had to cover a big event at the American Organization of Latin America building. It was lavish: the entranceway was filled with gigantic displays of flowers. Formally dressed musicians played Chopin, and the buffet table was replete with eye-popping delights: lobster, salmon, sushi, piles of fresh strawberries and raspberries (in the middle of winter) and such.

Writing up our stories was another challenge. We typed them on typewriters (yes, indeed) and “cut and pasted” till the paper was as thick as cardboard. And while we worked, so did the workmen! They were literally dismantling and rebuilding the building around us! The noise was often deafening, and there was dust and debris all over the place. Ahhh, those were the days.

## Nick Bikkal

---

**I** think the biggest testimony we could give is the gratitude to God and True Parents for the experiences we did have; both the easy and the difficult. I spent a few years in the New York newspapers, the *News World* and *Noticias del Mundo*. On several occasions the New York newspapers went on strike during those early days. The *News World* was the only “major” daily around. However at the height of the strike, lasting several weeks, we were selling over a million copies a day. We had the paper printed in New Jersey, upper Westchester, etc. We often took our trucks to the presses and slept in them waiting to be awoken for pick up and delivery—some of us as far south as Brooklyn. We even had a van run down to Washington. During one of those strikes one of our brothers died during the run down into New York. A hefty price.

The accident happened on the freeway (I95) as a truck was entering NYC, in the Bronx. It seems a truck side-swept one of ours, causing it to go out of control, turn over and it then caught fire. All that paper burning probably caught the brother who might have been unconscious.

## Ideological Armament

Apart from being typed as a Korean evangelist and industrialist, Rev. Moon was often described as a fervent anti-Communist in the popular press. While there were several important differences between his approach and that of reactionary “right-wing” activists, the label was not entirely unwarranted. A forcefully expressed opposition to atheistic communism figured prominently in Rev. Moon’s speeches and activities. This also had been the case from the beginnings of the movement in America. It ran through Col. Bo Hi Pak’s early efforts to set up Radio of Free Asia, Rev. Moon’s meetings with former President Eisenhower and various U.S. elected officials, the establishment of the Freedom Leadership Foundation, the movement’s National Prayer and Fast for the Watergate Crisis, Rev. Moon’s Bicentennial speeches at Yankee Stadium and Washington Monument, CARP’s campus activities, and the pages of *The Washington Times*. Certainly, communists of various hues viewed the movement as a threat and opposed Rev. Moon. There were efforts by members of the International Workers Party, Trotskyite and Marxist militants, and Yippies to disrupt his speeches in the U.S. In 1978, the Japanese Communist Party called upon its members to “isolate and annihilate” the movement and characterized its efforts to “stamp-out” the church’s anti-Communist work as a “Historical War for Justice.” And by the early 1980s, Rev. Moon had attracted the attention of media, commentators, and leadership within the Soviet bloc.

In addition to typing him as an anti-Communist, there were persistent efforts to depict Rev. Moon as a tool of the KCIA, a stooge of American capitalists, and a fascist warmonger. These depictions were flawed and unfair, but perhaps to be expected. Nevertheless, they hindered the movement’s work and lay behind a U.S. congressional investigation of charges that the movement was an agent of influence for the Republic of Korea. Although exonerated, the movement was not discriminating in its choice of anti-communist “fellow-travelers” and had to disassociate itself from unsavory allies on several occasions. For example, Rev. Moon was a supporter of the World Anti-Communist League (WACL)’s 1970 meeting in Tokyo, Japan and provided substantial financial backing. However, by 1974 at WACL’s Mexico City gathering, it became obvious that the organization was anti-Semitic, and the movement withdrew its contingent. The movement had a similar experience during the 1980s with the French National Front Party leader La Pen with whom it also disassociated. Likewise, some of the movement’s contacts with Latin American leaders during the early 1980s read like a dictators’ hall of fame: Augusto Pinochet of Chile; Rios Montt of Guatemala; Alfredo Stroessner of Paraguay, and various Argentine junta leaders. Some of these associations were counterproductive, causing the movement to backtrack and costing it later support, even among mainstream conservatives and certainly among moderates and lib-





*Dr. Bo Hi Pak speaks with ministers at a CAUSA Ministerial Alliance in 1984.*

erals. Still, given communist inroads during the late 1970s, particularly in the Americas, it may have strategically necessary to cast a wide anti-communist net.

In any event, Rev. Moon had little chance of being regarded as “politically correct” regardless of his associations. In fact, cold war polemics were such that simply supporting a conservative, anti-communist American President such as Ronald Reagan was sufficient to certify one’s fascist credentials in the eyes of the era’s self-styled progressives. Given these realities, the movement evidenced a remarkable ability to reach and “ideologically arm” a wide variety of audiences during the early 1980s, including a large number of Black clergy who were by no means traditional anti-communists. In order to understand how this was possible, it is necessary to consider the movement’s message, its mode of presentation, and the particular context of the time.

As already suggested, there were several important differences between the movement’s message and that of reactionary, right-wing anti-communists. One difference was that the movement actually had a message. In the case of many reactionary anti-communists, there might be slogans but little more in the way of specific content. South Korea, for example, which as a consequence of its unresolved 1950-53 conflict was probably was the most virulently anti-communist society in the world, prohibited the publication of Marxist texts into the 1970s for fear that it might influence its citizenry. Though the Unification

movement originated there, it maintained that communist doctrines needed to be understood and positively refuted. In other words, it understood the fundamental conflict was “a conflict of ideas—a conflict of ideology.” Unification texts went into great detail, probing Marx’s labor theory of value, theory of surplus value, laws of economic movement, dialectical materialism, the materialist view of history, and so on, offering positive refutations.

A second difference between the movement’s message and that of reactionary anti-communists was that it did “not seek to preserve the status quo.” Rev. Moon decried selfishness as an “equally vicious evil” and proclaimed that he was bringing a philosophy that “like a two-edged sword...can cut through the falseness of communism, and...through spiritual and social corruption.” In this respect, movement presentations offered a critique of “confusion in the Western system of values” in addition to its critique of Marxist-Leninist ideology. Its internationalism and racial inclusiveness also were more akin to the Left than to the Right. A third difference between the movement’s message and more reactionary forms of anti-communism was its evangelical and conversionist thrust. In other words, the movement did not preach solely to the already-converted. It expected to convince even the most hardened Marxists. This was the rationale behind its planned “March on Moscow” as well as its outreach to Black clergy and others who were less than traditional anti-communists.

The movement invested heavily in its effort to ideologically arm the West, and its presentations were increasingly sophisticated. Initially, it recruited and trained a group of Unification Theological Seminary graduates and seminarians to develop educational programs. However, as was the case in the movement’s outreach to scientists, theologians and journalists, their efforts were soon supplemented by specialists who helped organize conferences, edit journals, and develop new plans. The movement also prepared a headquarters in the Manhattan Tiffany Building which, in addition to a main hall with seating for 200, had 22 offices. Included among these were libraries for research, an institute, and multi-media rooms for the preparation of lecture slides and diagrams. The same conference-networking techniques were utilized that had been successful in other fields of endeavor, with the addition of high-tech visual and technical equipment. The high-tech effect may have been to offset and energize heavily philosophical elaborations of the Marxist dialectic and economic theories. In presentations, the movement utilized theatre-sized screens and as many as eighteen computer-controlled slide projectors to dramatic effect.

In addition to its message and mode of presentation, social and political circumstances enhanced the movement’s ability to reach and ideologically arm a wide variety of audiences after 1980. The threat of further communist inroads into the Americas following the fall of Nicaragua to the Sandanistas in 1979 was one of the most important of these circumstances. Rev. Moon took this situation seriously enough to cancel his sixtieth-birthday celebration, an auspicious occasion in the Orient. He instead sent Col. Bo Hi Pak, who was to serve as

master of ceremonies for the celebration, to Latin America with instructions to establish contacts and offer movement resources in educating young people, the military, and civic leaders so as to avoid a fate similar to Nicaragua. After establishing a number of high-level contacts, Rev. Moon set up CAUSA International, from the Latin word for “cause,” which became the movement’s major ideological affiliate during the 1980s. Bolivia was the first country to express interest, and in December 1980, CAUSA U.S.-based lecturers traveled to a tiny hamlet in the mountains of Bolivia to lecture to forty-five students who previously had been indoctrinated in Marxist theory. The overwhelming success of that program led to seminars in Paraguay, Uruguay, Chile, Argentina and Brazil. In December 1980, CAUSA was approached by the government of Bolivia to conduct seminars for 10,000 college freshmen. In 1982, CAUSA held its first seminar in Peru; a regional seminar in Acapulco, Mexico for representatives of Mexico, Honduras, Venezuela, Guatemala and Columbia; and its first Pan-American convention in Montvideo, Uruguay where the movement began to invest heavily, purchasing a bank, hotel and daily newspaper. In 1983, CAUSA educated several thousand Honduran union leaders, teachers and government officials. The movement also undertook social service projects under CAUSA World Services. In 1984, CAUSA supported the founding of the Association for Unity of Latin America (AULA) which sought to revive the ideals of Simon Bolivar.

Two circumstances facilitated CAUSA’s advance in the United States. Ronald Reagan’s ascendancy was the first of these. While Reagan’s characterization of the Soviet Union as the “evil empire” and judgment that Marxism will end up on the “ash heap of history” did not exactly make anti-communism fashionable, his philosophy had affinities to the CAUSA position and stimulated interest in its programs. The U.S. government’s prosecution and eventual jailing of Rev. Moon on tax-evasion charges in 1984, ironically, was a second circumstance that advanced CAUSA USA’s work. His case, more than any other movement initiative, provoked a sympathetic reaction among American clergy who objected to his treatment. A number of rallies for religious freedom were held and more than 7,000 ministers signed a statement of solidarity with him. According to one account, “When numerous ministers inquired how best to support him during his imprisonment, Rev. Moon responded that they should attend a CAUSA seminar.” This, he explained, was because “the most serious threat to religious freedom on the world-wide level was hard-line Marxism-Leninism.” As a consequence, during Rev. Moon’s thirteen-month imprisonment, “more than 7,000 ministers attended CAUSA seminars.” In 1984 alone, CAUSA sponsored 34 major conferences and 290 local programs. CAUSA USA also supported the founding of the International Security Council (ISC) which in two conferences brought together more than 200 former senior military officers, diplomats, government officials and scholars that year.

# CAUSA International

---

## Bill Lay

Every generation is called to take its part in the fight against the forces of darkness that repeatedly assault God's foundation of goodness until the end. The generation before ours has been called "The Greatest Generation" by one commentator, for their self-sacrifice and sense of duty in fighting against the Axis powers of World War II, and returning home to build the free world. We were then called to participate in the "long twilight struggle" against the next wave of darkness—communism—as it was fought on battlefields, real and metaphorical, throughout the world. CAUSA was part of that fight. Although most of us involved in CAUSA were not military combatants, we were nonetheless soldiers who heard the call, understood the importance of the time, responded, and did our best.

CAUSA International was launched in 1980, when Rev. Moon asked Bo Hi Pak to visit political leaders of countries in South America and offer a unique form of assistance in the defense against communism and in bringing about a renaissance of morality and virtue. Dr. Pak and Antonio Betancourt visited a number of countries, particularly the home countries of journalists who had participated in the formation of *Noticias del Mundo*, the Spanish-language newspaper of the Unification Movement in New York. At nearly the same time, Rev. Moon selected a group of graduates of the Unification Theological Seminary—including Thomas Ward, William Selig, Beatriz Gonzalez, Juan Sanchis, Jean Jonet and Paul Perry—to study intensively with Sang Hun Lee in preparation for offering programs patterned after Dr. Lee's Victory over Communism presentations.

Dr. Pak and Mr. Betancourt were very well received, in large part because of their faith and enthusiasm, and also because of the unique circumstances of the countries they visited. In many of those countries, leaders were extremely anxious because, on the one hand, they faced ruthless Marxist-Leninist groups that had been newly invigorated by the collapse of the Somoza government in Nicaragua, and on the other hand, they faced the criticism of the United States for their own human rights abuses. CAUSA promised to help on both fronts: the message we offered dissected communist ideology and showed it to be false, and at the same time, it critiqued the selfish brand of anti-communism that had brought

many of these countries into international disrepute. Most importantly, CAUSA offered an experience that was to be found nowhere else. A CAUSA seminar was an encounter with hope, enthusiasm, sincerity, goodness and an exciting new world view. People who came went away uplifted and changed.

I was invited to be a part of CAUSA late in 1980. When Antonio Betancourt came to talk to me one evening at the Unification Church headquarters, I had no idea what a unique and wonderful opportunity lay ahead. Though I joined as the all-purpose utility person, I quickly found a spot as a lecturer in the Spanish language programs, and later in the programs we presented throughout the United States and the world. I also directed the CAUSA Institute in New York. It was my privilege to travel and teach the material myself in 21 different countries, including, for example, a Catholic high school in the "outback" of Paraguay, and a theater in the small Greek city of Ioannina, near the Albanian border (while communists demonstrated outside), as well as scores of large groups throughout North and South America, Europe and Asia. If not for Rev. Moon, Dr. Pak and CAUSA, I would have done none of this. I would have missed my chance to fight in the great crusade for God and freedom at the close of the 20th century.

CAUSA began giving seminars in South America; the first was given to young people in a remote village in the Andes Mountains of Bolivia. From that seminar a tradition of prayer and spiritual conditions was established, which was reinforced by Rev. Moon's instructions on several occasions. From that first seminar, we developed a program in which people would stay at a conference site for several days and participate together in a series of lectures and other presentations. The results were extraordinary. Most participants had never experienced anything remotely like it. They encountered a group of people who were dedicated, sincere and concerned about the world. They heard a message that was challenging, even alarming, yet hopeful and uplifting. And, most importantly, they felt the spirit of God.

The CAUSA program was innovative and significant in its efforts to combine the new revelation of divine principle, an in-depth discussion of communism, and the best elements of the God-centered American democratic tradition. These were the themes of the program, from Dr. Pak's introductory remarks to the CAUSA Worldview lectures. The culmination of each seminar was the presentation of the film *Truth Is My Sword*,

*CAUSA lecturer,  
Bill Lay*



which introduced Rev. Sun Myung Moon and depicted Dr. Pak's defense of his faith before an errant investigative committee of the U.S. Congress in 1976. Dr. Pak was often there to share personally with the participants, but when he was not, Dr. Ward would ably fill in. Their remarks, central to the conference, conveyed to the participants a sense of how the sanctified atmosphere of the conference and the profound set of lectures they were hearing had come about.

After achieving remarkable results in Latin America, the CAUSA Seminar and teaching were taken to every part of the world, but CAUSA was most active in the United States, where the program took a variety of forms. The lectures were given in every state on the grassroots level, while we continued to hold major seminars for many groups, including clergy, politicians and retired military. Lecturing to retired military officers was particularly meaningful to me, since my father was a career army officer and I grew up in the military environment. (He is a decorated combat veteran of both WWII and the Korean War. He attended a CAUSA conference in Denver.) The World War II veterans are a precious resource which can never be replaced. Through the CAUSA International Military Alliance, we convened the retired military, respectfully served them, and shared with them the worldview that proved the significance of

their efforts and sacrifices.

Each CAUSA conference depended on the tireless efforts of a staff of people dedicated to what we called the "D.P." (the Dr. Pak standard). That meant that the audio-visual presentation had to be perfect, as did coordination of transportation and hotel, and everything else. Why? Because every aspect of the program was an expression of love for the people who were participating. For Dr. Pak, every participant was his comrade-in-arms, his brother or sister, his son or daughter. He wanted them to hear everything, to see everything, and to be just as enthusiastic as he was.

Of course, nothing mattered more to Dr. Pak than the lectures themselves. His practice was to sit in the front row and be the tuning fork for every presentation. He believed that if he was inspired, then other participants would be inspired as well. I have never seen Dr. Pak do anything by just going through the motions. Rather, he listened to each lecture as if he were listening to that lecture for the first time in his life. He was often moved to tears, and his response was many times the catalyst for the entire group to reach a new and higher level of understanding.

The decade of CAUSA work involved countless public events, and for those of us who were blessed with the chance to work closely with Dr. Pak, involved a multi-

tude of memorable private moments with him. He led us in prayer. He led us in work. He taught me to love my country, to love my brothers and sisters, to love my wife, to love my children, and to love others. (Later, when I discussed with Dr. Pak the idea of going to law school, he encouraged me to go, to treat it as a sacred mission, and to never forget that I was first of all a lecturer, never just a lawyer.) On many occasions, Mrs. Pak would be with us as well. She is a warm-hearted and generous person. She always brought a special dignity to our proceedings, and her constancy, faith and heart of gold added immeasurably to our efforts.

After every conference, I would assemble the written and oral comments and testimonies of the participants to make a report for Dr. Pak to be able to convey to Rev. Moon the remarkable spirit of that conference. Moments after the last gathering of a seminar, I would often be compiling my notes for that report while around me the audio-visual crew was striking the equipment and loading it up for the next trip. Rev. Moon was particularly gratified to hear that the participants were experiencing a renewal of hope, commitment and faith in God.

With the fall of the Berlin Wall, the rally for True Parents in Moscow, and the breakup of the Soviet

Union, the function of CAUSA drew to a close. One of the last CAUSA conferences was a World Leadership Conference that focused on the divine principle for newly elected legislators from each of the former Soviet republics. It was fitting that the journey we had embarked upon in CAUSA would conclude by joining with those democratically elected officials from the fallen stronghold of communism in studying about God.

In his opening remarks at each CAUSA conference, Dr. Pak would quote an apt observation: “As absurd as communist ideology may appear, it provides a consistent view of history to adherents and makes even the simplest citizen feel as though his life has meaning. Communism cannot be defeated militarily, nor can its adherents be bribed into giving it up. It can only be defeated in one way—by being confronted with an idea that is better.” As I write these words, the former soviet states are in a desperate struggle to overcome the bitter legacy of decades of crushing exploitation by the communists. The free world—drunk with its own wine of material prosperity—is groping to understand the meaning of its blessings, and to save its very soul. Until the new truth of God fills the vacuum of today’s thought, we cannot say our work is finished. But a great chapter is closed. Those who stead-

fastly opposed communism were good soldiers who heard the call, understood the importance of the time, responded, and did their best. From the faith and sacrifices of many, God fashioned a victory.



*Praying at a rally at the Berlin Wall*

## Legal Gains

Rev. Moon regarded the inability of the American movement to increase its membership to 30,000 following the victory of Washington Monument, to become self-sufficient, and to become strong and diversified as internal reasons for continued opposition and the prolongation of the American providence. Externally, ongoing opposition hampered his ability to pursue objectives elsewhere and provide the solution to what he described as God's "three major headaches"—communism, the decline of Christianity, and the immorality of contemporary youth. As he later put it, "because of the court battles and other opposition, the dispensational moment was delayed." The movement spent millions of dollars defending itself between 1977-85. Apart from monetary outlays, government investigations, "anti-cult" legislation and legal battles demanded investments of time and energy which could have gone elsewhere. Contending with opposition and, in some cases, defending themselves was a major preoccupation of the movement's top leadership during this period. Rev. Moon himself was subject to government subpoena and prosecution, eventually spending the final thirteen months of the period in federal prison.

Rev. Moon's conviction and imprisonment on tax evasion charges dominated press coverage of the movement at the time and has continued to be a major point of reference in accounts of the Unification Church during the 1980s. However, this should not overshadow the movement's very real gains. In 1977, the Unification Church had a very tenuous existence in the United States. Newspapers and all manner of enemies attacked the movement with impunity. Members were subject to forceable removal and "deprogramming" through court-sanctioned conservatorship rulings. Hundreds of local municipalities refused to grant solicitation permits to church fundraisers or re-wrote regulations to keep the movement out. The church was denied tax-exempt status in New York City, and its foreign members were denied the right to enter the country as missionaries on the same basis as members of other churches. Each of these situations were reversed between 1977-85. Although embroiled in near-constant litigation, the church gained gradual recognition as a *bona-fide* religion with tax-exemption privileges, public solicitation rights, and access to missionary visas. It also was able to extend constitutional protections to its members and successfully press for action against deprogrammers. By 1985, the church had vindicated its position and existed on solid legal footing in the United States.

The most immediate problem faced by the church in 1977 was the protection of its members. The courts had clamped down on illegal kidnappings and "deprogrammings," but a new and more insidious form of "legal deprogramming" followed whereby sympathetic judges granted temporary conservatorships or guardianships, usually for thirty days, during which time parents could forceably remove their adult children from the church and turn them over to

paid deprogrammers or “deprogramming centers.” Conservators, according to common practice, were persons appointed by a court to protect other persons who were unable to take care of themselves or their property—typically, the senile and elderly. However, this device was seized upon by parents and professional deprogrammers in 1976-77 as a legal means to extricate their offspring from membership in the Unification Church as well as from other religious groups. First, parents testified about abrupt personality changes in their children. Then psychiatrists and psychologists, most of whom were leading lights in the “anti-cult” movement, were called upon to testify about the young people’s erratic condition, citing “dilated pupils from lack of sleep, memory impairment, frozen emotions, and robot-like responses.” Finally, former members described alleged brainwashing that they had undergone while in the church. Ordinarily, these proceedings were conducted *ex parte*, with no one in the courtroom or judge’s chambers to represent the other side. Afterwards, conservatorship papers were served by police on unsuspecting members. By April 1977, parents of about ninety members in more than twenty states had used the tactic successfully.

The conservatorship issue exploded in San Francisco where twenty-four conservatorships were granted during the last half of 1976. California conservatorships law was especially vulnerable to broader application as the relevant statute included provisions for those “likely to be deceived by artful and designing persons.” The great bulk of these conservatorships were directed against the Oakland Family. In early 1977, representatives of the Tucson, Arizona-based Freedom of Thought Foundation, which had emerged as the leading Western U.S. deprogramming center, escalated their efforts, preparing standardized forms and seeking multiple conservatorships at a single hearing. This precipitated a confrontation in March 1977 between five sets of parents and five Oakland Family members who anticipated being served and who with church support retained legal counsel to fight their would-be conservators. Dubbed the “faithful five,” their conservatorship hearing generated nationwide publicity and lasted for several weeks. Psychiatrists testified for both sides, and members attempted to show their “emotional effect” had not become blunted by playing original music compositions and reading poetry. In the end, Superior Court Judge Lee Vavuris decided for the parents, explaining,

We’re talking about the essence of life here, mother, father and children.... One of the reasons I made the decision...[is] I could see the love here of a parent for his child, and I don’t... have to go beyond that.... It is never-ending.... A child is a child even though the parent may be 90 and the child is 60.

Vavuris’ decision touched off a firestorm of editorial protest. More importantly, the California State Court of Appeals stayed Judge Vavuris’ conservatorship order two weeks after it was rendered and six months later reversed it, pro-





# New Hope News

Vol. 4 Number 7

April 1, 1977

## Victory: Stage One!

The fight against legalized kidnapping of Unification Church and other minority religion adherents scored a major victory on Monday, March 28 when San Francisco's appellate court agreed to hear an appeal on the conservatorships of five Church members, aged 21-26. In addition to granting an appeal, the court forbid "deprogramming" procedures against the five conservatives: Leslie Brown, John Howard, Janice Kaplan, Jacqueline Katz, and Barbara Underwood all Oakland members.

However, despite the injunction, Howard, Kaplan and Katz are still at this writing (March 30) held at an undisclosed location by the "deprogrammers." It is reported that Underwood and Brown, after a weekend with the "deprogrammers," "changed" their minds and have left the Church. A hearing is planned before the appellate court asking for a suspension of the conservatorships on the grounds that the parents have acted in contempt of court by subjecting the members to the "deprogrammings."

The case on appeal involves a ruling by lower court Judge Leo Vavaris giving custody of the five to their parents after a hearing lasting several weeks and drawing nationwide publicity.

The parents of the five had followed a now-familiar process of obtaining 30-day



Church members involved in California conservatorship dispute: Barbara Underwood, Janice Kaplan, John Howard, Leslie Brown, and Jacqueline Katz.

pounding "stringent criteria for the granting of such petitions in the future." As one commentator noted, "Judges all over the country became more circumspect in granting temporary conservatorships in ex-parte hearings...and without a definite indication of overwhelming incapacity on the part of the devotee." This was too late for the "faithful five," four of whom left the church and who, thereafter, were re-dubbed in some press accounts as the "faithless four." Nevertheless, the California decision significantly reduced the risk of members being subjected to legalized "deprogrammings."

Other decisions vindicated the church's positions and put deprogrammers increasingly on the defensive. In *Ward v. Conner* (1982), the U.S. Supreme Court upheld on appeal a lower court decision allowing a church member to bring suit against thirty-one people, including his family members and others hired to break his faith. The court established an important precedent in holding that Unification Church members were entitled to the same civil rights protections that the law grants to racial minorities. In *Molko and Leal v. The Holy Spirit Association* (1983), the California Court of Appeals dismissed a case

New Hope News,  
April 1, 1977 proclaims  
the California victory.

brought by two “deprogrammed” former members who claimed that they were falsely imprisoned and defrauded by the church through “mind control” and “systematic manipulation.” The lower court determined that neither person had been physically restrained or mentally impaired at the time they joined and that the law would not permit either “to avoid the consequences of their decision.” The appeals court criticized “expert opinions” on brainwashing, held that to impose liability on the church would mean that “any disaffected adherent” could bring suit, thereby leading to court entanglement with religion, and noted that “the techniques used to recruit and indoctrinate [the] plaintiffs...[were] not materially different from those employed by other organizations.”

Finally, in *Columbrito v. Kelly* (1985), the U.S. Court of Appeals for the Second District awarded attorney’s fees and costs to a church member who discontinued a lawsuit against a deprogrammer, assuring access to the court by those asserting religious liberty claims without the threat of attorney’s fees being awarded. The court, in this instance, also criticized the “odious” practice of deprogramming.

Having been denied in the courts, anti-church activists turned to state legislatures. In both 1980 and 1981, the New York State Legislature passed the Lasher Bill which allowed for temporary guardianships of up to 60 days, only to have it twice vetoed by then-Governor Hugh Carey on constitutional grounds. In 1982, a Kansas bill that allowed judges to decide whether a subject of any age required deprogramming due to an “abrupt and drastic change of lifestyle” passed the State House but died in the Senate. Several other states considered anti-conversion legislation or proposals for investigations of the church and other groups. None passed. This reflected a broad-based change in public opinion. By the mid-1980s, deprogrammers rather than the groups they preyed upon were struggling to survive.

# Heather Thalheimer

---

## Deprogramming

The thing that characterizes my story of deprogramming was fear. I was afraid to lose my faith. I didn't think my faith was that strong at the time. It happened in 1980 or 1981. I joined in '79. I was new. I was sent out to CARP from Oakland. I didn't know very much then.

I was pioneering with another sister, and we had an apartment. The deprogrammers told me later we were the laziest moonies they'd ever met. They followed us for a while. We were hanging around in coffee shops. The deprogrammers pretended to be witnessed to by the other sister whom I lived with. They came home with her and grabbed me at the door and shoved me in a car. They called the regional leader and some members came back with the police later. They said to the landlady, "Didn't you see anything unusual? Didn't you hear her screaming?" The landlady said, "I thought it was one of your people changing her mission."

They took me to a house and kept me in a room. I thought, how can I protect my faith? How can I keep from losing my faith? How do people get deprogrammed? The key to losing your faith is resentment. They would play on that. I knew I needed to get in touch with resentments before they did, and protect myself from that. They were fishing for things. I needed to look inside myself, for my own weak points. They tried to find things out about me.

They wanted me to give a testimony. I thought if I gave my real story, they might find out my weakness or resentment, so I gave an alternative testimony to protect myself. They told it to my parents, and my parents didn't recognize that it wasn't me. I was so sad that they didn't understand that it wasn't me. I was deeply hurt. It was about my life before; I made up a story about what I was like.

They would play taped negative testimonies from ex-members. They talked about all their hardships. I tried to hear the deep part of it. All the stories were about the MFT. I was in CARP and knew nothing about Mr. Kamiyama. The deprogrammers couldn't tell me about Tiger Park. In my mind he was the ultimate leader. He was one of the best people. You couldn't accuse Tiger Park. I kept saying I didn't know this Mr. Kamiyama. The deprogrammer yelled at me, "You're not a Moonie.

You're a CARPIE!!!"

I knew I had to get out of there. I didn't think I was going to last. I knew that God liberated Father from Heung Nam Prison. Father set conditions, so I set conditions. Heung Nam looked impossible to get out of, but Father did. So I fasted and prayed.

My parents freaked out because I was fasting. They saw that I wasn't eating and they got very upset. I knew real loneliness through that. My parents didn't understand me. I tried to cooperate. I decided to be reasonable and listen to what they said, if they would listen to me and let me share what I believe. They said no, you're brainwashed and you don't know what you're saying. I had no voice. I had no power. I knew what it was like to be imprisoned. They blocked out the doors and windows.

I could see through a crack, and I saw a blade of grass outside. I longed to touch life, to be out there. I felt I could understand a little bit of Father's life in prison through that. How lonely it is to be misunderstood, and to have everything you say to be considered meaningless.

The deprogrammers have all the power, and you don't know what they'll do to you, or if they'll harm you. I prayed for strength for God to liberate me. What happened in the end was, I asked, what weapon do I have?

I realized that I could frustrate them. They would deprogram me in rounds. They took turns, a couple of hours at a time. But I never got a break. I would wait until they would be at a fever pitch about something. They would say, "You can have whatever you want here. But with the moonies you can't." So I would wait until they were ranting at me, and I would say, "Can I have some chocolate ice cream?" It would make them so mad. They had to get it because they were supposed to be nice and the moonies were supposed to be mean.

They told my parents, she's too brainwashed. They knew they had to give me whatever I asked for since they were saying that the moonies wouldn't give me what I wanted. So I would make a ridiculous request to make them keep their word.

I was on day three or four of a fast; I had difficulty doing a seven-day fast. But then everything went crazy. Total turmoil. The deprogramming took place in Texas. It all ended when a tarantula crawled out from under the bed and bit a deprogrammer and he had to be hospitalized. They said I was the most selfish, brainwashed brat they had ever dealt with. The worst, etc., moonie they

had ever met. They were going to have me deported back to England. My father got possessed then, he was so mad. He finally said, "You're not in charge here, I am. Get out of here. I paid you, get out of here."

So I was left alone with my parents. They said, "We want to spend three days with you before you go back to the moonies." I told them, that I wanted to go to church. They took me to a little church. They sang, "Let There Be Peace on Earth." I started weeping; it was incredible to be in a spiritual environment being nourished again. I was so depleted, and I cried. If they knew how vulnerable I was at that moment, they could have done lots of things to deprogram me. But they didn't know. I was bathed in God's love in the church.

My parents were so insensitive. They said, "We can go on vacation together." I had just been through the wringer and they wanted to go on vacation. I said, "Okay." I knew I had gotten a spiritual victory on some level.

My mother took me to a department store to buy some clothes. I heard a voice, "Here is my daughter in whom I am well pleased." I heard it, like trumpets and fanfare. In the department store there was this fanfare. I realized I owned everything. I had a spiritual victory. I felt like I owned everything. I was Lord of Creation.

I was so spiritually open. I would eat food and feel it was alive. For three days I felt like there was a spiritual announcement that I was there.

My parents brought me back to the Austin, Texas center, and they left. The CARP leader wanted to get me out of the state. He thought they might change their minds and try to kidnap me again.

CARP wanted to send me to Oklahoma. I had heard all this crap about MFT. I was afraid if I didn't get to see everything, it would bother me until I saw it for myself. I prayed to God, and I asked them please show me about MFT.

My leader dropped me off at the MFT center. I felt, at the entrance to the bedroom: I am unworthy to enter here. I went to sleep and I thought the people in this room are so holy. I thought, we don't know the value of people on MFT. I felt like God was saying, this is what MFT means to me, forget everything that was said to you.

The next morning there were two sisters who were left behind in the center. They had been on MFT about 10 years and they were left behind for a rest and recreation day. They were so Abel, so grateful, and holy and

Godly. God seemed to say to me, "This is what MFT means to me."

Then they sent me out to pioneer a CARP center in Oklahoma. I had not recovered from the deprogramming ordeal, and yet, I had to witness by myself, doing 21 surveys. An MFT team stayed with me at my center. The Commander asked me to stay in the mornings for a week while they had their meetings. He invited me to their morning services which were really inspirational. He asked if I would help serve breakfast, and attend his meeting with the captains. They said things like, "What can we do for so and so? She's getting older, how can we take care of her?" They had real, heartistic concern for their members which was the exact opposite of what the deprogrammers had said.

They'd come back at 11 pm from fundraising and mat pictures until 2 am. They were so bright and happy. I would stay up and help them. God was trying to show me, this is MFT.

About a year later, I saw a brother who'd been on the team. "You don't know what that time meant to me. I went through a deprogramming, and you were always so heavenly."

He laughed and said, "I was so NEGATIVE then." But I wasn't privy to the more down-to-earth experiences then. It encouraged me that God speaks to us and provides answers through situations like that. This brother had his own situation but God used them to encourage me.

I learned that when we hear unsettling things, we need to pray so God can reveal His perspective.

God spoke to me through situations like that to help me answer questions. Now when I hear things, I remember this lesson, so... I don't jump to conclusions about things.

I was spiritually weak, and through ignorance no one took care of me. I needed a workshop, but God took care of me. People weren't aware. A couple of years later I was in a center in Washington, D.C...and I realized I could look at a picture of True Parents forever and not worry about them. I could look and not be afraid of what I might find out. After the deprogramming I was cautious. I needed to restore the innocence. When people have been damaged, they need to be nourished. It is really deeply evil, destroying innocence in people's hearts.

It takes time to restore that innocence again. When something like that happens to people, we need to take care of them, and heal them again.

## Richard L. Lewis

---

I was the seven-day lecturer at “Camp K” near the Napa Valley in California. It was a Thursday in the summer of 1979 and we had about 400 people in the 7-day program. I was lecturing on the Old Testament and had just gotten to the part of the lecture where “by faith, Joseph went from the lowest dungeon to heights of the Pharaoh’s palace.” Suddenly, the back door to the lecture hall burst open and three burly men led by a tiny woman carrying a huge cross made of 2 x 4s rushed into the hall. The three men were stopped by staff members, but the tiny woman dodged them and came running up to the front of the hall.

Brandishing the cross in my face as I stood frozen on the podium, she shrieked hysterically, “Mike, Mike, get away from them.” A burly Canadian from the front row hesitantly stood and moved towards her saying, “Mom...??” as her voice went supersonic as she collapsed on the floor.

Pulling myself together, I calmly said into the microphone, “Mike, your mother seems a little upset. Why don’t you take her into the kitchen for a cup of tea!” He effortlessly picked up her crumpled frame and lumbered off with her in his arms.

The whole scene had taken only a few moments and, while the audience was getting over their shock, I finished up the lecture in about 15 seconds and announced we would be having a picnic lunch way up in the hills.

It turned out that the men were Mike’s brothers and that they had just met with “anti-cultists” who had freaked them out with tales of brainwashing and had assured them that the cross would “break the spell” and that Mike would be free to leave. It took a lot to calm them all down (days actually), but eventually they were reconciled and left Mike to pursue his studies.

I was the assistant director of the Camp K seven-day workshop site in the Napa Valley. It was the late seventies when we were having a lot of trouble with parents who had heard all sorts of nasty stories about us. That morning, we were expecting a visit from “Kathy’s” parents early that day.

A worried-looking sister burst into the staff room and said, “Kathy’s parents are here but we can’t wake Kathy up!” I told her to put the parents in the best room and serve them coffee—I would go and get Kathy.

There Kathy was in the sister’s cabin, fast asleep with

a few worried friends trying to wake her. I confidently took charge and started trying to wake her. We tried everything: cold water, yelling, slapping, singing Holy Songs, praying. To no avail. Reports kept arriving that the parents were getting frantic and suspecting that we were spiriting their daughter away while they were being “entertained.”

I was at my wits end. What else to try. We had been trying to rouse her for almost an hour and I was exhausted, so asked one of my helpers to get me a cup of coffee, to help me think better.

I was sitting next to Kathy’s body, thinking desperately what else to try, when the coffee arrived. Kathy’s body twitched and suddenly she was there, back in her body.

She explained that she had been out of her body, stuck up on the ceiling of the cabin, watching what we were doing but not knowing how to get down.

It was the smell of the coffee that had done the trick—she had smelt it and was immediately back in her body.

I thankfully hurried her off down the hill to have breakfast with her worried parents.



*Richard Lewis, Beth Morrison and Joshua Cotter lead the singing before lecture at Camp K, California.*

Another problem faced by the church was the banning of fundraising by innumerable local municipalities and cities throughout the nation. In some cases, local governments re-wrote solicitation and licensing statutes to bar church members. Other times, local police jailed and fined church fundraisers. The church took a two-fold approach to this problem. First, it issued strict "Fundraising Guidelines" to its mobile fundraising teams (MFTs), emphasizing adherence to local solicitation laws and municipal regulations, truth-telling about the work done by the church, and time-limits for solicitation in residential areas. Overaggressiveness, rudeness or the use of high-pressure tactics were strictly forbidden, members were instructed to display official church identification cards, and lists of activities their efforts went to support were circulated. Second, the MFT made efforts to restore its solicitation rights. It began in the upper Mississippi Valley where Omaha, Nebraska was the only city that permitted fundraising. Minneapolis, Des Moines, Kansas City, St. Louis, and Sioux City all had denied requests for solicitation permits. Members began telephoning the ninety municipalities surrounding St. Louis for fundraising permission and out of the forty municipalities requiring advance letters, one responded affirmatively and the rest were denials, including many that warned if members "so much as set one foot within their city...[they] would be arrested." However, MFT members gained the breakthrough they had been seeking when the city of St. Louis gave them a permit which read,

...as a religious organization you are, of course, aware that your activities are protected under the First Amendment from any restriction against proselytizing or fundraising activities designed to further your religious expansion.

Previously, according to one church account, "administrative clerks and secretaries who knew little of First Amendment freedoms had refused permission requests." Now, armed with the St. Louis notice, Ron Troyer, who served as the MFT Field Co-ordinator for Legal Affairs, went directly to the city attorneys and began traveling to other problem cities.

The next stop was Des Moines where, after four city council meetings and "many letters detailing our rights," Troyer noted, "the City Council of Des Moines reluctantly gave up its ban and allowed fundraising to begin." Minneapolis followed, where the city attorney admitted, "our eight-month-old ban on your organization has probably been illegal." Soon Troyer became an itinerant worker, visiting all regions and helping public relations members apply the methods he had developed in the Midwest. By late summer 1977, "every city that was willing to rescind their bans without a court battle had done so." Still, as millions of people were "still inaccessible to the church due to municipal censorship," the church served notice that its "policy of tolerance has terminated." Troyer wrote that "to capriciously deny...[the] right to solicit is equivalent to denying...[us] the right to exist." The first case was filed against

the City of Phoenix on September 5, 1977. Forty-five minutes before the trial, the city capitulated, indicating that it could not withstand the challenge, and settled out of court. Having witnessed the power of action taken in federal court, Troyer concluded,

[T]his municipal opposition against our church was not founded on the law, but rather founded on bigotry, prejudice, and an unwarranted abuse of power. These cities know the law, but it took something as drastic as court intervention before they would relinquish their prohibition.

According to a November 10, 1978 report, the church filed sixty-two lawsuits in Federal courts across the country from September 1977 through October 1978. Of these, fifty-two were resolved in the church's favor and ten were still pending.

The church went on to win hundreds of solicitation cases in succeeding years. One of these cases transcended the local level and established important legal protections against unequal government treatment of controversial religious groups. As discussed in a primer on church-state law, Minnesota amended its charitable solicitation law in 1978. Prior to that time, the 1961 law required organizations soliciting funds in the state to submit forms, showing that not more than thirty percent of their income was spent on administrative costs. However, religious groups were exempted from this requirement. The 1978 amendment "stated that a religious group that raised more than fifty percent of its revenue from its membership would continue to be exempt from the solicitation law." But if more than fifty percent came from nonmembers, "the organization would have to file with the state, file financial disclosure forms, and be subject to state scrutiny." Shortly after the change, state officials notified the Unification Church that it was required to register according to the new provision. The notice also threatened legal action against the church should it fail to comply. The church countered with a lawsuit, and in *Larson v. Valenti* (1982), the U.S. Supreme Court found in the church's favor, stating that the "fifty percent rule" created "precisely the sort of official denominational preference forbidden by the First Amendment of the United States Constitution." As one commentator noted,

the law targeted for stricter state scrutiny those religious groups which solicited funds in airports, parks, or shopping centers, as opposed to those which received most of their funds from Sunday morning collection plates....The larger lesson...[was] that governments may not pass laws that enable them to inflict greater surveillance and regulation on controversial religious groups.

Apart from extending constitutional protections to its members, the church won a five-year legal battle against the New York City Tax Commission which

had denied its request for a tax exemption in 1977 on the grounds that the church's theology was "threaded with political motives." On May 6, 1982, the New York State Court of Appeals handed down a unanimous decision that the Unification Church was a legitimate religious organization entitled to tax exemption privileges granted to all religious groups. It also described the Tax Commission's determination as "arbitrary and capricious and affected by error of law." Unlike the Minnesota solicitation ruling, this case generated interest in mainstream religious circles as their leaders recognized that the Tax Commission denied the tax exemption on grounds that could be applied to them. Therefore, among the organizations filing friend of the court briefs in support of the Unification Church were the American Jewish Congress, The Catholic League for Religion and Civil Rights, The National Association of Evangelicals, and the National Council of Churches. The court recognized this in stating, "traditional theology has always mandated religious action in social, political and economic matters. Virtually all of the recognized religions and denominations in America today address political and economic issues within their basic theology."

Finally, after several years of what it regarded as "unfair treatment" by the United States Immigration and Naturalization Service, the church was vindicated by Unification Church, *Nikkuni, et al. v. INS* (1982) in which the United States District Court for the District of Columbia recognized the rights of the church's foreign members to enter the country as missionaries on the same basis as members of other churches. The court also recognized the church's authenticity in holding that "The Unification Church, by any historical analogy, philosophical analysis, or judicial criteria...must be regarded as a *bona fide* religion." Since only a few years earlier, members were subject to state-sanctioned seizures and jailings, these words were especially sweet. Clearly, the church had vindicated most of its claims in the eyes of the law.

## The Danbury Course

Despite its legal gains, the church lost the one case that was the most highly publicized, most costly and that mattered to it the most. The indictment, prosecution, conviction and imprisonment of Rev. Moon on tax evasion charges had an air of inevitability about it. Tax convictions have been a time-honored way of rooting out undesirables and although the review process makes it more difficult within the American system, there still has been a tendency "to go after unpopular, but not necessarily criminal figures who can only be tripped up on tax evasion charges." The odd thing about Rev. Moon's case was that it continued to move forward in the face of so many obstacles. First, the audit of Rev. Moon's tax returns for the years 1973-75 showed a total liability of \$7,300, less than the \$2,500 per year required by IRS guidelines for criminal prosecution. Second, three career attorneys from the Criminal section of the U.S.



Department of Justice's Tax Division questioned whether there was any liability at all and unanimously concluded in a written memorandum that prosecution was not advisable. In fact, according to one account, the Department's chief of criminal tax prosecution warned that because Rev. Moon's tax returns did not claim a large charitable contribution, "the government might find itself in the embarrassing position of owing him a tax refund." Third, the prosecuting attorney had to convene three grand juries before getting the necessary indictments. Fourth, a mostly unlettered jury had to sift through hundreds of prosecution tax exhibits and technical argumentation that, in the opinion of the trial judge, were glazing over the eyes of even trained legal observers. Fifth, the U.S. Solicitor General and the Supreme Court had to ignore briefs from most of the country's mainstream religious groups that maintained in holding funds for the church in his name, Rev. Moon had no tax liability and exercised an accepted and widely practiced trustee role known as corporation sole.

However, for the church, especially in retrospect, Rev. Moon's tax case was not about legal niceties. Rev. Moon's previous trials and imprisonments, both in North and South Korea, were part of the church's lore and hymnody. To be sure, there were vast differences in time, place and circumstance between what already had been memorialized and what in America was being experienced first-hand. In particular, followers had far more resources with which to mount a defense than they possessed in the late 1940s or mid-1950s. Nevertheless, the outcome was the same. This stimulated a variety of theological constructions. Members utilized terms such as "sacrifice" and "crucifixion" to describe the course of events. Some interpreted the situation in ways that resembled ransom theories of atonement. Though "completely innocent," Rev. Moon made "an offering of himself for America and the world, for Christianity and all religions" was how one major church leader described the scenario. Others understood that he offered himself in a substitutionary way for the Unification Church which had failed repeatedly to win an adequate following or exert substantial influence in America.

Although these interpretations were mostly in-house and would not have won ready assent from the public, they did accord in general terms with the flow of events. Despite the fact that there was no extradition agreement between the United States and the Republic of Korea, Rev. Moon did elect to return voluntarily to face his accusers. Doing so involved a good deal of public humiliation and suffering. He attended court sessions every day during the six-week trial and during the appeal process, his seventeen-year-old son, Heung Jin, who was highly regarded within the church, died in an automobile accident. During his thirteen-month imprisonment, Rev. Moon performed a variety of menial tasks at Danbury, Connecticut Correctional Institution. At the same time, while under indictment, in trial, during the appeal process and in prison, he initiated a number of important projects directly relevant to the movement's ministry, including two massive marriage blessings, the Youth Seminar on

World Religions, *The Washington Times*, CAUSA-USA, and several ministerial outreach programs which included a donation of 250 large trucks to the National Council for the Church and Social Action. Finally, as has been noted, Rev. Moon's prosecution and jailing gained the church a significant amount of grassroots support. Taken together, the investigations leading to his indictment, the trial and appeal process, and his imprisonment constitute what can be termed "the Danbury course." More than any other sequence of events, it was the fulcrum around which the history of the Unification Church in America turned.

Two important congressional investigations helped instigate Rev. Moon's indictment on tax evasion charges. One was that of the U.S. House Subcommittee on International Organizations, chaired by Rep. Donald Fraser (D-Minnesota). Its probe into Korean-American Relations and, in particular, into the activities of the Korean Central Intelligence Agency (KCIA) in the United States was described earlier as an ominous development in 1976. The Subcommittee and the church had an adversarial relationship from the beginning of the investigation, and several members declined to answer questions or cooperate due to what they regarded as the Subcommittee's intrusions into church matters and breaches of confidentiality. In early 1977, the Subcommittee gained additional funding and intensified its investigation in the wake of Korean influence-buying on Capitol Hill, which in the idiom of the time was known as Koreagate. In its determined effort to establish links between the KCIA and the church, the Subcommittee leaked several confidential, unevaluated intelligence documents which led to press reports that the church "was founded by the Director of the Korean Central Intelligence Agency...as a political tool in 1961" or, alternatively, that it had emerged "from its origins as a small-time Korean sex cult to a worldwide organization operated by the Korean Central Intelligence Agency." Both of these allegations were patently false, as the Subcommittee's final report indicated.

The Subcommittee subpoenaed Col. Bo Hi Pak for testimony on several occasions but may have not been entirely prepared for his responses. In his initial appearance, Col. Pak complained bitterly that the Subcommittee was "ostensibly pursuing a probe of the KCIA" but had "given the impression to the world through the press that the United States Congress is investigating the Unification Church of Reverend Sun Myung Moon." In his second appearance, Col. Pak escalated his rhetoric, stating his belief that the Chairman was "being used as an instrument of the devil." He continued,

I know it is easy and popular in the short run to persecute new religious groups. So it was for Nero. So it was for Julian the Apostate. But does history remember them for their social reforms or foreign policy or human rights? No! It remembers them as the great persecutors in history. And so history might remember Donald Fraser, if it remembers him



at all. You may get my scalp, Mr. Chairman, but never my heart and soul. My heart and soul belong to God.

In his third appearance, Col. Pak charged that the Subcommittee had “secretly determined to destroy one man...Reverend Sun Myung Moon, and his movement.” He also detailed the Chairman’s “operational ties” to communist organizations and cited the testimony under oath by a former Polish intelligence official that Congressman Fraser was “an agent of influence on the Hill for the Soviet Union.”

All of this was great theatre, and, in fact, the movement circulated a documentary version of Col. Pak’s testimony, entitled *Truth Is My Sword*. However, it did not materially affect the subcommittee’s final recommendation that “The Department of Justice, the SEC, the IRS, and other executive branch agencies currently investigating allegations relating to Sun Myung Moon, Pak Bo Hi, the UC...and other individuals and organizations comprising the Moon Organization...should coordinate their efforts and create an interagency task force.” The movement’s response noted that having spent \$685,000 in an eighteen month investigation with thirteen full-time staff employees only to conclude that the “Moon Organization was not an agent of influence for the ROK Government,” the Subcommittee “now called on the federal government to

*Dr. Bo Hi Pak testifies  
before the U.S. House  
Subcommittee on  
International Organizations.*

form an ‘interagency task force’ and find some charge, any charge, on which the Church or its members can be found guilty.” No interagency task force was created, and Congressman Fraser lost in his bid to gain a seat in the U.S. Senate. Nevertheless, his Subcommittee helped perpetuate a climate of suspicion and hostility in relation to Rev. Moon and the Unification Church.

The other congressional investigation consisted of two unofficial meetings convened by Senator Robert Dole (R-Kansas). The first, a February 18, 1976 “Day of Affirmation and Protest,” was previously discussed. It afforded anti-church activists the opportunity to present their grievances to representatives of seven U.S. government agencies. The second, which followed on the heels of the Jonestown tragedy in Guyana, was a one-afternoon information session for members of Congress on “The Cult Phenomenon in America” sponsored by Senator Dole on February 5, 1979. The first of these “unofficial” inquiries was the most consequential in launching the IRS investigation which eventually led to the indictment of Rev. Moon. This was because on January 6, 1976, prior to the Day of Affirmation and Protest, Senator Dole wrote a letter to the IRS commissioner stating that an audit of the Unification Church “may be warranted” and requested his response. While it was not unusual for members of Congress to write letters to officials in the executive branch, Dole’s letter carried extra weight as he was a ranking member of the Senate Finance Committee which had direct control over the IRS budget. Three days after sending the letter, Senator Dole and his staff added more pressure by issuing a press release highlighting the note’s content. The Day of Affirmation and Protest provided further notice that “he was serious about what he said to the IRS.”

Within days, the IRS began what Carleton Sherwood, in *Inquisition, The Persecution and Prosecution of the Reverend Sun Myung Moon* (Regnery Gateway, 1991) termed “the most intensive and expensive criminal tax investigation of any religious figure in U.S. history.” According to Sherwood, “Within five months of the Dole non-hearings, a squad of IRS agents had taken up permanent offices in the Unification Church’s downtown New York headquarters, while a team of field agents began round-the-clock surveillance of selected church members and their telephones.” In 1978, after two years of investigations, the IRS was unable to find anything that compromised the church’s tax-exempt status but turned over to the New York District Attorney’s Office “certain anomalies” in Rev. Moon’s tax returns for the years 1973-75. At issue were two sets of assets openly held in Rev. Moon’s name: 1) accounts totalling \$1.6 million at the Chase Manhattan Bank; and 2) \$50,000 worth of stock in Tong Il Enterprises, Inc. The government contended that Rev. Moon owned these assets beneficially and therefore owed taxes on the bank interest and stock value. The church held that Rev. Moon held these assets as a trustee for the followers of the Unification faith and therefore owed no such taxes.

The Office of the U.S. Attorney for the Southern District of New York pursued the matter aggressively but, despite convening three grand juries, was hav-

ing trouble getting an indictment. Also, as already noted, career attorneys from the Criminal Section of the U.S. Department of Justice's Tax Division did not deem Rev. Moon's alleged tax liability sufficient to warrant prosecution and signed off on a triple negative recommendation. However, in August 1981, the New York District Attorney's Office presented new charges of perjury, conspiracy and obstruction of justice which reopened the case and led to Rev. Moon's indictment. These charges stemmed from two sources: a "Japanese Family Fund Ledger" and promissory notes submitted by the defense to account for the sources of funds in the Chase Manhattan account; and the grand jury testimony of Takeru Kamiyama, who was understood to be Rev. Moon's financial advisor. The government claimed that the Japanese Family Fund Ledger, which listed dates and amounts of contributions from Japanese Church members between June 1972 and March 1976, as well as loan agreements reflecting transfers of funds from foreign church members to be deposited into the Chase accounts were prepared after the IRS had begun to investigate Rev. Moon's tax returns and were "phoney." It claimed that Mr. Kamiyama had lied to the grand jury.

This alleged "cover-up" was the "bridge" that led to the trial and conviction of Rev. Moon. However, Rev. Moon's defense team and a number of later observers questioned the sturdiness of that bridge. First, as the brief for Rev. Moon to the Court of Appeals noted, "The record is barren of any evidence whatsoever that Reverend Moon was involved in or consulted about the preparation of any of these...documents." Second, the church and its defense lawyers acknowledged from the beginning, both in conferences and sworn testimony, that the Family Fund Ledger and promissory notes were good faith efforts to reconstruct "actual prior transactions." Third, and most important, the perjury specifications against Mr. Kamiyama were seriously flawed. The most egregious problems were the errors in translation by the grand jury interpreter. An analysis of the transcript "found over 600 translation errors, more than 75 of which materially affected...perjury charges" brought against Mr. Kamiyama. There was even a serious question as to whether Mr. Kamiyama ever testified under a valid oath, as the translator "was entirely ignorant of the basic word perjury, and never properly warned the witness about the sanctions against lying under oath." He also hopelessly botched the oath's translation. The errors were so grievous that after reviewing the case three years later, the U.S. Senate, under bipartisan sponsorship, passed the "Court Interpreters Improvement Act of 1985" which extended standards established previously for courtrooms to grand jury proceedings. What was worse in Mr. Kamiyama's case, according to Carleton Sherwood, was that the prosecuting attorney had obtained evidence of the faulty translations but suppressed it.

Notwithstanding legal safeguards, the government's determination to convict Rev. Moon raised the issue of his getting a fair trial. The major problem was obtaining an unbiased jury. A pre-trial survey conducted by a noted public



*Harvard Law scholar  
Lawrence Tribe speaking on  
Rev. Moon's court proceedings  
at the Federal Court House  
in New York*

opinion researcher which covered all demographic segments in Southern New York showed that Rev. Moon was “the subject of profound public hostility.” In the sampling of 1,000 persons,

The overwhelming majority...knew of and were negatively predisposed toward Reverend Moon (76.4% responding unfavorably to the name “Reverend Moon,” 70.4% unfavorably to the name “Sun Myung Moon,” 67.3% unfavorably to the term “Moonies”...and almost all using such perjorative terms as “crook,” “hoax,” “racketeer,” who “brainwashes” and “exploits the young” to describe Reverend Moon. Indeed, as many as 42.9% acknowledge that “[i]f [they] had the chance, [they’d] throw Reverend Sun Myung Moon in jail.

On March 10, 1982, Rev. Moon’s counsel “moved for a bench trial on the ground that pervasive public hostility precluded selection of a fair and impartial jury. However, the government refused to consent, giving as its reason Rev. Moon’s post-arraignment speech at the Foley Square courthouse, published in the *New York Times*, which criticized the government’s motives for prosecuting him. In his remarks, Rev. Moon suggested that the prosecution was motivated by racial and religious prejudice. As he put it in a memorable turn of phrase, “If my skin were white and my religion Presbyterian, I would not be here today.”

The government asserted that a jury trial was necessary lest Rev. Moon “blame any adverse result...on religious and racial bigotry.” However, defense attorneys argued in their Appellant Brief that “the government in substance and effect punished him for exercising his rights to freedom of expression.”

Despite his stated belief that a non-jury trial would have been “fairer,” the trial judge sided with the government and refused Rev. Moon’s motion for a bench trial. In attempting to get an “untainted” jury, the judge frankly recognized that “the leaning has been heavily towards people who don’t read much, don’t talk much and don’t know much because they are obviously the persons who start off with the least bias...the less educated and less intelligent people.” The downside of this was the jury had trouble comprehending the case, a situation that the government exploited by introducing a great deal of evidentiary complexity and over 2,000 documentary exhibits. The defense contended that the selection process had not produced a jury cleansed of prejudicial attitudes but, quite the contrary, one that “was saturated with negative information.” Moreover, “the selection of an unusually uneducated and uninformed jury,” according to Rev. Moon’s lawyers, “increased the risk that the jury would substitute prejudice for reasoned judgment, denying a fair trial.”

There were additional procedural problems. The major one was the assumption on the part of the trial judge that “religious issues would not enter into the case.” This was compatible with the government’s intention to treat Rev. Moon no differently than any other corporate executive. However, it skewed the whole proceeding. Rev. Moon’s counsel “contended both pre- and post-trial that his prosecution had been motivated by hostility to his religion.” Specifically, they showed that shortly before the IRS began to investigate him, Senator Dole had written to the commissioner of the Internal Revenue urging that a tax investigation be targeted at the Unification Church because the Senator suspected “mind control and indoctrination” rather than the pursuit of “religious faith,” viewed the church’s faith as involving “political purposes,” and regarded the Church’s founder as leading a “far more affluent life” than he thought appropriate for a “clergyman.” Nevertheless, the trial judge denied motions for discovery of selective prosecution. Rev. Moon’s counsel also showed that officials and ministers of other churches engaged in comparable conduct without being prosecuted. Again, the judge “flatly denied even the most minimal discovery on this claim.” In addition to these problems, Rev. Moon was refused the interpreter of his choice. On more technical grounds, the defense lawyers contended that the trial court’s instructions to the jury were “fatally defective.” Finally, the trial judge cut off inquiry into improper influences on the jury and issued a “sweepingly broad gag order” restraining the defense, “on pain of contempt, from communicating with or contacting in any manner whatsoever any...juror involved in the case without the prior consent of the court.”



*On the march for religious freedom: (from left) Dr. Bo Hi Pak, Dr. Mose Durst, Dr. Joseph Lowery, In Jin and Jin Sung Moon, unknown.*

The trial began on April 1, 1981 and lasted approximately six weeks. On May 18, 1981, the jury returned its verdict against Rev. Moon on all charges: one count of conspiracy to file false income tax returns and obstruction of justice and three counts of filing false tax returns for 1973, 1974 and 1975. On July 16, 1981, the court sentenced Rev. Moon to 18 months in prison and a \$25,000 fine plus costs. Rev. Moon's legal team exhausted virtually every appeal motion available. However, in the end, their post-trial motions were all denied. The trial judge denied motions for acquittal, a new trial, and an evidentiary hearing on selective prosecution. The Second Circuit Court of Appeals, in a split decision, sustained the conviction in September 1983 and refused an *en banc* review by the entire Second Circuit. The U.S. Solicitor General recommended against Supreme Court review and on May 14, 1984, the Supreme Court justices denied Rev. Moon's petition for *certiorari*. The defense's plea for community service instead of time in jail due to fears for Rev. Moon's security also was refused. The only positive outcome was the trial judge's "binding recommendation" to the U.S. Attorney General against deportation. Because the court had sentenced him to more than a year in prison, Rev. Moon was eligible for



deportation. The government’s lawyers, according to Carleton Sherwood, were “eager to rid the country of Moon” and pressed the judge not to issue an opinion on the matter, “leaving the Immigration and Naturalization Service a free hand to carry out its will.” However, in this instance, Judge Gerard Goettel did not see things the government’s way. Some had expressed the view that deportation was the government’s goal all along and that Rev. Moon’s indictment originally was handed down while he was out of the country with the expectation that he would not return and face the charges. Judge Goettel’s position was that deportation, in addition to the eighteen-month jail sentence that he himself had imposed represented “excessive punishment.” His decision, though technically a recommendation, was binding on the Justice Department and could not be appealed.

The final phase of Rev. Moon’s “Danbury course” was his incarceration, first, from July 20, 1984 until July 4, 1985 at Danbury Federal Correctional Institution, Connecticut, and then from July 4, 1985 until August 20, 1985 at Phoenix House Foundation, Inc., a halfway house in Brooklyn, New York. Rev. Moon served thirteen months of his eighteen-month sentence, getting five months off for good behavior. Danbury was a minimum-security facility for approximately 200 men convicted of “white-collar” crimes. Rev. Moon shared a cubicle with Mr. Kamiyama for four months until the latter’s release in November 1984. The facility had visiting hours on alternate days between 8:30



a.m.-3:30 p.m., and a regular stream of family members, church leaders and official guests visited Rev. Moon. All inmates were required to have jobs, and Rev. Moon performed a variety of menial tasks in the dining room, setting up for breakfast every day, mopping, wiping tables, etc. There were no reported incidents during Rev. Moon’s incarceration. He had exhorted church members to “act responsibly and honorably,” specifically requesting that they not come to Danbury without permission. Reportedly, in the beginning many inmates avoided Rev. Moon, “afraid that if they were seen with him or attended religious activities together with him that the other inmates would think that they had become Moonies.” Some referred to Rev. Moon as “Full-Moon” and Mr. Kamiyama as “Half-Moon.” Others sought out Rev. Moon for counsel. Several fellow prisoners testified to his friendliness and exemplary behavior. Rev. Moon

*This cartoon appeared in the New York Post on Friday, July 5, 1985. © The New York Post*

*Hyo Jin Moon visits his  
father at Danbury  
Correctional Facility.*



had a parole hearing in October 1984 but was denied by the U.S. Parole Commission on February 20, 1985.

For his part, Rev. Moon regarded the day of his departure for Danbury as “a glorious and victorious, historical day.” In a “Farewell Address” to members, he stated that he was walking “the road of the cross with hope and a totally victorious mind.” He exhorted them not to send him off with tears, but that if there were “tears automatically streaming down...they must not be tears of tragedy...but tears of determination, telling me, “Trust us. We are going to bring a hundred times greater victory in the days to come.” He was convinced that “resurrection and Pentecost will come” and that “the Unification sunrise” was “now coming to the world.” At Danbury, Rev. Moon spent time praying, reviewing many of his previous speeches, studying English and Spanish, receiving reports and providing direction to church leaders, working with inmates, and reaching out to Christian leaders. Upon his release, Rev. Moon stated at a welcoming “God and Freedom Banquet” in Washington, D.C. that while in prison he “did not brood with hatred or resentment for those who persecuted me, nor did I spend my time...pleading my innocence. Rather, I dedicated the time in prison to prayer and meditation, for understanding what America must do to follow God’s will for the world.” Dr. Bo Hi Pak, recently awarded an honorary doctorate from the Catholic University of La Plata, Argentina, found it “providential” that Rev. Moon stayed in a half-way house named “Phoenix House” as there were “two phoenix birds on the Korean president’s flag” and in the West, “the phoenix is a bird that never dies or gives up, but always rises from the ashes, comes back, fights, and wins.”

## Mr. Kamiyama's Diary

---

*From Mr. Kamiyama's diary in Danbury Prison*

August 20, Monday, 5:30 a.m.: Father and I went into the kitchen; outside it was still dark. After we finished all the preparations for breakfast, we waited outside the building until all the inmates had finished their meal.

The time for breakfast is 6 to 7 a.m. After that we would do the cleanup. During the time that we waited outside the prison building, Father and I would have conversations about many different topics, especially about the world of God and the world of love.

On this particular morning when Father spoke about the world of God, I felt God's love with my whole body. Then I saw the morning sun. It looked so beautiful, truly beautiful; then the autumn wind began to blow and I felt chilly. As he looked at the far distant sky, Father said this winter would become very cold. Then, shifting his eyes towards the East he said, "Now they must be harvesting halibut in Alaska."

Then Father started speaking very deeply about his thoughts and feelings about prison: "The person who is in the highest position has to go down to the lowest position and then serve all the way through. That is the true way."

"Similarly, a diamond is the result of coal transformed under great pressure. The diamond is the highest and most valuable of all stones, and yet it corresponds to coal, which is the lowest and most crude. So in a sense diamonds and coal are actually close relatives."

September 14th, Friday: Father sat with his legs crossed, and quietly rotated his body about while deeply communicating with nature. At such times he is looking at the past, present and future. His posture is so mystical, so mysterious. I cannot translate it into words because it's beyond description.

I felt that between Father and nature there a special relationship or special communication that we do not comprehend—something very profound.

### Reflections

- Father practices love based on forgiveness in the midst of insults and contempt. Because the inmates don't know anything about Father's value, they say, "Hey, Moon!" or utter other kinds of insults that shouldn't

even be forgiven. But Father puts himself in the position of servant of servants and forgives all this with love. I have witnessed this.

- I saw that Father digests and dominates the circumstances and his environment with patience, in order to bring victory in his position. Knowing his position as the center of indemnity, he still acts as a servant of love and controls that dirty prison environment in order to bring victory on the worldwide and universal levels.

- I saw that Father denies himself completely each day for the sake of the future. He said, "Self-denial cannot be self-denial all the way." Self-denial means that you lose yourself; but actually the purpose of self-denial is to bring victory. Father is such a self-denying person.

- I saw that Father turns everything into appreciation and gratitude, thinking that this particular period is an indemnity period. Therefore, even though Father is in an environment where he could complain constantly, he doesn't say even one word of complaint.

For example, Father's prison bed is really junk. If



you move it even one inch, it squeaks. Also, there is no wood inside to give support; it's all just wires. I wondered if Father would say something like, "It's very bad for your back," but he didn't say a word. Instead he fixed the problem by putting newspapers in to level himself.

- I saw that Father finds the most dirty work that no one wants to do, and carries it out. That is our Father. Many times I tried to take a job away from Father and do it myself, but he pushed me away and said, "No, I must do it! This is my job!" For example, after people scrubbed and mopped the floor, they would push all the dirt into one corner and leave it there. Then Father would take care of it. Also, whenever people did any cleaning in the kitchen, they would just put the mop or the dirty towels in a bucket and let them pile up. Father would pick up these smelly towels, clean them, and put them into a nice, straight pile. People would use them to clean up again, and just throw them back into the bucket. Then Father would repeat the same process all over again.

- Father meditates all the time, and quietly, as I described before.

- Father makes his own goals, and sets up the environment to fulfill them. I can see him preparing for the future. He's studying Spanish very hard, for South America and all the Spanish-speaking people. According to Mormon prediction and prophesy, the Messiah must come to both North and South America.

- Father serves Cain all the way; he's an expert in that principle. Sometimes I had to rush to work and just



left my bed a complete mess. When I came back later on, Father himself had already straightened up everything. I was so surprised! Father did that many times. And again, whenever I tried to fix Father's bed, he wouldn't let me, saying, "No, no!"

I came out of jail on December 4th. On that day, when I was about to leave prison, Father himself started to tie my shoes. I said, "Oh, I will do it myself!" But Father said, "No! This is the way to do it," and he himself sat down and tied my shoes. I was so shocked.

- I witnessed a man of love and deep compassion. He is personally interested in people's lives. He would ask the inmates: "How are your wife and your children? How is your family life?" etc. He also asked each of them, "Why did you come to this prison? How are you doing?" Father spoke in English and he wanted to know all the details.

When Father discovered people's circumstances, he felt sorry and sympathetic towards them. Once Father even suggested to me, "Maybe we should help this man hire a lawyer again, and get him another trial and another chance for justice."

- I have known Father personally for twelve years, but for the first time I discovered that Father's love for Mother is very deep. Father has many tender feelings for Mother.

When he would wait for the moment that he could talk with Mother on the phone, he was sometimes very shy, like a boy who is longing and deeply in love. So he would say over the phone, "Omma, Mammi, Mammi, good morning!" Sometimes he seemed to be freshly in love. Their relationship is so beautiful.

By the way, one of the instructions I got from Father before I came out jail was to teach members to express the love between husband and wife more openly. As a Japanese I would never kiss my wife in front of people. So when my wife visited me in prison, Father pushed me: "Go ahead, kiss your wife!" I had no other choice but to do it. When Father would meet Mother in the visiting room, he would also kiss her. They have such a natural, beautiful relationship.

- In order to attend pledge service, Father always purifies his body, takes a shower and puts on clean underwear and socks. Even if it were Sunday and the next day was the first of the month, he would again purify his body and present himself to God in pledge.

- No matter what, under any circumstances, Father would still witness and teach people around him.

## Shinji and Helen Kashiwa

---

Once while True Father was in Danbury, I was fundraising in Tempe, Ariz. for CARP and I entered a dentist's office. I gave my spiel and then he looked at me and said, "This wouldn't have anything to do with (leaning toward me) Rev. Moon, would it?" I gulped a little and said, "Yes, he's the founder of CARP." He said "Good, because I think it's unfair how they're treating him. I'll take one of those prints. But instead of \$7.00 I'll give you \$10, and you just send the extra straight in to the Rev." Well, I didn't actually do that, but I think God received his heart and offering.

## Allan J. Ballinger

---

When I became state leader in Connecticut at the beginning of February in 1985, I found that the members had been driving to Danbury each Sunday morning after 5 a.m. Pledge Service to pray on a hill that overlooked Danbury Federal Prison where Father was incarcerated. Every Sunday we would make the hour drive from New Haven to Danbury to pray in tears for the healing of America and the world.

As state leader, one morning I promised to bring everyone to McDonald's after our prayer vigil for breakfast. Once at the restaurant, Mother and several of the Moon children came in to the restaurant and sat down near us. Recognizing us as members, she asked for the team leader to come over and speak with her. After asking where we were from, she looked at my muddy sneakers and then reached for her purse. Pulling out three \$100 bills, she said, "Here, please buy shoes for all your members. I'm sorry that it's not more." Sitting right across the table from her, I felt that she was so beautiful, and had such a pure spirit. We left soon after, and I used that \$300 to buy a new pair of shoes for every member in the state.

## Relections on Danbury

---

### Thomas J. Ward

Father and Mother have understood that God and Satan especially watch the heart with which they or any central figure respond to difficult circumstances, including the faithlessness of us, their followers. True Parents have served as a model of how to digest adversity. Some of us recall the morning of July 20, 1984, the day of Father's incarceration in Danbury. There inside his residence in East Garden, Father comforted a handful of us and told us not to worry because something very good was going to come out of his incarceration.

A few months later, I had the opportunity to visit True Parents in Danbury Federal Prison together with Dr. Bo Hi Pak, Ambassador Maurice Robert of France and Ambassador Jose Maria Chaves. There in the prison Father spoke to the two ambassadors about some of his remarkable future plans for Africa and South America, which included the creation of a university. He spoke of how Europe had a special responsibility to assist Africa in its development and of how the United States had a similar responsibility towards Latin America. In the midst of the two-hour exchange Father never said a word about his imprisonment. He focused on inspiring and igniting us with a plausible vision of the future. Mother warmly served all of us refreshments from the vending machines in the humble visiting room. It was as if we were in East Garden rather than in the dour circumstances of Danbury Federal Prison. After bidding our farewells to Father and Mother, I accompanied Ambassadors Robert and Chaves down the hill from the prison complex to the parking lot. Deeply impressed by the encounter, Ambassador Chaves turned to me and said, "Reverend Moon may be in prison, but he is a free man."

I remember coming to East Garden one morning a month or so prior to Father's imprisonment with Dr. Pak and a politician who had ties with our Church. Father was ecstatic with the gentleman, explaining to him all the wonderful things that he could do in his role as an elected official. Suddenly I reflected, "Here is Father inspiring this man about how wonderful his future is and yet Father himself will face such a miserable circumstance when he is imprisoned in just a few weeks." Suddenly I broke into an uncontrollable flow of tears and Father turned to comfort me, softly saying, "Heh, heh, heh..."

## Grassroots Support

It would have been an exaggeration to assert that a “Unification sunrise” was dawning upon the world in 1985. However, the climate had assuredly changed and the movement picked up a substantial amount of grassroots support. This was an accelerating process as an increasing and diverse number of Americans protested what they regarded as Reverend Moon’s victimization by the U.S. government. To be sure, some of them carefully distanced support for Rev. Moon’s religious or civil liberties from support of his theology or program. Others, particularly from the minority and Black communities, viewed Rev. Moon as a fellow victim of racial prejudice and were less concerned about doctrinal distinctions. For them, Rev. Moon was a martyr and scapegoat. The movement deftly channeled this support into a variety of alliances, coalitions, committees and fellowships. However, the spontaneous support that emerged was more effective and consequential. By 1985, it was apparent even to the mainstream media that opposition to the government’s handling of Rev. Moon’s case was broad-based. In fact, many leading newspapers and columnists penned editorials on his behalf.

Prior to Rev. Moon’s tax case, a number of religious leaders, civil libertarians and academics came to the movement’s defense. Some of this was documented in previous sections, particularly in relation to the church’s legal gains. However, much of this support transcended legalities, and many of those who came to the movement’s defense became more-or-less permanent allies, at least in the battle for fair treatment. As early as 1977, Dean Kelley, Director for Civil and Religious Liberty of the National Council of Churches, characterized “deprogramming” in *The Civil Liberties Review* as “protracted spiritual gang-rape” and “the most serious violation of our religious liberty in this generation.” That same year in an article published in *The Nation* entitled, “Even a Moonie Has Civil Rights,” sociologist Thomas Robbins suggested that once “persecution of deviant religion on obscurantist grounds of ‘mind control’” was established, “its application to political dissidents may be inevitable.” Dozens of other libertarians and academics, some of whom the movement had cultivated, others with whom it had no relationship, concurred.

The church gained broad-based support for extending constitutional protections to its members in stages, only after abuses were apparent and a matter of public knowledge. The same pattern repeated itself in Rev. Moon’s tax case. Initially, there was very little publicity. The IRS investigation was conducted with little fanfare, as were the grand jury hearings. It was only with Rev. Moon’s indictment and arraignment on October 22, 1981 that the issue became public. Even then, it would not have evoked comment had not the church sponsored a large public rally for followers and supporters on the steps of Foley Square Courthouse in Manhattan. Replete with a massive “We Shall Overcome” banner which exhorted those present to “Protect Religious Liberties and Minority

Rights,” the movement did not seek common cause with cultural elites, at least not at first, but rather with the downtrodden and disenfranchised. As Rev. Moon stated in his rally address, “I came back to America not just for my own vindication. I came back to America as a representative of all those who suffer governmental injustice, racial prejudice or religious bigotry.... Today I declare war against these enemies.”

The movement subsequently announced that it had established an initial endowment of \$2,000,000 for the creation of a Minorities Alliance International (MAI). It also published the text of Rev. Moon’s Foley Square address in *The New York Times*. While this provided grounds for the government’s veto of Rev. Moon’s request for a bench trial, it also publicized his situation. The movement essentially pursued two tracks in its efforts to influence public opinion. First, it continued to build support from the ground up through activities funded by the MAI, especially among Black clergy. Second, it enlisted high-powered legal assistance. The movement achieved a major breakthrough when Laurence Tribe, “one of the law’s most brilliant scholars” and a “fearsome presence in the courtroom,” agreed to work on Rev. Moon’s appeal. Tribe, a Harvard professor of constitutional law with “impeccable” liberal credentials, joined the defense team after Rev. Moon’s conviction but brought instant credibility and visibility to the case. More importantly, he raised a number of constitutional concerns that resonated with mainstream religious bodies. Mainly, he pointed out that Rev. Moon was unfairly prosecuted and convicted for financial practices that were common among larger, established churches.

The specter of unwarranted government intrusion into church affairs was something that observers had not previously noted or taken seriously about the case. As a consequence of this concern but also, doubtless, as a result of Tribe’s reputation and extensive contacts, major religious organizations began to join in support of the defense’s position. The National Council of Churches, the American Baptist Churches U.S.A., the United Presbyterian Church U.S.A., the African Methodist Episcopal Church, the Christian Legal Society, the Unitarian Universalist Association, and the National Black Catholic Clergy Caucus as well as the American Civil Liberties Union and New York Civil Liberties Union all submitted *amicus curiae* (“friend of the court”) briefs before the U.S. Court of Appeals. A nationally syndicated columnist quoted Laurence Tribe as saying that Rev. Moon’s tax-evasion conviction was “the most significant threat to religious freedom in the United States in many decades.” A religion writer for UPI quoted Tribe as saying,

For the first time in our history, a federal court has authorized the government to completely override a religious argument. Religion was systematically, brutally removed from this case... [The trial court’s decision] exposes every religious body, its spiritual leaders and all of its donors to the threat of criminal liability whenever a trial court or jury might later

choose, in deciding the issue of ownership, to reject or ignore the doctrines and beliefs of the church and its adherents as to how funds raised for religious purposes should be held, spent and classified.

By the time Laurence Tribe filed a petition before the U.S. Supreme Court, support for Rev. Moon's position had reached landslide proportions. The Southern Christian Leadership Conference (SCLC) announced on December 21, 1983 that they would support the appeal, and even *The Washington Post* editorialized that "the case deserves attention and full Supreme Court review." By April 1984, forty groups and individuals representing more than 120 million Americans had filed *amicus curiae* briefs in support of the appeal, including the National Association of Evangelicals, the National Conference of Black Mayors, the National Bar Association, The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, the Attorney Generals of Hawaii, Oregon and Rhode Island, Eugene McCarthy and Clare Booth Luce. In May, Donald Shriver, president of Union Theological Seminary in New York, Dr. Harvey Cox of Harvard Divinity School, Rev. Theodore Hesburgh, president of Notre Dame, and Dr. Balfour Brickner of Stephen Wise Synagogue in Manhattan were part of a large group of religious leaders who described Rev. Moon's conviction as "deeply disturbing" in an open letter to President Reagan.

The Supreme Court's refusal on May 14, 1984 to review Rev. Moon's petition despite this groundswell of support set off a series of "Rallies for Religious Freedom." The first, which brought together 300 clergy and approximately 200 lay leaders from 60 denominations, took place in the ballroom of the Hyatt Regency in Washington, D.C. on May 30th. It was co-chaired by Rev. Joseph Lowery, chairman of the SCLC, and Dr. Tim La Haye, president of Family Life Seminars and of the Moral Majority in California. They also served as co-chairs of the Ad Hoc Committee for Religious Freedom. The two-and-one-half hour rally ended with La Haye stating that Rev. Moon's confinement would be "a prelude to our future confinement." He then challenged all present to stand with him and "say as one individual, 'I believe in religious freedom so much I am willing, if necessary and allowed, to spend one week of those eighteen months with Reverend Moon.'" One account of the meeting noted, "Almost everyone in the hall stood, clapping and cheering." A similar rally followed in New York, co-chaired by former Senator and presidential candidate Eugene McCarthy on June 11th. The Ad Hoc Committee for Religious Freedom sponsored more than twenty such rallies throughout the nation that month.

On June 26, 1984, the Senate Judiciary Committee's Subcommittee on the Constitution, chaired by Sen. Orrin Hatch (R-Utah) conducted a hearing on religious liberty to which many of the principals in Rev. Moon's tax case, as well as several other religious leaders embroiled in litigation, were invited to offer testimony. At least 350 persons, many of them Christian ministers invited by





the Ad Hoc Committee on Religious Freedom, and numerous media crews crowded into the hearing room in the Dirksen Senate Office Building. Sen. Hatch commented that there seemed to be a “recent acceleration” of such cases and that “Jailings of ministers are especially disturbing to me.” In his prepared remarks, Rev. Moon stated, “In 1971, God called me to come to America and... for the last 12 years, I have given my heart and soul and every drop of sweat and tears for the sake of this nation.” He listed a number of the vast array of projects undertaken by the movement at the cost of “several hundred million dollars,” denied that he had defrauded the U.S. government of a few thousand dollars, and expressed gratitude that God was “using me as an instrument to lead the fight for religious freedom and to ignite the spiritual awakening of America.” Although there were several sharp questions from the ranking Democrat on the panel, the entire event was something of a love fest with ministers pressing forward to shake hands with Rev. Moon and express their thanks.

*After the Senate Judiciary Subcommittee on the Constitution hearing, from left: unknown, Sen. Orrin G. Hatch, Dr. Everett Siliven, and Rev. Moon.*



*The candlelight pageant in Washington, D.C.*

Following Rev. Moon's imprisonment on July 20, 1984, there were more demonstrative rallies. On July 25th, over six thousand people gathered in Washington, D.C. to participate in "A Pageant for Religious Freedom." It included an afternoon Seminar on Religious Freedom for ministers; an evening pageant at Constitution Hall with a musical-theatrical tribute to memorable moments in American history as related to religious liberty, and rousing speeches including one by In Jin Moon, Rev. Moon's second-oldest daughter; and a candlelight march to Lafayette Park in front of the White House. A series of rallies and marches ensued which featured "mock jails" constructed of shiny metal bars holding ministers from different denominations closely watched by "IRS" and "Department of Justice" guards. Some rallies included mock funeral services, replete with carriage hearses and caskets marked "First Amendment." Rallies, seminars and banquets of various kinds continued throughout the length of Rev. Moon's imprisonment. The movement attempted to build on this ferment and "educate" ministers in several ways. Beginning in July, it sponsored Common Suffering Fellowship seminars for clergy. Essentially, it translated the "jail pledge" that many ministers had made into attendance of the four-day seminar in Washington, D.C. which included lectures not only on religious liberty and Christian activism (followed by visits to their representatives and senators) but also on themes drawn from Unification theology. The movement also involved several thousand clergy contacts with its CAUSA Ministerial Alliance.

In August 1985, Rev. Moon conceived the idea of sending video tapes on Unification theology, a brochure and booklet about the movement, an *Outline of the Principle* text, a book of his talks entitled *God's Warning to the World*, and a personal "Letter from Danbury" to 300,000 ministers and religious leaders in the United States. It required several months to produce, duplicate, label and package the videotapes, which was done entirely in-house, and 28 tractor trailers to ship all 300,000 packages, a million pounds in total weight, to the mailing location.

Efforts to introduce Unification theology provided ammunition for critics who characterized the various committees and coalitions for religious freedom as "Moonie fronts." A *Washington Post* article that discussed the relationship of the Unification Church to the Ad Hoc Committee for Religious Freedom, quoted one minister as saying he "felt a bit used" by his coming to the Washington Pageant for Religious Liberty and finding such a heavy emphasis on Rev. Moon. Likewise, Unification Church President Mose Durst found it necessary to explain that the purpose of the 300,000-tape video project was "to communicate what Reverend Moon's teachings are, not to convert anyone." *Time* magazine referred to "Sun Myung Moon's Goodwill Blitz" in describing the \$4.5 million video project as "only the latest tactic in a \$30 million cosmetic campaign being waged by the Moon movement...[to] polish the sect's tarnished image and achieve mainstream respectability." Shaw University, similarly, found itself accused of being bought-off in awarding Rev. Moon an honorary doctorate degree in May 1985.

To a large extent, these charges simply reflected the tenuous quality of all coalitions. The reality was that although the movement funded and orchestrated most of the religious freedom rallies, it dealt with a legitimate issue about which there was widespread discontent. As Rev. Donald Sills, executive director of the Coalition of Religious Freedom, pointed out several times, "In 1976, there were 45 cases of government litigation against churches, pastors, and religious organizations. By 1980, that figure had increased to 2,100. Today, in 1985, there are approximately 8,000 cases." In this respect, Rev. Moon's plight represented a larger problem. Because of this, despite strains and disparate motivations, the coalition for religious freedom held together and even expanded.

There was no more reliable indicator of this than the "God and Freedom Banquet" which welcomed Rev. Moon back from prison on August 20, 1985. Earlier that day, twenty prominent clergy including Rev. Jerry Fallwell, head of the Moral Majority, and Rev. Joseph Lowery, president of the SCLC, usually at opposite ends of the religious-political spectrum, held a news conference at which they decried government encroachment upon religion and called upon President Reagan to pardon Rev. Moon. That evening, more than 1,600 clergy and prominent lay people gathered at the Omni Shoreham Hotel in Washington, D.C. Forty clergy were seated at the head table under a huge welcome banner. While many of the familiar religious liberty themes were touched

upon, the evening was really a welcome and a tribute to Rev. Moon. Cards, a hugh trophy, and a Native American ceremonial drum were exchanged and a succession of speakers paid tribute to Rev. Moon's sacrifice and devotion "during the time of his unjust imprisonment." One Unification member attempted to set the banquet in historical context,

It was as if, in the forgiving eyes of God, the clock had been turned back to...[Rev. Moon's] first arrival in the United States, when he was welcomed with acclamations, and all the intervening years of ugliness had been dispelled like a ghastly nightmare.... But a marked difference remained between the pristine interval when...[Rev. Moon] was first greeted in America, and the present time. In the early 1970's, the people who welcomed him were innocent of what he taught and what he stood for. What they had presented to him they gave, childlike, out of a vague feeling of goodwill. But the people who applauded...[Rev. Moon] tonight were familiar with his ideals and his work, and some had even imperiled their reputations to stand in support of him.

Rev. Moon made use of the occasion to teach. After extending his appreciation to those who had supported him through the court battles, *amicus* briefs, and rallies, he stated that the determination that underlay his whole ministry and life was "to relieve the great and long suffering of God." Since "the world is ignorant of God's heart of suffering," he commented that it was his lot and that of his movement to be "misunderstood and persecuted." However, given what he termed "the urgency of my mission before God," he stated that the lack of understanding and persecution "has not really mattered very much to me."

In the knowledge that he was addressing "clergy who also have been participants in the fulfillment of God's will," he understood that their welcome was "not a personal welcome for the individual, Reverend Moon, but is a testament to that will of God for which I have lived my life." He, thereafter, challenged all present to repent, to "transcend denominationalism," and "to consider seriously the mission of Christianity to lead a supra-denominational, cultural revolution on a worldwide scale." The challenge was much the same as that which he had issued at the Washington Monument nearly a decade earlier. The difference was that his listeners and the movement were more ready to respond.

*Opposite: Rev. Moon at the  
God and Freedom  
Banquet, Washington,  
D.C., August 20, 1985.*



## Kim Brown

---

### Workshop

I was attending a 7-day workshop in Northern California. The sister who was teaching was a very strong person with a very driven personality. She had a good heart but she was extremely intense. One day I was attempting to come into the kitchen door which was, unbeknownst to me, hooked closed. I don't even know what I wanted, but I stood there knocking. I could see the lecturer talking to someone at the other end of the room. I assumed when she noticed me that she was going to come over and let me in. Instead she strode over and screamed at me, "Can't you see the door is locked for a reason?" or something like that. It was such an unexpected response I couldn't say anything. I was so shocked and hurt, I literally stumbled away from the door and went into the woods, numb.

I was shaking with hurt, and I started to cry. I was thinking about the lecturer and how on some occasions

she was very loving and on other occasions she had been so harsh. Then as I stood there, I remembered a testimony she had shared in a public meeting, about how once when she was in high school or college, she had gone to her parents when she was in trouble. In a desperate moment when she woke her father in the middle of the night for help, he had harshly rejected her. She was devastated.

Somehow I understood at that moment something about the cycle of sin. I realized that she had been treated badly by her father, and then in turn she lashed out at me. As I stood there trying to digest my own pain, the thoughts of the lecturer's pain then connected to how her father had probably been treated like that by his parents. Then the floodgates opened and I had sort of a vision about the connectedness of all human pain, and all human suffering and how it connected back to God. I saw all the connected hurt of all mankind; I saw scenes of wars, abominations, sickening abuses and tortures, marching in my mind's eye. I couldn't stop crying. This went on for a long time.



Then I went back to the lectures and I sat in the back quietly, not speaking to anyone. We were listening to lectures on Moses and Jesus. The tears continued like a stream for several days. Every word awakened my awareness of the suffering of others. I could feel the heartistic pain of humankind enmasse. Every sort of scene of cruelty, harsh words, brutality, murder, starvation, disease and loneliness continued to feed through my mind like a continuous movie.

Every new point brought up by a lecture would touch off a new flood of tears about something else. I couldn't really talk about what I was experiencing to anyone. I think people thought that I was an emotional basket case, crying about personal problems or something, but it was a pivotal time in my life of faith. I understood something about God's heart through that experience.

## Fundraising

One day I was in Fond du Lac, Wisconsin, which I was told translates from the French, "Bottom of the Lake." Well, that town was never a particularly friendly town, and whenever we were there, I felt like I was at the bottom of a lake. I was having a hard time fundraising. We had cartoon pins. When you have had a hard time working in a town once, it makes it difficult to believe that you won't have a hard time the next time you go there. So I was shuffling along at the bottom of the lake, as it were, and I went into a bar. I sat down and drank a coke and somebody put a quarter in the juke box and played, "Make Someone Happy," by Judy Garland.

I listened to Judy belt out the song from the bottom of her guts. It shot into my heart's core like an arrow. I cried. It went "DING" in my original mind. I don't know how, but it transformed me. I had a REALIZATION. I ran from the bar and sang the song at the top of my lungs. I ran and sang and sang and ran and leaped in front of people, exploding with God's love. I loved everybody. I had no fear. I danced and leaped and ran and bellowed, "YES!!! LOVE IS THE ANSWER!!!" I loved everybody, I was dizzy with God's amazing love. Then I came upon a busy bank. It was a Friday afternoon, and I had cartoon pins. Yosemite Sam and Tweetie. Lots of Tweetie Birds. Sometimes we ran out of everything except Tweetie Bird and then we'd say, "We have Tweetie, and this is his twin brother."

All was fearless, joyful inspiration and abandon. I was lifted several inches off the ground by spiritual help. Tweetie was going like hotcakes. I was getting so many donations so fast that I had to keep running into a nearby gas station bathroom to stuff the money in my socks. I leaned on the wall panting because it was so intense I could hardly process the experience.

By 9 pm that evening I had broken my record. The thing I learned from that was once a person's heart is full of God's love, everyone else can feel it too and then there's NO FEAR.

## Winter

It was 1977 or '78 in the Midwest, I don't remember the state or the town. We were fundraising in the dead of winter and it was below zero degrees. There was deep snow on the ground. At eleven o'clock at night our team returned to our motel room and the captain announced, "We didn't make our goal. We have to go back out."

We were all exhausted but we obediently bundled back up and were dropped off in various desolate spots. Ann Kephart Brown had made her goal already, but in solidarity she got out with me. This was one of those strips on the outside of a teeny, tiny town in Iowa or Minnesota.

I don't remember how much money I had to make, but it seemed impossible. There was a Country Kitchen restaurant and a closed bus station and a stop sign. We leaned against the wall of the Country Kitchen to keep out of the wind and sang "The Father's Dwelling Place" over and over.

I approached people coming out of the Country Kitchen and stopped cars at the stop sign. There we were, stomping through the snow and wind, fundraising with candy in the dead of night. I think we told people we were on a "midnight marathon." Ann and I sang and talked, and shared a sweet moment in the bliss of God's love. We were wearing snowmobile boots, men's 13-button, wool navy bellbottoms and huge parkas. We could knock on our frozen pantlegs. Even though it was beyond cold and the circumstances extreme, it was a warm moment in time. Ann was my pal.

Miraculously, around 1:00 am a Greyhound bus pulled into the closed bus station. I actually made my goal from the bewildered, exiting passengers!

---

## Teresa Ledesma

---

Maybe I should have known better than to be in that part of town, but I thought I would be all right, especially in broad daylight. Besides, I had been in many neighborhoods like this in the past: poor, rundown store fronts with old crusted and faded paint chipping off the doors and yellowed outdated signs beckoning passersby to come in and take advantage of the fantastic sales. I did not see how this neighborhood could be any different. That inner voice weakly cautioning me to stop and do the other side of the street, the nicer side, went ignored.

It was the fall of 1978 and I was living in a lovely little bedroom community nestled away just about a half an hour outside of Akron, Ohio. I had already been fundraising every day for two years, including weekends, to support a variety of missionary projects our church was involved with. By then, I had gotten into the daily routine of getting up early, sharing the one “sisters” bathroom with a dozen other young women trying to take showers, brush their teeth and get dressed all at the same time. It was a time in my life I both loved and hated. I loved the ideal of living sacrificially for the sake of others, for a purpose greater than myself. The horrid reality, however, was that of being confronted daily with my personal battle to keep a positive attitude and my inability to conquer time. It seemed like I was always the last one ready no matter how hard I tried. That frustrating reality was enough to start each day off feeling a little less charitable.

We were fundraising in Cleveland on this particular day. The air was crisp and windy, with early autumn sun. My area for the next two hours was in the southwest part of Cleveland, in a section marked for renovation. The contrast between the old and new was clearly evident in the scene around me. There were new office buildings, street lamps and sidewalks on one side of the street, and old, dilapidated storefronts on the other. I stepped out of the van, took out the boxes of peanut brittle I planned to sell, and inhaled deeply the clean smell of the autumn morning. I was feeling better now after my usual rough start.

I rejected the warnings of my inner self as I headed toward the older section of the neighborhood first, about

a block in from the main road, toward a small group of shops, certain I would meet friendly, even lonely storekeepers anxious for someone, anyone, to come into their worn-out little shop and have a look around, a friendly chat, and hopefully, buy something. I became aware of an unusual stiffness as I neared the shops, an emptiness around me that I failed to notice just moments before. It was nearly mid morning. Where was everybody? There was not a soul in sight. As I come closer I realized that the old shops were, in fact, abandoned. Dust and cobwebs covered the windows and doors. Torn screen doors creaked in the wind. I stood there for a moment, staring at the disappointing sight before me and cursing myself for abandoning the dictates of my conscience. At the same time I momentarily imagined these shops in better days with cash registers ringing, candy jars on the counter, five-and-dime bargains on all the goods, neighborhood locals standing around chatting about the news of the day and the weather.

In disappointment I turned around and headed back toward the main street. I looked up to see someone walking briskly toward me and immediately sensed danger. Something about this person was not right. His look was unfriendly and his walk determined. He had both hands in his pockets and his shoulders shrugged up around his neck as he walked. Suddenly I felt my heart begin to race faster and faster. The closer he got the more threatening he looked. I tried to avoid making eye contact with him and instinctively started to cross the street to the other side. He was so quick to block my way and within a moment he had me by the throat of my jacket and a pistol in my face.

I was stunned. I could not think straight. I could not talk. He was nervous and scared too, I could see that. He was cursing and demanding my purse and grabbing at the long strap I had draped across my torso, all the while nervously wielding the pistol and yelling at me to hurry up. Despite the terror in my heart, I felt anger rising from somewhere deep inside me, anger at his impatience, anger at his cowardice, and anger at the fact that I had become somebody's victim. This rising anger gave me the courage to squeak out a plea that if he let go of me, I could get the purse off more quickly. Cautiously he obliged and in a moment the purse was his.

I could only guess at what might be going through his mind. What was he going to do now? He got what he



wanted, I hoped. He was calling the shots now and I was at his mercy. I fought to keep from thinking the worst was yet to come. He grabbed the purse and fled down the street into the old neighborhood of abandoned houses and storefronts. He turned back only once to see me for the last time and then disappeared. I was still alive. In numbness and disbelief I gathered my belongings and walked back to the main street. I thought of my mom, the little pocket Bible I had purchased just a few days before that was in the purse, and of the money that was not there for him to steal.

## Celeste Vlasic

After being on MFT for a couple of years, many members were gathered at Belvedere where True Father was handing out pretty scarves and ties to the brothers and sisters.

He would call up each sister one by one, look them over briefly and then he would reach into this huge box of brightly colored scarves, each one being distinct in colors and designs. As each sister stepped forward and received her scarf, everyone applauded loudly, especially as the scarf seemed to perfectly fit the character and personality of each individual (i.e., the more outgoing the sister, the brighter and bolder the design).

As it was coming to my turn, I was sort of reluctant, almost panicking. Being very shy and conservative and not being one to be in the spotlight, I really did not want to have my turn. But of course, we really didn't have a choice, so as I stepped forward to receive my scarf, I was praying for a very conservative one. Lo and behold, True Father pulled out a solid blue scarf (the only solid one I recalled seeing) and handed it to me. It was just perfect. The color was sky-blue, a heavenly blue—and it was special also because my name is Celeste (meaning heavenly, from celestial) and in Spanish, Celeste means blue. Truly, God really knew what I was capable of receiving.

Six years on MFT certainly provided many experiences. There was this Marlboro man. I call him that because I encountered this man fundraising and his appearance was quite distinct. He was tall, had on a sheepskin jacket, boots and those mirror-like sunglasses that only show your own reflection. As I approached him one time, he politely said “no thank you,” and I went on

my way. Around six or eight months later, I bumped into him again in an entirely different state, and believe it or not, a third time around another year later in an entirely different part of the country! (Unfortunately, he never donated anything, but maybe he thought this was beyond coincidence?)

One day in a very negative city, I was put in a “holding cell” in a jail where the police officer had to try to contact our regional director and find out about the status of our permits for fundraising. The holding cell (a large room) was just outside the three prison cells where six teenagers were being held because they were picked up as possible runaways and/or for drug possession. They were really nice, but very young and some had a lot of trepidation as their parents were being contacted. As I was able to walk and talk to everyone in the cells, I decided I wanted to make it a memorable experience for all of us there. So I encouraged all of them to sing along with me—“Tis a Gift to be Simple,” and all six of them finally all joined in and were laughing and having a good time. I witnessed a little bit and never forgot that. (I hope they went a little straighter path after being released and had a somewhat pleasant memory of being imprisoned.)

Being on MFT for six years was quite a challenge, but God knew that what made it a bit easier for me was my love for traveling. One of the fondest memories was working in the state of Iowa. I had, by the way, traveled and fundraised as far north as Canada, all the southern states, plus Texas, Florida and the east and west coasts. But Iowa was very flat terrain, nothing so interesting—except that I was dropped off in small towns and had the town for the day. Almost all the persons I met were farmers (so many with thumbs and fingers missing from machinery), but so nice and pleasant. Everyone donated something and I truly thought Iowa was the closest thing to the Kingdom of Heaven in America, because there was so much positivity and purity flowing.

I remember one day I met someone in his place of business during the day, at his home in the early evening and met up with him again at a bar blitzing that night. Because he was well-known and popular, he took me around the bar and made very single patron in the bar buy a flower from me. God bless him!

Being dropped off early one morning I was very tired and very negative and was having a hard time getting

started. As I looked around I realized I was near the fenced edge of a huge field and about seven horses were way down at the other end of this pasture. Because I have an incredible love for animals, most especially horses, I started calling out to them and one by one, they all slowly walked over to me and allowed me to pet each one of them, and feed them grass I pulled up for them. After a while I felt very happy and inspired and was able to start my day.

I remember being with a group of Japanese sisters, who were sharing their many wonderful experiences of dreams about True Parents and some of them having their photos taken with some of the True Children. Remarking to one of the Japanese sisters that I wished I had a dream of True Parents, she said, "If you desire it badly enough, you probably will." Well, that night, I had my very first dream of True Father, and was blessed with many dreams of True Father and True Mother for several years in the church and occasionally still have them. I am very grateful. I also had the opportunity to have my photo taken with one of the True Children. So many blessings!

One night I had a very vivid dream of Jesus. There was a big "swoosh" sound and all of a sudden Jesus appeared before me in a long white flowing robe. I started pouring out my heart to him. He listened intently and at the end he said two words: "Perfect prayer." I interpreted that to mean that we should just pray from our hearts. Another sister, Sarah, suggested that Jesus was commenting that it was a perfect prayer because I had poured out my heart to him. Either way, it was a wonderful connection I felt to Jesus.

One day after being on MFT for several years I was given the opportunity to be a receptionist at the regional MFT center. One sister, Nancy, asked what kind of sweaters I liked and was describing this beautiful white sweater that was really in style then (70s). She surprised me with it for my birthday and I was so happy! Then, one brother, Michael, suggested I give it away to a sister in the center. I was flabbergasted, because this was new and just what I wanted, and new and beautiful clothes were hard to come by on those MFT days. Also, the sister he was suggesting I give it to was having a difficult time generally and with me as well, as I was the team mother for a while. She went as far as rudely slamming the door in my face just because I went in to wake her up

with a cheery good morning. I hadn't really sacrificed something I had wanted so badly (except for my dog when I joined the church!) but I gave this sister my new, never-worn-before sweater. (This sister later went on to say that an angel had given her that sweater—referring to me.)

Anyway, a few days later, we were cleaning out the attic in the MFT center and an old suitcase that I swore was lost years before, reappeared and as I started looking through it, my dear Bible that True Father had once handed to me was in the suitcase. For years I thought I had lost it and felt so terrible, I could never read another Bible.

I am convinced that because I made that condition of giving the sweater away, that God blessed me with the precious Bible again, that I still have and cherish to this day.

## Denis Collins

---

I first met the Unification Church on the streets of San Francisco in March of 1978. But at the time the group went by the name of Creative Community Project. I had just quit my job as a supermarket manager in Elmwood Park, New Jersey and felt inspired to travel to the promised land of California to begin living an idealistic lifestyle. Two weeks later, a perky young woman by the name of Poppy approached me by Union Square.

"Hi," she said. "Where are you from?"

"New Jersey and New York," I quickly responded, in case she could detect both a New Jersey and New York accent in the words flowing out of my mouth.

"Great. What are you doing here?"

Hey, I got nothing to lose, I told myself; just tell her the truth. "Well, I'm looking for a bunch of idealistic people living on a commune who want to create a better world."

"In that case, come on over for dinner," she invited me. Later that night I was off to a farm in Booneville. I had never been on a farm before. After a week of farming and listening to inspiring lectures, Bob Hogan finally got around to asking me what I thought of a guy by the name of Reverend Moon. "He brainwashes people," I shot back. "Plus they have orgies. I saw something about him on 'Sixty Minutes.'"



*Boonville,  
California*

That weekend everyone on the farm went down to Berkeley to hear a concluding lecture...except me. Bob invited me to stay on the farm another week and I was only too happy to help out. Everyone seemed so nice, and everything I heard about God seemed so true to this former Catholic/atheist/agnostic.

But the following week Bob couldn't hold me back anymore. Then early on a Sunday evening I heard a little more truth. Poppy and Bob were Moonies! So were Matthew, Jennifer, Kristina and Noah! Confused, I left Hearst Street house and took the Bart to the San Francisco library. For two days I read everything about the Unification Church and Reverend Sun Myung Moon that appeared in the overflowing special section of the public library, most of it submitted by deprogrammers. It was all obviously false.

My heart felt relief. I walked over to the Bush Street house and claimed a small piece of rug as my home. It was challenging, yet peaceful. After experiencing God's heart during a wild year of witnessing in Hawaii and a traumatic year of MFT fundraising, I spent three wonderful years at the Unification Theological Seminary. But after completing my dissertation I could no longer

make the personal sacrifices my leaders demanded and separated from the movement in 1983. I obtained a doctorate in Business Ethics and for many years tried creating a sense of social justice within my students and inside Madison, Wisconsin's poorest communities.

Then in 1995 doctors informed me that I had an advanced case of Hodgkins Disease and would most likely die of cancer in August 1996. An out-of-body experience reminded me that the purpose of life was to grow my heart through creating heaven on earth. Soon I had vivid sensations and dreams of True Parents. Reflecting back on my life, I felt remorseful for having travelled a separate path and promised to serve True Parents to the best of my limited abilities with any bonus days God might grant me. Unexpectedly, the cancer miraculously disappeared.

When a faculty position opened at the University of Bridgeport's School of Business, God told me to grab it. Next week my wife and I and our two beautiful children will pack our bags and head for Connecticut to help church members create profitable and ethical businesses and organizations. The adventure continues. Praise be to God and True Parents.

---

## Sandra Lowen

---

A new leader had arrived in our center, and at first, I was happy that he had come, but as time went on, I realized that he was not very impressed by my hard work—he was very critical.

Like most people, I have a terrible inferiority complex and could not understand why such heavy accusation was coming to me. I tried to accept it as some kind of test, but I couldn't shrug these things off when I heard them every day. I prayed and prayed, but no answer came. Finally, I was sent fundraising during a spate of bad weather, and developed a bad cold, which became bronchitis, which became pneumonia. I spent several weeks in and out of bed, and I felt more and more worthless. Finally, I thought that I could not be of any value to God or the other center members. I determined to leave the Church, if only for a few months, to find out just what I was good for.

So one night I came home from work and packed all of my clothes, determined to exit at my earliest convenience.

That night I dreamed I was in the middle of a monitoring room, like the type television studios have, with several sets showing different scenes mounted on the walls. Someone sat in the director's chair. Though he wore a long monk's robe and his face was hidden by a hood, I knew that he was God Himself. He wasn't aware of me, however; He was watching the monitors intently.

In looking at one monitor, He suddenly became very agitated. I looked over His shoulder and saw that He was watching a young American soldier who was fighting furiously in the Vietnam War. The young man was throwing hand grenades and dodging bullets, leaping among the trees and undergrowth for better cover. God was shouting directions for him to run in so that he would not get shot. But it was like shouting at a television screen. The action goes on no matter what your feelings are. Of course, the young man could not hear Him. He took off running for a better position, but a bullet caught him, and he went down.

With a great cry, God tore Himself out of His chair and leapt into the screen, appearing on the monitor. He rushed to the young man and turned him over, but he was already dead. God began to cry and took him into

his arms, rocking him back and forth like a baby. But all to no avail. He couldn't bring the dead man back to life. God had loved him so much, but he hadn't realized it. He had had no connection with God through the television screen. He hadn't known God at all and could not listen to His directions.

Realizing the futility of staying there with the dead man, God lowered him gently to the ground and began to move away—when suddenly He saw another man lying not far away. He was a Vietnamese man whom God had also loved. God ran to him, but he was dead, too. God gathered him in His arms as He had the first man and cried over him. But when He put the second man down and turned to go, He became aware that He was surrounded by death. The bodies of so many young men were littering the jungle. God became like a madman, seizing His head and shrieking with grief, finally sinking into the dust of the jungle road. I looked at the other monitors in the room, and saw the other things that God had been watching before He had turned His attention to the jungle. A child starving to death. Another battle and other dead young men. A missile being assembled. Everything was suffering and struggle. As I looked back to where God knelt, grieving in the dust, I heard a voice say, "Don't make Him grieve over you, too."

Then I discovered that this control room actually had no controls. This was the place where God watched those He loved, but who had no direction from the Principle to guide their lives. They lived a hit-and-miss type of existence. God wanted to save them from their suffering and direct them away from danger, but there was no way for Him to communicate with them. God could reach me because I had the Principle, but if I left, no matter how badly persecuted I was, I would become just another suffering face on a monitor in God's control room. As my life passed out of His dominion and He witnessed what Satan would do to me until he finally found a way to destroy my very life, the person who was persecuting me would repent, continue his Principle life, be blessed and perfect himself. Needless to say, I shed many tears of repentance, and then many tears of indignation that my well-being had been so threatened, not by this member, but by Satan attempting to use this member to destroy me. I determined that Satan was not going to destroy me so easily, and that I would stay on and suffer, even if it meant my life. Without my saying any-

thing, or even relating the incident to him, within one week, my central figure apologized for his harsh treatment of me. The next day, I was called to attend the 100-day training at Belvedere.

## Dr. Kurt P. Frey

---

### MFT

**M**y most poignant experiences in the Unification Church occurred during several years of fundraising in Texas during the 1980s. The mobile fundraising teams I was on spent many months in the southern towns of Texas—from San Padre Island in eastern Texas to El Paso in western Texas, and as far down in the “Valley” as Harlingen near the Mexican border. We typically fundraised from mid-morning to late in the evening, six or seven days a week, traveling nomadically from town to town, sleeping in campgrounds or cheap motels. Our external purpose was to raise as much money as possible to support church activities in Texas and across America, mostly by selling “monchichis” (small, furry stuffed animals that, when pinched on the back, would open their arms and cling to whatever they were attached, such as a car mirror). Our internal purpose was to purify our hearts and grow spiritually, to develop our love and unite with God and True Parents. The climate of Texas, the Mexican-Texan people we encountered, and the ease with which we sold our “product” made for many beautiful, heartfelt, victorious experiences.

After a short sermon by our team “captain,” or one of the team members, we would eat a breakfast out of a cooler in our van or stop for eggs, refried beans and flour tortillas at a diner on our way to our first “drop off.” Often, we would each be dropped off in a different small town for the day (there were usually five or six of us on a team). Once in a town, I would pray before venturing into neighborhoods or commercial areas. I would often jog from house to house or shop to shop, praying to myself or chanting (“...build God’s kingdom on earth, build God’s kingdom in the spirit world...,” for example), hoping to mobilize the spirit world to assist my efforts. I would often experience some type of persecution or period of poor results (requiring me to have faith) before I would finally “break through” and start to “crush out.” I

would sometimes trade one or two monchichis for lunch, and then find an inconspicuous place to take a short nap (I was often physically exhausted from our long days). A recurring fear I had was being picked up and interrogated by local police. Who was I, who was I working with, and what was I doing in say, Fort Smith, Texas.

Good experiences occurred upon being invited into a home and talking with, for example, an elderly grandmother living alone, talking of things that would lift our hearts or bring us to tears. Occasionally someone would mention a recently deceased family member, claim that they had some dream about my coming, or simply said they felt I had been sent by God. Although there were always a few people who wanted to belittle me, or disabuse me of my brainwashed state and ludicrous beliefs, many people wanted to share their hearts. These fundraising experiences afforded me opportunities to better understand myself, the spirit world and God. It was a “formula course” for accelerated personal growth.

A very memorable few days was fundraising our way from town to town along the Rio Grande between Harlingen and El Paso. We would drive fifty or sixty miles to the next town on the map, only to find that it had but five or ten rustic houses or trailers and if we were lucky, a gas station (once or twice we came upon a deserted “ghost town”!) We would “blitz” these small towns as a team—the workers and families we met, while somewhat puzzled by our sudden appearance and disappearance, invariably embraced us with kindness. One afternoon, we drove several dozen miles off the (mostly vacant) main highway, to bathe in a hot spring along the Rio Grande. Afterward, we pasted our bodies with soft mud from the river bank before diving into the river itself.

Our team would reconvene for dinner together in the van, a park or a fast-food restaurant. This was a time to share our experiences with each other and receive new guidance and inspiration before going out again in the evening. We would fundraise late into the night, especially on Fridays and Saturdays, mostly in bars and restaurants that were open late. I will never forget the fun I had late one night fundraising car to car in a drive-in movie theater—how surprised movie-goers were when I came knocking at their car window with my box of monchichis!

Finally we would count our money and close the day

in prayer. I remember the time we decided to say “Pledge” (in the middle of the road behind our van) before going to sleep at 2 am one Sunday morning. Two of us fell asleep (totally exhausted) on the road during the three bows—we went down but didn’t get up! I also recall one very special night on San Padre Island. After singing holy songs together and taking turns praying out loud in a circle on the beach, we carried our sleeping bags out onto an old weather-beaten pier that extended over the rough surf. We slept under a brilliant starry sky to the sound of waves crashing on the rocks below us and the soothing touch of a steady cool breeze. I remember waking up briefly during the night and marveling at my life and feeling the intimate and personal love of God. Looking back it is a wonder that none of us fell off the pier into the ocean during our slumbers. But we lived with the very palpable sense that we were being guided and protected each day by heaven, that we were in the hands of our Heavenly Father.

## The Most Joyful Day in My Life

---

### Yung Chia

**B**efore I joined the family, I was already familiar with the “Moonies.” While I was in high school in New Zealand, I was involved with the Navigators, a Christian group like Campus Crusades. My eldest brother was a Navigator and he had warned me about “cults” such as Scientologists, Hare Krishnas, and of course the Moonies. The Moonies were the ones I disliked the most because their leader considered himself to be the Messiah. To a Christian, that would be considered the Anti-Christ. Also, an ex-Moonie gave us a testimonial about his experience, which gave me a bad impression of the “cult.”

After high school, I returned to Singapore to serve my 2 1/2 years of compulsory military service. After that I went back to New Zealand for University. In my second year there, my best friend joined the Moonies. He wrote to me while he was at the workshop. He did not say that he joined but that he was just checking them out. At first, I was horrified. Besides my somewhat limited and skewed previous understanding, I had also read

the *Reader’s Digest* article on the cult. I knew about the brainwashing and stuff. I was worried that they might brainwash him. But then as I thought about our relationship over the years, I knew he was not the kind of person to be brainwashed so easily. He was going to law school; he could think for himself. I trusted his judgment and I put my faith in God to watch over him.

He was only supposed to be in the U.S. for a month and so I started writing to him asking about his experience. I sent the letters to Singapore. No reply. I sent more letters. After a month, still no reply. At this time I received a letter from my parents saying that my best friend never got those letters, the reason being that he was still in the U.S. and that the Moonies had brainwashed him. Having stated it in that way, now I was really worried. He was supposed to be back in law school but he was still with the Moonies. And the reason he hadn’t gone back was that he was brainwashed. Right away I called his friend, Joyce, in Berkeley to ask what was going on. She reiterated the fact that the Moonies had “got” my best friend. I asked if there was anything I could do and she said that my friend’s father and brother were there to try and get him out. I told her that if they failed, please call me immediately and I’d fly over to get him out. We were best friends, closer than blood brothers. I was very confident that if anyone could convince him to get out, it would be me.

That night, which was a Friday night, I could not sleep. I kept thinking, I’m not going to let these (fill in the blanks) take away my best friend. He’s more than a brother to me. Life would be miserable without him. Besides, we had big dreams to fulfill together. I decided right then and there that I would fly over to rescue my friend. Joyce had told me that she was leaving to go to Boston but I guess spirit world closed my ears to this point. Now, if I had heard Joyce mention that she was going to Boston, I would not have flown over because she was my only contact in the U.S. I guess Heavenly Father knew.

I had no time to waste. The next day, Saturday, the University was closed (as far as administrative matters go). I tried to get advice regarding this situation but most of it had to be done on Monday. The details are interesting here because it goes to show that there was so much working against my leaving New Zealand to go “rescue” my friend. To give you an idea, I’ll have to tell



you a little about what was going on in my life at the time.

My first year in University was a disaster. I sat two papers in the final exam and then refused to sit the rest of them. The University let me back on probation. If I did not pass the second year, they would kick me out of the country. I was doing really well for the first semester. Then all hell broke loose again. During a short fall vacation (remember fall is in May in New Zealand), I decided to quit University. I was rebellious against the establishment. I had an intense dislike for (satanic) authority, organized religion, politics and was vehemently opposed to any sort of injustice, abuse of power or hypocrisy (especially in religion). I had quit going to church because I saw so much hypocrisy there. My goal in life was to find the true Christian path (without the trappings of organized churches). My second goal was to find my ideal mate. When I quit University, I got into boat building, because to me that represented a spiritual path.

Jesus, the master carpenter and boat builder. I also love boats and the ocean. My dream was to one day build my own and together with my best friend, travel around the world in search of truth and our ideal mates. And that is why I was so determined to get my friend out of this cult that he got sucked into. They were about to ruin my dream.

Anyway, back to University woes. I had to get a special visa to leave the country and to get that visa, I had to get permission from the University. They did not know I quit. I didn't dare tell them. They needed a very strong reason to give me permission to leave, because I was on probation. I had to say someone in the family died. (Joining the Moonies was close to death, so I thought.) They gave me a two-week visa. Great, one week to talk my friend into his senses, and one week to enjoy the beaches of Hawaii. Then there was the problem of money. I was a poor student. To make an already long story shorter, I had decided that Friday night to go res-

cue my friend. By Wednesday of the following week, I had money, visa (barely made it) and ticket in hand. It was a miracle.

All this time, I had been calling Joyce to tell her I was coming but she never answered her phone. I was worried. I had no idea where my friend was, no address, no phone, didn't even know where Berkeley was. I was on the plane to Hawaii and praying, "Okay, Heavenly Father, it's up to you and me to get this guy out of this cult." Heavenly Father must have been smirking. He sure had other plans. I got to Hawaii, and still no word from Joyce. Right before boarding the plane to Los Angeles, someone picked up the phone. It was Joyce's cousin. She was just going out the door. She went to Joyce's apartment every other day to water the plants for 10 minutes. Was it coincidence that I got her at that precise moment? She told me that she'd meet me in Berkeley.

I landed in L.A. and asked customer service how I could catch a bus to Berkeley and she looked at me funny. Berkeley? Yes, that's what I said, didn't I? But it's another 400 miles from here. WHAT? I had barely enough money, let alone buy another ticket to San Francisco. I really had put my faith in God and jumped into the abyss. I had no idea how I was going to even find my friend, let alone find where Berkeley was. I had simply hopped on the plane to a destination the whole world knows, Los Angeles. And I prayed a lot. I got to San Francisco and Joyce's cousin picked me up, dropped me off at the BART and told me to get off at the Ashby station. I was on my own.

I got off on Ashby St. and met an African-American gentleman and told him what I was going to do. He hung around with me for two days, showed me around while we planned how we were going to get my friend out. I even considered buying a gun. I forget how I got the Ashby Center number, but I got it. I made the call. My friend was not there but I left my number at the YMCA for him to call me. A day later, he called. We made plans to meet.

He came with a sister from New Zealand to pick me up. I guess he wanted me to feel comfortable in an uncomfortable situation. When we got to the Ashby Center, I marched through the house straight into the backyard. I did not want to meet anyone there. My attitude was one of hostility. Anyway, my best friend finally

told me that the only way to spend time with him was to go up to Camp K (as it was called at the time) because he was staying there (a big fat lie of course). I was really hesitant but as it was the only way, I said okay. But don't even try to make me listen to any of that crap, I told him (which was exactly his intention and dilemma as to how to get me to listen to the Principle). I was determined not to get brainwashed.

At Camp K, I found the people to be really sincere. In particular, one sister (a staff member), Myra Stanecki, came up to me and said, "I don't know if they do this in your country, but we do it here." She gave me a rose (a leftover from flower selling). Of course my guard was up, and I was cynical but when I looked in her eyes, I saw such a sincerity and purity that it hit me so hard.

Later, after breakfast, my friend and I sat around talking. Me to him about getting out, him to me about just giving it a shot and see what they had to say. We were both determined not to give in to each other's requests. Then he said, "Myra is giving the lectures." Oh really! Okay, but only one lecture and that's it. Principle of Creation. Man, was I inspired. All the answers I had been looking for. But that was enough, I said. I needed time to digest everything. I won't go to the next lecture. And so it went that way. A battle each time to get me to go to the next lecture. But it was always, "It's Myra giving the lecture" that won out.

Each successive lecture was so mind-blowing, but each time I resisted going to the next. The spiritual atmosphere was so intense. For my friend, it was hell. He knew which lecture would do it and his goal was to get me to the "Parallels of History." One day you'll need to ask him his side of the story. And eventually came the Parallels of History lecture. I see this scene so clearly. Myra giving the lecture and at one point she made this statement: "So sometime between such and such a date, the messiah was born." I mean, I already knew who they thought was the messiah, but the whole build-up to that statement, everything was so clear, so logical, so undeniable that when Myra made that statement, it hit me like a sledge hammer. I didn't hear a word from the rest of the lecture. My world stopped right there. The instant she said that, in my mind I said, "But he's a Korean!" Jesus was a Jew. The messiah is supposed to be a Jew. And a battle raged within. This was it for me. I had to decide right then and there if Rev. Moon was the messiah or not.



All my Christian upbringing rebelled against this outrageous claim but everything so far made perfect sense.

My best friend knew the battle in spirit world was going on at that moment. He could feel the intense spiritual atmosphere and was praying desperately that I would accept Father as the messiah. To me it seemed like eternity. My heart felt this to be true but it went against all I had been taught.

Then the floodgates burst and I couldn't stop crying for the next 3-4 hours (in fact the next few days were filled with much tears of joy). I could not deny the fact that Father was the messiah. Never had I imagined that I would live to see the messiah. As a Christian, you wait for that day to be lifted up into the clouds to meet the messiah. I had no idea where I was, but I had met the messiah. This was truly the most joyful day in my life.

## Thank You to My Ancestors

### **Maria van Leeuwen Okamoto**

**I**n January of 1980 I was 18 years old but I had always felt mature for my age. I had been raised mostly by my father since my mother had died when I was 4 and also I had had to take care of myself a lot. My father was the love of my life until I started my teens. Then I began to have questions about life that my father could not answer and I realized my father was not perfect. I had been brought up as a law-abiding Catholic and at the age of 12 I finally began to try and understand what I had already long before memorized in the repetitious Sunday services. By myself I understood that what the Bible and Jesus taught were good and important things but at the same time I could see that it wasn't enough to solve the problems so rampant around me. The meaning of the Bible's words were too ambiguous and antique for a young idealistic mind as my own. So I began my search for truth outside the church.

Influenced by my friends, I went to the rock and roll gods. I adored my favorite bands and I would cry in dreamy excitement when I went to their concerts. But the solutions to the problems I saw around me, read in newspapers and experienced in my own relationships wasn't there. I thought if I took the challenge of a career, maybe I could meet some real people and find fulfillment, so I entered college. I was crushed with dis-

appointment when I felt the falseness of the images people portrayed. I wanted to meet real, honest people and communicate about life sincerely. I wanted to live my ideals and nothing less. It was a very turbulent time on a very lonely path because everyone around me seemed to give up on their ideals, settle for less or not think at all! But I wasn't going to give up. During my internal struggles I found that by writing every thought and feeling down in my journals (which became quite a stack), I could finally come to a calm and peaceful place in my heart; then I could clearly hear an inner voice telling me the right path for me to take. I had found God's voice. Following God's direction was always the most difficult thing to do. I had started college but soon was disappointed by the spiritless classes. So God told me to travel. I planned a trip south in search of something that was supposed to be there or else I wouldn't want it so much. I sold my car, boxed up my belongings and left my apartment. There was no turning back.

I was an 18-year-old country girl traveling alone for the first time, shaking nervously at the border to the U.S. The customs officer must have felt something suspicious because of my shaking and my vague responses about the purpose and destiny of my journey. I hadn't really prepared myself for those types of questions. I was promptly refused entry. I unloaded my pack from the bus and I stood outside the building, tears flowing down my face. Tears of humiliation, disgust at my own weakness and also loneliness. Luck was on my side—a kind truck driver offered to give me a lift back to Vancouver. As we drove along the highway, he listened to my story and told me to not give up. His kind words healed my heart and I felt my confidence return and my determination double. It must have been God speaking through him. After arriving back in Vancouver, without a second thought I took the next bus directly to the airport. This time as I walked towards the customs gate, the officer smiled and just waved me through, barely glancing at my passport and wishing me a nice trip. I felt the "power" with me.

My first stop was San Francisco. I had a friend there who had invited me. I felt so small as I walked in that big American airport, my heart was thumping up an earthquake. I called and to my dismay, my friend was out of town but the person who took the call promised to try and contact him and tell him of my arrival. Now what

was I to do! I gathered my wits and took a bus to the good old YWCA. I called again and left a message about where I was staying. I would wait for his call. In the meantime I decided to take a hot bath and think things out. As the comfort of the warm water relaxed my body, the tears began to flow. They were tears of exhilaration and profound happiness. It had been such a hard spiritual and emotional battle to come this far. It felt that the happiness was not just my own. Personally I felt a great victory and my confidence rose.

Following the voice in your heart is not easy. I planned the next day to do a little sightseeing and if so be it, go on to my next destination without meeting my friend.

The next morning was sunny and fresh. I picked up my map and went out. As I stood at the intersection studying the map, suddenly a young, friendly couple asked me if I needed any help. At that moment I didn't realize it but it was the moment that all my ancestors had waited for. After some chatting, to our surprise we realized that the couple lived at the same place, at 1153 Bush Street, as my friend so I went with them. It was the first and last stop of my search.

When we entered the Bush Street house, I sensed immediately that this was not just a house but it was a place of religious activity. Basically I don't and didn't at that time have strange concepts about religions and I didn't believe much of anything that the media reported. God and my upbringing had really given me confidence in my own judgment of what was true or false. Being young and strong-minded, I never once believed that young people could be controlled by their environment and I didn't believe much in mystic stuff like so-called mind control. At that time rebelling against the "norm" was what I thought young people did.

I was invited to a nice dinner and mingled around meeting people. After that there was some entertainment and a little talk about an elephant. To tell the truth, I didn't concentrate on what was being said much. At the end there was a slide show

and this was what got me interested to go with them to their farm to work together and have group discussions. Also, they promised that my friend would be able to meet me there. While talking to people on the bus to the farm, I came to feel that these were really nice and sincere people. I began to stop worrying about meeting my friend as I was making lots of new ones.

Studying and discussing the Divine Principle with other young people those days was one of the most wonderful times of my life. With every new piece of truth I felt a light turned on and the darkness left behind. One day I heard for the first time that God is not just Heavenly Father but also Heavenly Mother! It was the first time I heard it and at the same time I felt, "of course!" When I went out to pray by a beautiful stream, I prayed to understand Heavenly Mother. Then She appeared to me in the trickling of the stream, in the beauty of the little flowers, in the gentle caressing breeze, in the fresh blue sky. The warm, gentle, never-changing heart of God, my Mother, was all around me. Now I always pray to Heavenly Father but I never forget my discovery of Heavenly Mother.

Stepping into the Bush Street house was really the stepping into heaven for me. I never have to struggle in darkness again. Even during the challenges of a life of faith I always have the truth and True Parents leading the way. I finally did meet my friend, but he had become my Spiritual Father!



## An MFT Halloween

---

### Robert Beebe

In October 1978, my sixth month on MFT, I was challenging for a green pin, the first of three months in which I should make a \$120 average. It came down to the final day in which I had to make a certain amount (now forgotten) to be able to attain that average for the month. Of course, the last day of October is Halloween.

Our team was in Providence, RI—a place well-known in our region for its red-necked Italian-American brand of anti-Moonie negativity. That morning I was taken out early (apparently I had to make a sizable amount that day) and dropped off at the downtown fish market. I was selling so-called silk roses (which weren't really silk at all). Luck (or providence, or whatever) would have it that the owner of the first place I went to was extremely negative. It seems that he had just gotten his daughter out of the movement. Loudly he proclaimed that he was going to call the police on me. I took it as an idle threat, but quickly made myself scarce and started again a few shops down the road.

Not ten minutes later a police van (i.e., paddy wagon) pulled up next to me. Three officers jumped out, handcuffed me behind my back and tossed me into the back of the van, all the while sharing with me their views on the Unification Church in the Providence, RI vernacular. I was taken down to police headquarters and put into a jail cell until they could figure out what to do with me.

A couple of hours later I found myself being escorted into a large room with many people. I was brought up onto a stage where I could see that I was the last in a line of shady characters. I was in a police line-up! One by one the officer in charge went down the line asking the men what they had been charged with, I guess in order to determine what to do next with them—trial, fine, etc. So it went: burglary, arson, rape, vandalism. When he came to me, I said, of course, “selling flowers.” With that, the whole room broke into laughter and the head officer shouted, “Get that guy outta here!” A few minutes later I was back out on the streets with my full bucket of flowers. So my day began.

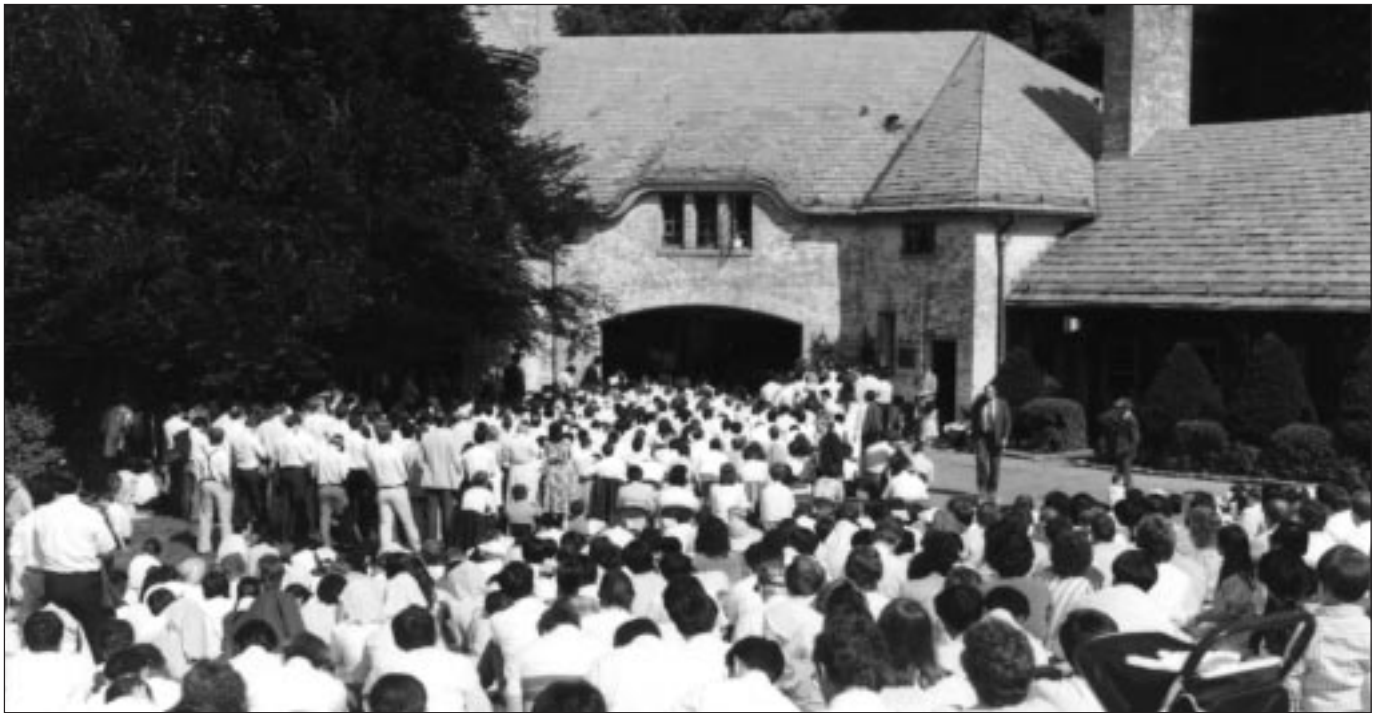
I don't remember much about the rest of the day until that evening when I was put out in some kind of

college bar area near the center of the city. Remember, it was Halloween. There were about four bars, some more like discos, around a small, central square area along which ran a road. All night I just had to stay in that central square catching people coming out of the various establishments.

Being Halloween night, people were dressed up in all kinds of costumes and, being Halloween night, as time wore on the atmosphere was getting more and more crazy. Around 10 pm my captain came by to check on me. I still had a ways to go to make my goal. He could see how the atmosphere was becoming and suggested taking me somewhere else. However, I was doing quite well and thought that this was probably the place where I stood the best chance to make the result I needed. He told me okay, but to be careful and that he would be back around 1 am for the final pick-up. Not long after he left, a guy came up to me showing a strong interest in my artificial flowers. So strong, in fact, that he said he wanted to buy them all. Immediately, dollars signs came vividly into my stream of vision. Only thing was, he said, the money was in his wallet which was in his car around the corner. Come with me, he said. Normally, I am cautious about this kind of thing, but he had a girl with him (a taming influence, I thought) and, in any case, the thought of making my goal there and then was just too much to resist. I followed him as in a trance.

No sooner had we gotten around the corner when he suddenly tried to grab the flowers out of my bucket. I was quick to catch the other end of the stems and there we were each tugging at either end of the bunch. Not being real flowers, they stood up quite well to the abusive treatment. The would-be thief was finding it not so easy to tear them away from me. Then, suddenly there appeared the sole of a shoe in front of my face and the next thing I knew my glasses were flying, I was falling and most of the flowers were out of my hand (I still held onto a few). From the pavement I watch him climb triumphantly into his car with his untaming girlfriend and drive off.

It didn't take long for the whole left side of my face to swell up until I must have begun to take on the appearance of one of the Halloween goons. My face became my costume. So, people didn't seem to be too surprised at the way I looked as I approached them to try to sell my remaining flowers. I eventually sold them and



waited for the van, trying to make myself as inconspicuous as possible.

Fortunately, my captain came with an empty van—although an hour late. He had already brought everyone else back to the center. Of course, I still had not made my goal, having lost more than half my product. After overcoming his shock upon seeing my face and hearing my story, he determined that, under the circumstances, I deserved a special time extension to try to make the goal. I would be given until noon the next day (actually that day). Now we would go to an all-night Denny's for some soup, which was about all I could get into my mouth.

After some recuperation at Denny's and a short nap in the van, I was put out at a stoplight at six in the morning. "See you at twelve," my captain said. "Mansei!" For a long time the traffic was rather slow and people didn't seem too interested in flowers, especially artificial ones, so early in the morning. Maybe they were put off by my appearance, too. The left side of my face had hardened into a mass of numbness. Well, I persevered and, yes, my story has a happy ending: I made my goal and, a few months later, I earned my green pin.

## The Lord Is Always Welcome!

### Michael Balcomb

It was a blistering hot summer in 1977, and I was on a struggling MFT team out in the remote reaches of Western Nebraska. Everything was going wrong. Our team leader was injured. Our van broke down regularly and needed parts from out of state. We snapped at each other and complained of the heat, day after day.

But even more torrid than the weather was the hostile reception we received in those isolated Western towns. Time and again we would be told by the police "No soliciting here!"

Often we would arrive at the next town to find the police or sheriff waiting at the city limits, happy to run us right out of town.

Armed with faith in our constitutional rights, we would sometimes try fundraising anyway, for a few minutes or a few hours until the inevitable police intervention and usual arrest. Scotts Bluff, Hastings, Broken

Arrow...I still remember those jailhouses today, 25 years later.

Finally, there were just two of us left driving round in a huge old Chevy Caprice we had rented. One morning, after having already been stopped by the police by 10 in the morning, my team leader Ted said, "This is hopeless. Let's leave this state!" Trouble was, the only nearby town was Martin, South Dakota, and that was three hours away, too far to drive and risk failure.

So we called up the City Attorney's office and told him who we were, what we were doing, raising funds for our church, and how we could find no place to lay our heads in Nebraska. We could hardly believe our ears when he replied, "Boys, you come right on down. The work of the Lord is always welcome in Martin!"

So we drove on across the endless prairie, the old Chevy wagon swaying like a boat as we sped down the country highways, arriving in mid-afternoon at Martin. An Indian reservation stood on the outskirts, so we started there. From the beginning it was great. We worked through it quickly, then went through the business district, the residential areas, until about 9 pm the only place left was the City Hall and the Police Station. "Why not?," we thought, "if the Lord is really welcome?" So we went in, feeling ridiculously like Daniel in the lion's den. But the spirit of the Lord was there too, and we finished in high style.

In that half day, we probably made more money than we had in the past week. It wasn't the external results that I remember, of course, but the warm-hearted welcome of one pure town that stood out after so many days of despair. I still shed a tear to think of those people, and the words of that righteous city attorney still echo in my mind down the years, "The Lord is always welcome."

## Peter Giossi

---

March 3, 1978

Dear Son,

I received your letter, and both of us are happy you are well. Pete, excuse this paper. I wrote from my job at Lambala Electronics on Route 110 in Melville. Peter, you have both our support at what you are doing. After 3 1/2 years, all I see is that you have changed for the better and that you are happy and alright and you

have a full love for God and your Family, for which I thank God, Peter. I feel much better, so don't worry about us.

When you first went, I thought, what has that boy done? But as a police officer, I saw for myself after meeting all you youngsters, and I now tell people that you all are the brightest, most courteous youngsters in the world, and that that church is a lot better than some stupid people think. Some people wish that their kids had the guts to stand up and be counted. When the chips are down, that alone makes me proud of you all. That's why God is on your side. Keep it up, all of you, and be happy. That's what makes the world go round, not sitting on the side. You are in the ball game, and I am sure God will, in His time, bless you all for what you are doing. Remember the song about the ant who moved the mountain? God will bless you all.

Love, Mom and Dad

P.S.: You have my permission to show this to anyone.

I had to keep writing because for the first time I have seen the injustice that some new things have to go through. That night at the New Yorker and in the Birthday party for Reverend Moon, I saw the light for the first time as if God said to me, "Al, you see that this is a good thing. Your son is with me, so go home and rejoice and be thankful. For blessed is he who believes and does not see, for he will see the Lord." Peter, believe me when I say we both love you. Naturally we would like to see you more often, but like Jesus did, you are doing and what he did you are all doing, but this time the ending is going to be more joyous. And someday, who knows? You may become a saint or better—because people will say from the Far East came a prophet who changed the world and made things better for everyone.

Keep up being good and courteous; don't let some people bother you like I was telling you. Look ahead and not back, keep your eye on the star and someday that star will be yours. Everyone will wonder how you did it! And your answer will be, Love, brother!

Love, Dad

---

## Victoria Clevenger

---

One of the most profound (and definitely most challenging for me) aspects of being a Unification Church member is the Blessing. Allowing someone else to choose my spouse and committing to making it work to me is an act of sincerest faith. It's not hard to believe world peace can come through ideal families. The hard part was creating my own "ideal family."

Shortly after my blessing, I (and my husband) suffered through a period of time during which I was convinced I could never be happy with him unless he changed radically, and I was making a list to detail what he would need to do so that I could love him!

Three important insights came from that struggle. The first came at the end of a day spent being more depressed and hopeless than I had ever been before. I was so lost in my bleak thoughts that I "knew" I'd never be happy unless I left the church, and thus left him. Amazingly, I got the surprise opportunity at the end of that day to see the *Rocky* movie in which Apollo, Rocky's former enemy, and an African-American, is coaching him to beat Mr. T. There's a scene on a beach in which Apollo and Rocky are racing as part of the training, and finally Rocky beats Apollo. Both are so happy that they embrace. I grew up in the South and joined the UC in large part because I saw it as the only way to end racism, which I hated. When I saw this African-American and this white man who had been enemies, hugging, it really clicked inside for me that the universe is a field of love energy. We can get way out of touch with it, but love is the ultimate ground of being—not the pit of despair and blackness I had been experiencing.

The second was to realize that rather than praying that my husband change, I should ask, "What is it for me to maturely love?"

The third was finally accepting that God's simple answer to my desperate prayer was true. I had pleaded to know how could I ever be happy with my spouse. God's answer was, "You'll be happy when you change."

He was right.

---

## Paul Carlson

---

I believe that many factors shape our lives, and our personal characters. We have different backgrounds, experiences and opinions. Recently I've devoted a great deal of ink to "intellectual" matters. However, Divine Principle makes it clear the "Heart is subject," and it is God's most essential aspect. Some things cannot be planned. God, and life, send us many types of experiences. I'll write about some of my more memorable ones. Some were long ago, some recent. And one happened to a friend of mine.

From my Grand Canyon days, I have a very favorite ice cream shop in Sedona. One day, I was fundraising there. Sure enough, I came upon that shop! The man happily donated, and I mentioned that his place was really my favorite. Then, he offered me "any item, on the house." Well, that day I was fasting, as my team was taking turns. I told him, and he said, "Well, we can't have you breaking your vows!"

Spiritual life comes naturally, to some people. One friend of mine had an unfortunate experience. Such have been all too common, although I cannot speak from personal experience. Late one night, he was fundraising outside of a coffee shop, on Federal Road in Denver. Along came a burly, surly fellow, with his lady friend. First, he grabbed my friend's flower bucket, and tossed it into the street. Then, he hauled off and socked him in the jaw. Next, he turned to his friend and said, "Don't worry, he's brainwashed and he can't feel pain." In the past, I've mocked the dewy-eyed idea of "sensitivity training." I still don't know what it is, but I do know that goons like this could sure use some!

I've had many heart-warming experiences. One of my favorite times at Principle workshop is "testimony time." I'm sure that, while reading this, you've recalled many similar experiences in your own life. When was the last time you shared them with others? Sometimes, Unificationists have a tendency to berate themselves, while forgetting what a high standard we hold ourselves to. When have you considered what you've learned, and who you've become, through your experiences? We can look beyond the "daily grind," and be grateful for the many heartfelt experiences God has sent our way.

## Sole Mates

---

Mark Johnson

**M**y wife Giusi and I were matched in December of 1980. It was a most exciting time in our lives, to have the Messiah choose our eternal mate.

There were approximately 2,000 brothers and sisters there to receive the matching from our True Parents. Before going into the Grand Ballroom, as always we all removed our shoes. I remember finding a special place in the corner to put my shoes, so I would not forget were to find them after being matched. After all, there were about 2,000 pairs of shoes scattered about.

The matching started about 11 pm. About an hour into the matching our lives were changed. At that time I was an MFT member, and Father called brothers who fit into this category to stand up. After only a few moments (which seemed like forever) Father came over to me and asked my age and then pulled on my jacket. I do not remember seeing Giusi until we were walking up the stairs to talk about our matching. To my total surprise Giusi could not speak a word of English. She had just arrived from Italy at 9 pm that night and had never been in America or seen True Parents in person before. We did manage to get a translator for a few brief moments and quickly accepted the match. After we bowed to True Parents and had our picture taken we went to look for our shoes. Giusi just followed me all around the room till I got to the corner where I had put my shoes. I had to walk over piles of shoes to get there. Giusi just followed. I thought she did not understand what I was doing. I finally got to where the shoes were and as I bent over to pick up my shoes, so did Giusi. To our total surprise our shoes were touching, sitting next to each other. We both look at each other and understood what God had just done. We did not need language to explain what had just happened. It was just the beginning of a most wonderful life of true love.

My wife is now living in the spirit world, but our love goes on and eternal life together is our hope for the future. It is only because of God and True Parent that we could have such a most wonderful blessing. No words can express this enough.

## The Life of Adventure— Ocean Church

---

Susan Bouachri

**F**ather gave a speech in 1983 in which he talked about a recent trip to Kodiak, Alaska, and how he had finally found the true American couple, a man named Red and his wife Debbie. Father, Mother, Hueng Jin Nim and some brothers and sisters had been guests of this couple on a secluded island named Shuyak, northernmost of the group of islands around Kodiak. Red had impressed Father with his fishing skills and generosity. Father described Debbie as “tiny and skinny.” He said, “this particular American woman had guts. She had a vision, and she had a universal mind. She had confidence and conviction, so that even if she went bear hunting, she could knock down the bear!” Wow, imagine Father calling someone the true American couple!! Wouldn’t you want to meet them? So begins my story....

In January of 1984, all Ocean Church members had been called to New York for a 40-day workshop to be led by our new central figure, Rev. Takeru Kamiyama. Everyone was told to bring all they owned, because it wasn’t certain where any of us would end up after the workshop finished. If memory serves correctly, there were about 100 of us, mostly brothers, nearly all American or European. Most of these guys were already crusty fisherman with three or more tuna seasons under their belt, as well as the basic church skills of fundraising and witnessing prerequisite to any member.

I was an Ocean Church “greenhorn.” I’d participated in the previous tuna season in Gloucester, fresh from MFT. At the end of the summer Father had told all participants they could choose to join OC or IOWC—I knew Ocean Church was the place for me. Growing up in Hawaii, I’d had adventure in the water, now was my chance to expand that to on the water. Meeting with then leader Mr. Daikon Ohnuki to receive my first OC assignment, I had only two requests: first, that I do something besides fundraise (I figured three years on MFT was enough) and secondly, that I could work in an OC center that had other sisters; I didn’t want to be in an all-brother situation. After hearing this, with a sincere



*Tony Aparo and son Vinnie, Tom Loew and Susan in Alaska.*

smile and an “I’m sorry but,” Mr. Ohnuki asked me to join the all-brother OC fundraising team.

The team was in Texas when we heard of the workshop. We drove two days and nights straight through to New York, filled with anticipation at seeing summer buddies from Gloucester, meeting Mr. Kamiyama, and of course, wondering if we’d be fundraising again after the workshop!

The forty days passed so quickly. . .I really have to say OC members knew how to have a good time. These were brothers and sisters who worked hard, whether it was on sea or land, and on that foundation our coming together was joyful. It was also a great learning experience. Rev. Kamiyama gave the lectures himself. We traveled from the New Yorker where we were housed, to see Father each Sunday at Belvedere. Then it was over to the White House for breakfast with Rev. Kamiyama and his

family. During the forty days, we also received a special visit from Father. He spoke, mostly an admonishment, reminding us how much we’d been given (vans, boats, incredible direction from Father himself who was so close to Ocean Church), and yet how result had eluded us. It was an especially meaningful time because of the recent sacrifice of Hueng Jin Nim which made everyone more serious to fulfill his or her newly understood responsibility.

As our workshop drew to a close in late February, there was much excitement and speculation about where we would all be headed next. There was even talk that Father himself would decide our new assignments. Rev. Kamiyama had assembled an album of our photos so Father could see us and make his decisions. There were Ocean Church centers in some nice towns like San Diego, Miami and Gloucester but of course Alaska was the destination everyone had in mind. I think most of us had been bit by the Alaska bug right along with Father. Nothing gets a fisherman more excited than stories of



barndoor-size halibut and salmon swimming so thick you could walk across a bay on their backs!

Finally the big day came! Rev. Kamiyama gathered us together to learn of our new assignments. One by one, names were called off as brothers and sisters were told where they would be headed to put into practice the lessons and spirit of the last forty days we'd spent together. Many of the brothers were very eager for a shot at Kodiak. If you're serious to fish, that is the place to be and we all knew it. I was nervous and excited. Alaska would be nice, but that was only for brothers I assumed.

Finally Mr. Kamiyama started talking about Alaska. The excitement level in the room jumped a few notches. Mr. Kamiyama spoke of the potential of the rich waters there, some of the best fishing grounds in the world... Then he announced who would be going. The first was David Loew who would be returning as the OC leader in Kodiak. Also his brother Tom, who had come down to NY with him to check out OC during our workshop and who then decided to join OC. A French brother, Jean-Francois Franquelin, was also chosen. Then Mr. Kamiyama turned to me, "Susan, Father has chosen you to go to Alaska." I couldn't believe what I was hearing! "You have an important mission there. Father said you have to become better than Debbie." Of course I knew who he was talking about, but I couldn't imagine what he was talking about. Me, better than Debbie? How could I do that? I had about two months' experience of sitting around on a Good Go in the hot Gloucester sun waiting for a tuna to bite; what did I know about running boats, catching fish and surviving in Alaska? Did Father pick the right sister? A confusion and doubt developed alongside the elation of hearing my destination, a doubt that lasted through the next few weeks of preparation to my arrival and first months in Kodiak.

We arrived in Kodiak in March. It was too cold to use the open-style Good Gos. As for all the witnessing, street preaching and fundraising we'd just been practicing in New York...well, I soon came to understand that in Kodiak we didn't fundraise and didn't witness. Our business maintained a delicate relationship with the town and community and no one wanted to jeopardize it. It seemed there was nothing to do! At the time, our fish company and fishing fleet were still new and developing. We occasionally had fish in the plant and during those times, I would don rain gear and gloves along with other

employees as we washed and sorted fish. Pretty boring really, definitely not the fulfillment of my Alaska dream. In desperation, I and the two other OC brothers new to Kodiak decided we'd get a head start on the season by prepping the boats early. However, when we tried waxing and polishing the fiberglass, the wax would freeze before we could get it off. Pretty miserable, we three grew grumpier and more unhappy each day.

Finally rescue arrived. David told us that a trip had been arranged and we were invited. Red and Debbie had invited some people, including some members from our company, ISA, to come up to their cabin for some early season halibut fishing. We'd be tagging along with the captain and crew of the *Mar del Sud* for the journey to Shuyak.

At last, here was my chance to meet the famous Debbie, the woman whom Father himself said had "the kind of woman's spirit that impelled the westward-bound Americans toward their new horizon." I was scared, breathless almost, like a long-time fan finally given the chance to meet her idol, as we began the trip out of Kodiak on a sunny afternoon.

There were about a dozen of us altogether. The *Mar del Sud's* captain, his girlfriend, daughter and crew, us three new Ocean Church recruits, and a few other members including Tony and Chiyo Apparo, who'd brought their one-year-old son Vinnie. The captain took us on a slow, spectacular route weaving in and out of the myriad islands and bays that make up the group around Kodiak. Tall thick pines grew right to the water's edge. We watched for deer on the shore, and for puffins, dolphins and otter in the water around us. After steaming overnight, we finally arrived at Red and Debbie's.

Red and Debbie had been together for several years. They loved the freedom the wilderness offered and settled on Shuyak Island, 50 miles north of Kodiak. Only one other family lived nearby, and they were reachable only by boat. Red and Debbie had carved their homestead right out of the wilderness. They had brought in supplies and building materials via their fishing boat from Kodiak. Their log cabin was filled with furniture Red had cut and built himself from the surrounding trees on the island. The walls were decorated with his traps, rifles and skins of some of the fox and otter he trapped and tanned. They had a plastic greenhouse where they grew their own vegetables during the short but sun-intense summer.



*Debbie holds Vinnie during a visit to Shuyak*

Guest quarters were located in a conveniently abandoned 70' fishing boat hauled up on shore near their cabin. That's where we slept. With little need for outside company, the island itself provided all their staples, meat in the form of deer, fish from the sea. . . . Red showed off his collection of compound bows. He said that after a while he felt using a gun wasn't giving the animals a sporting chance, so he had switched to bow hunting.

As Debbie showed me and Chiyo around, she announced proudly in the small dining room, "This is where Rev. Moon and his wife sat," as she explained about Father and Mother's visit. Red had taken Father out to one of his favorite halibut spots, the same place he'd be taking us the next day.

Our trip out the next morning didn't prove quite as fruitful as Father's. Within a couple hours we got rained on, hailed on and snowed on. We tried several areas, but as it continued to get colder, with no "slabs" showing up on the fish finder, Red decided to call it a day. We headed home to some delicious hot stew and lots of good company.

I remember being shocked when I first met Debbie. She was so small! Petite to the point of delicate, yet she could drive a boat, gut a fish, fix a broken pump, do

whatever was needed! She was very pretty in a natural way, no makeup or stylish haircut necessary. How could I be like her? I was big and clumsy and unsure what I was doing on a boat at all. She could cook up a big meal with her own homegrown vegetables and preserved meat without batting an eyelash.... I'd been eating at McDonald's for the previous three years.... I felt jealous of this romantic, ideal home they had created for themselves. Father, how could I possibly be like her? I grew depressed as the weekend went along.

On our last night together, God gave me an answer to my questions. All of us were lounging around the living room, watching one-year-old Vinnie, a real cutie, who had been the center of attention several times. Red was playing with him, when Vinnie's dad said, "So hey Red, when are you and Debbie going to have some children of your own?" Debbie's immediate response was, "Red, don't you listen to Tony; he's talking dirty again!" She explained that they didn't want children because of the miserable state of the world and it being no place to raise a child. It hit me like a bolt of lightning. That was it! That's how I could be better than Debbie! Here this

incredible couple had created a virtual heaven for themselves, the picture of American ingenuity and the pioneer spirit—living off the land, recycling and conscientiously using materials in a way that would give something back to the earth, simple and free with no worries about fashion, education or any of the other stuff people back in the “real world” of the lower 48 get bogged down in. Here they had it all except for, I now realized, someone to pass it on to and to share it with. I knew better; Father had taught me that all I had or was given in this life, my experience, my dreams, my hopes (heck, even my breasts and hips!) were all ultimately given to me for another, not just my husband, but my children. The life I led would be a legacy to offer them, a foundation for them to stand on and as blessed children, to use to do great things for the nation and the world. I knew this and she didn't know it. That's how I could be better. The fishing stuff, the boating, I could learn given enough time and experience, but the hardest lesson to learn, the value of our lives, the preciousness of our next generation, I already knew! I left Shuyak Island a different person than when I'd arrived—still not knowing the feel of the rod with a giant halibut on the end of the line, but with the confidence that I had been given the most important foundation, that the passing of time would provide the experience and the knowledge to fill in all the little details.

\* \* \*

Several years later, around 1987, Red died when his boat went down in a storm during a late-season fishing trip. Debbie was on board also. The crew had donned survival suits and grabbed an EPIRB when they realized the boat was going down, but the zipper on Red's suit broke and he developed hypothermia and drowned. Debbie and the other crew members survived.

The last time I was up in Kodiak I met Debbie there. She had moved back to town and opened a small gift shop. Life in Shuyak on her own wasn't a possibility. I felt so sad. Not only had she lost her man, but she had no son or daughter who may have looked like him, to keep his memory more strongly alive.

My impressions while leaving Shuyak regarding my own course proved true. I worked aboard the 88' *Green Hope* for a winter season of bottom trawling: mending net, standing wheel watches, cooking up lots of food, “oiling and wiping” in the engine room, hauling and

shoveling tons of fresh fish. I spent a total of ten summer salmon seasons on the beaches of Egegik in Bristol Bay buying fish and learning the ropes of set, net and drift-net fishing as well. In 1992 I received my Master Captain's license from the U.S. Coast Guard.

Much more important than all that, however, was the precious gift I received in 1995 when True Parents blessed me to my husband Djamel. We have two children now and I dream of the day I can share my love for Alaska, the ocean and adventure with them. Thank you, True Parents!

## Building Boats

### Jean Jacques Trifault

There was a time when True Parents were in England to create a foundation for the Home Church providence, which, for some mysterious reason, ended very dramatically. And many Unification Church members became depressed when we were obliged to stop this hopeful mission of Home Church, which looked like it was going somewhere very positive, with its philosophy to build the Kingdom of God on earth.

Personally, I was also called to participate in this home church providence. To be more precise, it was in England in 1978 and ended in October 1980. Father began Master Marine in New York, and I was called to go there.

On first impression it was interesting because according to Father, these boats were to be used to help third-world countries economically. But we had come from the mission of home church, which had a very idealistic goal and a philosophy that was growing very fast. At the same time, a humanistic and communistic dream was also growing fast in the world, growing parallel to the UC philosophy, like two brothers.

Whatever the reason Father needed home church in England, he then did ask every person who was involved to come to America and start to make an economic foundation there. So of course for everyone it was a shock, and in some ways very depressing because suddenly the dream



of the Kingdom turned into just making money. And anyone who joined the Church for the purpose of creating an ideal had a hard time to readjust him or herself. For the one who did accept to readjust himself, this new opportunity was a chance to come to America and build boats. Father designed a 28-foot boat, and to achieve that Father called 10 people, each from different countries in Europe. Through this opportunity I came to America in November 1980, to achieve the desire of Father.

Because Father was living close by, he did come often to see the evolution of the project. Yes, I do believe Father came several times each week. He came with True

Mother and many elders were with him from countries of the East. What was interesting to me was to see this man, whom we call the True Parents, and after listening to his theology and concluding that he was the Messiah, sitting down in the middle of this boat and examining each detail. Of course, when you see this man so close to you and remember he is the Messiah, and if you understood that historically the messiah was supposed to come to liberate you from some kind of misery, it is indeed a deep contrast to see the True Parent just looking at a boat, or making various remarks to improve whatever he felt was necessary.

And because I had some kind of old Christian idea that the messiah should only know about heaven, and could read the souls of people, and is someone who should only touch gold, marble or materials that do not create dust or smell unpleasant, I was surprised to see him in the middle of the noise and smell of Master Marine. So when I saw the Messiah, whom we also call True Parents because he is no longer just a single messiah, but a couple, I was very surprised to see him inside the boat in a factory where normally we need to wear a mask to protect ourselves from the fumes. But he was too humble perhaps, or just too excited to see his idea become real. And what was interesting was that True Father was not giving a sermon during all these moments when he had a chance to be a theologian, but instead he contented himself to touch every place that he believed he would like to improve. For example, many times he remarked that the edges of some parts of the boat were too dangerous, and asked us to round them out.

Of course, anyone close to him realized that his mind wanted to accomplish his word the second it was pronounced verbally. We were also excited to see these boats accomplished but alas found it was impossible to adjust the boats to his words quickly enough, regardless of our high desire. So when he came back the next week, he sometimes saw that what he had said had not been accomplished, or that it would take longer to achieve. But somehow he did stay calm, or at other times he would feel free to let us feel that if he were in our place he would work faster and, especially, more efficiently.

And after this long process of making this boat, we arrived at the great moment to launch it on the river. The boat was called the “Good Go” and the river was the East River in New York City, between Manhattan and Queens. After Father drove the boat for one or two hours, he came back to the land and for some reason he didn’t look happy. In other words, he wasn’t satisfied. After this event a few weeks passed, and we had a chance to see Father coming again to the factory. And again he looked at the hull, and he looked at us, and we looked at him, not knowing what his silence was about, until he directed us to destroy the hull and build another one. Of course, for us it was a very big shock because what kind of flaw could the hull have, to need to be destroyed?

So I remember the day we decided to cut up this hull

that we had worked on for around one and a half years, and which was indeed in a few hours destroyed, cut into pieces. But it was interesting to see how much this event affected our belief in God. This was because most of us had an idea, who knows from where, that God was absolute, unchangeable and omnipresent. So for us, True Father, who was the Messiah, and was one with God, must also have the same characteristics as God. Therefore, how can God, who is unchangeable, have the desire to destroy the boat, if He is perfect?

You can understand why this event was not a pleasant job but rather like cutting the idea of perfection. It means, True Father, if he is perfect, cannot change his plan after he decides upon it. But after this dramatic event, we were obliged to look at True Parents with a deeper viewpoint than just purely externally, or mainly with our preconceived ideas.

After this event Father continued to pursue the achievement of his boat. But also I started to look at him as a real person who is the True Parent and the Messiah.

I hope this testimony will help others look at him as I learned to look at him through these events over several years’ time.

## Alice Boutte

---

After our first child, Tierson, was born on September 28, 1978 (Tierson, named after Frontier ’78), we moved to Norfolk, Virginia. That was the first house that we had rented. Thomas worked as the controller for the seafood business at the time. We had a little nesting time there. I settled into the house in January and then in February we got the phone call from HQ that Father was going to be doing CARP in America. Tiger Park was coming from Korea, and all blessed wives were asked to serve, and sacrifice their families at this time. Even with a new baby I still had a frontline mentality. I still have that mentality; I hope I never lose it. I responded very quickly. I knew what the Japanese wives and Korean wives had sacrificed. I figured it was our time. Thomas had a harder time than me. Thomas took care of Tierson for quite a while in Norfolk, with Betty Lancaster providing day care. She was a good mother figure for us. I went out on CARP with three days’ notice. Mrs. Pumphrey and I went

together to New York. She was from the 43 couple blessing.

We met Mother in New York and she took us out for dinner. Barbara ten Wolde, Carolyn Burkholder, Mary Simmons and others were there. There were other 1800-couple wives there also. Mother talked to me during that dinner. I wasn't the only one she talked to, but she didn't talk to everyone. She told us to take care of everybody in the field. She embraced us very much. I think she bought us some outfits, like a skirt, blouse and blazer jacket. Then we were put on a bus to California. Father gave us a talk about CARP too, about the need to fight communism. We needed to make our offering, and pull out all the stops against communism. Carter was President then and not strong enough. We felt we were important and that Father needed us. I remember on the bus going out that emotionally we were ripped away from our babies. My husband was there taking care of ours. Some people were still nursing and they were suffering with all this milk which we expressed into the sinks of the restrooms on the way out to California. We were making such a sudden sacrifice. Everyone was still in shock, kind of like being in the middle of war. We thought, we're in a war against communism, and all God has is a bunch of mothers and simple folk. Still we felt that we were in an important role.

Tiger Park met us for dinner when we arrived. He had such a warm personality, he made it easier for me. I can't speak for everyone else, but he made it possible for victory. Father knew he couldn't have an immature leader with people who were making this type of offering. Tiger Park was big enough. He and his wife had gone through this before us; we knew they knew what we were experiencing. They were wonderful and I loved him; we did all we could to support him. We moved from campus to campus, standing up to the communists wherever we went. We had verbal fights, and sometimes things got physical, which was scary. Tiger Park found out that I was loud and could talk for a long time, which he used to his advantage (my husband found that out too) during the rallies. Then I found out I was pregnant and I knew that I would have the chance to go home on maternity leave.

I had to speak out on Berkeley Campus and someone spit on me once. We got some powerful reactions, standing up to the liberals. I shouted my head off and let it all

hang out! Tiger Park let me do it because he knew I had a loud voice. I supported him and I could be strong in that situation, maybe more than some wives. Some had serious health problems and it was hard for them. Some had no children and wanted them but now didn't have the chance to try. The grueling pace of things was difficult. It was a demanding, frontline schedule. God gave me a healthy body; I have been fortunate.

Once Tiger Park yelled at us for not preparing an offering table for an upcoming holiday. Some of the wives got negative at that, and couldn't deal with it. But we tried to help each other. Tiger Park knew when to yell and when to support. My husband loved him too. When I got home almost nine months later, Thomas came to Boston from New York to meet us. Tiger Park gave us a \$100 bill and said for us to go out to dinner. I never had an engagement ring or a wedding ring, so we bought that with the money instead. I still wear it.

The hardest time in CARP was the second half. We were told that the mission would last for three years. By the second year, it was getting old and wasn't very exciting anymore. The Halloween before Reagan was elected, was a low point. I was fundraising. Everything we had done was to change the direction of America. Reagan was not a sure thing that night.

As I went up to the cars at the light with my flowers, all these people were in costumes. So many of them were satanic. It was frightening and depressing. I never felt so hopeless. I felt like, "Gee, I am on the edge here, begging money from Satan." These people were like Satan, laughing and grotesque. God was showing me hell, what He had to look at. I thought, this is serious.

I gave birth to Cara, and then 100 days later I was back out. I thought, I gave up my two kids, and it's not going to work, no matter what I gave up. I went and cried into my tea at a McDonald's. I connected with God through the tea, but I didn't fundraise anymore that night. This was a miserable night, no hope for America; it was too awful, too terrible.

But after that we witnessed on the street for the campaign, volunteering for the Republican HQ. When Reagan won, we felt it was our victory. We felt that CARP had really helped with the victory of the election.

Two years later we thought the mission was over. Father called us off CARP before the year was over. After Reagan was elected and inaugurated we got to go

*Dan Fefferman and Davetta Morgan leading song practice at CARP's Snowmass Workshop, Colorado, August, 1982.*



home. It was a victory like in the *Star Wars* movie. After that Father said, go do homechurch. Father stood me up and said, “Are you going to tell the other wives to go out and do what you did?” I hesitated, but I did try.

Then we came back to the Unification Church, from CARP. Thomas was back in New York. There were very few rooms back in the New Yorker. We felt like Mary and Joseph in the inn there. It was so crowded. We got two rooms in the New Yorker, but they weren’t even adjoining rooms. We got back and no one knew what we had gone through. There was a loneliness there that was hard to share with people. We gradually settled in.

We then went to Washington, D.C. and moved to McLean, Virginia. One neighbor worked at the White House as a secret service agent. It was in 1988, the last year Reagan was in office. The agent called up one day out of the blue and asked if we would like to have tour of the White House. He said he would take us on a special tour. I thought about the other CARP wives of those days. I called Stephanie Huber. Reagan was just about to leave office. We piled our strollers into the cars, and the

secret service man gave us a private tour with our kids. I think I told him I had worked for Reagan’s campaign. He gave us one big exciting tour. He showed us the bullet-proof vest Reagan wore and he let the children try it on. We saw the Oval Office and the secret service office. Reagan was returning just then in a helicopter, and we stood on the lawn and welcomed him back in the house. We waved and he waved back.

It was such a wonderful experience, God’s way of telling us that He hadn’t forgotten our sacrifice. It didn’t come from the church, it came from someone else. This was America’s providence; God was working with Reagan, and my neighbor. Sometimes it was hard to see how God was working in other areas. But that took us out of our movement. CARP was part of the structure of our church movement proper. Father was trying to revitalize our whole movement then. Tiger Park never thought of people being “inside” or “outside” the church. Tiger Park was just very righteous, very natural.