

HOW I RAN OFF TO SEA  
AND BECAME A MOONIE

Dagmar Corales

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### *Some thoughts before telling these stories*

Why would a person nowadays still accept an arranged marriage? What is this “Matching”? How about these International Blessings? How do they work? Why would somebody give up a steady job to be part of a traveling fundraising team, with no personal income?

My hope is that these stories will answer these questions. These are stories about a culture, they are also about faith and beliefs—they are about a group of people and the culture they created.

Ours is a true cultural experience, because the Unification Church members all around the world created their own cultural hemisphere, in which parts of the Korean and Japanese cultures were incorporated and took a leading role. The Unification Community anywhere in the world, be it in Europe, Africa, North or South America, Oceania or Asia, has the same basic lifestyle and traditions, the same festive celebrations throughout the year and the same basic pattern of name-giving for their children, among other things.

Here I am talking about a certain time period, roughly speaking between the 1970s and 1990s, because then the Founder of “Holy Spirit Association for the Unification of World Christianity” or simply “Unification Church”, Rev. Sun Myung Moon and his wife, Mrs. Hak Ja Han Moon, had changed the organization into the “Family Federation for World Peace and Unification”. It wasn’t just a name-change, but a change of lifestyle, outreach and self-understanding as well. Now we consider ourselves “Unificationists” and the “Moonie-years” are undoubtedly and irrevocably over. That’s because worldwide, there are many “Unificationists” who were never Unification Church members, but who identify with our ideals and live according to our principles in their respective walks of life. Also there are thousands of couples worldwide of very different faiths

and cultures who nevertheless have accepted the Blessing as their own way to follow in matrimony. What, then, is a “Unification Church member”?

Whoever was part of the experience I’m portraying in my stories, was part of a close-knit family, with their own rules, experiences, highs and lows. Closer than the members of a convent, we would watch over each other jealously, care for each other and help each other grow in every way.

I wrote down these stories continuing with the Unification Church tradition of sharing our experiences.

I hope these stories will amuse you, but my hope is also that they may be a bridge to the more profound things in life. Remember the movie *Karate Kid*? Daniel wanted to learn karate from Mr. Miyagi, but all that Mr. Miyagi did was make him wash his endless line of cars. He showed him, “With your right hand you wash like this... With your left hand you polish like that...” Daniel, obediently, went on to wash cars; and he washed and washed and washed...until at one point, very angry, he stepped up to Mr. Miyagi and told him off: “You promised to teach me karate! All I did was wash your stupid cars! Forget it! I’m out of here!” Then Mr. Miyagi proceeded to attack Daniel, and Daniel instinctively fended him off with the movements he did hundreds of times while washing the cars. A very astonished Daniel just heard Mr. Miyagi say: “You come back. Tomorrow morning. Nine o’clock.” He had learned something after all! He just wasn’t aware of it. This really decides our destiny: Do I spend my whole life “washing cars” or do I learn karate?

This is a collection of stories to be read while sitting around a campfire in good company—I provide the stories, you provide the campfire. Still, maybe the campfire is easier than the good company. Why don’t you try your next door neighbor? Invite him or her on the next weekend for a barbecue, coffee and cake, just whatever is done in your part of the neighborhood. Just go out and meet somebody. Don’t stay alone and isolated in your cubicle of life. *Life* is happening all around you, be part of it! And then—write your own stories and share them with your new-found friends.

These stories are dedicated to all of those who have gone

through life “with the heart of a father but in the shoes of a servant,” as Rev. Moon has taught us. They are dedicated to all of those who have given the best years of their lives “sowing sweat for earth, tears for men, and blood for heaven,” regardless of where they are or what they are doing now. Just remember the angel Clarence from *It's a Wonderful Life*: “No one is a failure who has friends”.

May the Living God always be with you, show you the right way and protect you on your roads throughout the great adventure that is life...



*Part One*  
Paul the Great



### *Why would one join the Unification Church?*

What was the big attraction of the Unification Church in the 1970s and 1980s? In one word: the international atmosphere. That was the one great and outstanding point. At least it was for me. When I came first in contact with the Unification Church, I was amazed at the 40-plus people from all different countries, cultures and races singing together, eating together and listening to conferences together in my hometown of Frankfurt in Germany. I met the Unification Church in November of 1975 and that was a time of great witnessing, because the International One World Crusade had as one of its stops the UC Center in Frankfurt, which at that point was a former dance studio in the basement of a building towards the West End of the city. And like every dance studio it had one wall made up of all mirrors—which made for a nice effect.

Besides, I wanted to change the world. Don't tell me you didn't want to change the world when you were seventeen. It took me many years to realize that, if I wanted to change the world, I had to change myself. Because every one of us is a world in himself.

So then, why would someone join the Unification Church? Well, it was usually out of one of three major reasons. First, one had heard all of the conferences on the *Divine Principle* and thought it to be the absolute truth, God's revelation in this time and age, etc., etc. Second, maybe one was a close friend, a brother or sister—or maybe even a mother or a father—to some Church member, and one had the desire to find out what this whole thing was all about. Or, one simply was drawn by the “lost puppy syndrome”—one had found a warm, dry place by the fireside and stuck around—like me.

## *Dinners with Paul*

Now, where do we start with our tale about Paul the Great? He was quite unusual. When I got somewhat settled into the system, I would come every night from work, would go to the kitchen to greet the sister in charge of the cooking and, depending on how far advanced that cooking business was, I would help in the final stages, or lay the table, or help with giving out the food. The UC Center in Frankfurt by the middle of 1976 wasn't an ordinary center. It was also the German headquarters, and we had a strict sitting order at mealtimes. Now in every center the leader would sit at the head—just like the movies—at one side the king, at the opposite side the queen, and the chairs in between all empty. Our version was not quite like that, but sort of.

So, imagine: you have the leader at the head, all the brothers on the left and all the sisters on the right. That's right, there was no mixing, no mingling, no nothing. All the boys on one side, all the girls on the other. Now, in the case of Frankfurt under the leadership of Paul the Great, it wasn't just the head of the table, it was the head table. There was one whole table at the far end of the dining room for Paul and Christel, as we called them, and two sets of tables running down at either side. We were many. Some brothers were still working on the finishing touches of the building restoration, two brothers were working on a newspaper, which nobody in the entire country knew about or read, and then obviously there were the witnessing members, both brothers and sisters. Paul would reside like a king over the gathering; his wife, Christel, was always at his side but practically never uttering a word. Why? Paul did the talking for both of them. The dinner was usually a very simple affair, but for Paul and Christel there was a special china setting and usually the food was somewhat upgraded as well. The whole atmosphere was very heavy and solemn: no chattering, no noises. Some brave soul, brother or sister, would raise his or her voice sometimes to make a comment

about the day, the things that were going on in the world and how they would see through various circumstances how the world is changing to accept the “Master”. In those days we didn’t call Rev. Sun Myung Moon “Father” yet, we would call him “Master”. Mrs. Moon, on the other hand, was always called “Mother”.

Paul would comment on things that were happening in the Church in Germany and sometimes on the worldwide scale as well; if he was in a good mood. Then again, you never really knew what mood he was in, in the first place. He had his own, very particular way, of relating to the membership. One of his “tall stories” (but a true one at that), had to do with our CARP activities on one of the university campuses of Berlin; “...so we sent out three ‘palefaces’ (*Bleichgesichter*, he said in German), working as CARP and giving out pamphlets against the leftist activities in the campus.” Those leftist students didn’t like the CARP activities, so they organized a demonstration against CARP on the campus of this particular university. And guess what? Paul told us that about 200 students turned up to demonstrate against our CARP activities. And the CARP activities were done by three Moonies! Two hundred against three—hard to believe! What kind of danger did these “palefaces” actually present? CARP stands for “Collegiate Association for the Research of Principles”, the student branch of the Unification Church. During my years in the Unification Church in Germany, there was always a healthy competition between Church members and CARP members. Now CARP wasn’t the Church, mind you. We had the same “Divine Principle”, we had the same “True Parents”, but a CARP member was different (and better!) than the ordinary Church member. Later in life, sometimes, I would be involved in CARP activities, yet still, I always remained a Church member.

## *The Mystery of his Sleeping Arrangements*

There was one incredible mystery about Paul the Great. Where did he go to sleep? This was the National Headquarters—which he bought for the German Unification Church, by the way. It was quite a sizable five-story building in a once glamorous and rich area of Frankfurt. It was around 1976, in any case a great year in Unification Church history, because we had the Yankee Stadium and Washington Monument Rallies in the United States. I was seventeen years old and still had my whole life in front of me.

Paul and Christel, when all the eating and the talking was done, would leave with one sister, whom they took with them. Wherever they appeared, wherever they went, there she was as well. I guess you would call a person like that a private secretary, but obviously no one referred to her that way. Every night they would leave—all three of them—but their destiny was shrouded in mystery. Now, I thought, in this big building there must be some space available for them to sleep, but no... Once the mystery really thickened: their particular sister wasn't present, she sure must have had some very good reasons, like the death of a parent or something like that; so Paul, after dinner, asked a sister if she would like to come with them to their home for the night. It was an incredible honor to have been singled out like that. The next day I just couldn't resist it and asked her the one question: "Where did you go to?" But she just smiled and responded, "Oh, it was very nice." I was as smart as before.

I did not know then what I know now: every National Leader had their own apartment with at least one "private secretary" or unpaid servant doing the cooking, laundry, shopping, washing, ironing and just about everything else for them. These sisters were always very snotty and looked down on us ordinary Church members. Later in life I was asked to iron the shirts of a leader once, but my job performance was so bad that they gave up on me.

## *This Character of his*

On another occasion Paul was definitely dissatisfied with the little conversation we had around the dinner table, so he told us that if we really did know the *Divine Principle*, we sure would have something to talk about! He ordered one elder brother to be in charge of a *Divine Principle* reading session—we were supposed to read one whole chapter every night! That, indeed, was a major punishment! One obviously starts with the First Chapter—the longest of them all. In this kind of *Divine Principle* reading sessions—quite usual at the time—we would all sit around the table with our *Divine Principle* books, and one person would read aloud the contents of a page or a paragraph, depending on how the leader thought best. The rest of us would follow, reading silently.

That was the general idea, but usually people would fall asleep in droves. It didn't really matter if it was early in the morning, some time in the afternoon or late at night—there was always the same phenomenon: the *Divine Principle* would make people fall asleep! They would fall asleep reading the book, they would fall asleep listening to the lecture—I was no exception, either. On that particular night, we were reading like world champions! Luckily the brother in charge was somewhat gutsy. After about thirty pages of uninterrupted loud reading, we mercifully stopped. It was already very late at night and I still had to go home, since I didn't live in the Church center yet. I was in such good spirits then, never being afraid to cross town around midnight every night.

The next day, sure enough, Paul asked if we had read all of the first chapter and that brother said simply “No, it was too much.” “Hmm”, was the somewhat dissatisfied answer. That was the first and only time in my life, that I saw someone stand up to Paul the Great.

Paul didn't just have his special place to stay—he had one of

the most expensive Mercedes cars as well, dark blue with a brother whose “mission” it was to be his exclusive driver. The next National Leader had a much smaller car and did his own driving; because of the “French Connection” it necessarily had to be a French car, a Citroën if I remember correctly—very sporty, very dashing. Paul, on the other hand, needed a Mercedes 450 SEL, with driver and all. I remember one guest asking why it couldn’t be a Mercedes 280, instead of a 450, and he was told that it had to do with representing the movement and so on. Now this guest would have been totally scandalized had he found out that Paul had *two* of these Mercedes. That’s right, two! How did this work—one to wear and one in the wash?

But the Church fared well with Paul the Great. The one sister who was responsible for the bookkeeping for many years, once told me that the Church under the government of “Paul I” never had financial needs; there was always enough money in the movement. The greatness of Paul can be seen in the fact that he paid health insurance for every member in Germany, even for the foreign members. That system was kept up all the years I was a Church member in Germany, even after Paul was long gone. Another one of his better attitudes consisted in insisting on simply being called “Paul”. After his reign was over, we had to deal with a lot of “Mr. This” and “Rev. That”—no one was on a first name basis with the National Leader anymore.

He was great and fearsome. Resembling very much an Old Testament patriarch (without the beard), he just loved being the only boss in sight. He was unquestioned, admired, feared and hated, all at once. Oh, how I remember those big meetings with Paul in Camberg, our workshop site close to Frankfurt in the country! Maybe they were not all national meetings, but somehow the big barn turned meeting hall was always full with brothers and sisters. In one particular meeting, Paul gave us a report on various activities. He loved to talk about his personal experiences with Rev. Moon, whether it was on one of his visits to Germany or in different places in the world.

We had question and answer sessions, which weren’t all that unusual at the time. People were mostly asking questions to obtain spiritual guidance, but I remember one brother very clearly

asking, “What did we earn with Ginseng last year?” And Paul, furious, shouted, “We earned nothing with Ginseng last year! Has anyone else got a stupid question like that?” Paul kept his religion and his business strictly apart—we all knew about the Werner & Winkler Export and Import company, and about the Ginseng shops in strategic places in the country, but this, of course, was totally separate from the Church activities. No matter that Church sisters, neatly dressed in Korean traditional dresses, were working in the Ginseng shops—it was all “hush-hush” and nobody was supposed to know that there was any connection between the Ginseng shops and the Church activities. That poor brother! He must have left the Church that very same day.

Paul made us sing a lot. I remember that in one meeting we received the brand new translations of the forty *Holy Songs* in German, freshly printed so that everyone had his own new songbook. I had never heard of the *Holy Songs* before. Some were part of our regular songbooks in English, like “Song of the Garden” and “Shining Fatherland”, the latter being our absolute favorite—we sang it at least once every day. In one weekend workshop we learned to sing at least half of the forty songs, because Paul said that there weren’t any other songs to be sung anymore, just the new ones. We would sing three or four songs before every lecture session, which had two purposes: first, to create a good spirit, and second, to draw in the very last of the latecomers, so that by the time the lecturer would start, the hall was full and quiet.

The year of 1976 in Germany was an election year, and Paul had the splendid idea of actively supporting the German Christian Democratic Union in their fight to regain the majority and thus the government. The candidate was Helmut Kohl; well, he didn’t make it that particular year, but there were still four uninterrupted terms as Chancellor of Germany ahead of him.

The German Unification Church at that point had a very fine band, which existed largely due to the fact that three very musically gifted brothers, they were physical brothers from the same family, had joined the movement. One of them was the bandleader and there were maybe fifteen to twenty band members. They sounded very professional and could have played

anywhere, anyplace on TV. Once I had the chance to attend one of their rallies in the pedestrian area of Frankfurt—the band played for some time to attract the people and then a Church brother would give a speech—how everyone should vote for the Christian Democratic Union in order to stop the “Leftist Advances” in German society. Unfortunately that very same Christian Democratic Union distanced itself from the Unification Church outreach—saving their own prestige, I guess. Like I told you—they lost the election that year.

In any case, that very same band, with all the musical instruments, all the players and all the trimmings “set up shop” on the stage in Camberg during the big meetings which we had with Paul, and they gave us some first-class music! A band like that plays loud, loud music; they played popular music of the time, just band music, without any singers. I remember that we were told, in no uncertain terms, that absolutely no one was to touch an instrument—and I remember stepping up to the stage at break times and looking at this whole shiny brass set-up like a little child in a big toy store, all in awe and afraid to even breathe on it.

1976 was the time of the “Moonie Big Bands”. In the United States we had the “New Hope Singers”, formed of about 200 brothers and sisters from all over the world and dressed up in very colorful native costumes, who were “preparing the way for the Lord” at the Yankee Stadium and Washington Monument rallies. And then, of course, there was the “Go World Brass Band”, a very big marching band with incredibly elaborate costumes. I never heard a more perfect rendition of “Stars and Stripes Forever”, than the one given at the Washington Monument Rally. The leader of the Go World Brass Band was a brother called Kevin Pickard. He really made it big later in life. Composing the music to the full-length ballet *Shimjung* for the Universal Ballet Company about ten years later, put him in the realm of a true blue composer. Still, I was too young to participate in the “American Mobilization”. Well, let’s say it with Humphrey Bogart: “We’ll always have Camberg...”

There is something very powerful about a couple of hundred people singing all together! Paul himself knew how to play the electric organ—very well, mind you. At the headquarters in

Frankfurt there was an organ, and sometimes he would play it. Thinking well about it, he had probably bought it too, alongside all the tapestry and ornaments and chandeliers in the largest room where the Sunday Services were held. In Camberg, he never played. He never really sang either—not with us and not solo, he just gave us those speeches. He was talking a lot about Austria, since he was National Leader in Austria some time before coming to Germany. And he was showing off a lot about his relationship with Rev. Moon—at that point the international movement was still quite small and Rev. Moon had a lot of personal contact with his leadership. He told us that he grew up in a Lutheran pastor’s family, but he didn’t seem to keep any good memories of it. His wife sat quietly at the side of the stage—as is our Church tradition. The dignitaries always sit at the stage by the side wall. Anyplace in the world, you will always find some special chairs leaning against the wall and you always have some dignitaries to put on these chairs.

That was Germany under the leadership of “Paul the Great”, Rev. Paul Werner. I was young, seventeen years old, when I met the Unification Church and decided to join it, and for the next two years I was what was then known as a “home member”, I worked during the day and attended various activities at nights and on weekends. Sometimes I didn’t go to the center for a while—and at one point the leadership changed, Rev. Paul Werner was asked to lead a ship-building business in Alabama, and Rev. Reiner Vincenz and his wife took over the reins in Germany.

From my earliest memories, I have this image of Philip in mind, an English brother, who really knew how to play the guitar. There was one song which we would sing practically every day, over and over again. That was the time before we moved to the headquarters in Frankfurt, where the Unification Church Center was a former dance studio in the basement of a building. There Philip would lead us all into never-ending renditions of “The Lord is One”—and it was always a challenge to hit the high note at the end:

## *The Lord is One*

*by Dan Fefferman*

All my brethren, can't you hear me say,  
The Lord will love you forever and a day?  
All my brethren, can't you hear me say,  
The Lord is One!

Oh can't you hear it, brother,  
And won't you come along?  
To build the heav'nly kingdom,  
And sing a brand new song!

Call everybody; try to understand,  
We've got to start working, the time is at hand.  
Call ev'rybody; try to understand.  
The Day is come.

Lo, on Mount Zion (the) son of man appears,  
To rule the house of Jacob for ten thousand years.  
Lo, on Mount Zion (the) son of man appears,  
And cries, it is done!

All bound together, nobody can fall;  
Loving each other, loving one and all.  
All bound together, nobody can fall,  
Our race is one.  
Our race is won!  
Our race is one.

*Part Two*  
Doing it the Italian Way



## *How we all started*

Some time in early 1978 I had quit my job to work and stay full-time in the Unification Church. First, one was sent to the seven-day workshop in Camberg, then one simply stayed on and became part of the regular staff members. And that's what I did—I was helping in the kitchen, I was helping with the laundry, I was there with the rest of the bunch greeting the arrivals for the weekend workshop on Friday night; for about six weeks I had a nice easy-going life.

It was May of 1978 and my stay in Camberg had already outlived itself and somehow I felt that something was brewing up. Some sisters came from other centers, others were very young in the Church, and on one fine morning we would meet altogether in “Farmer’s Cozy Corner” with a new mission. This was the best room available, situated right at a corner of the main building with windows on two fronts, nice cushioned benches and a truly cozy atmosphere. The various generations of staff in Camberg called that room *Bauernstube*, which Reiner Vincenz translated into “Farmer’s Cozy Corner”. That name stuck as well for all the English-speaking people finding their way in and out of Camberg.

Brought together by Karl Leo, we were introduced to Jeannine, a French sister. She didn't speak a word of German, and none of us spoke any French. But all of us could speak English in various degrees of understandability. Jeannine spoke English fluently, but with a somewhat very strong French accent. She put an “h” on words not having one and left out the “h” with the words that actually had one. She forever mixed up “hungry” and “angry”. Karl Leo told us that we were chosen for an “important mission” and that we would all go together to Spain. In Spain there already was a German Fundraising Team consisting of all brothers, and Karl told us of how well they had adapted to the country and that all of them now spoke Spanish. Now that was some exciting prospect!

We were eight sisters, seven Germans and one French sister as the leader. Except for Jeannine, not one of us had ever had any fundraising experience in the Church—nothing, zero, zip! Besides, four of us, including myself, were only nineteen years old! Jeannine was all of twenty-six—practically ancient. We were given a Volkswagen minibus, which became our home for the next couple of months. So our final destiny was Valencia, Spain, and we had to cross half of Europe to get there. Everyone was allowed a travel bag or suitcase and everyone had their own sleeping bag. We had a small gas cooker and all of the necessary cooking utensils, stored neatly away under the seats. Luckily, Jeannine had her experiences from her “French campaigns”; she organized us very quickly and very well. Irmgard, a rather shy sister from the beautiful Swabian city of Freiburg, was our bus driver: a small figure behind a big wheel. Annemarie was the second driver, and that was that—the rest of us didn’t know how to drive a little Fiat, let alone a minibus! Jeannine’s place was beside the driver up front—as was the place of every leader in fundraising history.

It took us about four days to get to our destination. I don’t know whether it was the quickest way, but we sure crossed all of France to enter Spain. Jeannine’s way of taking care of the sleeping arrangements were rather unusual: we would find a convent or a church in a small town and there Jeannine would ask the Mother Superior or the priest in charge, if her group of “traveling missionaries” could stay overnight. The guts she had to do this! Almost always they said yes; if we were refused in one place, she would go to another before nightfall. And we weren’t just two or three—we were eight sisters. That was the way things were during our whole fundraising time—I remember only one night when we actually had to sleep in the van, because we couldn’t find a place to stay.

Luckily for us, our destiny changed and after a couple of lost days in Spain we were called to Italy. In Spain we really had to fend for ourselves, which was tough, and we made almost no money either. Italy, on the other hand, had a whole fundraising culture established—there were many German teams and an Italian-German liaison office, in case someone got lost or had

legal problems. Much, much later in life in São Paulo I met an elder Church sister married to a Brazilian, who insisted she knew me from Italy, and after trying to figure out for some time where we did cross paths, it dawned on me. “Oh, I remember now, you were that Paola in Varese we always called when we were in trouble!”

“Yes,” she said laughing, “I was that Paola.” Weren’t we lucky to have that Paola! She was our umbilical cord, our lifeline, who helped us out many times.

When we arrived in Varese, where on the outskirts of the city was the most beautiful Seminar Center I had ever seen, we were given a lesson in basic Italian, so that we could find our way around. But one learns very quickly the most basic language patterns when it comes to buying and selling.

### *The Sisters in the Team*

Like I said, only two sisters, Irmgard and Annemarie, could drive a car—or a minibus; the rest of us just supported by prayer. Annemarie was from around Cologne with work experience to her name. She was maybe the most ladylike of all of us. Rita came from a small town near Frankfurt—a girl from a good family who had been sent to ballet classes. Unfortunately, being quite chubby, no one would have ever guessed it. I had no idea where Andrea came from. The teeth braces she had to use were so impressive that one simply forgot to ask anything else about her. It's tough being nineteen and walking through life with braces, but she filled them out with a big smile. Eveline came to us “inherited” from another team, which was our salvation, because as far as fundraising was concerned, she was a true pro, and was coaching all of us into being decent if not outstanding fundraisers.

And then there was Elisabeth. Elisabeth was...well, unique. Coming from the Stuttgart area with a very strong Swabian accent, she did it all her way! Elisabeth was not to be measured according to normal parameters. She was all emotion and no logic. The patience that Jeannine had when reasoning with her, to make her understand that certain things simply cannot be done, because...well, because! I remember once we were writing letters home and Elisabeth, not having any stationary and not wanting to ask someone either, just wrote her letter on the lid of a shoebox. Then she handed that carton to Jeannine to send it to Germany. After that frustrated effort of letter writing, I never saw her again with a pen in her hand. Andrea was the one who wrote the most letters, she gave detailed descriptions of the cities we stayed in, especially if we were lodging by the seaside. Andrea even wrote a small poem about the sun dancing on the waves. Very nice; I wish I hadn't lost it on the road.

## *Sleeping Arrangements*

As I mentioned earlier, Jeannine and the driver would go to find a place to sleep. Usually, the Catholic churches or convents had a school or a kindergarten as a side business, and many times we slept in areas designated for little children. It was summer holiday time, so the schools and kindergartens were closed and we could have the free rooms. Many times we set up house with little benches, little chairs, little tables, little everything. We didn't expect beds or even mattresses, we just cleaned a certain area and, upon the blankets we had brought with us, we put our sleeping bags in a row—just like the well-known sardines.

Sometimes we just had a cold stone floor in a cold church to sleep on, but sometimes we stayed in a convent where we were allotted guest rooms. I remember once we stayed in tiny little cubicles, two beds to a cubicle, in a convent so old that the building still retained its big stone blocks. It all depended. Sometimes we were given a church meeting room which wasn't in use at that particular moment. If it was convenient, we would stay two or three days in one place to fundraise in the area and move on.

When we all arrived at the van after being picked up from our areas, Jeannine had all of the sisters subdivided into little teams to get the work done quicker. We had one group to do the cooking, one group to count the money and one group to clear out the area and prepare the sleeping bags. In some places we couldn't do any cooking, so we all went to a cheap pizzeria or something like that. We had to deal with tiny little bathrooms, often nothing more than a toilet and a sink, where we took care of the absolutely necessary personal hygiene. And speaking of personal affairs—curiously enough the moment we started on our journey to the south, my menstruation stopped. I wasn't the only one with this experience—it seems the human body is a sensitive organism and needs its time to digest radical changes. I gave myself a time

frame: one year. If by one year's time the menstruation hadn't started, I would start to worry, that is, consult a doctor. In the meantime I was an Amazon being trained for the kill. Who needs menstruation, anyhow? Actually, I was quite happy it was gone. It did eventually return after about ten months, with a more normal lifestyle.

Together with another sister I was preparing the sleeping bags every night. We had it all down to a fine art. The next morning I would store the suitcases and sleeping bags in the van. I had my system—every bag, every suit-case, every sleeping bag had its place and space; if not, things just wouldn't fit inside. I accepted help, but the system wasn't to be changed. I was doing the storing and the arranging with the seriousness of a professional airline pilot—as if a couple of hundred lives depended on it. Things turned tough when the bag of dirty laundry was really, really full—there my genius unfolded itself to its full brilliance—in finding space where space could not easily be found! The laundry, by the way, was sent out to laundromats—we didn't waste time in doing our own washing. Unlike other team-leaders, Jeannine was ever practical!

## *The Sea in Italy*

Being on the road, we couldn't really wash ourselves, that's why we would go to the beach on a regular basis. Usually about every Sunday afternoon, which was the only time we did not fundraise. Since we fundraised Mondays to Saturdays and Sunday mornings too, Sunday afternoon was sacred. It was our time to relax, to write letters home, to go to the beach or to simply rest. Other, less fortunate fundraising teams had to do their laundry on Sundays, but luckily we had Jeannine, who believed in sending out the laundry and saving us some valuable time.

So Sundays we went to the beach. In Tuscany, one is always close to some beach; the whole beach, every city, every town and every village was our territory anyway. Later we got a beautiful peninsula in Umbria as well. Not all of the sisters were "sirens", who loved the sea like me; but just to relax on the sand and being in the sunshine was worth all the effort. Some beaches were nicer than others—the nicest ones obviously were the private ones and off-limits to us. I remember once with Andrea swimming against the current, I remember the effort it took, how heavy and strenuous it felt, and what a relief it was to be carried back with the current. I learned a lot through that experience.

By and large, we did some real swimming. With Elisabeth and Eveline we once went really far out and it took us quite some time to come back again. But I had my own goals. Once, quietly, I went out by myself and swam and swam into the open sea—until I could not see the beach anymore. There, in the open wide ocean, totally surrounded by nothing but water and totally by myself without anybody even knowing where I was, I felt the presence of the Living God very clearly with me. One has to do a crazy dangerous thing like that, to come close to God. I felt no fear, just a little anxiety about losing the direction from where I came. It was a powerful feeling, a feeling of being all alone in the universe, and then again not being alone at all! That one experience of challenging my limitations showed me that *yes, I can!* I came back, never telling anyone about it.

## *The Elisabeth Tales*

Once, Elisabeth and Rita were sent with the ferry to an island and Jeannine made it very clear to both of them that the very last ferry would leave at 8 P.M. and that they absolutely *had* to take that ferry, if they didn't want to stay overnight on the island. Guess what happened? Well, you guessed it! We all waited with the van at the port, the ferry docked, the passengers stepped on land, one by one and—no Rita, no Elisabeth. We could not believe it! Jeannine—ever practical—decided there was nothing we could do about it, they would just have to stay overnight on the island. The next morning we were at the port when the very first ferry arrived—and sure enough, there they were! We all went to a bar to have breakfast and there they told us their incredible story. What stuck out, was that Rita followed Elisabeth confidently, she did not question any of her erratic and somewhat illogical decisions. To Rita's understanding, the Spirit of God was with Elisabeth, and they would receive full protection and guidance. After knocking at quite a few doors, someone finally let them stay overnight; in any case they were in good spirits when we met them in the morning.

Elisabeth's sense of time and space was...well, different from a normal person's understanding. Once, at a different port city, she would get on the ferry to a neighboring island and fundraise on the ferry. Personally I never felt confident enough to do this, but some sisters believed in fundraising on ferries as well. The idea, obviously, was to get off just in the nick of time before the ferry left, but Elisabeth was enraptured by her spirit and did not realize when the ferry left the shore. So she was caught on the ferry, did the whole trip to the island, stepped on land and fundraised on the island as well! Then she came back with the same ferry, never stopping to fundraise.

Once, Elisabeth did not make it to her pickup point at night. We went back quite a few times to look and search for her, with

no luck. She did not appear. Jeannine had just about had it with her. Elisabeth was left by herself. We phoned Paola, to give her the “good news” of one sister missing and just hoped and prayed that nothing bad would happen to her. Elisabeth had the good sense to phone Paola as well, so the next morning Jeannine, in dubious spirits, told us that Elisabeth had crossed the whole of Tuscany by train to stay in a convent with some very nice nuns. Incredible! I wouldn’t have remembered the address of the convent. So, in the morning, we had to drive about three hours to pick Elisabeth up! There she was, feeling very much at ease with these sweet nuns, who never questioned why she came alone, without the rest of the team. Oh, Jeannine must have summoned all of her diplomatic skills to explain that situation to the Mother Superior!

As time went on, the annoyance Jeannine felt with Elisabeth got stronger, so one fine morning, after Elisabeth was left in her little town to fundraise, one sister told Jeannine that Elisabeth had forgotten her purse with her missionary ID and the rest of her documents. “Never mind,” was Jeannine’s brusque answer, “we will not go back, she has to learn to take responsibility for her things.” Poor Elisabeth! We all had the same vision of what that meant. All of us had a certain amount of church magazines per day, about forty; they had to last until nightfall. Elisabeth however finished her magazines after about two hours. She then proceeded to show her missionary ID, saying nothing more but “*Missionaria...Christiana...Oferta...*” and the people would give her money just the same. Any one of us could have survived with the magazines and no purse for the day, but Elisabeth... At night, we picked her up: we couldn’t wait to see what had happened to her! After having finished all of her magazines, she had just approached the people with an open hand, a big smile and her notorious “*Missionaria...Christiana...Oferta...*” and the people gave her money anyhow! Standing in the dark, in a wide skirt, pockets bulging with change, she truly resembled a Gypsy woman! She wasn’t “the Unsinkable Molly Brown”, she was “the Unsinkable Elisabeth”—nothing could ever drown her!

Her last name was somewhat unusual and funny, too—Elisabeth Grunzel—which could be translated to “Elisabeth

Squeak”. Karl Leo, when he came to visit us, always comforted her by saying, “Don’t worry Elisabeth, one day you will marry and you will have a new family name.” In the Unification Church, this truth is more than certain. So now she is a new Elisabeth, with a different last name and a different identity.

### *Karl Leo's Visits*

About once every month, Karl Leo would come to visit. He would just stay with us, wherever we stayed, and sleep wherever we slept. I remember us staying in a Catholic church kindergarten, we stayed in one room and Karl Leo just stayed in the room next door. He came to “inspire” us with the latest international news of the movement, the goings-on of the other fundraising teams, and the general Church gossip. Staying one full day with us, we always did some worthy sightseeing together. But the real, more important reason for his visit, was to take the money the team had fundraised back home to Germany. Jeannine had it changed to large bills in a small purse always hidden under her clothes. That was the pride and the cross of the fundraising team-leader. She was walking through life with large sums of money literally on her. Nobody would have expected that a small skinny French girl would carry thousands of dollars and millions of lire.

Karl Leo was a very relaxed Austrian—but having a German wife and having had responsibility in the German Unification Church had “Germanized” him very much. A couple of years down the line, he would even become the German National Leader. But this was 1978, and Karl Leo was living “on the road”. Out of the four weeks in a month, he would travel for three of them, making one large trip to the “Northern Colonies” of Holland and Belgium, where there were German fundraising teams, and another large trip to the “Southern Colonies” of Spain and Italy. He had only one week at home with his wife and his first baby.

Once, he met us in Pisa and we actually went sightseeing around the tower of Pisa and climbed it like every regular tourist! It was great, seeing the city from above, which we knew so well from the ground. The famous tower of Pisa is nothing but a piece of bad workmanship. The *campanario*, as the belfry is called in

Italian, was built on sandy ground and the foundation simply cannot sustain the weight of the structure. Now, because of the inclination, the tower is off-limits to tourists; every year the angle of the inclination gets bigger and yes, one day the tower will crumble, if it isn't sustained "with a little bit of help from its friends". Many times Eveline and I had fundraised around the tower in the tourist area; both of us were usually left there, because we managed well with the tourists. Around lunch time we fundraised in the restaurants and pizzerias. With Karl Leo we actually got to eat in one of the pizzerias where we so often fundraised. Everyone in the pizzeria knew us, of course, and it was somewhat uncomfortable, being so "famous".

## *Fundraising in Florence and the Cities*

How does one feel being in a beautiful city like Florence and asking people for money? Quite nice, actually. We stayed many times in Florence, we fundraised in the shops, the offices and the pedestrian area where the worldwide tourists would mingle. We mingled with them. I specialized myself more on “open ground”, on the streets of Florence, while Eveline went to lawyers’ or doctors’ offices. Basically we would work in pairs, and most of the time I worked together with Eveline. She spoke Italian fluently, looked very sharp in neat, classic clothes and managed herself with confidence and ease. I guess that was the main reason why the professionals took her seriously. In small towns, Eveline would fundraise in the *Municipio*, the City Hall, and on more than one occasion she had managed to talk to the mayor of the city. Sometimes she took me along to teach me the way it’s done, but I felt uncomfortable and never “specialized” in public offices. But once, I remember, I was in a public office in Florence, and while walking from office to office I saw beautiful painted ceilings; the doors were all original craftsmanship, the building was practically a museum! It was hard to concentrate on the fundraising, and I thought how special these people must be, to work in such an environment. But, as life goes, the employees probably never even looked up at the ceiling, and most likely often complained about the disadvantages of working in a really old building.

There was another, really ancient city, the city of Volterra. This city displayed in its architecture and tourist shops what remained of the Etruscans, the people who lived in the Italian peninsula before the Romans, and who got basically swallowed up by them. The whole city was out of a different time. It was a well-visited tourist city, frequented by a different kind of tourist crowd from the ones on the beaches, obviously. But the queen of them all was Assisi. The whole city was a museum! From the north to the south, from the east to the west, it was as if one was in some

sort of a religious amusement park—every building, every church, every tourist shop seemed to be right out of the twelfth century! Was I inspired when I fundraised in Assisi! At one entrance to the town was a historic church and on the other end a big cathedral, built in a very special way. Since the city of Assisi is located on some hills, the cathedral had different floors—one main gate on the lower floor with a big parking space and another exit on street level within the town walls of the ancient Assisi. Since the tourists coming to Assisi are for the most part religiously motivated, the air has a beautiful, clean atmosphere. Everybody wanted to fundraise in Assisi! But the historic core is very small and so there was only one sister there at a time, the others had to make due with the secular surroundings of the nearby towns. I always felt very sad when Jeannine decided on someone else to stay in Assisi—so close and yet so far away.

The team-leader decided where everyone would get off the van in the morning—that was her privilege. Sometimes we were sent alone to an area, sometimes we worked in pairs. I was sent off mostly with Eveline, she made the most money and I was the second-best “grossing” member of the team. The one with the worst average? Well, yes, you guessed it—Elisabeth. But not always, mind you. Sometimes she met people who were just on the same “spiritual wavelength” as her, and they donated quite handsomely to this lovely *Missionaria* with the bright, shiny eyes from Stuttgart! Elisabeth never learned any Italian, she just said; “*Missionaria...Christiana...Oferta*”, and the people got the message as well.

There were cities everybody just loved, like Montecatini, for example. It was one of those nice health and cure cities deep inside of Tuscany. It was swarming with rich old ladies, trying to better their health. Unfortunately Jeannine lost us this city to the Center in Florence in our own Fundraising Battles with the Italian Church members. We had very good relationships with them—they ceded the whole coastline to us, and we had to leave them the cities inside the province of Tuscany. It was only fair; still we mourned over the loss of Montecatini.

Many a time we stayed in Siena, a medieval city with a beautiful, perfectly shaped town square, host to the *Palio*, a

pageant with its roots in the Middle Ages, performed yearly by the townspeople in costume. I was there once for the preparations—the square was decorated, grandstands were erected and so on. Unfortunately we didn't get to see any of it—with the exception of Karl Leo's visits, we didn't do any tourism, just focused on the mission. We never went any place other than the beach, and we basically didn't know what happened in the world. This was the summer of *Saturday Night Fever*, but in all of our time in Italy, we never even went to the cinema once. Back in Germany, we would go to the cinema, and I remember distinctly on one occasion, where we saw a very artsy movie, and everybody was sleeping! That experience was often to be found with the fundraising teams—it wasn't really bad intention, just sheer exhaustion. One team-leader once got really angry with his brothers: "If you want to sleep, we stay at home; I don't spend money so that you can go to sleep in the cinema!"

## *The Gold-digger Island*

We started out with having only the province of Tuscany, but later we would work in the province of Umbria as well. Umbria was basically all lush, green hills, which, between the valleys and the peaks, we were traveling all over. There weren't as many tourists as in Tuscany. The main city, Perugia, has achieved worldwide fame through its "Perugina" chocolates—incredibly rich and quite expensive. There was one place truly worthy of dreams, in the south of Umbria—consisting of the towns Orbetello, Porto Ercole and Porto Santo Stefano. Imagine tourist agency brochures, big calendar photos...now you've got the idea. Situated right on the blue sea were a lot of lovely boats in a very small compact little community; I was always fundraising so well there that I called it "my Gold-digger Island". It wasn't a real island, just a peninsula. The only real island we got to visit on a regular basis was Elba. Now Elba, mind you, wasn't really Italian—it was German, since the island was swarming with about 80% German tourists.

Jeannine was very strict as far as clothes were concerned. She was usually dressed in a navy blue skirt with a white blouse—the most classic of classics. I remember that I had a nice pink dress which was to be worn with a pink scarf—Jeannine made me take off the scarf because it wasn't a "missionary outfit" and discouraged me heavily from wearing the dress as well. Irmgard had to take off her red pants—they weren't even red, just bordeaux—but even so, it was "unsuitable" for a missionary. Jeans? Are you nuts? Totally Satanic! And the shoes we had to wear... Jewellery was out of the question—a "missionary" didn't wear any. Make-up? You've got to be kidding! We really looked like nuns on vacation.

In any case, who made Jeannine the expert on how a missionary had to look? We were really phony missionaries—our only "mission" was to raise funds for purposes we didn't know

anything about. During my whole fundraising life this “missionary” business made me feel very uncomfortable. Heck, I’m a revolutionary, not a missionary! But when one is nineteen, one sees the whole world through pink glasses. Jeannine was the absolute level of perfection for me, there was just nothing she couldn’t do. And we did have a lot of fun!

## *An Unusual Visitor*

Once we stayed at this really beautiful old monastery, where they allowed us a room for the night. In the morning, while busy with packing up our things, we heard a knock at the door. One very tall and skinny monk all dressed in black stood in front of us and asked, “I want to know something about the man you call your Master.” That was quite unusual. First, how did he realize we were from the Unification Church; and second, how did he have the nerve to come and ask us so openly about our spiritual whereabouts, this being in the middle of a Catholic monastery! Jeannine obviously invited him in and he had a lot of intelligent questions. We spent all morning talking with the monk. Whatever convinced him to become a monk, we never knew—he was very young and very intelligent. But then again, what convinced us to become Unification Church members? Being on the road, one can’t keep contacts, unfortunately, and so we never saw that monk again.

Usually, when looking for a sleeping place, Jeannine would just say we were a group of traveling missionaries, which isn’t all that unusual in Italy. It is also nothing unusual that a group of traveling missionaries is raising funds for their Church. Once, I remember, we were introduced to the nuns of the convent and Jeannine explained which ones of us were Catholic—practically all of us—and then she said, pointing to one sister, “She isn’t Catholic.” “Ah,” said the already quite elderly nun, “She’s a Communist.”

Lucky nun! If one wasn’t Catholic, well, one just had to be a Communist. Or were there other options in life? We had one favorite convent, somewhere in the north of Tuscany, which we would always go back to. But once, the Mother Superior talked to Jeannine and explained to her that the “Mother Superior’s Superior” didn’t allow her any more to let us stay in the convent, because our beliefs were truly different from the teachings of the

Catholic Church. The Mother Superior, the nuns and all of us were very sad, because they really appreciated us and we liked them very much. They were always smiling and had such a positive attitude. But Jeannine was a true diplomatic genius! Once, when Karl Leo came, he had this idea to have a meeting together with the brother team, and Jeannine talked with the Mother Superior of this convent and she allowed us to stay there—for the purpose of “rest and relaxation” only. So all of us, Karl Leo and all of the brothers, stayed there in the convent for a couple of days.

We also used to stay at the Church Center in Florence—unlike other Fundraising teams we had decidedly good relationships with the Italian brothers and sisters. They were practically all brothers in the Center, with just one sister, and she was very happy to have other sisters around, when our team stopped there for a couple of days. We would sometimes eat together, and just being in another Unification Church Center we would feel at home, and being made felt at home, as well. When we knew we had to go back to Germany—it was November of 1978 by then—we made our last stop in the Center in Florence and in the last night we stayed in Italy, somebody broke into our van and stole some things we had left there for the night. How sad we were, to leave Italy like that! Ever confident that nothing would happen, we never really worried about leaving an obviously fully equipped traveling minibus right smack in the middle of Florence, and—well, there it happened. They stole Irmgard’s winter coat and her little Black Forest doll she kept dangling from the mirror.

The brother in charge of the Center in Florence gave us an Italian Unification Church songbook and we treasured that, learning many an Italian song from it, which we would perform later in Germany, to the German family. Eveline and I had a favorite song—“Brother Sun, Sister Moon”. For many years later in life, when someone asked me to sing a song, I would sing this song in Italian.

In the end, that’s what we took with us from Italy: we were the Young, the Brave, the Best, we had an indomitable spirit, ours was the future. We were “Gonna Build a Kingdom”, just like Jon

Schuhart, an early United States Unification Church member, wrote in his song, which was sung in Unification Church Centers throughout the whole world:

### *Gonna Build a Kingdom*

*by Jon Schuhart*

Gonna build a kingdom on this sad old ground;  
Gonna build a kingdom all around!  
Gonna call it heaven 'cause that's what it'll be—  
A place of beauty, peace and joy for you and me!

It'll take some hard work to make this old mud new.  
It'll take a struggle, but we'll see it through!  
Go and tell your friends if they want to come,  
That they're all welcome to this land we call freedom!

Fight determined to be victors and we'll triumph in the end.  
And we'll stop this world of trouble, and we'll ease this  
pain for men.  
We've a kingdom to establish with our tears, our sweat,  
our blood;  
And we'll kick to hell this world of hell  
And build a new world for God!

So come all you people, it's your kingdom, too;  
'Cause it won't be a kingdom without you.  
So rejoice my brothers, all men of all lands;

For the glory of the true world—  
That wonderful me and you world—  
The kingdom of the new world is at hand!

*Part Three*  
The Workshops



## *Singing*

There is something very powerful about a couple of hundred people singing together! Throughout all of our life in the Church we sang together our Holy Songs, traditional Christian hymns, Christian youth songs, popular songs, folk songs and original songs by Unification Church members. We sang them all! From “How Great Thou Art” to “Blowing in the Wind”, from “Amazing Grace” to “Country Roads”.

There are large choirs in the world, but usually they focus on one type of music, like a gospel choir, for example. Our songbooks were both adopted from the United States and originally grown out of the “German experience”; I saw songbooks from different countries as well, the *Unification Songbook* by and large reflected the movements, the stream of growth of that particular country, because every country had their original songs by Unification Church members. We had a lot of “standard American fare”, as well as truly international folk songs. Obviously there were many Korean songs we brought to perfection individually and as choirs. We also had the custom of learning the songs of the country we were fundraising in, so in Italy we learned many Italian songs, and when our teams were mixed and we mingled with sisters who had been working in French-speaking parts of Europe, I learned quite a lot of French songs as well. I made my own songbook with the more unusual songs, the ones taught by a brother or a sister who knew how to play an instrument and actually understood something about music.

The best part about being together for the workshops was being able to sing together as a large group. With the young and fresh mind I had, I quickly learned many songs by heart. I never had a great voice, but could hold my own in a choir. There was some powerful singing in Camberg! The Unification Movement has forty Holy Songs—seven songs written by Rev. Sun Myung

Moon himself, and the rest by the very early Korean Church members. These were translations from the Korean original, translated into English, and from English, translated into the language of the mission country by a local brother or sister. Some of the Holy Songs are melodic and rather slow, others are true military style “Marching on” songs; all deal with the hope of the coming Kingdom of God on Earth. There is one “Song of the Victors”, with the refrain: “There we’ll sing new songs in the Garden fair, songs of freedom bright with happiness...”

Much later in life, I did a forty-day seminar with my whole family in a workshop site especially built for this purpose near the city of Jardim, in the province of Mato Grosso do Sur, Brazil. Guess what the word *jardim* means? It means “garden” in Portuguese. When I sang that very same song in the garden fair, I realized that some dreams do come true.

There was one person who really had me in awe. That was one sister, Sally, who came from South Africa. Many a time she was the “Master of Ceremonies” for the entertainment at night. She gave this big speech of how there was something special about a men’s choir. All those strong, rich, masculine voices—she made the brothers sing and sing loud! She was a true entertainer; she knew how to make everyone laugh and she knew how to make people participate. Then, one day, I saw her in the morning. She had gotten up late and her face was all distorted with pain. I was told that she was actually very sick and was in much pain almost constantly. I admired her. Some weeks later she had to stay in the hospital—I never knew what her big “secret” illness was, probably some form of cancer; but everyone behaved as if she would die in the next six months. Once, a leader read publicly a letter she had written from the hospital—and everyone cried! I never saw her anymore since then. Sometimes I thought about her and wondered what had happened to her. Then, some time ago, in one of our Church publications, I read an article written by that very same Sally. First, she hadn’t died. Second, she had obtained some sort of a degree, and third, she was now teaching music in a school of higher learning in South Africa. Is that a success story or what?

## *Acting*

Like I mentioned before, when I finished my term as an “outside member” and quit working, I stayed in Camberg for several weeks. The first three weeks I participated in the seven-day workshops until I was made part of the regular workshop staff, since I decided to stay for good. The seven-day workshop would always prepare a sketch for the guests of the coming two-day, the weekend, workshop, and it was given on Saturday night.

As part of the staff in Camberg we had a French sister—I do not remember at all what her actual mission was—but she would stage these sketches very professionally. Sorting out and working with the characters of every workshop participant, she would find an adequate story and cast everyone according to their character and temperament. We did a wonderful rendition of *The Little Prince*, with costumes, music and all. Guess who the Little Prince was? That’s right. Yours truly. I knew the story, I’d read the book before, but I never fully understood the depth of the story until I had the chance to act it out. It was marvelous! So successful we were that we had a chance to perform it several Saturdays in a row. The next sketch I participated in was *The Wizard of Oz*. No, I didn’t get to play Dorothy. I was the Wicked Witch of the West! Oh well, you can’t win them all. In any case—they loved my performance as the witch—it was all me!

## *Praying*

Camberg has something special, which we call the “Holy Ground”. The original Holy Grounds in the world were pieces of land specially blessed by Rev. Moon with Korean earth buried at the site. This happened in 1965 on his first world tour. After that, the general leadership of every country would take a couple of brothers and sisters, do some special prayers and do something quite similar as: “I claim this land in the name of...” Usually it was a tree, or two trees or a rock or, as in the case of Washington, D.C., an imagined intersection on a lawn between a couple of important buildings, like “If you can see this building in the north, that building in the south and the other building in the east—then you hit it right on the money.” In our literature, some instructions for finding the Holy Ground read like a treasure map: “From the biggest oak tree take fifty steps up the hill, turn to the West, leave the tulips on your right and take one-hundred steps through the open ground: the tree you have in front of you, that’s the one!”

Luckily the Holy Ground of Camberg was easy to spot. It was just up the hill, behind the big barn, and consisted of two precious and unusual conifer trees all fenced in. When I was introduced to this place for the first time, the conifer trees were “babies” and reached just about to my waist. Coming back, again and again, year after year, I saw how they grew. Last I remember standing on the Holy Ground of Camberg, the trees had grown way over my head and I imagined that just as these trees had grown, so had I grown myself. These trees were comforting and embracing—they meant being at home. From the very beginning, I walked up the hill at night to pray. The Holy Ground at night-time was always full of brothers and sisters praying—some prayed silently, many prayed in a loud voice and some prayed in a high-pitched voice, a sort of hysteric kind of prayer. Luckily, this custom disappeared in the Church somewhat after a couple of years.

Since Camberg was totally in the countryside, one could see an incredible array of stars—even the Milky Way on very clear nights. It was overwhelming! The presence of the Living God could very much be felt. It was as if one could touch God. After a while I had my own tradition: every time when we spent some days in Camberg, at night-time I went up to the Holy Ground to pray and to look at the stars. I always had the distinct feeling that Someone was waiting for me up there. There was a real feeling of meeting with the Living God—just as people in love would meet. Sometimes there were other brothers and sisters there. Sometimes I was all by myself. I would go up even in the rain with an umbrella, because I had “a promise to keep”. Never did I spend a workshop or a meeting in Camberg, without going to the Holy Ground in the night. Every night.

## *Lectures*

The “business” of the Workshop Center, obviously, was the lectures. The Unification Church of 1976 and beyond had some fine lecturers. Standing out of the crowd was Wolfgang Waldner—very cocky and very convincing. He did the four essential weekend workshop lectures and the seven-day lectures as well. The Waldners’ have quite an unusual story: Wolfgang, before he met the Unification Church, was sort of an artsy, bohemian kind of a person—I never really knew what exactly his “art” consisted of, but now he is an architect. His father, Otto Waldner, was a sculptor, and since I can think was also involved full-time in the Church. There are a lot of his sculptures in Camberg and other places. The mother had died long ago. When the Matching and Blessing came along, Wolfgang was blessed to the Korean sister who was taking care of the guests in Camberg and by and large was the most “Germanized” of all the Korean sisters we had. They had been working together for a long time in the same place; it was the closest a Unification Church member could ever come to an “office romance”, and it gave them the advantage of knowing each other well. The father was also blessed with a Korean lady, a pianist, about his age and an artist herself. So father and son had Korean wives.

Be that as it may, I was very young, and the lectures were very long, but Wolfgang made them interesting. We had breaks between the usually 1½-hour lectures. They started on Saturday early in the morning and finished on Sunday after lunch. The participants arrived Friday night and left Sunday in the afternoon. Many stayed the whole week for the seven-day workshop, just like me, in 1978. By then there was a different main lecturer, Christian Hausmann. To get the full impact, you have to listen to it. It’s not the same, reading the *Divine Principle*, or even watching a video with taped lectures. There is a certain chemistry: the lecturer, the blackboard, the audience... Not having the full

experience of a workshop is like watching a 70mm movie on TV—it's just not the same.

That's why I won't get into any detailed explanations about the *Divine Principle*—because it's simply not the same. Go to the cinema to see the 70mm movie! “They don't show them anymore. In any case, with multiplex cinemas, the big screen is a little bit bigger than the television screen anyway...” Well, that's just what the whole world has come down to! Ah, but I have another, brilliant idea. In this era of small screens, we do have the Internet, you can download the whole *Divine Principle*, all 500-plus pages of it, and try to figure out your way through the Sections, Titles, Subtitles and Subdivisions. A scholarly person might find this to be a worthy challenge. Then again, I might try to explain the *Divine Principle* the best way I can, with a story.

This, I admit freely, is a piece of plagiarism, the first three points come out of the head of a German brother, called Winfried Schwager; I hope he is happy, rich and famous by now. The last two points are my own invention.

Think “John Lennon” and imagine...

First picture: We have a glider, not an airplane, no Boeing, no Cessna, nothing with a motor—just a glider. Okay? Good. This glider needs external help to “soar the skies”. It usually is brought up in the air with the help of an airplane and a rope, and having reached the acquired heights, the rope is let loose and the glider moves by itself. There, between the wind and the clouds, it moves along freely.

Second picture: The inevitable happened—a storm brews up, a storm and heavy rains—forces too strong to handle for our glider—throw him on the ground, and there he is—taken out of the sky and smashed to pieces.

Third picture: By a sheer miracle the pilot isn't dead, he is badly wounded, immobile, but his sharp ears mark clearly the sounds of coming salvation: the approaching helicopter.

Fourth picture: The pilot is whisked off to the nearest hospital by the helicopter, and we have all kinds of vehicles—ambulances,

police cars, clean-up crews, they all go to work and the whole place is a big mess.

Fifth picture: The pilot is getting his long-awaited and rightly deserved vacation on a beautiful South Sea island—with a deep blue sea and a pristine white beach.

That's the whole *Divine Principle* in a nutshell: A human being was conceived by his Creator to “soar in the skies”, ever-mindful and abiding by the physical and spiritual laws surrounding him. The *Divine Principle* describes this in its first chapter, “The Principles of Creation”. What happened next, was a big accident, the *Divine Principle* calls it “The Fall of Man”—bad news on a large scale. Then comes the “helicopter”, the Savior, the Messiah, the One and Only, The One Who Comes To Take Us All Out Of This Big Mess. This is all being explained in “The Coming and Purpose of the Messiah”. And then it's our turn. We have to clean up the big mess. This we call “The Restoration”, and the second part of the *Divine Principle* is dedicated to how this “cleaning up” part went on throughout the whole of human history. “And in the end, they all went to the beach...”, to borrow from Iliah, from *Never on Sundays*. If you don't fancy the beach, then “climb every mountain”, like Maria did in *The Sound of Music*. In the end we all just have a big, big party.

This is not just a simple way of explaining world history, but it also reflects the comings and goings of our own lives. When one is young, one has dreams and aspirations, falls in love and “soars the skies”. Usually the inevitable happens—the first real heartbreak, the first sleepless nights with a wet pillow, and now we come to the most crucial part of our life: where does my salvation come from? Who is my savior? Only very few, very lucky ones go directly from picture one to picture three. These are the ones who either get to marry their high school sweetheart or they have “found Jesus” and hitched up with a nice, godly and Christian soul, who would never do them any harm. There are lucky people like that in the world; they are few, but they do exist.

Nevertheless, even if you found your soul mate, there is still a lot of “cleaning up” left to do, or, to put it differently—either you're part of the problem, or you're part of the solution. If you

consider yourself part of the solution, then all of your productive years are filled to the brim with the “cleaning up” part—having found your personal savior or not. Life is a never-ending stress of making the rounds between job obligations, paying all of the bills, getting the children to school and all the other places they want to be taken to, appeasing the spouse, dealing with the children’s stomach-, head- and toothaches and—if you’re really outstanding, doing some community work as well.

Most importantly in the productive years is to never lose sight that this “cleaning up” part is actually helping the world to become a better place. I do believe so! When do we get to enjoy life on the island? Many of us will die, without ever having seen “the island”...but our children will have a better world to live in. I hope that’s good enough for you—it’s good enough for me.

## *Fellowship*

Sometimes we had special weekend workshops. Those were the long weekend workshops, the ones where you had a holiday, either on a Friday or a Monday. We always had much more guests for these workshops—the house was full and one could do some really strong singing, and the performances on Saturday night were also of much higher quality. Since we had two nights, Saturday night and Sunday night too, we did something special on the second night. Usually a campfire was built on the back lawn or a little bit up the hill, close to the Holy Ground; then again, sometimes it would be piled up directly at the entrance lawn.

There was always someone who knew how to play the guitar, and we would sit around the campfire on big logs, singing many songs together. There were always brothers and sisters who did their solos, since the brother in charge would highly encourage all to step forward and sing something for everybody. No sweat—we had our songbooks. I remember two brothers practicing one song in a closed room over the whole weekend with two voices and two guitars—by the time they had it down to perfection and finally performed it for everybody else, I had learned the song as well! There was a great time to be had at the campfire. It went on for hours or until there was definitely no more wood to be thrown into the fire and we had to extinguish it.

We had a special way of finishing all of our special fellowships. With or without a campfire, after the singing was done, we would hold hands and form a big circle and pray together. The leader of the gathering would do the first, representative prayer, usually some more brothers and sisters would pray, and then we would pray all together. There was a tradition in Camberg—and not only in Camberg—we had one song, one very special song, which we would sing when everything was said and done. That song was “I’ll Never Leave You Anymore”. Things would change, brothers

and sisters would come and go like the flow of the tides, leaders would change; but as long as only one brother or one sister was there to sing "I'll Never Leave You Anymore", the Living God would be with us:

*I'll never leave you anymore*

*by Hillie Edwards*

I'll never leave you anymore,  
For I have found in your bright eyes  
A river of love, a heart of gold,  
A peaceful mind, a hand to hold.

And what'll I do with this precious gift?  
Shall I embrace it to myself?  
Oh, no I can't, I would lose it sure;  
It must be given if it's to endure.

And how will I use this treasure store?  
How will I share this wordless joy?  
I'll greet all men with a loving heart;  
I'll speak the truth with a clear voice.

And together we'll build a world that's new.  
That's fit for kings and fit for queens;  
We'll raise them up to rule the land,  
And place dominion in your hand.

We'll never leave you anymore,  
For we have found in your bright eyes  
A river of love, a heart of gold,  
A peaceful mind, a hand to hold.



*Part Four*  
Hibernating in a Big City



## *Eveline's Team*

I don't remember at all why, but when our days in Italy were definitely over and we were sent to fundraise in the city of Cologne, they took Jeannine away from us. One day, Karl Leo came to visit, and when he left, Jeannine left with him to the National Headquarters. Her mission was changed. Suddenly we were all orphans. It was the pits. The logical choice for team-leader fell on Eveline—being the best fundraiser and all. But things don't always work out that way. Not everyone can evoke these certain dynamics of true leadership. Likewise, not every outstanding soccer player has what it takes to become a team coach. A whole entity is more than just the sum of its parts. Eveline had to fill a pair of shoes which really were too big for her. Apart from that, by the time we came back to Germany, it was November of 1978 and cold—very cold. We saw snow, lots of it. Many times we came back from our area in this cold and loveless winter of 1978-79 with soaked feet. I was truly depressed. So was everyone else on the team.

The fundraising approach in Germany changed as well. Whereas in Italy we just asked for donations, in Germany we had a Unification Church magazine at a fixed price to sell. The price was somewhat higher than an ordinary magazine, but the people understood that this was a donation “for the cause”. Back in Germany that very first winter, life became very boring. No sun, no sea, no adventures... I had my first real dry spell in the Church and it lasted until springtime. And then, all of a sudden, spring was in the air—with all the growing and blossoming and buzzing, I was reborn! Luckily we had another change of team-leader—“team captain”, as they said in the United States. Then, when summer came, we would become a true Mobile Fundraising Team again.

## *The French Connection*

By then the German Leadership was the couple Rev. Reiner Vincenz and his wife Barbara. Reiner Vincenz was the first German Unification Church Member. The handful of people who composed the Unification Church in the early 1960s were all Germans who had lived in the United States, including Paul Werner, and had joined the still quite small Unification Movement there led by Miss Young Oon Kim, the very first Korean Unification Church Missionary to the United States. Miss Kim had a small group of followers around the San Francisco Bay area with quite a few foreigners composing the group, and the Germans were asked to go back to Germany to start with the mission in their home country. Barbara Vincenz was one of the original “American” Germans, who had joined the movement with her brother, Peter Koch, in California. Back in Germany, Peter Koch found a job in a company; Reiner Vincenz worked in the same company. Peter Koch seemingly did not sleep at night, and all the other employees were worried about him: “What’s wrong with this guy? Is he a Russian spy or something?” So they all decided that someone had to find out what his big secret was—that “someone” was Reiner Vincenz.

The Peter Koch’s “big secret” was that he translated the whole *Divine Principle* book from English to German—at night. Obviously, to Peter Koch this was a “secret mission”, even more secret and serious than if he had been an actual Russian spy. So, when he revealed his “secret mission” to Reiner Vincenz, he asked him first, “If you were shipwrecked on an island and you could take three books with you, which books would you take?” Reiner Vincenz told us once that obviously he would take the Bible, and being a good German he would take Goethe’s *Faust*; and the third book he mentioned, I forgot. But Peter Koch answered him, “I only need to take one book.” And that’s when he showed him the *Divine Principle*. The rest, as they say, is

history. That was the Gospel as told by Reiner Vincenz. I never heard the same story told by Peter Koch, but it couldn't have been all that different.

Paul Werner, on the other hand, had gone to Austria and started the Unification Church there. At one point before I met the movement in 1975, they had switched: Rev. Paul Werner came to Germany and became "Paul the Great"; Peter Koch embodied for many, many years the Austrian Unification Church. Reiner Vincenz was sent as missionary to France and built up the French Unification Church literally from nothing. That's where the "French Connection" came from. When Rev. Moon started with his campaigning in the U.S. in 1974, all the European countries were asked to send their members to help with the effort. I remember that Reiner Vincenz told us that he had exactly 120 members in France when he left with most of them for the U.S. He had loved France and he loved the United States as well—and he loved to drive. Rather disappointedly he told us, "In Germany you step on the pedal—and you're already there!" For someone who was used to traveling long distances, the forty-minute drive between Frankfurt and Camberg, for example, must have been very frustrating.

Reiner Vincenz didn't exude leadership in the way Paul Werner did. He was more of an easy-going person—there was something very particular about the way he said "Faaaather" in English or "Vaaaaater" in German. And every speech, every lecture, sermon or talk—he would always finish with a very melodic rendition of "Maaaarching Oooon!" Everywhere in Germany, in every team, in every center, any place that had something to do with the Unification Church—we were all imitating his "Marching On"! Do you remember *Amadeus*? If you want to know how Rev. Vincenz was, then watch the movie again and fix your attention on the actor playing the Austrian Emperor. The Reiner Vincenz I knew was very much like that.

## *Our Man For All Seasons*

Karl Leo had left the Teams; he was asked to do bigger and greater things and our new leader was Hubert. He was a “Man For All Seasons”. Coming from Munich and therefore being a true Bavarian, he was a born leader. We all loved him—no, let me rephrase that—we worshipped him. He was our soul. He embodied the German Fundraising Teams at their best. Every brother wanted to be like him, and every sister was somewhat in love with him. I climbed the same mountain three times with him—twice in winter and once in summer. He knew how to bring the best out of everyone. Once in Camberg we had a singing contest: the people participating had quite good voices, Hubert participated as well—his voice was nothing special, he couldn’t even keep a straight tune—but he won the competition anyway. The heart and conviction he put into his performance convinced everyone. He took us to the cinema, he took us to Chinese and Korean restaurants, he climbed a mountain with us. He didn’t come to lecture us, he was just “one of the guys”. That’s why he was so immensely popular. Whenever he came to visit us, he himself was the main message of hope to everyone.

Once, with brothers in the team and in the middle of winter, he took us to climb a particular mountain, the Herzogstand in Bavaria, which he apparently knew very well. The mountain was covered with snow and we walked up to the top! It took us quite a few hours to reach it. I made a startling discovery: the leader of the group has a difficult life—he has to make the way for everyone else to follow. If you literally follow in his footsteps, life becomes quite easy—because the pattern is already set and there is much less effort than for the one who’s first in line. A year or two later, with a different team, we went up there again—it was winter, but this time we went with the lifts. That was a much easier feeling. Having arrived at the top of the mountain, we played around in the snow.

The last time I went up with Hubert to the top of that very same mountain, I didn't belong to the Fundraising Team anymore. One team was stationed in the Center in Munich and I just asked if I could go along. It was summertime and we had one Northern German sister with us who came from "Flatland"—there are no mountains in the north of Germany, not even hills. That poor sister, she almost fainted! It was hot—and the climb was heavy. At the foot of the mountain there is a small lake and we were all dying to swim in that lake. The water was ice-cold, but we loved it. That was the last time I climbed that mountain with Hubert and a Fundraising Team.

There is one tale I told many times: Hubert wanted to find out what exactly the problem was with one brother team that didn't make any money. In his opinion, "they should have gotten a job at the local hamburger place", because with expenses and all, they were losing money. So he bought a couple of (malt) beers for the guys—"It felt good to drink beer from the bottle, even if it was beer without alcohol!" Then he asked them one by one, "You—why are you here?" "Well, my leader sent me to the fundraising team...so I went to the fundraising team."

He found out that the brothers lacked motivation to a serious degree; they had lost their sense of purpose. Maybe it also had to do with the fact that their team-leader was "very vertical", as we used to call it—Sunday mornings at Pledge Service he would pray for a long, long time just by himself—and the brothers felt bad and were bored. So Hubert, in the middle of this never-ending prayer, just said "Amen!"—much to the relief of the poor suffering brothers!

We did great things together with Hubert, but the reason why we loved him so much was that he was so very natural in everything he did—he was just himself. He truly brought out the best in all of us: once he had us all running, and to everyone's delight, a sister outran even the brothers and won the competition! Then, when the Matching came around, everyone was in for a surprise: Rev. Moon matched him to another Bavarian—a sister who was quite small, quite chubby and wore glasses, the kind that make your pupils look bigger than they are. She was very industrious—she could cook for a couple of

hundred people, no sweat. She was always in good spirits, with a smile or a laugh on her face. A beauty she wasn't, but she was a "power woman". Of course she loved Hubert. Hubert didn't want to lose everything he had gained, so he stuck it out for some time. Then, finally, he admitted, "I like her as my sister, but I don't want her to be my wife!" He had failed the ultimate test: he couldn't love his wife. He had already everything anybody could ever wish for, but he wasn't able to accept the person Rev. Moon gave him as his spouse and companion in life.

Jesus told us that we shouldn't just love our friends, because everybody can do that; we should love our enemies. Well, Rev. Moon takes this idea a step further, he asks us to marry our enemy! He told us in many speeches that "husband and wife start out in the enemy's position", and from there on one has to work one's way up. Some couples, after years, still have remained enemies. Others fight and bite and bitch and bicker...and have come to a mutual understanding on a very profound level. With other couples, it was "love at first sight". Still, every Unification Church couple, especially if they are international, intercultural and interracial, try to embrace the Living God into their relationship, try to create a place in their hearts and in their homes where the Living God can visit them and be with them—that's the lifelong challenge of a Blessed Couple of the Unification Church.

Hubert then left the Unification Church on account of not being able to accept his wife. Every one of us felt very sad when that happened. His ex-wife got matched and blessed again. She has three children now and is very much the same "power woman" she always was. With the advance of technology, her glasses are a normal size now, which makes her more attractive. But then again, a person who lives for the sake of others *is* very attractive.

Thinking about Jesus again, he gave all of us a lot of practical advice. How else would you call this, when he tells us, "Better to go with one eye into the kingdom of heaven, than with two eyes into hell." I know what he's talking about. You can't have it all. You have to make choices in life. Sometimes it's better to let go, to give up something really, really important, just to be able to

win “the big game” later on. Nowadays, luckily, we don’t have to sacrifice an eye; but some things may hurt just as much. Many brothers and sisters who left the Unification Church didn’t want to accept that fact of life. They thought they could have it all. They didn’t want to sacrifice something which really hurt them at that moment. They thought they were smart enough to go “with two eyes into the kingdom of heaven”. Unfortunately, it doesn’t work that way. Just like a good war veteran, you have to accept that one eye is left on the road. But, let’s be honest. Real war veterans, the ones with a mutilated body or a mutilated soul, or both—they inspire awe in us. They humble us, because they did something we all don’t want to do: invest our life for the cause. They started out being regular guys; what made them different was that they could rise to the occasion. Anybody has got what it takes to do that. The real question is: Do I want to? Or am I just too picky, too fancy, too sophisticated, too “special” to rise to the occasion? It’s funny, but a lot of outstanding brothers and sisters—really, the best ones of all of us—stumbled over this stone: they couldn’t rise to the occasion. They didn’t want to let go of that one eye, they thought: Heck, I don’t need that in my life. I can do better than this. As for Hubert, I hope he became happy in life—we, his fundraisers, will never forget him.

## *Swimming in the Olympic Stadium*

While we were in a team with a team-leader who went by the name of Margret, hibernating in Munich, with or without Hubert, we went to the swimming pool on a regular basis, usually every Sunday afternoon. We lived in this really old giant apartment, which was part of an ancient building right in the heart of Munich and without any running hot water. If one wanted to take a shower, one was transported back into the nineteenth century. So we found the need to go swimming once a week, and we would go to the fabulous Olympic Stadium in Munich. It was a big-sized stadium and the water was just the right temperature. At that point we had a mixed team with brothers as well and I really learned a lot from them.

Swimming is one thing. Diving is quite another thing. You have diving from the board and diving under water. Jumping from the 1m board was something the brothers did—they even ventured up to the 3m board. Some courageous sisters would participate in that, but I never liked it, so I didn't even try. I learned how to dive under water. I learned it from Tobias. He knew how to dive. First, you have to make sure the ears are properly closed. One has to make a sneezing motion with the nose closed, so somehow the ears close as well. Then one has to learn how to breathe. Tobias showed me how to breathe really deeply to fill the lungs with enough air, so one could hold one's breath for a long time. The public swimming pools in Germany are truly deep—the deepest part is about 3.5m. That's the "safety net" for the 10m board, which by the way was always closed. We would start at the deep end, going right to the bottom of the basin and coming up again. Gravity moves with different rules under water. A normal swimming stroke takes you very far. Children who are learning to dive and showing off their skills very proudly to their parents, usually struggle in and around 50cm under the surface. That's really a struggle, and it doesn't lead you anywhere.

The true diving is done when one hits the bottom without fear. There, in the deep, there is peace; the screams and noises of the pool are not audible anymore and one has entered a different dimension.

Tobias also taught me how to come up quickly. You assume a vertical direction and put your arms straight up—this is enough, the body is propelled upward like a rocket. First, with little experience, you manage up to three or four large strokes underwater, then the air is gone and one has to come up. Week by week my lung capacity increased and my confidence as well. I learned to manage my lung and air capacity to make it up to ten or twelve strokes. Tobias had his own goals—he could dive wall to wall, the width of a giant swimming pool like the one in Munich and the whole length of a small-sized one. For many years, even though Tobias and I weren't in the same team anymore, I would perfect myself until I was able to do the same: I could dive the length of a small swimming pool and the width of a real big one.

Down at the bottom of the sea, there was the Living God. It was a pleasure to enter this world of calm and peace. No noises, no disturbances, just me, the water and the Living God. Too bad one had to come up so quickly. Coming up, one is truly exhausted, but it is a good exhaustion, the exhaustion that fills the body after having worked hard, and I let myself float a little bit, imagining that I was a dolphin resting in the ocean. Years later, while vacationing in Germany and being at one of these fabulously deep public pools, I had to know if I still had “the bite”. People were looking at me strangely while I was breathing deeply in and out, but after I dived the width of the pool wall to wall they weren't looking at me so strangely anymore. I learned a lot from the diving. I learned how to set goals. I learned how to find peace. I learned that one has to push oneself right to the edge, putting the limit each time a little further without falling into the abyss. And I learned how to find the Living God. After a while, I knew that God was waiting for me down there, just like He was waiting for me on the Holy Ground in Camberg.

## *The Difference Between a Good Result and a Good Average*

For those of you who are wondering, That's all very nice, but how much money did these guys make? Well, life is relative. At that time, somewhere between 1979 and 1980, we had the daily goal of 240DM. For a good fundraiser, that was an achievable goal. The better ones made more, the weaker ones made far less. It was nearly impossible to achieve that goal daily, but a goal is a goal. Every soccer team has the goal of becoming the champions. But there can be only one! Still, a clear goal raises everyone's performance.

So, every night, we brought in the money to a designated person, who usually wasn't the team-leader. He counted it, neatly wrote down everyone's results, and by the end of the week gave us a report of our averages. Mrs. Vincenz was, at that point, in charge of the German Unification Church because Rev. Reiner Vincenz, like every other National Leader in Europe, was working in Great Britain directly with Rev. Moon and a lot of the "Big Guys" who had come over from the United States. She made one thing very clear: she didn't want to have "outstanding once-in-a-lifetime" results, but rather brothers and sisters who had a stable average. That was good advice. First, obviously, a steady income makes life ever so much easier for the leadership; and next, a steady income creates a steady person with a lot fewer "spiritual problems", as we used to call them.

So, for us, average was more important than one-off results. The one with the best average was the celebrated fundraiser. And just as it happened before in Italy, I was number two, only occasionally was I number one. I could live with that, because for fundraising in hospitals, I definitely was number one, for no one had the guts or was outrageous enough to do what I did! And that's how we survived the fundraising winters. The first winter we came from Italy and stayed in the Unification Church Center

in Cologne. The next winter we stayed in this giant apartment in Munich. And the third winter we stayed in the Church Center in Stuttgart.

The regular members of the Unification Church Center had their schedules and their activities, and we had ours. Sometimes we would cook and eat together, sometimes not. But the Unification Church holidays, we would always celebrate together. We had good relationships with the brothers and sisters staying and working in the Center. On occasion, one of them would come fundraising with us, for the Center's expenses. Ours was a more sacrificial life—we were the ones leaving early in the morning, staying out all day and coming back at night.

The teams were changing all the time—brothers and sisters moved around from here to there and back again. Mobility was no issue; one had a sleeping bag and a suitcase or traveling bag, and that was it. I had accumulated quite a lot of things— I was a fundraiser, yes, but not all that “mobile” anymore. In the end, we stored many things away in Camberg.

One doesn't go through the Unification Church without learning the most popular of all the Korean songs: “Omayá”. It's about a little boy, who says, “Mummy, older sister, I want to live by the riverside...”

## *Omayá*

*Omayá, noonaya*  
*Kang byun sal-cha.*  
*Ture nun, pancha gi nun*  
*Koom more pit.*  
*Tu rae nun pa ke nun*  
*Ka lippe no re.*  
*Omayá, noonaya*  
*Kang byun sal-cha*



*Part Five*

Traveling around with the Van



## *A True Christian Soul*

We made a lot of money to pay for conferences in fancy hotels for people who already had a lot of money. Does that make sense? Well, how do you measure these things? I guess it's like paying your taxes—you just have to believe that your hard-earned tax money will be spent wisely. When the winter was over and spring came along, the National Mobile Fundraising Teams got even more mobile, because we started to travel the neighborhood. We had a lot of vacation trailers neatly stationed at Camberg, which were leftovers from earlier witnessing campaigns throughout the country, and since they were just rotting and rusting away without any use, the leadership decided that they should be put to some good use and be made ready, usable and habitable for the Fundraising Teams. Is there anyone out there who doesn't love to travel the country in a mobile home? If you're young and single and don't have anything better to do in the world, it's just great! They accommodated an average family—or four adults—which meant you could put six to seven Moonies in one trailer.

That was quite different from Italy. We didn't have to worry about a sleeping place, because we carried it already with us. In comparison with living in the bus, it was sheer luxury. The trailer even had a heating system; we could do all of the cooking inside and we had an itchy-bitsy toilet, as well. It got somewhat messy when it rained, though. We were all sisters—the brothers were traveling in their trailer. Our leader in the summer of 1980 was Else, who had a true Christian background. She came from one of these Protestant families somewhere around Stuttgart, where the whole family is engaged in community work and community service. She had read the Bible three times through before she met the Unification Church, and was a credit to any Church, any group, any establishment. She carried her religion with her. Many a night, when we were all sleeping, she was still up praying. Ever calm and very motherly, with her we traveled the whole of south-

east Germany, which included the state of Baden-Württemberg: Swabia, the Black Forest and up to Lake Constance on the German-Austrian-Swiss border.

Once, Else took the whole team to her home. Her mother and father treated us nicely and the whole atmosphere of the home was just like a Unification Church Center. Her parents never understood why she became a member of the Unification Church, but they respected their daughter—she was a leader in our community and they were proud parents. They had raised a fine daughter. Rita was with us in the team, an incredibly tall, “Teutonic” German sister, a different Rita from the one I was together with in Italy; Sabine, who knew martial arts and always sat absolutely upright in any chair; Ruth-Eva, who was “the best of the best”—incredibly successful with anything she ventured; be it fundraising, witnessing or working with Christian ministers later on—and oh yes, Elisabeth was with us, as well.

## *“Raiding” Hospitals*

There was something special about fundraising in hospitals. One had to have a special kind of spirit, a sort of purified spiritual self, that was invisible. I said to myself, “I am a missionary, I visit the sick and I am invisible.” Now I really don’t know who first came up with the idea of fundraising in hospitals; it seemed to me a pretty outrageous idea, asking sick people for money, while selling them a religious magazine. But the idea stuck, and first thing I did when I was left in an unknown town was to look for the local hospital. How would I go about “raiding” the hospital, then?

Well, I would start by stepping through the door, very low-key, a visitor to an old sick grandma or something of the like; generally the floor personnel didn’t even notice me, nor the considerably large bulge of magazines I carried on my left arm. In Italy we carried them in office folders, in Germany we used simple plastic bags. Very quickly I managed to bring myself up to one of the higher floors and started my work. If it was convenient, I started directly at the top floor, quietly and calmly, going from door to door, patient to patient, floor to floor. What would I say? “Hello, I am a missionary, I visit the sick and if you like you can help me out with a donation.” I really felt that way. I *was* a missionary at that moment, and the short time I spent with the men and women who were staying in their hospital beds, I tried to channel the Spirit of the Living God to each and every one of them. Always I tried to touch them, and felt that through my arm and hand something of a bright, white energy was reaching them which was to cure them. That was my conviction.

Without this conviction I couldn’t have done it. “I am a missionary. I visit the sick. I am invisible.” That’s what I said to myself all the time. You remember *Star Wars*—the first one—don’t you? Remember when Obi Wan rode up with Luke Skywalker right up to the police barrier, where they were looking for “a robot and an android”, and one of the best “Alec

Guinnesses” I’ve seen, looked the policeman straight in the eye and told him, “ These are not the robots you’re looking for. These robots may pass.” That’s the spirit! Now, one can learn how to personify a person with that kind of conviction.

The nurses and doctors really did not notice me. In the beginning I went during visiting hours, but often enough the friends and family of the patients didn’t like the idea of a missionary asking for money. So I did my “rounds” usually in the quiet morning hours. Most of the patients in hospitals were recovering from operations, and more than likely to be very sore, but were in good spirits and terribly bored. The really heavy cases I didn’t approach. Sometimes I would find the doctor with a battery of helpers doing his rounds, so I quietly closed the door and continued a little bit further ahead.

Sometimes of course, you do get noticed. The noticing was always done by the nurses. With varying degrees of friendliness—or unfriendliness, I was told in no uncertain terms, that I couldn’t “visit the patients”, but at that point I usually had done the bigger part of the establishment already and left quietly. Sometimes, though, I didn’t. Now if the hospital was really, really big I would just go to a different floor, picked at random, if possible, far away from the one I came from. Some hospitals were so enormous, that one could stay almost all of the day; others were finished in half an hour. Many a hospital I left without ever having been noticed at all—well heck, I was “invisible”!

As for the other sisters in Else’s team, there was only one, Rita, who had enough conviction to go to a hospital. The others just couldn’t conceive of the idea of going up to a sick person and asking him or her for money. I never thought I took something from the patients, I truly believed that I was a messenger from the Living God and through me the person would be healed. As a nice side effect, I also managed my fundraising goal. I’ve had very moving experiences in these hospitals—never will I forget an old lady somewhat strapped to her bed and begging me to help her stand up, to be able to move around. “I want to walk, please, I want to walk...” No harm done in helping her, I thought, and as I lifted the bed cover I noticed that her legs were totally underdeveloped, literally all skin and bones. She could not walk at

all. When we both realized that all attempts to put her to her feet would be futile, she started to cry and I cried with her. At that moment I felt as if the Living God descended into that person and showed me that he wanted to walk normally amidst His people, but He could not... I had to leave her eventually, but that grandmother left an eternal mark on my soul.

## *Meeting in Camberg for the Holidays*

The fundraising teams of Germany, by the end of the Seventies and the beginning of the Eighties, had a nice tradition—we would meet all together on Christmas for rest and relaxation. In Germany the Mobile Teams were either all-brother or all-sister teams, unlike the teams in other countries where they were mixed, which of course brought a whole set of different problems. Sometimes we did have brothers in our team, when we were stationed in a big city and weren't traveling around.

Between Christmas and New Year we would all be mixed up for one week; entirely new teams were formed, with new team-captains, new members and new fundraising areas. That was a lot of fun. It was a competition, too. The best team received a collective prize, the best fundraiser of every team received a prize as well. I never was the best fundraiser, but once I was in a winning team and our prize was a beautiful large photo of Rev. and Mrs. Moon, the True Parents. On another occasion I received a calendar with large beautiful photos of the True Parents, as well. If I remember well, almost every year I received some prize, always a big-sized photo of the True Parents or the whole True Family. To us this was our best reward, we were happy and content with the glory of having been the best and a nice big picture to show around as a trophy.

It was something to look forward to. We Moonies, or Unificationists, as we call ourselves nowadays, have our own Holidays. Christmas was a very somber, serious and sad affair: no Christmas tree, no presents, no singing, just a solemn speech on the 24th of December at night. One year Mrs. Vincenz held the speech in the absence of Mr. Vincenz. I always felt very sad, remembering my Christmas at home, which wasn't all that great either, but at least we had the tree, the presents and the songs. Starting on December 25th and up to the 30th, we would then go out in our new teams to areas around Camberg. One year I was

made team-captain, and I remember being in a Volkswagen van right at the front beside the driver, scared to death, because the driving sister had just announced that we were totally out of fuel and would probably not make it to the next gas station! Well, we did make it. Since we were all new to each other and the bus wasn't really my team bus, apart from that I didn't drive, I totally forgot to check on something so utterly mundane as the gas. Luckily, we had some money with us and driving more with faith than with fuel, we made it to the next gas station.

These fundraising days at the end of the year were fun. First, one worked together with all the new faces; and second, there were these prizes looming by the end of the year. Who made first prize? The one who made the most money, of course. We would usually go by average over the period of days we were out working. Like I mentioned, there was the best team, the best fundraiser of every team, and the best overall fundraiser of all the teams.

By the time December 31st had come along, we were all truly inspired to celebrate God's Day. Unfortunately, December 31st was another one of those really sad religious days, where we had to reflect over the year that was and make a new resolution (or "new determination", as we called it) for the coming one. I remember one 31st of December where we had to keep absolute silence for an entire three hours. Speaking was absolutely forbidden, for all the "reflection" that had to be done. Imagine that, a couple of hundred people walking inside and outside and around buildings, saying absolutely nothing! Obviously you couldn't go to sleep, either. There were always some older sisters at hand, admonishing us if someone stepped out of line. That part truly was like being in a convent. I remember that I tried to escape this reflection thing and just walked out of the property up a country road until I came to a crossroad with a tree and a bench. Now that was the right place to reflect, I thought. I did have my notebook and pen like the good girl I was and "reflected". A family was passing by and they were looking at me with this "what's-this-girl-doing-here?" expression. They were probably wondering what I was writing down so avidly in my notebook, in the middle of winter with freezing hands. Couldn't they see that I was "reflecting"?

But, like everything else, this passed and eventually January 1st came along. It wasn't just any day. It was God's Day. We never really knew when one of our Church Holidays would be celebrated, since there was always a necessary rearrangement from the Korean Lunar Calendar to our calendar system, but January 1st did not change and the good thing was that in every country of the world it was a holiday, too.

We had our Pledge Service at 7 A.M.; normal Sunday Pledge would be at 5 A.M., but the Holidays, luckily, were celebrated at 7 A.M. In the front we had the Leadership in white ceremonial gowns, which we call "Holy Robes", reaching the floor. These gowns were only worn by blessed and married couples, and at that time there were precious few around. I was so anxious to wear a Holy Robe, but I had to wait for many years before I finally had my own set of Holy Robes.

And then there was the "Offering Table". It was a large, low table on which one would find all kinds of goodies and nice things. There were all sorts of fruits, candies, cakes, nuts, gums and chocolates build up vertically like little towers. One wondered how they were held together, later I found out that the magic was achieved with Scotch tape and the real heavy fruit was pieced together with pieces of wire and other devices, depending on how grand and big the Offering Table had to be. After the inevitable morning sermon by the Leadership, everyone would get a piece of the action. Plastic plates were handed out and the older sisters, that is, the married wives, would give everyone bits and pieces of everything. Of course, there was a large cake as well, and we went on to have the best breakfast of the year. We banded together in groups and ate and talked almost up to lunchtime. By the middle of the day that beautiful Offering Table had all been eaten up, as if a group of hostile ants had been sweeping their way through the establishment.

Since Christmas was non-existent, at the greatest of all the days of the year, God's Day, we would get presents. That all depended on the budget and the general mood of the Leadership. Never will I forget one God's Day in which a lot of money and effort was invested for all of us. Our great and fearless leader of that time, Rev. Reiner Vincenz, went all out—most likely drawing

on his very own “French Connection”. He rewarded all of the sisters with a beautiful necklace from our own “Christian Bernard” company and all of the brothers with a leather frame for two photos in the shape of a wallet. I chose a silver necklace with a turquoise stone in it, and wore it day and night for a long time. That was quite an expensive affair—we were many, between 500 and 600 members. One year of incredible generosity—unfortunately it wasn’t repeated anymore after that.

Lunch time was also quite special—we would have the best Korean meal: Bulgogi. To cook that for a couple of hundred of your closest friends demands an enormous amount of labor from the kitchen staff. The dishwashing was done by groups out in the open in big baby bathtubs. All in all it was done quickly for such a large group of people...that famous German organizational talent came in very handy.

## *The General Experience of Camberg*

During one big meeting, I actually had to spend time in the kitchen. That was really slavery. There's a big difference between helping out in the kitchen and being part of the kitchen staff. I helped out many times, but once, when our whole group was made into the kitchen staff, we were reduced to a bunch of working slaves, seemingly without any rights. That had to do with the personality of the sister in charge, and even though we had a nice brother as Chef, who was doing the actual cooking, the kitchen boss treated us without much sisterly love.

At that time every God's Day we would have a national meeting with all the fundraising teams and all the Church Center members being stationed in Camberg—the place would definitely fill up by December 30th, the last ones arriving on December 31st. It was a beehive. The whole place was crawling and buzzing. Everyone talked with everybody. Since we fundraisers came early, we had relatively nice sleeping quarters in the sisters' bedrooms; eventually many had to sleep on the floor in their sleeping bags, and usually the sisters also stayed in all of the brothers' bedrooms. Where did those poor brothers sleep? They were put in the big meeting hall, where they lay down neatly in long rows in their sleeping bags, just like the proverbial sardines. The biggest problem were the bathrooms. There were always long lines, and there was no way around that.

I had my own "Mission Impossible": snooping around the premises in search of a hidden, somewhat tiny forgotten bathroom—I found one, but unfortunately I wasn't the only one with that brilliant idea. At that time we didn't have showers yet, just sinks with cold water. I remember many a time washing my hair in cold water. And I mean cold, cold water—it was winter and in the countryside. When one is young, one sees it as a challenge, and actually it was fun.

We had some inevitable speech or lecture in the afternoon and

in the evening we did “the Entertainment”. When we were all together we had some outstanding entertainment. There were always sketches and songs and solos—it seemed that everyone thought the stage of Camberg was only a step away from Broadway... There was a whole culture of sketches in Camberg—the bigger the group, the more sophisticated the performances.

## *The Seven-Day What?*

When we were in Else's Team, in and about the summer of 1980, one fine morning a piece of news dropped on us like the bomb dropped on Hiroshima. At that point we had an elder Korean brother as the National Leader of Germany with this incredible, splendid idea: we had to go out forty days pioneering! Most likely it wasn't his idea, but something that Rev. Moon ordered for the worldwide movement. Anyway his idea was that each and everyone would do a Seven-Day Fast before going out in one's area. Was I scared! First, I had no idea of what I was supposed to do for forty days all by myself; and second, even less could I conceive of the idea of living through one whole week without eating!

The good Rev. Kim (every second Korean is called Kim and if it isn't Kim, it's most likely Lee or Park), thought as a preparation for such a providential undertaking nothing less than a Seven-Day Fast would do. Rev. Moon talked a lot about the Seven-Day Fast, but one is never really prepared for it until one actually does it. Else was a smart puppy and had this very reassuring spirit. She divided us up in groups of two each. Two sisters were fasting, the rest ate normally. Since we were seven sisters, we had three groups—Else was the “odd man out”, and did the week of fasting by herself.

It wasn't all that bad. Actually, it wasn't bad at all. The first day, you're hungry. The second day, you get decidedly angry, itchy, scratchy and nervous. The stomach rebels...*Where's my food? Are you nuts? How long is this supposed to go on?* On the third day, you don't feel hungry anymore. If all the days are filled up with other kinds of nourishment—spiritual nourishment—you finish the last, the seventh day, like a true winner.

The Unification Church tradition of a Seven-Day Fast consists of seven days not eating any kind of food, but drinking lots of water. Just normal clean-running water, or mineral water,

with or without the bubbles. That's it. Rev. Moon gave a lot of speeches about re-creating oneself through the Seven-Day Fast, and many people throughout history have fasted for more days than seven: Moses, for example, spent forty days on the mountain; Jesus, as well, spent forty days in the desert. Even Mahatma Gandhi made it through a hunger strike to unify his people for twenty-nine days, and he was not young anymore when he did that!

I remember working very normally every day, I was around twenty years old with all the energy of life! One develops a special relationship towards food, that much is certain. I remember fundraising in fancy restaurants with fancy dressed-up ladies, who had absolutely no appreciation for the food they ate. One becomes very sensitive, and sees and realizes things not normally seen or realized. I imagined the scandalized expressions of these ladies if they only knew that I hadn't eaten anything for almost a week!—I felt so close to Jesus at that time. I imagined him walking up and down the desert and saying to himself and to everyone else who would listen: *“Man does not live by bread alone, but by every word that comes out of the mouth of the living God.”*

When one is hungry, one inevitably is angry as well. Maybe Jeannine was right after all —maybe hungry and angry are the same. The challenge is to overcome that anger, that powerful feeling of “Why am I not getting anything to eat?” and replace it with spiritual nourishment: one feeds the soul instead of the stomach. All of us went through this experience with “business as usual”—no queasiness, sickness or faint weaknesses were allowed, we were a little bit slower than normal, but we got the job done!

But what do you do if you're in the situation of really not having anything to eat, when you are not doing a spiritual exercise, but are in the unfortunate position of being forgotten, having slipped through the cracks of the social system and really don't know where the next meal is coming from? Then “hungry” turns into “angry” in a very powerful way and this anger turns against the leadership in a very powerful way as well. “Why am I forgotten? What's wrong with me? Am I not as good as the next guy?” Imagine thousands of people—young people, old people, mothers with too many children and young hotshots being left to

grow up by themselves like that, then you know what a Third World country looks like. Anyone coming along who gives them a decent meal—just one nice meal a day, is their hero. And especially those young hotshots who have had to do their own fundraising since they were small children will follow a person, or a group of people like that, with total and absolute loyalty. It's good news if that "group of people" is an organization like CARITAS or the Red Cross; it's bad news if some local crazy guerrilla leader feeds on children or adolescents to recruit himself a private army with cheap labor. Every human being wants to live a life of dignity—and it grabs the opportunity from whomever or wherever it comes.

I remember on my seventh day of fasting, I was fundraising door-to-door and climbing up and down the never-ending stairs of never-ending apartment blocks, having this incredible content feeling of "I made it". On the seventh day, at midnight, we had a beautiful ceremony. All of us would pray together, Else, of course, doing the main prayer of gratitude and everyone was happy! Our Church tradition finishes the fast at midnight sharp on the seventh day, and after prayers and well-wishes, everyone reintegrates the brother or sister back to the world of eating people. This was usually done with fruit juice or a yoghurt. More food than that wasn't allowed—the body had to gradually adapt again to the food intake. But practically all of us waited until the morning—also because we stayed in Youth Hostels and couldn't make that much noise around midnight. It was a rather strange situation staying in the Youth Hostels, while fasting. For breakfast, five of us would eat like truck drivers, putting extra food on the table and all—whereas two would eat nothing, only sip at cups of water. All the other Youth Hostel guests did their utmost to not stare at us!

In the summer of 1980 we all did the Seven-Day Fast twice: First, as a preparation for the forty days' pioneering to come; and second, for our own Blessing, because at that point it was a requirement to have finished a Seven-Day Fast to be able to participate in the Blessing Ceremony. We were all young, around twenty, with all the energy in the world and this whole Seven-Day Fast was a nice group experience. I would do one more

Seven-Day Fast when I was around thirty, and that one was very tough! I did it alone; I had to lay down a lot, and wasn't quite able to do business as usual, either. Ten years can make such a big difference.

## *How I entered Switzerland without a Passport*

Lake Constance is one of the bigger lakes in Germany, and it borders with Austria and Switzerland. The Black Forest is close by as well, and the whole area is truly tourist country at its best. Theoretically we were the fundraising team of Stuttgart, which meant that all of what Germans call Swabia was our area. The people of Swabia have a strong accent, which the rest of the Germans like—they think it's cute. The Swabians don't have a natural enemy, like the Bavarians, who have the Prussians as their natural enemy; for a typical Bavarian in lederhosen, everyone living outside the border of his beloved "Free State of Bavaria", is a "Prussian". (That's what the signs on the highway say: "Now you are entering the Free State of Bavaria".) The Swabians, on the other hand, are peaceful people. It was a pleasure to fundraise there.

We stayed in nice little towns, some smaller, some bigger, and worked our way around Lake Constance. At one point Else, our team-leader, decided that it would be a good idea to cross the border into Switzerland to stay for the night and come back the next day to work our way around the neighborhood. It was convenient for us, because between Switzerland and the rest of Europe there was an hour difference—that is, going into Switzerland, one would gain an hour. They just didn't want to go along with the summer time-change that the rest of the European countries had managed to work out—typical for the Swiss. So we went with our bus packed full to the top up to the border, where they asked for a passport or the German identity card. Everyone had theirs at hand, but mine was stuck way down in my travel bag in the unfathomable depths of our luggage. The Swiss border guards were nice guys—they looked at our faces, they looked at our stuffed bus and no—they didn't need to see my ID. Arriving at the Youth Hostel, I searched and searched my bag. I had no ID with me! No passport, no identity card, nothing! I had left it all

with the rest of my winter clothes in a bag neatly stored away in Camberg.

Oh, my God! I saw myself already held up at the border, without my team, without anyone, left alone and put into a Swiss prison! Obviously, I confessed to Else, but luckily she didn't get angry with me, she just told everyone that the original plan was to stay a couple of days between Germany and Switzerland, but because I had none of my papers, we couldn't do that now. Entering Germany was also no problem, somehow I got lost in the crowd among everyone else. Crossing the border like that in South America would be unthinkable. First, they make everyone step out of the bus. Next you have to wait in line in front of a counter, where you present your papers. If anything is wrong, they send you to talk to another person. They do that, not so much because they are the keepers of law and order but because it's an excellent opportunity to fine the guilty party and do some heavy fundraising of their own.

We were all a little bit spaced out now and then, I remembered that I had left my passport stored away because I had once lost my ID and thought that it was the best way to not lose it. But this experience convinced me that it is better to carry the ID with you and risk losing it, instead of having absolutely nothing to identify yourself with.

## *All around the River Rhine*

Traveling around in the south of Germany and close to the border of Switzerland, one inevitably comes across the River Rhine at some point. Having grown up in the Rhine-Main area of Frankfurt, I only knew the Rhine as a big, slimy, greenish-brown entity flowing slowly and with probably little original wild habitat left. The Rhine I saw in the south of Germany was all pristine and quirky, a real joy to be around. For the life of me I can't remember now how the idea came up, but Else and the other sisters were all flabbergasted at the idea of standing inside the water to pray! And that's what we did. One fine morning we went to some accessible place in the water, which wasn't all that easy, because it was all very stony. We rolled up our pants and entered the icy cold water. We went to some place where we all could stand about knee-deep in the water, held hands in a circle and prayed. It must have been either twelve or twenty-one minutes—it was probably twenty-one minutes—and we all prayed with loud voices there in the early morning, barefoot in the River Rhine, close to the Swiss border. We shivered, the water had quite a strong current and it was very hard to concentrate on the praying. We finished with three loud cheers of "Mansei!", and dragged our practically frozen legs back onto the safe shore. Then we went back to have a good breakfast. We were in very high spirits! I know of no other team, who did the same, but in the history of the Fundraising Teams there are a lot of stories of daring stunts by its members to strengthen the bonds and to teach courage and endurance.

Once, on a free day, we all went to the Rhine Falls at Schaffhausen, the biggest waterfall I had ever seen. It was impressive. The water thunders down with so much force and noise. Later in life I would come to know one of the biggest waterfalls in the world, the Iguazu Falls on the border between Argentina and Brazil. Those Indians were right—*I* means water

and *guaçu* means big. It's big—really, really big. One stands there almost hypnotized and just watches and watches. It's never-ending and all-consuming. But not knowing of any bigger waters in the world, we had a fine day in Schaffhausen.

One Sunday afternoon, it was the beginning of autumn and starting to get cold, we still felt that we had to have our swim in Lake Constance. There are campsites all around the lake, and the lakeside is quite accessible if you want to go for a swim. So only the bravest of us were jumping in their bathing suits in and out and around the water, while little old grandmothers looked on at us, terrified, in their coats—it was such a contrast: here we were in bathing suits, and there they were in coats!

There was one place worth the visit: that was the castle of Sigmaringen. It was a fortress with a thousand-year history, all of it put up publicly on a big billboard for the whole world to see. Being situated on a strategically important place up on a hill between Germany, Switzerland and France, it was conquered and re-conquered many times. In its best days it gave shelter to a whole community—bakers, butchers, blacksmiths... When there was danger in the valley, they just came all up to live in the fortress. The stone walls are still all intact and it's a beautiful place for people who enjoy historic sights. And on a clear day you can see forever...far, far into the country in all four directions. There was one stone wall with literally a tree growing out of it—it was one of those marvels of nature: where were the roots of the tree? How did it nourish itself? We all loved this fortress.

One of the nicest places to be around is definitely the Black Forest. The forest isn't all that "black", it just has a high accumulation of conifer trees and, yes, if you look up it seems all black, because the sun can't find its way through the density of the trees. The Spanish translation is worse—*La Selva Negra*—The Black Jungle. Apart from inner-city life, it's hard to find a jungle in Germany... In the Black Forest you have these beautiful it'sy-bitsy tiny little towns, which all look like an oversized open air museum. Everything is historic, all the shops are housed in historic remodeled and restored buildings, even the banks. One is transported back into the Middle Ages. I remember one small little village at the foot of a hill, which had a special well with very

healthy water, probably with healing powers. Alongside the hill everything was full of hotels and pensions and sanatoriums and private clinics. But the most astounding fact were the little old ladies living directly in the center of the place, in those incredibly old buildings, not restored at all. These grandmas had astounding healthy complexions, they all had rosy cheeks! That's because, for their whole life, they had lived in a very healthy environment with very clean air! Incredible! These grandmas were the best publicity for that place.

## *My Experiences with Jesus*

With all of this traveling and camping around and with no stable place to be, much less a stable life to live, one inevitably has to think about Jesus. As a matter of fact, all the time one comes in contact with Jesus. In a way we lived a life very similar to the one that Jesus led with his disciples. We had no home, we were traveling people. We tried to give a message to the people—we were always misunderstood. No one really liked us being around—we were outcasts of society. And yes, we were quite poor, too, and the clothes we wore weren't the latest fashion, either.

Rev. Moon gave many speeches about Jesus, about how nobody really understood his miserable situation, how alone he was, how misunderstood he was, how outcast from society he was. We all could identify with that. Our daily life was like that. One starts looking at Jesus in a different way, a little bit like, "I understand what he's talking about, because that happened to me as well." Or, to put it as Steve Martin did in *Leap of Faith*: "Do you want a pale-faced, skinny other-worldly young chap lecturing you about sin, or do you want to hear it from someone who really knows what sin is?" When one is fundraising, one feels very close to Jesus.

Of course, we would sing a lot. This was when we were all young, full of hope, full of desire to one day visit the "Fatherland", to travel to Korea, to be in the "Promised Land", the "New Israel", the "Land of Our True Parents". And there is one Holy Song, which expresses this very pure yearning so very well, and we would sing it many times:

## *Shining Fatherland*

Sunlight beaming forth in the East, from the Fatherland,  
Bringing tidings of a new world to families in the field.  
Let us hasten to send the news all throughout the world,  
Eden's glory spreading forever the hope of joy and peace.

Dawn, golden dawn throughout the Shining Fatherland,  
Tells the tidings of the rising sun that brings us life.

Harvest quickly men of the fields, hasten to harvest now,  
Crops are ripened and ready to bring into the heavenly barn.  
Saints and angels and heavenly hosts gather to speed the task;  
All will share the harvest of joy at the banquet of our Lord.

When the woes of six thousand years are gone from the Father's heart,  
Sons and daughters shall live with great joy, our True Parents' own.  
Saints and sages and men of good faith, all waited for this day;  
Loyal men of hope and fidelity yearned to see this day.

*Part Six*  
Forty Days and Forty Nights



### *Forty days all alone?*

One morning, during our Morning Service in the mobile home, Else gave us a piece of news which scared the living daylights out of us: the entirety of the German Unification Church members were supposed to do forty days' pioneering... How was that again? Forty days...alone? All by my lonesome? With no one? In a strange city? You've got to be kidding!

And what, might I ask, am I supposed to be doing for forty days? The "new mission" developed itself over a certain period of time, in which we got speeches and other kinds of preparational material—and yes, we did the Seven-Day Fast as well. A couple of weeks down the road the idea didn't sound either crazy or unfamiliar; in fact, there was a certain expectation to go out into one's own city.

Since we were the fundraising team of Stuttgart, our cities were located around Stuttgart. My city was Nürtingen—a beautiful small town in Swabia. One Sunday afternoon the time had arrived. In the morning we had a Sunday Service all together in Camberg; we took one official photo of all the pioneers going out—and there I am, first row and center, all "eager beaver". Scared? It doesn't look that way, at least not in the photo. Different vans went into different directions of Germany, and dropped off Unification Church members—one in a small town each. By the time I arrived, it was late afternoon on Sunday.

There I was—a stranger in a strange city—with my bag and my sleeping bag. A true Moonie didn't need any more than that in life. We were supposed to find 360 homes and establish our Home Church area there. We were following a pattern set up by Rev. Moon in England throughout the years of 1978 and beyond, until about the middle of 1981. This was the summer of 1980, we all knew the stories of countless Korean elder brothers and sisters going out pioneering in little villages all over Korea to testify and help the people there. Now it was our turn.

I have to admit it—I felt very lonely on that first Sunday afternoon. It was cool, cloudy and a couple of drops of rain fell as well. We said: “I belong to a group of missionaries who want to help in the neighborhood”—the “Neighborhood Help” we called it. In Germany there really are organizations for neighborhood help, and in Nürtingen an organization like that existed as well, as I found out later. I had faith in the Living God, my fears were all subdued. One nice lady invited me in, and gave me a piece of typical German Sunday cake; but no, she didn’t need any help. At one point I had to leave and I felt very sad. It became evening. I rang the bell of a nice house and a nice elderly lady opened the door. Somehow she understood the idea—the whole idea. That is, she understood that I didn’t have a place to stay the night. So she invited me in and said I could stay overnight on a sofa bed and I felt so grateful.

She was a widow; her husband had only very recently passed away, and I had the distinct feeling that if her husband were still alive, I wouldn’t have been able to stay in that house. She had a real estate business and I stayed there for many days. She was a very nice lady. She went by the name of Strohmaecker and had quite an elevated way of life. The idea was to help the people in and around their homes and to witness to them at the same time. Mrs. Strohmaecker didn’t require a lot of helping, since her house had everything—even a dishwasher. With so much technological perfection, what was there left for me to do? Since her husband had only recently passed away, she talked to me for a long time about his illness and finally, his death. Being in Nürtingen was the first time I heard at first hand about the lives of the relatives of sick people, the world of medicine, doctors, hospitals—I simply did not know that such a world existed. Well, in my world, it didn’t exist. I never got sick. I never had to go to see a doctor. Medicine...what for?

Living and sleeping at her house, I went out to visit the neighborhood, my neighborhood, and bit by bit I got to know the people, their houses, their homes, their families, their lives. The people who really required helping were mostly widows, the elderly, who were somewhat poor and quite forgotten by everyone else. I cleaned the home of one widow. While I was

doing that, someone called me at her home and asked me to come to her house to help her clean, because she was alone and had so much to do. Needless to say, she was a widow as well, and lived in another part of town, somewhat further away from my area of homes. I went anyway. That house was truly a mess. I couldn't believe it. The kitchen was a disgrace. Apart from that, she had some animals all over the place—a cat, a dog and some birds—and somehow the animals had won the upper hand over the house.

First things first: the kitchen was cleaned from top to bottom until it sparkled. With me around, that big fat cat had lost all of its courage to settle again in the middle of the kitchen table: no sir, no more cat on the table! After hours and hours of hard work, Mrs. Walker, the owner of the private zoo, got herself all inspired and helped me clean, and there was a nice fresh smell in the kitchen. She had an almost grown daughter, who had a job and didn't really live with her anymore, and a fully grown son, who was out of the house as well, since it was vacation time. The children left the cat and dog to take care of their mother—they had better, more important things to do.

Mrs. Walker was part of a completely unknown (to me) religious group, "The Society of People Loving Humanity", and I was *her* witnessing project. She took me to the Sunday Service of this congregation and publicly gave testimony about me, of how "Jesus had sent me over to her house to help her". It was nice, to be someone's "spiritual child". She shared with me her inspirational book of the founder of that religion—don't ask me, because I have completely forgotten the name of the book, the name of the founder, everything. What I do remember is her having another book by the melodic name of *Morning Dew*, with very pretty Jugendstil illustrations, right out of the Twenties. Short paragraphs of that book were to be read every morning, to start well with the day. What a good idea, really. Sometimes she would read to me some paragraphs of it and naturally I would talk about our Church, about Rev. Moon, about the whole "Neighborhood Help" project and how the actual name of it was "Home Church", with the underlying idea that every home should turn into a living church that nourishes the family and everyone around and in contact with it.

What a sweet old lady she was! I stayed in her house for the second half of my forty days' pioneering period and I felt so much at home and settled in that it was hard for me to think about going back to Camberg.

*The Son of Man has no place to rest His Head...*

There's no way one doesn't think of Jesus. One relates one's whole experience to Jesus. I was thinking of Jesus all of the time. How Jesus sent out his disciples—they went out two by two, we had to go alone. We were supposed to visit the churches in our area as well, all the churches. The Protestant pastor in my city made my life quite impossible; he wanted to get rid of me and tried to run me out of town at all cost. He contacted Mrs. Strohhaecker, the widow I was living with, and I had to leave her house. I was his “competition”—at least, that's the way he felt about me. I was disturbing the peace and he had to get rid of me...

We had an information kit put together by the public relations department of the German Unification Church, and it looked very nice. How I had the guts to speak to the Catholic priest of the whole town of Nürtingen, I don't remember. Fact is, at one point I was sitting in his office in his Church and he looked at me with a lot of understanding and benevolence. I had left the information kit with his secretary for a couple of days before that meeting, and when he invited me to sit down, he had already looked it over. For all of the established Churches, we were the “Moon Sect”, a “Youth Religion”, designed to entice and seduce gullible young people into being “brainwashed zombies”, following the every whim of their Master or Masters, and left with no money, no job, no social security and no real future, as well.

Considering all of that, this Catholic priest treated me very well. He told me something that I would never forget for the rest of my life. He said that I was still “all wrapped up in the fire of first love”. I had never heard that expression before, and I had only a vague understanding of what it might mean. I had never looked at life that way. When I left his office, he gave me an iron crucifix, very different from anything I had seen before. There

was no dying Jesus hanging from it. It was a square cross and in a circle, the twelve apostles were engraved on it—"Jesus and his twelve, the symbol of the Christian community," the priest explained to me. I treasured that crucifix. Later when I had my own room in the United States, I put it right up over my bed and looked at it every day. I must still have it somewhere. That priest was truly a Man of God.

## *Sleeping Outside*

One night, I really didn't have a place to stay. Because of the interference of the Protestant pastor in the neighborhood, I didn't have a place to go to. There was a park up on a hill, which was an orchard with a lot of fruit trees. One could see the whole town from one angle and I had my area at the left—it was the ideal place to pray for the city. I had already spotted a suitable apple tree...just in case. Unfortunately that day had arrived. At nighttime I went up the hill and set up house under the apple tree. What was I supposed to do? I had no place to spend the night. I really had no experience sleeping outside. It was a nice night, a starry night, warm and—thank God—it didn't rain! I spent a long, long time preparing my sleeping bag and then I changed into my pyjamas. I'm sure I was one of the few people worldwide who would change into pyjamas to sleep on the ground under an apple tree. Have you ever seen a cat looking for the perfect place to sleep and turning and turning on the spot, until it has finally settled down and settled in to have that nap? Well, that was me at that time. I tried not to think. I just thought about my other sisters in the neighboring cities and hoped that they were doing well. Thank God, nobody saw me. Very early in the morning, I changed from the pyjamas into my clothes, left the sleeping bag in a hidden place where nobody would find or notice it, and tried to find a place to work and to stay.

On two more occasions I had to sleep outside—but this time I really wanted to sleep outside, as a “condition” for my town. I had found a nice place in an Elementary School, and since it was summertime—vacation time—the complex was quite empty. There I settled down on a bench outside the building. This time I didn't go through all the hassle of taking my clothes off and putting my pyjamas on...somehow it finally hit me that people who sleep outside don't sleep in pyjamas. But yes, I still needed a good time to prepare the sleeping bag and everything else. Thank

God, it was summer. To do this whole procedure—with or without pyjamas—in a colder period of the year would have been devastating.

In my town of Nürtingen I had found a “spiritual child”, a young girl in her twenties. Let’s call her Angela; she was a student, but since it was vacation time, we spent lots of time together. She told me that she had been quite sick before, almost to the point of dying, but that her faith in God and in herself had cured her. She was the real fruit of all of my efforts over many years.

I had brought Angela with me and she was in the seven-day workshop. But unfortunately the workshop participants and us regular members were kept quite separate, so that I hardly saw her. She was a survivor. Apart from that, she really was a very pretty girl. We would see each other very late at night, after her lectures and our activities had finished, and she would tell me about her understanding of what the lectures meant in her life. At one point, we had to leave with the team, Angela stayed on in Camberg, and when the seven-day workshop was finished, she would go back to Nürtingen. There, she settled back into her normal life and the whole thing was nothing more than a nice one-week vacation in the countryside. But we would write to each other—for years we would write to each other. So at least I knew, that she was alright. Later she had a boyfriend with whom she stayed together for many years. I met him once and I liked him. He was a student and after he had finished his studies—something about farming and agriculture—he wanted to work in the German Development Service in a Third World country. Someone with such an altruistic mind can’t be a bad person. He never went out into the jungle and—who knows—maybe they are married now and have a couple of kids.

To be honest, at this stage in life, I don’t think I would let my daughter go out for forty days alone by herself, the way I did. We just had this incredible faith that nothing bad was going to happen to us—and nothing bad did happen. After the forty days, we all met again in Camberg—everyone with a totally different story to tell. Everyone was alright. Except for one sister, who was even a fundraising team-leader—she came back, stayed one day with us,

then packed her things to leave for her pioneer city, because she had found “true love” there. All of us were in good health and good spirits. There were a lot of testimonies; in fact our gathering after the forty days was us sharing our stories with everyone else. I remember one very shy sister—the first door where she rang the bell, that’s where she stayed the whole of the forty days. I remember part of Hubert’s story: at the end of his forty days, he organized a big neighborhood party and went fundraising in the stores—for prizes. Somehow he got every shop owner to donate some merchandise, which were handed out as prizes for the winners of the different activities he organized.

It was a great experience—a unique experience. That was the summer of 1980. All of us, having been part of this experience, had found very deep convictions about our survival abilities—both physically and spiritually.

While in Nürtingen I sang one song a whole lot, one of our Holy Songs, but not in its normal, traditional Christian hymn-style version, but in a spiced-up version made popular by Sunburst, our very own American pop group of the ’70s and ’80s. I loved their music. Later in life, I would first meet one Sunburst singer and then the other.

### *He has called me*

The Lord has called and I will go,  
Where He leads me I will follow;  
The same in sorrow as in joy,  
With one heart I follow my Lord.  
For none on earth can turn me back,  
Not even death can stop me.  
No none on earth can turn me back,  
Not even death can stop me.

To barren valleys piled with bones,  
I will take the living message;  
To Sodom's foul and wretched streets,  
I will bear the word with love.  
I bind my heart, my life to Yours,  
That it may be an off'ring;  
I bind my heart, my life to Yours,  
That it may be an off'ring.

To You belongs our full acclaim,  
All glory pow'r and honor;  
The world's contempt I do not fear,  
I will gladly bear the cross.  
Without esteem, without reknown,  
I only wish to follow;  
Without esteem, without reknown  
I only wish to follow.

*Part Seven*

Matchmaker, Matchmaker...



## *Waiting*

Well—after all of this, what kind of person is Rev. Moon? He is a very difficult man to describe. If he were a movie, he would be 70mm; if he were a book, he would be *War and Peace*; if he were a building, he would be the Versailles of Louis XIV; if he were a ship, he would be a big ocean cruise liner. In any case, he's larger than life. You have to love him or hate him, there's just no middle way about it.

If you do get angry, you just can't be angry with the man for long. He's just so impossible. The first time he went back to North Korea, after the Korean War, in the early 1990s, for example, he risked his life. In the middle of one nice banquet with all-powerful and feared Kim Il Sung, he just stood up and, according to Dr. Bo Hi Park, who spent half of his life at Rev. Moon's side as his translator, started one of his speeches, giving his very own rendition of Carlos Santana's "You've got to change your evil ways, baby". And, according to what Dr. Park later told the general membership in the U.S.—back safe and sound, of course—one communist functionary had said to him, "Look, make your Reverend shut up and sit down. If not, he may not leave the country alive." How can you not admire a man like that!

He is "Big Daddy", but much more than the Big Daddy from *Cat On A Hot Tin Roof*; in fact, he is "Cosmic Daddy". That's why in the Unification Church we call him "True Father", and Mrs. Moon, "True Mother". Their children are the "True Children" and they all belong to a big, larger-than-life entity called the "True Family". There are many of them, thirteen "True Children", and eleven are still alive.

Our time for the Matching was finally up in June of 1981—the eligible members came from all over Europe to Camberg, where else? Every sister was sleeping in a bedroom and they were filled to the brim—the brothers were put up in big army tents on the lawn before the entrance to the property. There was a lot of

space, but with 900 to almost 1000 people, the capacities were definitely filled. We received the food from the catering service and our whole fundraising team volunteered to help with the food distribution. Camberg was our home and we all felt the same way about helping, instead of waiting. The advantage of this was the fact that everyone had to make their way through the food line and one got to see all of the faces of the people present.

We started out with a workshop—our leader at the time was one of many Rev. Kims, the same Rev. Kim that made us fast seven days before going out pioneering. He called himself “Europe Kim”, which was nice; it distinguished him from the rest of the Rev. Kims. Europe Kim promised us a workshop: “I don’t know if we will have a Matching, but yes, a workshop, we will have!” One time, Europe Kim came right up to our food line and talked with the sister in charge. “That’s the food you give to the members? They come here to get married, they should have better food!” The food was of better quality after that, but his attitude really surprised me. He obviously was served delicious Korean dishes in “Farmer’s Cozy Corner”, if not directly in the small apartment which was reserved for Rev. Moon and his family, and he had absolutely no need to come and check on our food. He did that because he really cared.

## *The Real Man*

Finally, the great moment had come, Rev. Moon, his wife and their company arrived right there in the middle of the property! We were all positioned around the entrance which divided the main building and the big barn. The time we spent waiting for their arrival seemed endless, and so someone started singing our Church Songs. It felt very nice, to sing these songs with the brothers and sisters from all over Europe, to know that we knew the same songs and we were all one family. When they finally arrived, we were shouting and cheering and clapping. Rev. Moon smiled and waved to us and disappeared into the main building.

There wasn't just a planned Matching, there was also a Blessing Ceremony to be held for already married couples, who had joined the Unification Church together and were waiting now to get blessed. Many of them were the parents of a brother or a sister, many of them were already elderly. Sometimes the whole family had joined the Church, I remember one family from Austria: the parents were present for the promised Couples Blessing and their nine children could be found in Church Centers all over Europe. There are quite a few families like that in the Unification Church. Later in life I met a very simple, unpretentious Brazilian older brother, who told me with a lot of pride that his children were now all over the world, one in the United States, one in Japan—all had become Unification Church members or were working in Church-affiliated businesses.

So, first there was the Couples Blessing. Everyone was dressed up in white robes, Holy Robes, and they had their ceremony in the big hall of Camberg. This happened on June 13th, 1981. They started out in the afternoon; we do this differently from, say, the Catholic church. We don't have the standing up, kneeling, sitting down. We just have the standing up. The whole place was decked out with white paper; for the Blessing Ceremony, everything has to be in white. Rev. Moon used the opportunity to talk to them—

for quite a while. It was a private ceremony, just for the couples to be married, so what we heard later on about his speech was something like: "From now on, no more drinking and smoking, you'd better behave and behave well and you treat your spouse nicely!" There were some younger couples, some middle-aged ones and many of the couples present were grandmothers and grandfathers. Poor people, they were standing there, on a nice warm summer's day, for hours. As they told us later, some almost fainted. They entered the building in the afternoon, by the time everything definitely was over, it was almost ten o'clock at night. On that day thirty-nine couples were blessed, all the couples present belonged to the "39 Married Couples Blessing of 1981".

When we realized that the Ceremony was about to be over, everyone was buzzing around the main building to catch a glimpse of the couples. I remember talking with one sister and she told me: "By no means go to sleep. Father just might call all of us when this is finished." And that's exactly what happened! The couples went out—all of us went in. By then it was around 10 P.M. and everyone was overexcited. We would have an all-nighter! Nobody cared. Nobody was tired. There we were—ready, set and eager! The first thing Rev. Moon said through his translator was that, whoever was already matched should leave immediately, so that only the candidates would remain in the hall. That was smart, and quite a few people left. In the beginning he didn't say much—he just looked at us. In his unique fashion, he ordered a path to be made right down along the middle, dividing the brothers to the right and the sisters to the left side, with ample space to walk up and down from the front to the back. We were all squeezed in. There was practically no space left anymore for our legs. We were all sitting on the floor, obviously.

Rev. Moon took his time; he enjoyed it. We were all dying with expectation, but he enjoyed it. He sat down, arranged his own legs in the most comfortable fashion imaginable, and observed us. I remember distinctly that there was a brother dressed up as Catholic priest and Rev. Moon was asking him, "What are you doing here?" He explained that he was a Unification Church member now, but he wanted to make sure everyone knew that he was a Catholic priest before. Later, I found

out that he wasn't the only one present. Bit by bit, people were matched. Rev. Moon was walking up and down and picking a brother here, a sister there and made them stand beside each other. Usually, that was the sign, that the couple had been chosen. Everyone applauded, they would make a slight bow and leave the hall together. Sometimes he didn't like the way the couple looked together, so he would ask the brother or the sister to sit down again and find someone else. It was evident that he was focusing on the brother and trying to find him a wife. Sometimes though, he was looking for a husband for a special sister. In the middle row he had always about ten brothers on one side and ten sisters on the other and mainly he concentrated on finding the right spouse for them. Everyone was laughing, clapping and cheering all of the time, because it was always someone's best buddy who just walked out of the hall with a spouse.

How does he know how to choose the right person? It's like everything else in life. If I have the faith to "move mountains", if I really trust my "Big Daddy", he *will* find the right person for me. If I'm more like "maybe yes, maybe no", or "let's see what happens", well—forget it! It all depends on how much conviction one has. Well, I had a lot. Once, while he was walking up and down the aisle, he was looking directly at me and at that moment I felt as if my whole soul was visible and being absorbed by him—there was an invisible flinch in his eyes and he understood that I had seen tough days in my life. I will never forget that glance as long as I live. I wasn't the only one either, with this experience. After that I felt that my time was up! Well, it had to be—I was so horribly nervous. And sure enough—he was calling one of the brothers standing in the middle row towards my direction, I was too nervous to realize anything. After we had left the building, I looked at him: he was tall and handsome and much older than me. Let's call him Jeff. We followed all the other couples; if one did accept the Match, one was registered with name, rank and serial number, and a photo was taken, too. Couples who weren't all that sure had a room to talk it over. Jeff and I didn't need to talk anything over—he was from England, which was very handy, because we could speak English. Now, what does one do with a tall, handsome stranger on a nice summer night? I didn't know,

but I didn't worry much, there were so many couples in just about the same situation, and we just followed the flow. Jeff was more than six years older than me—I was all of twenty-two and he was already twenty-nine years old. He was in the fundraising team, just like me. He was easy-going, funny, had a nice smile and I felt comfortable with him. The age difference made me feel that he was like the father I never had.

The Matching had been going on all night when Rev. Moon decided that he would take a rest and it would continue in the early afternoon. At that stage, most of the couples had already been formed, altogether we were over 300 couples, I don't remember the exact number anymore. The Matching is not a numeral exercise—one thousand people don't turn into five-hundred couples, it doesn't work that way. That's why there are always a couple of brothers and sisters who are not being matched—because Rev. Moon just can't find the right spouse for them. It is also not the best ones who are gone in the beginning—it doesn't work that way either. Sometimes the right person just isn't there yet; maybe he will come later on, there are always brothers and sisters arriving late, because of transportation problems. Sometimes the right person isn't "there" yet, in a more spiritual, internal way—I know of one couple, both of them present at the Matching of December 1980, in New York, but they only got matched in the next Matching, ours, in June 1981.

There are some people, though, who went to many Matchings and never got matched, or some who got matched many times and it never worked out. I think that has to do with what we call our 5% of personal responsibility. The idea is that God is preparing 95% of the salvation process, but human beings have to put their own 5% into the balance. That's our version of "You can lead the horse to the water, but you can't make him drink". If you decide to participate in a Matching, you are being "led to the water", but everyone has to do the "drinking" for himself.

In the Unification Church we had some strict rules about the Matching and the Blessing. Once a couple got matched and then blessed, their "separation period" began, which officially was forty days, but practically meant three years and more. This was the time of purification, which meant the time in which the couple

would focus itself on a public life with a public purpose, and after the three-year period was over, the couple had to get the okay of the leadership to finally start living as a married couple. During the separation period, obviously, no sexual relationships were allowed. No kissing, if possible, no touching; really, the idea was to first build up a proper brother-sister, friendship base, before the sexual part of marriage could be integrated. How long the separation period lasted was really a very touchy subject. It all depended on the amount of “spiritual children” one had, it depended on the age of the wife, taking into account the possibility of having children, and it also depended on the personal relationship one had with one’s leader—there were rules, but they weren’t etched in stone, and they weren’t very fair either.

The civil wedding ceremony was done by every couple at their own convenience, usually with either their own folks or the in-laws present. I saw photos of simple and of elaborate civil wedding ceremonies. When Japanese sisters were involved, the bride and groom usually were dressed up Samurai-style. Some of the foreign grooms looked very dashing, some looked outright ridiculous in Japanese garb. I know of one couple, where the brother had to ask the father of the bride officially for her hand. “And what if he had said no?”, we all joked when we heard that story.

The day of June 14th 1981 was a beautiful summer’s day and all over Camberg couples were mixing, mingling and talking to their friends. It was truly beautiful. When all the Matching definitely was over, the stage was set for the Holy Wine Ceremony. That’s our most religious ceremony. The Holy Wine is real wine. It hit me on an empty stomach and I almost fainted. There is a special way by which the wine is received—an elder brother, representing Rev. Moon and his wife, goes through the rows of couples and administers a small amount in a very tiny cup, first to the bride, who drinks half and gives the cup to the groom; he drinks the rest and gives the cup back to the bride who hands it over to the elder brother. The idea is that the blood lineage is changing from Satan’s blood to God’s blood. That may sound like “Friday Night’s Scary Movie”, but there is nothing scary about it. Remember when Jesus said that the wild olive tree

has to be engrafted with the true olive tree? That's our version of "engrafting" with the "true olive tree". Just imagine the couples had been given a vaccine against a sickness. If everyone has received the same vaccine, the sickness will never appear again. I read somewhere that smallpox has been totally eradicated from the face of the earth because every human being is vaccinated against it. If you get vaccinated, you're not automatically a better person, it's just that you don't have to deal with a nasty sickness anymore. In the Holy Wine Ceremony, every couple gets cured from and vaccinated against original sin. If everyone drank the Holy Wine, original sin would be eradicated from the face of the earth—just like smallpox.

Before we became engrafted with the true olive tree, we filled the Big Hall of Camberg in perfectly aligned rows of brother, sister, brother, sister...on a hot summer's day...and we waited...and waited. Then, all of a sudden, somebody had the incredible and divine inspiration of starting to sing a Holy Song—which was a good idea. Immediately a couple of hundred people were singing in unison. But no, a Church elder came rushing in and asked us to please be quiet, because "Father is talking to the brothers and sisters who didn't get matched and is still matching some..." How nice! Meanwhile, could we have a break and something to drink? Obviously not! We had to pay indemnity! I don't remember how long we were standing there. I just was glad when the waiting and the ceremony and the praying were altogether finally over!

But a ceremony like that is always followed by some form of entertainment. It was very improvised entertainment. Rev. Moon just stood there in front of us in a white shirt and tie—that was because of the ceremony, as he would usually wear a short-sleeved patterned shirt hanging loosely out of his pants. He asked us if someone wanted to sing. There were two volunteers: one was Estella, half Italian, half Venezuelan and all "crazy artist". She was matched with an Italian brother, with whom I would work later in Munich. Estella, true to her name, meaning "star", stood there and sang...she sang her heart out. The daughter of a rich family, they brought her up in the belief that she had a good voice; I can't judge the quality of her voice anymore. The fact

was, everybody was laughing. And the worst part was that Rev. Moon, seated on the stage more towards the back, was imitating her while she was singing! It was a spectacle to behold! Her poor husband wanted to drop dead, disappear into the floor. Well you know that feeling of absolute and utter embarrassment.

After Estella's performance came a nice and rather shy German brother who sang a traditional song with a decent voice. Rev. Moon liked it, he liked it very much. Through the translator, he told this brother that he had a good voice, but hadn't found his direction yet. That brother took this advice very seriously—years later I found out that he took professional classes and got a job singing in the main chorus of a German opera house. Much more entertainment we didn't have, it was all symbolic.

And that was the Matching! Well, Jeff had come in a van with his brothers and sisters from England, and a couple of days later they left the same way again. Bit by bit, van by van, brother by brother, Camberg emptied itself again and left only us fundraisers to clean up after the party. We had a fundraisers' meeting with Hubert and there he announced officially to all that my three years of National Fundraising Team had been over and I would stay in Camberg to wait for a "new mission".

That was the kind of person that Hubert was. Just once, I had mentioned to him that my three years in the fundraising team were now over. I heard stories of other Church members who had to fight terribly to come out of the fundraising team and when they did, they were left hanging around with nobody really caring for them. At that time, only three years of National Mobile Fundraising team were required.

So the team, my team, left and I stayed in Camberg. I was staff, doing a little bit of everything, helping in the kitchen, helping with the laundry...boring myself to death! Then, rumors spread that whoever did not have a chance to do the forty days pioneering the year before, would go out this year. I was so bored in Camberg—I volunteered for the job! Many went out a second time, but it wasn't the same anymore...the feeling of adventure was gone. In Nürtingen I stayed with my widows, and besides cleaning up their homes and trying out my new camera, I did little. Still, it was better than hanging around in Camberg.

In the end, the whole Matching experience was overshadowed by the fact that we finally got to see the one person we were waiting to see for such a long time: our True Father. At that time, he was still quite young, sixty-one years old, and he had come with True Mother, Heung Jin Nim and the two girls In Jin Nim and Un Jin Nim. Heung Jin Nim would die on January 2nd 1984, after that famous car accident in the last weeks of December 1983. I kept a special feeling towards these three True Children, because I remember them when they were teenagers. Our True Mother was wearing a long, flowery dress, and she looked truly beautiful. Father was the “real man”, the one who was going to change the world. It was all going to happen very quickly, in an instant really, no problem. We would win over the world, everybody would speak Korean, everybody would follow the Korean tradition, the thirty-six first Blessed Couples would be responsible in all of the corners of the earth, the whole world would become one nation and the Kingdom of God on Earth would be established:

### *Sana-e (real man)*

Run through the wilderness, real man, run and run;  
Today Pukando, tomorrow Mongolia.  
We move on day and night, like floating water grass,  
Since we left our native land, so many years have passed.

Sun go down (sun go down), we go on (we go on),  
Run and run (run and run), real man (real man)!  
We will never spare our lives, for the sake of our cause.

To horizons of wilderness, real man, run and run;  
Cold wind of River Hungyang, in our chests as we move on.  
Real men proclaiming to all, “This is our battle field.”  
We see smiles in faces behind, their windswept frozen beards.

Drive away (drive away), bitter wind (bitter wind),  
Run and run (run and run), real man (real man)!  
No attachment to our lives, for the sake of our cause.

For Father's Kingdom to come, six continents unite,  
Five oceans merge as one, all races side by side.  
Fulfill God's providence; he proclaims, "the time is now!"  
To free our God and the world, demonstration in Moscow.

Round the world (round the world), we must go (we must go),  
Run and run (run and run), real man (real man)!  
We will dedicate our lives, for the sake of mankind.



*Part Eight*  
The Blessing



## *How we all Ruined a Beautiful Building*

That great and inevitable day, when the Blessing finally would come along, came closer and closer. One bunch was already blessed on July 1st in Madison Square Garden, New York. Those were the older ones, like Elena and her husband, or the ones with one spouse in the United States who had been matched with me in Camberg.

By the end of September 1982, we knew the Blessing was on its way. That was the time of *Shogun* on TV—the queen of the series with the king of the series... Since we had many Japanese brothers and sisters, we spent hours in front of the TV, with them translating for us the parts spoken in Japanese. On special occasions like that, we watched TV. And, guess what, the end of *Shogun* fell right into the days we would be in Korea. I wanted to die! Everybody else was pulling my leg: “We go to Korea, you can stay here and watch the end of *Shogun*, no problem.” Over the years I saw many reruns of *Shogun*—it’s a true classic, it stands the test of time. When I was in the United States, I even read the book—all nine-hundred pages of it. Do you want to know what the Unification Church looked like from the inside? Very much like the world of *Shogun*. Only, nobody is asking our leaders to commit hara-kiri after major blunders.

In all of these months up to the Blessing, I never really knew what happened to Jeff. He was gone for a couple of weeks, he came back, and yes, he wanted to participate in the Blessing with me. I was very young and inexperienced and anyway, I was brought up to behave and think like a nun. I had no idea what to do with someone like Jeff and Jeff probably was expecting to have a mature person at his side. I had many nice attributes, but “mature” wasn’t one of them.

At one point we finally arrived in Korea. It was autumn and we were told that it was the best time to be around. All the Europeans were staying at the Little Angels Theater. Imagine a

Vienna opera house of the nineteenth century—that's the Little Angels Theater. It's all red and gold and white, and plush with crystal chandeliers and this exceptional nineteenth century feeling to it. It's a beautiful place. We were all stuffed inside this building. Rev. Moon was doing Matchings in the big auditorium—stripped of all the chairs, naturally. Luckily, we were already matched: one less headache. Such a beautiful place, and it was all in chaos. We sisters from the Southern Region found a nice little spot where we could spread our sleeping bags—a hallway on the second floor, small and somehow hidden away from the big areas, where everybody else had to stay. The majority stayed in big halls, brothers and sisters divided, of course. A sleeping bag, a suitcase, a sleeping bag, a suit-case... *Refugee camp*, I thought to myself, *that's what it must look like in a refugee camp*. We hung up our white dresses all over the place, we had never-ending queues for ironing, the Blessing rings had to be handed out, someone always needed some accessory, a veil, a tie, white gloves...you name it. The British Church members had their Blessing rings nice and neat; we Italian/Germans, German/Italians had fake, cheap rings from souvenir stores. "The gold rings weren't ready yet..." Typical.

On the day before the Blessing we had the Holy Wine Ceremony. Yes, we had done that one, too. How lucky we were! In any case, early in the morning they shipped us all off in these big coaches to the Jamsil Gymnasium, the one which was to be used for the 1988 Olympic Games in Korea. It was a nice warm day, we spent quite some time inside the compounds of that big stadium and watched the Holy Wine Ceremony everyone else had. The participants in the Ceremony occupied all of the ground floor decked out in white and the rest of us were hanging around somewhat bored, on the upper floors.

Then, the great day finally arrived. Yes sir, it was October 14th 1982, the Day of the Blessing. We put on our white dresses, white veils, white gloves, white shoes, left the main building in which most of the sisters stayed, descended the stairs and—there they were, our grooms waiting for us at the bottom of the stairs. They, all clad in dark blue suits with red ties. It was...somewhat crazy. With the endless waiting for the coaches, hustling and bustling in

and out of these coaches in our white dresses, no romantic feelings could ever come up. Then we were deposited in the enormous parking lot outside of the Jamsil Gymnasium, where we spent a couple of hours waiting. Many Koreans came and went, pretending to be hugely important, arranging and rearranging us, handing us out our bridal flower bouquets—very, very simple; I think some margarites. Well, there were so many people! Officially, this came to be known as the 1982, 6000 Couple Blessing in Korea. Since there would be another 6000 Couple Blessing in 1988, the two Blessings, July 1st 1982 and October 14th 1982, were counted together as the 8000 Couple Blessing of 1982.

### *All Veiled Up With No Place To Go...*

One Korean had a pretty smart idea: we were arranged in rows of six couples to enter the hall that way, and he decided that the nationality of the groom decided the position of the couple. In my row, all the grooms were British. We felt good that way. There was a sense of order to it. Moreover, the guys had someone to joke around with, in all the hours of waiting. The sense of time got lost, when we entered the buses in the morning, it was about 8 A.M. By the time we finally entered the hall with the Wedding March and all, it must have been sometime around noon. But before that, all of us brides had been “sliced and diced” big time. One overly important Korean came around and made it very clear to the sisters that we had to put our veils over our faces. My goodness! I never had heard of a Blessing anywhere where such a thing had happened. We would be unrecognizable! We would look like some Arabian women, all veiled up, with no face to be seen! Worse yet, with the Arabian women, you get to see at least the eyes, with us...nothing! Koreans don't ask, they just do. So Korean sisters came around, and without much ado, just pulled the veil over the head of one or two—and the rest just had to follow. I did not follow! I bitched and screamed—well, symbolically speaking.

Apart from that, my veil was stuck up backwards; the standard veil had three layers and in the early morning one sister, who had not gotten matched and blessed, helped all of us to put on our veils. That sure was nice of her, but in my case, she put the fabric backwards on the comb, which meant I couldn't access the shortest layer, which was to cover the face. I had to pull the whole entirety of the veil over my face—and it just looked ridiculous. I was there, all alone in a sea of submissive sisters with their veils over their faces, fighting for my independence! Jeff understood why I received scornful looks from many brothers, but he defended me by saying, “Well, she has a free mind.” I imagined

Anja from the German Flatland somewhere on another parking lot far, far away, doing her own fighting against this monstrosity of veiling us all up. She told me later that yes, until the last minute she didn't put the veil over her head, but just before entering the stadium, a Korean sister pulled the veil over her face anyway and that was that.

So the Blessing of October 14th, 1982 went down in history as the only one with veiled brides. At one point, when we all had entered and settled in, the groom had to lift the veil. Well yes, you do that at wedding ceremonies, but usually after lifting the veil, the groom kisses the bride. But with us, there was no kissing. What good is lifting the veil, if you can't kiss the bride? It just leaves you with an uneasy, strange and unfinished feeling.

The Ceremony of the Blessing is very much like the Holy Wine Ceremony. It creates a very high spiritual atmosphere, accompanied by the music of the "Wedding March" and other pieces of music associated with marriages. We had Blessing Vows—to be faithful, good citizens and bring up our children to serve mankind—which were read to us in Korean and answered in Korean as well—everybody was screaming in unison "Yeah!", which means "yes" in Korean. We exchanged the rings, me and all the other German/Italians receiving our fake, cheap jewelry rings, until we got the real gold Blessing rings, about three months later. There was a long prayer by Rev. Moon, but even though nobody understood a word,—he always prays in Korean—almost everybody cried. You just can't help it. We were waiting so long for this moment, it was the culmination of our dreams, we were brought up to believe that the Living God had been waiting so long for this moment. There was a lot of effort behind the lives of every one of the brothers and sisters who participated; there was blood, sweat and tears, literally, and all of this found its culmination at the Blessing Ceremony. One couldn't help but cry. This is how it must feel to stand on a podium and receive an Olympic medal—every athlete has invested so much time, so much effort, has stumbled and fallen and lifted himself up again and again, and when they hear their National Anthem and see their flag waving, they just cry.

At that moment one truly feels blessed, it is a true pouring out

of the Holy Spirit over all of humanity—we represented all of humanity, we were young, we were pure, we had given the best years of our lives. Ours was the future. We truly felt united with one bond transcending the cultures, transcending the races, transcending the countries and their languages. We were all part of this one big human family, all equal and all beautiful in our own special and unique way. Most of us knew very little about the brother or sister we were blessed to; but it did not matter, there was a feeling of hope in showing the way for the rest of mankind to follow.

### *Being Wined and Dined...*

When the long ceremony was finally over, we were whisked back to the buses and that was a challenge, because we had to find the very same bus we had come with. Then we were driven all over town, we crisscrossed Seoul I don't know how many times. I just remember us all in white, all in unison waving to mostly smiling children, at whom we were throwing our bridal bouquets. In the evening we had fine entertainment. Somehow we were changing out of our white clothes into something that was not white, but elegant, and enjoyed many different representations from different countries in their national costumes. I don't remember much of that anymore. I do remember though, at one point we were told that the "Little Angels" would sing and dance for us. Now that was a feast. Since we already stayed in the Little Angels Theater and made that beautiful building suffer through our presence, at least we would have the benefit of enjoying the Little Angels. And we enjoyed them. They are such an incredibly well-trained group, it feels like they move with one body when they dance, and when they sing, they sound like one voice. This performing arts group was founded by Rev. Moon in the Sixties, when the Unification Movement was still very small and it seemed quite presumptuous to have a folk dance group on an international worldwide level. They were dancing, they were singing, they were even yodeling (no kidding), and they had us all in awe.

The Unification Church of Korea had something quite special organized for all of the Blessed Couples—a trip to Pusan to our Church Holy Sites... It was a two-day trip with an overnight stay at a fancy hotel. We were about six hundred people in quite a few buses traveling in convoy throughout Korea. We were made to get up very, very early, because we had to be at sunrise at the temple—I don't know why one has to visit that temple at sunrise, but here we were. It was a beautiful, big Buddhist temple by the

name of Bulguksa and we spent all morning there. Dutifully, I took my photos at sunrise, like everyone else. The temple is impressive, though. One walks from building to building and sees Buddhist monks who live, pray and meditate. Everything was well-kept, colorfully painted, neat and nice, spick and span... There were these bright colors everywhere, no comparison with our somber and dark churches and cathedrals.

It was a warm day, almost hot, and we were taken up to the “Rock of Tears”. That’s a true Unification Church site. When Rev. Moon was very young and had just started his public ministry, around 1946, he went voluntarily to North Korea, because that’s where the big and powerful Christian Churches were. In Korea, something very interesting had happened. Every country at one point or another has an independence movement, because there is always an evil empire who wants to take over. Korea’s “evil empire” was Japan and they had been taken over by Japan around 1905; this lasted until the collapse of all “evil empires” in 1945. That was the good news. The bad news was that after the “Evil Japanese Empire” was all destroyed, the even more “Evil Communist Empire” came into existence. The unusual news was that in times of the “Evil Japanese Empire” the “Resistance” was all Christian...yes sir, they weren’t shouting “Ho, Ho, Ho Chi Min!”—they were shouting “Jesus loves you and you are free!”—or something like that, I imagine.

Rev. Moon went voluntarily to North Korea, after the Second World War, to be part of this great Christian Revival Movement which was taking place in and around the North Korean capital of Pyongyang. Those devout Christians in North Korea couldn’t care less and little did they know that in a short time they would be neither devout nor Christians anymore, with the Communists around...

Rev. Moon was sentenced to slave labor in a Communist concentration camp for five years for disturbing the public peace. It was hard to say who hated him more, the devout Christians, who understood that Rev. Moon was competition in the making, or the Communist leadership. The fact is, all of them were quite happy to have him in a concentration camp, where ninety percent of the inmates died after the first year. He survived it: all two

years and eight months of it. By 1950 the Korean War had broken out, and North Korea was liberated for a short time. That was everybody's great chance. Thousands of refugees were flooding from North to South Korea, there was no end to this constant stream of refugees. Rev. Moon and two of his followers—the only two of his disciples who were left—did the same. One of the men was Rev. Won Pil Kim, very young and ready to follow his teacher to the end of the world, and the other one had a broken leg and was left behind for that reason by his friends and countrymen. They escaped together. They had an incredible journey and ended up finally in Pusan, almost at the other end of the Korean Peninsula. They had crossed almost all of their country not knowing where to stay, where to sleep, where to go...and the country was in open war. They pushed the broken-legged man on a bicycle onward, but Rev. Moon was also carrying him on his back on occasion, like he did when they were crossing knee-deep water to reach some boat going south...the boat went south without them. A war photographer saw this scene and took a photo. Many years later the photo was published, a man walking through knee-deep water with another fully-grown man on his back. The face of Rev. Moon is recognizable without a shadow of a doubt. They ended up in Pusan with nothing but their lives—which was a lot, given the time and circumstances.

The man with the broken leg, once that leg was healed, was gone as quick as the “beep, beep” roadrunner. Only Rev. Moon and Won Pil Kim were left. They established themselves on the top of a hill in Pusan, built a shack out of U. S. Army cardboard boxes and whatever else they could find around. That was the first Unification Church building. Rev. Moon went up on a hill behind the house to pray...and that's the “Rock of Tears”. As the name indicates, it was no more than a rock, and here he prayed and asked the Living God for guidance...and he promised the Living God, that he would take charge of the problems of the people...the real problems of the people...the problems of the heart and spirit...he promised the Living God that he would find a way to free man from his bondage to sin...he promised the Living God that he would find real solutions for real problems...all up there on that hill, being a war refugee with

nothing to his name, but his faith, his conviction and his life.

That was the “Rock of Tears” we visited. All six hundred of us. It was somewhat crowded, yes, but it didn’t matter. It was one precious experience. If you love Elvis—it’s like being in Graceland; if you love Jesus, it’s like being in Bethlehem and Jerusalem. The shack was obviously torn down over the years, but walking down the small streets, one is led to a Unification Church Museum where the artifacts of those early years were exhibited—the kerosene lamp they used and things like that.

Apart from the trip to Pusan we made another trip to the Korean Folk Village, that’s Korea’s open air museum of what life was like in the old days. We spent one full day there, saw neatly made-up houses, schools, barns, temples...you name it. And of course, there were souvenir stores for all budgets—one could buy small cheap things up to very elaborate works of art.

I think, you might have guessed it by now—Jeff and I, we didn’t make it. In the end, we fell victims to the Unification Church policy, by which the couple were expected to keep their faith throughout long years of waiting and working on their respective missions, until they were finally allowed to live together as a couple. After six years of that, Jeff had had enough. He was thirty-five by then, and at that age a man knows what he wants in life. I cried my eyes out. For a long time, I just cried and cried. Then I pulled myself together and went on with my life. Which meant I would probably participate in another Matching and Blessing.

Of all the forty Holy Songs we have in the *Unification Songbook*, there is one which is the song of the Blessing. We sing it at Sunday Services and other occasions, too, but still...it is the song when the promised Lord will celebrate his banquet with his faithful followers, waiting for him—receiving him.

### *Song of the Banquet*

Pure new life that once was sown within the Garden's fertile soil,  
Sprouting seed has now become a blossom of heavenly loveliness,  
Father above, Lord of all, shower your blessing upon  
This Holy Day, bond of love for evermore!  
Hallelujah, Glorious Day of Joy!

Fairest flowers of the meadow, tender buds of perfect form,  
Now receive the gift of life and dance in the joy of eternal spring.  
Heavenly host, men on earth, join us in praising this Day;  
Bless us to share love's communion faithfully.  
Hallelujah, Glorious Day of Joy!

Hushed we stand in awe before you, ready now to give our pledge  
To attend and serve completely with an unchanging eternal love.  
Glorious King, mighty God, fill with your blessed Grace  
This dearest one; holy banquet of our love.  
Hallelujah, Glorious Day of Joy!

Overflowing with your love as dawn proclaims eternal life,  
Earth and Heaven, come surround the glorious Parents of mankind.  
Gather around, sing the song, fragrant the love of the Lord;  
Tell all the world: Spring has come eternally!  
Hallelujah, Glorious Day of Joy!



*Part Nine*

Bavarians—You've just got to love them



## *The Undisputed Godfather*

There was a new start, a new providence—you name it! The Italians were coming! Somehow I got caught up with the “Italian Connection”. By the middle of 1981 the “Providence” of Great Britain had outlived itself and all that manpower, Moonie Power really, was descending on Germany. And just like the Allied Forces did in 1945, this time the Moonie Forces divided Germany again in a couple of regions. There was the “English Region” somewhere around the north of Germany, the “Austrian/German Region” around the city of Hannover, the “French Region” around the city of Stuttgart and, last but not least, the “Italian Region” around the city of Munich. Every region was led by their respective National Leader and the Italian Region was led by the undisputed Godfather, Franco Ravaglioli. He was half “The Divine Augustus”, half Al Capone—and all Italian! Imagine Luciano Pavarotti without the beard, and blond—then you have pretty much the vision of our Don Corleone. He wasn’t just obese—he was fat. But he had a very good sense of humor, that is, at least he *did* have a sense of humor, which is quite unusual for an Unification Church Leader.

I was sent for a quick stint in the city of Regensburg and after a couple of weeks they called me “in from the cold” to the Center in Munich. There were precious few German brothers and sisters around, mostly Italians and Japanese. There was another German sister, Anja, from Flatland, in the north of Germany; Albert, very young and truly Bavarian; and me. The rest were all foreigners. Our leader was “Clever Elena”—there was nothing she didn’t know; nothing she couldn’t understand; nothing she hadn’t yet seen under the sun! In a way she was very much like Jeannine—a Unification Church sister trained for leadership. When we started out in Munich, Clever Elena was somewhat tired of life: “Why on earth aren’t there any Germans around to lead the Center in Munich?” she asked herself, and others, more than once. Why on

earth weren't there? Maybe Franco—"Al"—wanted to have someone he could trust, and since Clever Elena had already been a leader in England, it was only natural, no logical, that she would be asked to do the honors.

Like I said, she was somewhat tired of life, which subdued all of our spirits as well. First, we had a Witnessing Center in a very small basement apartment far away from the pedestrian area of Munich and Franco Al's secretary (who was never called that way by us, because we didn't have any secretaries, just sisters) was looking for a suitable place for all of us to stay. When that apartment was finally found—a big three-bedroom apartment, but very far away—all of us moved in. Well, all of the Italians and Japanese—the two German sisters stayed in the nicer place with Franco Al and his wife. Officially we were three German single young ladies renting this apartment, but in reality I was living there alone with about twenty foreigners, half of them Japanese men. The other tenants of the building were truly concerned about us—or about me. "Who are these people?" "What are they doing?" No one asked outright, though.

After a couple of months, by the middle of 1982, we had found a nice apartment building close, but not that close, to the city center of Munich, and we all moved there and occupied three of the available four floors.

### *“The Police are standing in front of the door”*

Now I will tell you one of those stories where life is stranger than fiction. Sometimes we would have these prayer conditions, and this one started at 5 A.M. The condition finished somewhere around 5:30 A.M. and by 6 A.M. everybody was fast asleep again! On that particular day I was still awake and dressed, as was another sister. She noticed some strange goings-on at the apartment door; she came to me and told me, “The police are standing in front of the door...what shall we do?” Heck, I didn’t know either, I was just too tired to think! It wasn’t even 6 A.M. and the police were standing in front of the door...how did they know that there was anybody up that early? Odile—that was her name—and I were still debating what to do, whether or not to wake Elena, and without much ado, two policemen were standing there, in front of us! How on earth did they enter? They had a universal key, that’s how. To Odile’s and my surprise, they were looking for a young member, let’s call him Freddy, who had lived with us, but had left the Church some time ago. Freddy was no spring chicken. He was wanted by the police for many things, mostly robbery. Well, he had robbed us, too. He stole a camera from one brother and took off with the cash register, the money for the Center’s expenses.

We didn’t know anything about him and didn’t want to know anymore about him, either. The policemen didn’t believe us. They had to make sure for themselves. So they went to the bedrooms and looked in all the corners to assure themselves that Freddy wasn’t hiding in the closet. And there we were, with one policeman leaning against a bunk-bed and asking for our papers. Some very sleepy sisters were grabbing their passports, while grumbling and mumbling. “What is this—a youth hostel?” one of the policemen asked me. To have so many people in one apartment is obviously against the law in Germany. Then inspiration just came from the Great, Great Beyond and I stood

there, firm, and with conviction I said, “Well, we are a couple of international friends and we visit each other from time to time...”

That was good enough for the policeman. He left the bedroom. But he sure had enjoyed seeing so many women in their pyjamas. And really, it wasn't a lie. All in all, Freddy turned out to have been an expensive commodity—first, he stole cash and valuables from us, and if that wasn't already enough, the police came looking for him at our Church Center as well.

### *Antonio the Handsome*

At that juncture a new game player was thrown into the arena: an Italian, who had grown up in Germany, met the Unification Church in Germany and as a result of that, spoke German perfectly well—“Antonio the Handsome”. Franco Al was in desperate need of a person like that, a true matrix between Italy and Germany, and Antonio the Handsome was just his man! When we moved into the new Center, Franco Al, together with Antonio the Handsome, decided that with a nice, new place like that, we should also have nice new furniture. Sounds logical, no? So the whole group was divided: one bigger group would go to the city and center of Regensburg to fundraise the money for new furniture, while a smaller group would stay in Munich spending all of that money to buy the furniture. Guess in which group I was? Well, obviously I was with the money-making group.

We stayed six to seven weeks in Regensburg and fundraised and fundraised like world champions. Then, finally, the day had arrived to go back. Antonio, together with the other sisters who had stayed on, welcomed us with much joy, and with considerable pride he showed us around our new home. The furniture was simple, modern, in light colors and brand new! There was a nice feeling of *Look at it!...Touch it!...This is what you have been working for*. We all felt very happy and very fulfilled. It didn't really matter that most of the furniture was bought for the third floor—which was the “leader's floor”; we had a constant flow between the three floors, anyway. Still, there was a deep satisfaction within everyone, because our hard-earned money had been spent well, and we could see the substantial result of it daily. I think the Center in Munich in that respect was rather the exception than the rule—many a good brother or sister was lost, because they never could partake in the banquet; they never knew where their hard-earned money went, and they themselves continued to live in misery. After a while even the most faithful

person feels betrayed. I had been lucky; more than once in my life I came to know both sides—the money-making and the money-spending side. One cannot appreciate public money if one has never suffered to earn one's pay. On the other hand, if one only lives to pay taxes and never gets to spend some of the tax money, one feels used and usually ends up becoming resentful.

## *Clever Elena*

With the improvement of our living situations, Clever Elena's internal mood improved daily and her internal clouds began to disappear, until they were all gone by the time the Blessing came around. We were the German Unification Center of Munich, but basically nobody spoke any German; the official language was broken English. That is, either you had, "Look, itsa like diss..." or you had "Ehhh...please...can you...please...", and the few Germans had to handle all the contact with the German population. Franco Al, on the other hand, was as smart as you would expect a true Godfather to be—he hired himself a German teacher, "a pretty young thing", college graduate and all—who gave him private lessons. Once he had to give a public speech in German and he did well, spoke well, pronounced well—he was a marvel to behold. He publicly acknowledged his German teacher, gave credit where credit was due, which is also quite unusual for a Unification Church leader. The rest of the Italians and Japanese had to make due with me: we had a German class in the morning—it was a torture, for them, for me, for everybody.

Come Sunday morning, every Unification Church Center anyplace in the world, has a Sunday Service. We were no different. What was different was that the Sunday Service in Munich was held in English by Clever Elena. Since the Unification Church of Munich had a strong elderly community, with quite a few parents of members and elderly people who had become members out of their own effort, we had to have German translation. And that was me, the German translator! Every Sunday morning Elena was up front—and me right there beside her. We were a good team. Elena's English had reached a certain level of perfection—she was rather small, but very distinguished-looking, and did she ever have a sharp mind!

One learns a lot through translating. A true translator does not put his own opinion into the field, a true translator is an

instrument through which the message is channeled to everyone present. A true translator captures the heart of the speaker. “What is it he wants to say?” “Which feeling does he want to transmit?” “What’s the priority of the message?” A true translator does not lose himself with “What’s the right word for this?” If the right word doesn’t come, he has to find a way to explain the context, the meaning. After a while, one feels very close to the person one is translating for; an understanding grows at a very deep level.

I did simultaneous translations as well—they were very common in the Unification Church. While someone was talking up front, I was sitting in the back with a group of brothers and sisters and translating from German to English, or from English to German, depending on who was talking and who was listening. In order to be able to do that, you have to empty yourself completely, so that the message can run through you, just like water. The speaker doesn’t stop speaking, so you have to listen to one language and speak in another all at the same time. It wasn’t easy and it is quite tiring. In Unification Church Centers all over the world this was common practice, since we were always an international bunch. And the leader in charge would call the person with the best knowledge of both languages and just tell him, “Please—sit over here and translate for everybody else!” In truly international meetings, like the Blessing for example, there were different groups with different translations going on at the same time. It is just like the Seven-Day Fast: one has to do it with a young, fresh mind and body. With the years, concentration dwindles and these intellectual acrobatics become more and more difficult.

## *Street Preaching, or How I was shouting all over the Pedestrian Area*

We had one crazy, totally nutty brother with us, let's call him Fernando, he came to us as a "gift" from another European country—they were a very conservative Unification Church (if there is such a thing) and he was just too much to handle for them. In the course of time, I found out why. Somehow his birthday fell during the very first days he arrived at our Center in Munich and he decided to celebrate it his way—by street-preaching in the pedestrian area of Munich. Since I was the one with the best knowledge of English, I was chosen to translate. Fernando, being Italian, was obviously speaking, no let me rephrase that, *screaming* in English—and I was supposed to do the German translation.

It was afternoon and there weren't a whole lot of people in the streets—maybe it was a holiday, I don't remember anymore. What I do remember is Fernando, standing on a public chair in the tourist area and me, standing on another chair beside him, both screaming at the top of our lungs to the passers-by who couldn't care less! Nobody even glanced our way! Fernando was by no means shy, mind you. He just went on and on. It seemed he was talking about the whole of the *Divine Principle*, from beginning to end. After about three hours, Fernando decided that his birthday had been celebrated in the right, dignified fashion, and we went home. I had a splitting headache and my voice was destroyed for a couple of days, and no—I never volunteered again to translate for Fernando.

That wasn't the only street-preaching experience I had; we did this often with varying results. The only real crowd we assembled was whenever some obnoxious middle-aged man stood in front of us and screamed his own lungs out, about how we were this terrible sect and how we didn't have anything to do with Jesus or Christianity or the like. That was what the people wanted to hear!

They all stood and stared. Something was happening, even though no one really knew what we were shouting about so loudly, me (translating) on one side, and this Bavarian screaming on the other. Ah well, it takes a lot to shake people out of their complacency!

Once our whole Center stayed around the book-table we always set up in the pedestrian area to witness, and *everybody* had to give a lecture in the open air, right there on the spot. It didn't matter that most of our brothers and sisters didn't speak sufficient German to be understood by the passers-by. There they were—Italians, Japanese and a Korean sister too—mostly lecturing in English. We had carried our small whiteboard to the pedestrian area as well—we had it just for that purpose, to give open-air lectures. I remember one Japanese brother who was screaming his lungs out—in Japanese! Right there in the pedestrian area of Munich, passers-by could be witness to the reason why the Japanese were taking over the world: there was no stopping this high-spirited Japanese with his incredible guts! But then again, it was winter, it was cold, and we had to be there from early morning until the evening. At one point the Japanese sisters assembled a choir and sang a few songs in Japanese—it warmed all of our hearts. To our delight and surprise, one passer-by actually gave them a few coins! It made us all laugh. Well, they didn't sing that badly, after all.

*“Hell no—we won’t go” or How I learned to Demonstrate*

One of the advantages of having joined the Unification Church was the fact that one was so protected from the sleaziness of this world. Imagine my utter surprise then, when on one fine morning at the end of 1981, in October, we were all asked to go to Bonn to participate in a demonstration. What was this all about? Well, do you want to have the long version, the short version or the Unificationist version? Here then is the Unificationist version: We had one incredibly fine Korean leader, who went by the name of “Tiger Park”. He was Rev. Chung Goo Park, but everyone called him “Tiger Park”. I say “was”, because unfortunately, in 1982, he died of cancer. He was very young, in his early forties.

Tiger Park was the embodiment of CARP in the United States; he was their leader and they loved and worshipped him. He accomplished something which was truly difficult: he fought in a very real way against leftist advances on United States campuses in the late Seventies and early Eighties. There were teams of all-married sisters, who were asked to leave their babies and small children with their husbands or other relatives to do CARP work on the campuses. I talked with one of these sisters once—they were my absolute heroes—she just had had a baby and was still breast-feeding, and she told me how much her breasts hurt and how she had to pump the milk out of her body, because there was no baby to breastfeed. I admired these sisters very much and right then and there I decided, if I was ever asked to do something similar, of course I would do it. A Unification Church story has it that at one point a very mad leftist went right up to Tiger Park, waving a gun under his nose with the promise that he would kill him if he didn’t stop meddling with other people’s affairs. Tiger Park stood firm and challenged him: “Okay, shoot me! I will go straight up to heaven and you will be my

assassin!" The man had guts. That's why everybody worshipped him.

Now, this very same Tiger Park showed up in Germany and established himself—and CARP—big time. In Munich we were less than twenty Unification Church members, but CARP opened a center with sixty members. In other German cities the situation was similar. This was all happening in the middle of the Cold War. We had the "Evil Soviet Empire", Ronald Reagan was still fresh as U.S. President, and as of yet hadn't introduced "Star Wars", and in Germany the Social-democratic Coalition of Helmut Schmidt was in government. I don't remember all of the details anymore, the fact is, that the "Evil Soviet Empire" was going to install—or had already installed—some SS 20 ballistic missiles on East German soil. This was no friendly gesture, their purposes were pretty evident. The United States, NATO, the West German Government were all decided on one thing: "If you've got your SS 20s, we've got our Pershings." It was agreed then, that some Pershing ballistic missiles were to be installed on Western German soil. And guess what? Everybody who was anybody was against it. And guess what else? Only we Unification Church members—and CARP obviously—were for it.

But we weren't the only group who was for the installation. There were leaflets finding their way through pedestrian areas, which read: "Better a Pershing in the garden, than an SS 20 on the roof." So for once, then, the Unification Church wasn't the only group "peeing beside the pot", as they say in Argentina. Still, the leftists were organizing one big demonstration in Bonn *against* the installment of the Pershings, and the demonstrators would be coming from all over Europe to Bonn. CARP, on the other hand, was organizing one big demonstration *for* the installation of the Pershings, and the demonstrators were all Unification Church members, and came from all over Germany. The two demonstrations were supposed to have happened on the same day—but that was too much to handle for the city of Bonn, so they gave us permission to do our demonstration the day before "the big one". And there we were, all Unificationists shipped in from wherever. I myself came with a group from Munich, to demonstrate *for* the installation of the missiles.

What the heck did I care about the Pershings! Here I was,

squeezed between a couple of mad Japanese, who were shouting at the top of their voices! It was a real demonstration: there were banners, there were megaphones and we were shouting slogans in unison all through the beautiful little streets of Bonn, until we finally ended up at the market square (I guess), where Dieter Schmidt, the German CARP leader, gave a public speech. I felt so embarrassed! Was I glad when this whole spectacle was finally over. I had joined the Unification Church to avoid mixing with these kind of people and here I was, forced to participate in a demonstration.

After the official part was finished, we all met up in a big public park, food was handed out and Tiger Park was present as well. That was it, for us Church members. I remember that we went in the same car back to Munich. But the CARP members stayed on. Having permission or not, they went out the next day and had their demonstration for the installation of the Pershings, in the middle of the demonstration against the installation—they were a small island of a couple of hundred in a huge sea of a couple of thousand against them. One CARP sister later told me what happened. Of course, they did not go unnoticed—the real heavy duty leftist demonstrators were threatening them, telling them to pack up and leave, or else... Our CARP members stood tall and preferred “or else”...some were actually beaten up. There were CARP sisters present as well, and the situation was really dangerous. Then, when the whole battle was finished, they all went to Camberg to celebrate. And Tiger Park told them something more or less like this: “You risked your lives out there fighting with the Communists, now we will celebrate our victory! Our band, the Blue Tuna band, which is our pride, will play for us all night and everybody will sing and dance all night long.” And this is what they did! This was highly unusual Unification Church behavior! But then again, those brothers and sisters had truly risked their lives and Tiger Park recognized that and appreciated it and wanted to give them their rightly deserved reward. He was a true leader. He had the charisma of true leadership—he was asking a high price of his followers, but he gave them their rightly deserved recognition as well! People like that are one in a million. Unfortunately, he died so very young.

### *Three weeks among the Lakes*

Our “Don Franco” organized some very nice 21-day seminars for us in Italy. Because of Unification Church politics for which, on German soil, a 21-day seminar for the Italian region could not be had, the seminars were set up in Italy in the fine city of Varese.

Yes, it was the very same place I went to when I was in Jeannine’s fundraising team. I loved that place, it was a former hotel, a true tourist place up on a hill, and one could see far, far into the Northern Italian landscape. Standing on the balcony, one saw some of the nicest lakes of northern Italy, seven in all. In the hotel garden were palm trees, nice plants and everything was very well taken care of. Obviously, the place had its proper owners before and wasn’t yet run-down, which was so very typical for pure Unification Church buildings and ventures.

From Munich to Varese we went with one of our minivans, heading straight south—and crossed Liechtenstein. Well, one has to be told that one is entering and exiting Liechtenstein. We drove all around the castle and then we went on to Switzerland, where we stopped at the house of Unification Church members. Very much in the mountains, the house was practically carved into a slope, and I imagined it in winter-time. These people would be totally snowed in! You wouldn’t be able to walk out of there anymore! It wasn’t practical, not in my understanding. It was like entering a different world. There was a very prominent fireplace and solid benches around the living room. I never had seen a room like that before. The grandmother, who was the mother-in-law of one of our brothers, showed us with considerable pride a cushion filled with cherry pits, to be warmed up on top of the fireplace, obviously in winter, when the fire was under way. Supposedly, it kept you warm for hours. I believed it, I had no way to prove the contrary. It was the kind of place that invites you to stay.

The workshop site in Varese had an enormous kitchen—truly

a hotel kitchen. It was so very different from everything we were used to in the Church. We had our lectures, we made our excursions—I've kept a beautiful photo from the sunset on the lake, the kind of photo you blow up and make into a poster, the kind of photo you put in a nice frame and hang up on the wall. We were a select group. Anja from Flatland was with me, and we all had a very nice time. It was May 1982, and we had beautiful weather as well.

Every Saturday night, of course, we had the Entertainment. There was one couple who stood out. They were a married couple, who had met the Unification Church and had joined the movement, Graziella and Salvatore—and they were very, very funny. The funny one was the husband, Salvatore. Small and skinny, he was something like the caretaker of the property. Graziella, on the other hand, was also small, but very, very chubby, corpulent, oversized! But she told us all the time that when they got married, she was this skinny little thing. Nobody really believed her. They were so funny together!

One Saturday night with different groups doing different sketches, Graziella and Salvatore ventured into the world of “Cinterotonda”. Their “Cinderella” was small and chubby, and wanted to be tall and skinny. We had a “fairy godfather” (who was Salvatore, of course), who told Cinterotonda he could change her into a beautiful tall skinny damsel for the Prince’s ball, but she had to be home by the strike of twelve. They exchanged Graziella with another tall, skinny sister in basically the same clothes and with the handsome *Principe*, they danced and danced. Cinterotonda forgot the time, forgot the twelve o’clock mark, forgot everything and bibbeddi, babbeddi, boo! There she was, changed back into “Cinterotonda”, right in front of the horrified eyes of the *Principe*, who fainted. One totally distraught Cinterotonda cried helplessly at home with the fairy godfather at her side: “Now the *Principe* will not want me anymore because I’m so fat! Oh, I’m never going to get married!” “Don’t worry,” said the fairy godfather, “if the *Principe* will not marry you, I will marry you!”

It was so sweet and so true. When my children want to hear a bedtime story, I tell them the story of “Cinterotonda”—which is much more real to me than Cinderella.

## *Six weeks with my closest friends from all over Europe*

Every now and then we had a forty-day workshop. By 1983 the most promising brothers and sisters were called from all over Europe to have their forty-day workshop. Nowadays they call them seminars, but back then we just used to call them workshops. I guess I got chosen because I was one of the German “lecturers”—there were so few around at that time and we were all assembling in Camberg. In forty days you get a lot of lectures; many of the things I learned then are still with me now, and I’m the better for it. Besides the regular *Divine Principle* lectures, we had lectures on *Unification Thought*, on *Victory over Communism* and we had the entire Bible explained in one full day. I loved it! I had never seen a university from the inside and it was the closest one could ever get to it.

Everything was in English, everyone was speaking, lecturing, talking, explaining and expounding in English. I made notes and notes and notes—I still have them somewhere. With us, or rather heading the workshop, was Rev. Young Whi Kim, one of the original first three couples blessed in our Church in 1960. He himself wrote *Study Book on the Divine Principle*, but we didn’t get to see much of him and his wife; they were attended to in “Farmer’s Cozy Corner”. So here we were, from Finland to Malta, from Iceland to Portugal, “sliced and diced” in seven different groups. There was enough time to have a choir, with a British sister in charge, and a folk dance group, with an Austrian sister teaching us the steps of “Troika” (all Russian) and a couple of other group dances. I was part of both groups, no problem.

This feeling of being inside of a university came to me especially with the *Unification Thought* lectures, because this book was a remodeling of the *Divine Principles*, to make them appealing and interesting to students of other philosophies. The whole *Unification Thought* is packed with terminology only a person of

higher learning will appreciate: ontology, epistemology, axiology, and things like that. Still, it was very interesting to me, because the person in charge of the lectures, a German who had been a couple of years in the United States, tried to teach on our level so that we could actually understand it, without ever having studied philosophy. You get a big sophisticated vision of “the Creator” and another sophisticated vision of “the Creation”, with a new understanding of “Human Nature” and “Divine Character”, and grand concepts like that. The writer of all this world of sophistication, Dr. Sang Hun Lee, has become really popular among us Unification Church members, especially now since he is dead and gone—he’s dead, but he’s not gone. I remember that at one point *Unification Thought* teaches that we all have to turn into “good, respectable and decent Citizens of a New World Order”—which really stuck with me. Now my husband and I spend all of our days working like crazy to pay the bills, all of the bills—and the taxes, all of the taxes, like the good citizens we are! I don’t know if that was exactly “the Vision” that Dr. Lee had in mind—but measured by that standard, we are outstanding citizens!

Then we had *Victory over Communism* from an American brother, who basically taught us the principles of Communism the way it was thought up by Karl Marx. These were the Eighties, and Communism was still in its heyday. He would make all kinds of drawings of the “World According to Karl Marx and Co.” with our *Divine Principle* understanding as a counter-proposal. From all of that I remember kindergarten-style drawings of the chick fighting against the eggshell “to be born and to be free”. Did anybody actually believe that nonsense?

And one of these forty days was dedicated to a brother from Mauritius (where the heck is the island of Mauritius located, anyway?). He was the pinnacle of sophistication. With a university degree in French Literature, he explained to us all of the books of the Bible, starting with the Old Testament and finishing right up with the Revelation—by then it was 10 P.M. though, and only the ones who were really interested had remained—like me. He used such a select language in English—I could only imagine how his French was.

There is another detail I will never forget—we were introduced to George Orwell's *Animal Farm*. George Orwell's 1984, I had read, but *Animal Farm*, that was a new one to me. As part of the recreational program in the evenings, we saw an animated movie of how the animals took over the corrupt farmer's farm, elected the horse and other hard-working animals as their leaders, which gave them hope. Then, bit by bit, the pigs, with the help of the wolves, took over, and created a new pig culture, and altered all of the rules formerly established by the community of animals and created a pig super-race.

One obviously relates this whole exposure to the world of Communism, but I guess George Orwell's vision was much bigger than this—that's the way many a revolution started and finished; that's the way many a reformation started and finished; that's the way many a culture, religion, company—actually many a human endeavor—started and finished! How wise this George Orwell was! He knew much and understood much.

A forty-day workshop like that, when you're all single, with no "Monday-to-Friday, eight-to-five" schedules to follow, is pure fun. The time we're talking about is between October and November of 1983 and before the workshop started, the coordinator told us that we should write down our birthdays because if they fell right at this period, they would be celebrated. And that's what they did. That's what they did with everyone else, except for me! It worked like this: after dinner, all of a sudden, the lights went out and a birthday cake with burning candles was brought through the dark to the lucky person. We all sang "Happy Birthday", the candles were blown out, some gift found its way to its new owner, and everybody was happy. And there I was, on my birthday, sitting and sitting and sitting, waiting and waiting and waiting—nothing. After just about everybody had left the dining room, I thought, *Oh well, I just slipped through the cracks...it happens.* But no, they hadn't forgotten me; my blessed team-leader didn't have enough pull to convince the kitchen staff to make the cake. At the usual evening group meeting, he gave me a miserable bar of chocolate, and his excuse was that everyone was preparing to go pioneering the following day, into select cities of Germany. Well, I forgave him. What I didn't forgive him though, was that my

team's city was Munich. That was insufferable! Everybody got the chance to go to a different city—and I had to go back to Munich? Apart from that, it was so embarrassing. Later I talked with a brother who was in the same situation as me, and he had just quietly switched places with another brother, so as not to go back to his own city for this “pioneering-witnessing-whatever” period. I just didn't have the guts to do that.

Life isn't fair, but there is justice! On that very same day of my birthday, a television program was broadcast all over Bavaria. In the summertime we had a television team in the Center in Munich and they did a documentary on us based on an interview with the parents of one Bavarian sister, who by then was God knows where, and that television team stuck with us for “family evenings” and camping workshops. They were so sweet, so friendly and so nice when they were with us, but the documentary turned out very negative. Like I mentioned earlier, it was broadcast right on my birthday and, believe it or not, two of my former guests were all flabbergasted by the notion of having seen me on television! They called up, they came back! They were an interesting young couple—they would just make enough money to be able to travel the world and when I was in contact with them, they had just come back from about six months in India with many photos and many stories to tell. Heck, I had become a celebrity! Fame is fickle, though. It was broadcast once and soon forgotten. I saw the video after the workshop—yes, it's true, I cut quite a prominent figure, but still, fifty percent of the video was focused on a very pretty blond sister, and the director did his utmost to charm her out of our Church. It didn't work, she was too smart for him.

It was a very nice forty-day workshop. I made many friends from different countries and we wrote to each other for quite some time after the workshop. The songs I learned, I can still sing; the dances, with a little bit of help, I can still dance, and the lectures had a lifelong impact on me.

## *The Time of Visitation*

There was a special time in Munich, a very special time. It was the “Time of Revelation and Visitation”. What had happened? Well, we have to go back to December of 1983. At one point, we received the terrible message that the second son of Rev. Moon, Heung Jin Nim (pronounced “Hoong Chin Nim”), had had a terrible traffic accident on the icy highway between New York City and our Unification Church Seminary in Barrytown, in the state of New York. He was driving in his car with two of his friends, one seated beside him and one in the back, when suddenly, on the other side of the road, a truck lost control and proceeded to hit the car right frontally. It was December 23rd and the road was icy. The truck would have had its most damaging effect hitting the seat of the accompanying person, but Heung Jin Nim, in a split-second, turned the wheels around and the truck hit him. The truck hit him hard, very hard. He fell into a coma, hung on to life for a couple of days and then, on January 2nd 1984, he died. His two friends who were with him in the car were hurt very badly, but they survived the accident. To all of us, to the whole international community of Unification Church members, there was no doubt whatsoever that he had given his life to save his friends. January 1st, “as the kind reader will remember,” is God’s Day, the most important of all Unification Church Holidays. Rev. Moon, to honor his son, declared January 2nd “The Day of Victory of Love”. We have a more low-key commemoration service in the morning to remind everyone present of just what a great kind of guy this Heung Jin Nim was.

He wasn’t just like that in death, he was like that in life, too. There is a story by Jin Sung Park Moon, the husband of In Jin Nim, one of Rev. Moon’s elder daughters, which he told to children of Unification Church members at a seminar. Once, years ago, he told, they all went fishing together—Rev. Moon and the adults together with some of his children and all the young

folk. There were big boats and small boats. Obviously, Rev. Moon was in the biggest boat of them all. The other second-generation children, as we call our Unification Church offspring, were all in smaller boats. Life on the sea is tough and rough. There are ups and downs, highs and lows, vomiting here, vomiting there. Heung Jin Nim was to be found on the biggest boat, Rev. Moon's boat, "in case my Father needs my help", he had said. *Ha!* thought Jin Sung Nim, *easy-going, easy-going!* "But," said Jin Sung Nim, "one day, the sea was unbearable. Everyone was seeking shelter and they huddled together like little chicks in the rain. Only two people were out fishing: Father on one side—and Heung Jin Nim on the other. There they were, all day long, immobile, like stone figures." That's the kind of person he was! When he died, he was only seventeen years old.

By early 1984, Heung Jin Nim spiritually contacted brothers and sisters who had the gift to receive his spiritual messages and as time went on, he contacted more and more people in different parts of the world—the United States, England, Africa, practically everywhere in the whole world. There was always someone who would receive his messages, write them down and they were read to us. "The Time of Visitation" also reached the shores of Munich sometime between spring and summer of 1984. There was one brother in particular, let's call him Henrik, who received these messages from the "Other Side" and always wrote them down on a typewriter—well yes, we're still talking about a time before PCs, the "Stone Age". Apart from that, the good Henrik didn't know how to type with ten fingers, which was obvious—but hey, that has nothing to do with the story. Let's be serious! Henrik came to Munich on some sort of business mission—for the life of me, I can't remember which company he was working for. In any case, he was a much better medium than businessman! What I do remember is Henrik giving a Sunday Service once, him speaking in English, me translating into German, when he told us that Søren Kierkegaard and his grandmother had been very important people for him in his life of faith.

I remembered that now when Heung Jin Nim began to send his messages, they contained a lot of practical advice and were very valuable to us. He told us what he could see from the Other

Side that we weren't aware of—all the many mistakes we made, all of the small and big blunders leading us astray, into the wrong direction, without us ever noticing it. There were other people who gave us advice, too. Foremost of all of them, was Jesus, who introduced himself to us as “your older brother Jesus”. Another one was Pater Ruppert Mayer. You had to be Catholic and from Munich to know him. Right in the middle of the pedestrian area, there is a chapel dedicated to him. He is the patron saint of Munich and its inhabitants, their “Fabulous Four from Liverpool”, their St. Patrick, their Diego Maradona—well, you get the picture. This Pater Ruppert Mayer, a Catholic priest and a very gutsy man of his time, who lived in more or less open resistance against the Nazis, loved us very much and gave us a lot of advice as well. And then there were two more people—Søren Kierkegaard and Henrik's grandmother. That grandmother was a lot of fun. She apparently stood her ground against Heung Jin Nim and told us, through Henrik, that we sleep too little! Heung Jin Nim apparently told her, “Don't worry. They're young. They're strong. They have a lot of things to do.” She wouldn't have any of it! “What does he know! I have children and grandchildren, I have a lot of experience!” Poor Heung Jin Nim. That little old granny knocked him flat!

She was right, though. We did sleep very little. Apart from that, we started with one of those prayer conditions, worthy of any martial arts, Shaolin-style temple. We had prayer chains from midnight to four o'clock in the morning. They were organized into groups of three or four who would pray, if I remember correctly, for one whole hour. Everybody, obviously, wanted to pray from midnight to one o'clock. But that most coveted time-slot was always taken! We had some elder sisters with us, married sisters, who were on a forty-day vacation from husband and family—well obviously it wasn't called “vacation”, but was a “forty-day witnessing condition for blessed wives”, and they would always pray between midnight and one o'clock in the morning. That was because some of them were pregnant. These sisters brought quite some pizzazz into the Center in Munich—not that life was boring at that particular time, but it was good to have had them around. But sure enough, we were always tired.

Some of these spirits who gave us guidance had been Christian saints, like Francis of Assisi or Catarina of Siena, for example. Others were quite unknown. There was one Jewish leader as well, Bal Shem Tov.

After a while, there was a whole group around Henrik. They would gather around on the top floor and had special meetings of which we were informed later. I wasn't part of that group, so I didn't really experience many of these special spiritual happenings first-hand. But, like everybody else, I believed them all. We all became very spiritual. The Spiritual World, Life after Death, the Great Beyond, the Other Side—it became as normal to us as doing the groceries at the local supermarket. And, on a worldwide level, there really was no end to be seen.

In Argentina, for example, the “Time of Visitation” was sometime in 1986, where one early member with a great spiritual “antenna” (but really not much sense for music), received lots and lots of songs about Heung Jin Nim; they were being sung by brothers who actually did understand something about music! In practically any part of the world, Heung Jin Nim manifested himself. Many “liberation ceremonies” happened as the result of that and many good things were brought into being. It was our Pentecost: “the spirit was poured out among the believers”. A lot of seminars for spiritual cleansing followed in the coming years, and with the death of Mrs. Han, Mrs. Moon's mother—we call her “Dae Mo Nim”—a whole branch of Unification Church activities, dedicated only to spiritual phenomena, opened up.

Now the Spiritual World has become quite a natural part of the life of Unification Church families. Heung Jin Nim revolutionized the Spiritual World, but Dr. Sang Hun Lee organized it. Dr. Lee died in 1997 at the ripe age of 84 years. He had written the *Unification Thought* and the *Victory over Communism* material. What does a teacher do, when he dies? Well, chances are, he continues teaching. Dr. Lee didn't sit around with a big harp trying to perfect his “Hosanna” and “Hallelujah” singing—he tried to find the really important people in our Judeo-Christian history and some important people from world history as well, and told us through a medium how they were doing! And then he started to mention to all of these spirits that now there is a higher

truth available and yes, he would very much like to tell them all about it! Well, by now there is a whole system of seminars set up in the Spirit World. And if there is any doubt about Dr. Lee's messages, they are so well-organized, they come with titles and subtitles and are divided into different groups, just like his books! You can look them all up on the Internet and take your own sweet time to read and digest them.

As for Heung Jin Nim, among many other things, he made sure that spirits learn how to keep schedule. We are taught that spirits don't have a sense of time and space. I think it's a little bit like being in prison—if you're locked up for life with no hope of ever seeing the outside anymore, every day is the same: Monday is like Thursday, Friday is like Sunday. But, let's say there is a rock band scheduled to play in the prison next Wednesday night, at 8 P.M. sharp. You'll make sure you are there, and by 7:30 P.M.—there you are, washed, styled, combed and bright, shiny and bushy-tailed! If you have the attitude of, "Oh well, I don't care. I'll stay in my cell. Who gives a—" Then, unfortunately, you're really living in hell. From what we Unificationists understand, if ever there is a big Unification Celebration somewhere on the earth, there is also a big celebration simultaneously in the Spirit World. It's a kind of "giant hook-up" between the two worlds.

Oh yes, oh yes—I can see that expression in your face, that squint in your eyes—you don't believe any of it! But I tell you, if you had lived with us in the Center in Munich during the "Time of Visitation", the Great Beyond would be very natural to you—it would be part of your everyday life!

## *Crossing Over to the New World*

After all of this, my time in Munich was coming to an end—I could feel it. And I always had this unbeatable, unquenchable desire to go to the “Land of Unlimited Possibilities”, as they used to call the United States in Germany. The movement everywhere in the Unification Church was westward bound—one had to “go west young man”, it was the center of activities, the Center of the Providence...one had to be there or be square. I was no different. I dreamed about being in the United States. I literally dreamed about it.

How did I finally end up in the United States? Well, I guess, it was just like everything else—the stream of life inevitably carries you to your destination. In the beginning of 1985, life in the Center in Munich had become very much a routine; Clever Elena now had a husband and a baby and consequently didn't live with us anymore. After Henrik had left Munich on a “secret mission”, the “Time of Visitation and Revelation” had run its course, as well. There was Antonio the Handsome running the Regional Headquarters and Georgio running the Center. Did I ever mention Georgio? No? Georgio came from Sardinia, but looked every inch of an Arab, in fact I have a beautiful photo of Georgio dressed up as an Arab, and Jeannine's husband, no less, looking very convincing as a pirate. It was taken at one of our annual carnival parties which we organized for our guests, who were listening to the cycle of lectures.

Ah, those carnival parties... Lots of decorations, the band was always there to play, all kinds of games with prizes—and mostly organized by me. After a while, I was synonymous with entertainment. Clever Elena was ever wise and left me a lot of freedom—artistic freedom—to do, to play, to dance and to organize. She even allowed me to take some dance classes—local public courses, the first one being “Expressional Dance” and another one “Israeli and Greek Folk Dance”. I would fundraise

the money for it, not just for myself; I would also make the money for another Italian sister, who accompanied me. These dances we would perform at our Church Holiday celebrations and whenever we had an entertainment evening. It was great publicity, we had lots of guests. But nobody really joined the Unification Church because of our outstanding rendition of the “Hashual”, an Israeli folk dance, or because I was dancing a “Phoenix out of the Ashes” to the music from *Chariots of Fire*.

And that’s where Georgio enters. He was a lot of fun. He did his very own outstanding rendition of “The Sun Will Come Out Tomorrow” from the musical *Annie*. And on occasion we had the great honor of the incredible presence of Estella, the star—you remember Estella? Our Matching in Camberg? Her husband was one of our Italian brothers, so even though she was working in another city, she often came and visited us in Munich. Actually, she was very nice. Just that singing of hers, was...well, only for the connoisseurs of true art!

Well then, how did I come to the United States? Once, early in the year of 1985, I decided to take charge of a problem in my family—there is a “sick one” in every family, physically sick, mentally sick, emotionally sick—you name it. Usually we never think in terms of taking responsibility of the problem ourselves, we leave it up to the professionals—the doctors, the psychiatrists, the psychologists, the ones involved in the healing business. But a person who has reached a certain understanding about spiritual laws may, can and should take matters into their own hands.

And that’s what I did! I didn’t have a whole lot of options or choices, neither did I have the imagination to figure out what kind of special healing I could do—I just did something and offered it to the Living God. I read the *Divine Principle* aloud and with conviction in our small prayer room. I did this for forty days, always thinking about my sick relative. It was a spiritual battle. I felt the walls staring at me, laughing at me, and in my mind were echoing voices saying, “Ha! You think you can change something with that? You will never change anything! Give it up!” I was alone, very much alone. But then again, I was not alone! The forty days had passed. On the next day, at some time, Antonio the

Handsome mentioned to me that there was a new project being started in the United States and they were asked to name a German representative for it. Rev. Moon wanted to have a representative from every European country. Did I want to go to the United States to work on some sort of a magazine? Did I ever! What followed was a couple of nerve-racking “Yes-No-Yes-No” days, in which the different political forces of the Regional Headquarters in Munich and the National Headquarters in Frankfurt decided over my fate. In the end, I boarded that plane to New York City...

Whenever I was asked how on earth I got to work at *The World & I* magazine in Washington, D.C., I gave the “official” story: that I had done an apprenticeship in a German publishing company and that working in the commercial field of magazines was my learned profession, before I had joined the Unification Church full-time. And since they were looking for a German representative, I was just the right person for the job. That’s the official story—everyone inside and outside the Unification Church accepted that explanation—it was all so logical. But that’s not the real reason why I was chosen. Apart from that, a Unification Church leader doesn’t look at CVs. Chances are that neither in Munich, nor in Frankfurt, were they aware of my professional background. A Unification Church leader, when confronted with a decision, prays and asks God for guidance.

The real reason was that forty-day condition I had undertaken—the one I made to heal the wounds, and to find the answers to the problems. There is a cause for things. And there are effects to be seen. The Living God is so incredibly grateful that if we take matters in our own hands and try at least to solve our own problems, He will give us what we most desire.

And what about the sick relative? Some things take the investment of a life-time. “It’s like a marriage,” as an ex-President of Argentina would say, “there are good times, there are bad times, one has to stick them out together.” That’s how my years in Munich, in all of Bavaria—in fact, in all of Germany—ended. I was westward bound, to new shores and a new life.

Of all of the forty Holy Songs, there is a most popular one, the first song one really learns upon joining the Unification Church,

the one we sang when we came together to pray, and we all knew by heart. Apart from that, it was Heung Jin Nim's song:

### *Song of the Garden*

The Lord into His garden comes,  
The spices yield a rich perfume;  
The lilies grow and thrive,  
The lilies grow and thrive.  
Refreshing showers of Grace Divine  
From the Father flow to every vine  
And make the dead revive,  
And make the dead revive.

Oh that this dry and barren ground  
In springs of water may abound;  
A fruitful soil become,  
A fruitful soil become.  
The desert blossoms as the rose,  
When the Saviour conquers all His foes,  
And makes His people one,  
And makes His people one.

Come breth'ren you that love the Lord,  
And taste the sweetness of His Word;  
In Father's ways go on,  
In Father's ways go on.  
Our troubles and our trials here  
Will only make us richer there,  
When we arrive at home,  
When we arrive at home

*Part Ten*  
Onward Bound



## *The Land of Unlimited Possibilities*

And then I was there—in the United States. What followed were six very nice years. A lot of good things happened—some bad things happened as well...you know, life. It was definitely a privilege to have been one of the founding members of *The World & I* magazine, it was a privilege having had a salary with all the social benefits that went with it, it was a privilege having worked as a paginator. What does a “paginator” do? Well, what a question, a paginator “paginates”, of course. We had some big, big computers—at that point they were state of the art—where we would arrange the text with the photos or graphics and then typeset it. I loved my job. I really did. Apart from that, first I took dance classes, and after that I took martial arts classes and I saw practically every American dance company in the Kennedy Center in Washington, D. C.

Now, when I look at *The World & I* page on the Internet, I can't believe that I was actually part of this beautiful magazine. Why did I give it all up, then? Well, let's call it the “Call of the Wild”...

## *Doing It All a Second Time*

Well yes, I went through the whole Blessing a second time. The Matching, the Holy Wine Ceremony, the Blessing—yes, we went to the Korean Folk Village, but no nice big trip to Pusan or other places. The second time around, one feels decidedly embarrassed to be there in the first place—there should never be any second time! Yes, yes, I know. You want to know the whole story...

Well, I arrived with all the eligible brothers and sisters from the *Washington Times* and *The World & I* magazine. We stayed in some small town on the outskirts of Seoul in Korea, it was January of 1989 and very cold. We set up house in the McCol factory. What on earth is “McCol”? It’s a soft drink, made from barley...well, it ain’t all that bad, you get used to the taste after a while, trust me. We were put into these big halls—yes, like always—brothers in one hall and sisters in another. And just like we did in the Fundraising Team, we put our sleeping bags one by one alongside each other, sardine-style.

I stayed two full days in the Matching hall, and watched couples being formed and listened to Rev. Moons speeches and—nothing happened. What I didn’t know was that the Argentinian group came very late, so when I finally and unmistakably was asked to find my way to the brother who was standing at the other end of the room, he had only been inside of the hall for less than half an hour! I didn’t look much at him, only recognized the fact that he wasn’t really fair-skinned and wasn’t really African black either—what kind of a place was he from? Argentina. Argentina? What did I know about Argentina? Gauchos, pampas, tango... Did he speak English? No! Did I speak Spanish? No! Oh my God...

Did I speak Italian? *Did I speak Italian?* Now, did I speak Italian? All my visions of Italy, the team, the fundraising, Jeannine, the beach, it all came back to me! I started to speak in Italian... For the life of me, I can’t comprehend now how we communicated! Well, we did communicate. He spoke Italian fluently. Why? Because he was fundraising in Italy, of course. I remembered some words here

and there, but I caught up with the spirit quickly. Oh, Eveline would have been proud of me! It helped a great deal that almost every Argentinian Unification Church member spoke Italian as well. Yes, they all had been fundraising in Italy, just like me!

Life is great and mysterious! Here I was—a German in Korea being matched to an Argentinian and the only language we had in common was Italian! Because we both had been fundraising in Italy! I had been fundraising in Italy for the German Unification Church and he was at that point fundraising in Italy for the Argentinian Church. Thank God for Italy!

I was “gobbled up” by this rowdy group of Argentinians, with their spouses from all over the world. After a couple of days I had to go back to my safe haven at *The World & I* magazine in Washington D.C., but practically all of the other brides stayed on. Ours, the Blessing of January 12th 1989, was the “Mobilization Blessing”—everyone was supposed to stay for three full years in Korea, to help with the Providence. Most of the 1275 couples stayed some weeks or months, then they would settle in “my place” or “your place”, and start from scratch, like we always do. The typical Unification Church couple starts with nothing—two sleeping bags and a mattress on the floor. That’s how my husband and I started. You build up your fortune together. Sometimes it works out, sometimes it doesn’t.

Yeah, yeah, all very nice—what about love? I don’t know, you tell me. The only thing I can say is what Golde answered Tevje, the two of them also coming together in an arranged marriage like everyone else in that village, when he asked her that very same question in *Fiddler on the Roof*: “Do you love me?” “Oh come on...for twenty-five years I have cooked for you, I have washed for you, I have cleaned the house for you. I have given you five daughters. If that isn’t love, what is?”

Last Sunday we had our fourteenth anniversary (no kidding), we took our two children to the park, rented two videos—one for them and one for us—they were extremely happy with their video and we enjoyed ours. That’s love! Love doesn’t just “happen”; it has to be created, tended, nourished, it has to be maintained. When I was in the United States, I had a little bonsai tree. I don’t know how authentically “bonsai” the bonsai tree really was, but I loved it!

I put it on a nice place on the window sill, watered it and talked to it—it was my baby! And it grew and flourished. That’s how relationships are—one has to nourish them well, if not, they will wither away.

With children it isn’t any different. They have to be nourished, they have to be tended to, they have to be given their time and their space. Children, in the depth of their hearts, don’t want an expensive toy, they want to have a Mommy or a Daddy who takes them seriously, spends time with them, makes sacrifices for them. They want to be proud of their mother or father; they want to feel “He really loves me, because he can give up watching the soccer game to play with me” and “She really loves me, because she stops cleaning the house and starts playing with me.”

If you’re single, enjoying your freedom and thinking, “Well, I don’t have any children and this whole story doesn’t concern me in the least,” I’m sure you have a good friend who has children, who works with you, and if you are really serious about how one feels as a parent, then I have just the right proposal for you:

For one glorious weekend you can be Mommy or Daddy! Ring up your friend and suggest to him or her to drop off the kids on a Friday night at your place. The parents can pick them up again Sunday night, just in time to be ready for school on Monday morning. Just be firm that you are capable of handling the kids for one whole weekend, and that they should rent themselves a nice hotel room and do just whatever they ever wanted to do for a long time without the kids! Let them make a phone call once to make sure their children have arrived safely and then leave the phone off the hook. No one can have a decent vacation if they keep calling each other every two hours!

Really go through with this! But be warned, with children there are only two options: either you turn into that one person who’s going to be their friend for life—or you turn into the “witch” they will eat alive! The secret of success with children is to deliver the goods before they actually ask for them: keep them busy with good things. If it’s a nice, sunny weekend, by all means do some “outdoorsy” kind of sports or games—if you love it, they will love it too. If it turns out to be a rainy weekend, well then rent a nice movie and watch it all together. My suggestion: *Hook*, the Steven

Spielberg version of *Peter Pan*; skip the beginning and go right to the part where they all arrive in Never-never-land. The movie is made with such lush colors and has such a beautiful pirate set that you will enjoy it as much as the kids.

Believe me, there is no greater gift to be made to exhausted parents. Next Monday morning you arrive at your job a true winner—you will have had your very own weekend workshop. Best case scenario: you have two grateful friends for life and a bunch of kids who will spread throughout the whole neighborhood what an incredibly cool person you are. Worst case scenario: you will sleep twenty-four hours non-stop. In any case, it will have been a positive experience, trust me!

Well, every good story comes to an end, and it's no different with these stories. They are all true, the people are all real, and these are their real names, except for the cases when I wrote "let's call him so-and-so". This whole time period—my three years of Mobile Fundraising Team and my three years of witnessing in the Center in Munich, we Moonies, or "Unificationists" as we call ourselves nowadays, we call this time period our "Formula Course". No, it has nothing to do with baby formula. It's the "Formula Course"—called like that by Rev. Moon himself a couple of years ago. It includes three and a half years of National Fundraising Team and three and a half years of witnessing in a National Church Center. After the combined seven years, one is eligible to receive the Blessing. I did my Formula Course by the book, it had just worked out that way. Most of the members were slipping in and out of different missions all of the time. One was criss-crossing from here to there...and back again. My husband's Formula Course? Six years in the Fundraising Team in Italy! He knows every village, every beach, every town square from north to south, from Adriatic to Riviera. He even knows Sicily and Sardinia, too.

If ever, in your wheelings and dealings of work or life, you come across a "Unificationist"—not a Moonie, mind you, but a "Unificationist", which isn't all that impossible, with so many different organizations and businesses connected to the "Family Federation for World Peace and Unification" in existence, just ask casually, "So, how did you spend your Formula Course?" and see what happens. If the person you're dealing with opens his eyes wide

with the expression of: “How on earth does this person know?”—it’s then that you have to carry out the test: A true Unificationist will rattle on and on with stories and stories very much like mine—that’s a person to be trusted! If the person doesn’t really want to talk about it, ah well, then something is fishy. But don’t judge that person too quickly—maybe he just needs a “little bit of help from his friends”.

Well, as for myself, when I hit thirty-two years, I decided, *That’s it!* For thirty-two years now I’ve been a missionary, a revolutionary, a paginator, a dance student, a martial arts student—a virgin! Enough is enough! So, even though I loved my job, I didn’t want to become the spinster of the office. Practically everybody else at *The World & I* was respectably blessed and married—they all had their spouses, they all had their kids, most of them had grown somewhat chubby too, and were wearing their bellies of respectability with pride. I was still this skinny thing with long hair, flowery wide skirts and no one to say, “Hi, honey, I’m home” to. This had to change.

My last day at work was a Thursday and the following Tuesday, I was in Buenos Aires. Yes, and so I embarked on the final, the most daring of all of my adventures—being blessed and married to an Argentinian. But folks, that is quite another story and shall be told at another time...

*The Arrow and the Song*

I shot an arrow into the air,  
It fell to earth—I knew not where.  
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight  
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,  
It fell to earth—I knew not where.  
For whom was sight so keen and strong  
That it could follow the flight of song?

Long, long afterwards in an oak,  
I found the arrow, still unbroke.  
And the song—from beginning to end—  
I found it again, in the heart of a friend.

*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*