

The King Tuna

It must have been around 1945, when one of the last German submarines was cruising through the Gulf of Mexico. Somewhere close by were two tuna fish, lovingly eyeing each other. The female wanted to spawn, trying to convince the male to spawn in the same area. Finally they succeeded, and over 1.5 million eggs were covered with a milky white swirl, promising them potential life. A little later many of the eggs came to life. Tiny baby tunas emerged, beginning to experience their immediate environment: the nature of the sea, the currents and a vast array of sea life. The ones that survive will have infinite experiences in their long lives at sea.

In 1977 Father visited Barrytown a lot. He seemed very restless that spring. I remember one night, when Father stayed in Barrytown, to have an early start the next morning for a fishing trip to the Catskills. I was on security duty that night and got no sleep. We left at about 4:00 am. On our way up into the mountains, four white-tailed deer majestically crossed the street. Father's car had to stop to let them pass, and they then took off running. We continued on the mountain road and eventually reached our destination, a river ending in a lake. Trout were supposed to be there. So we cast out some of our fishing lines, baited with salmon eggs, trying to entice the trout. But it was very difficult to even catch one.

Next to Father's party was one family with an ugly daughter, who talked all the time, saying something like: "The first fish you catch, you have to eat." Those people were actually quite successful, catching more fish than we did. Later on that day, Father tried fishing for trout in a small stream, but with little success.

In Barrytown people were not idle either. Some went spear fishing for shad, a relative of the herring. Father got inspired to do the same, and finally we ended up at Bard

College, at the waterfall. But there were signs posted 'No Fishing', 'No Trespassing'. Of course Bard College security had a field trip catching us there and blocked our way out. They called the police, and we were arrested for trespassing. Later on the charges were dropped though.

Some seminarians took to the lagoon, blocking a little arm of the lagoon with a net used on tennis courts, during the outgoing tide. As the fish were trapped, they could be picked out of the mud. They caught carp that way. The news reached Father, and again he went to Barrytown to see what was going on.

Soon afterwards we went to a net shop in New York, in the Fulton street area. Father bought nets, floats, leads, lines, twine and needles, to make a net. The idea was, to block the entire lagoon and at low tide pick up carp. Not only that, but at three different areas around the lagoon we set nets, and at low tide we caught carp by hand. Many members were involved, and Father invited members in groups for carp fishing in Barrytown. Almost the entire church membership had the honor to catch carp by picking them out of the mud by hand.

Eventually it was the turn of East Garden/Belvedere staff members. Father gave us an inspirational talk, and for the first time I heard him mention the presence of a king carp. Nobody has seen him, as the water was so muddy and dirty with less than one foot visibility. But Father mentioned the king carp again. So we were supposed to catch it in addition to all other carp. Unfortunately the low tide was not going out as far as before and the water level made fishing difficult. Even though many carp were caught, there was no way to catch the king carp. Disappointment was written all over Father's face and his comment was: "East Garden/Belvedere staff members think they are the best, but they are not humble enough. So God taught us a lesson by way of the tide." It was on this day, that I

heard about a king carp for the first time or any kind of king among the many species of fish.

In 1985, Father had to spend time in Danbury prison on a trumped up charge and was unable to supervise the tuna season himself. But his heart was there – on the ocean. He knew fish were there as well. The winter had been unseasonably mild, and therefore the water temperature did not drop very low. In February the long liners south of George’s Bank already caught some tunas unexpectedly. Down south in Florida, the incidental catch rate was filled quickly. National Marine Fisheries were proclaiming the tuna stock as endangered. Nonetheless, they were faced with the fact that tunas were around and caught early. What a joke!

Father was very restless. He knew the tunas were out there early and kept asking, when Ocean Church would start fishing for tuna. When the answer was the 11th of July, Father got angry, bursting out: “Too late!” Yes, I knew. According to Father’s tradition, the tuna season was to start on the 4th of July. It was one week later now, and the tunas had appeared earlier this year. Not being able to be there in person, his anger was understandable. He also was annoyed, that his tradition wasn’t upheld.

Meanwhile, I was in Norfolk, having my own share of difficulties with Ocean Church Headquarters. All I was trying to do was, to understand Father’s directions for Ocean Church and follow them. Just about one month before the start of the tuna season, Mr. Sugiyama came down to Norfolk, demanding that I come to Gloucester for tuna fishing, but I refused. He threatened me, begged me, ordered me and tried to reason with me; yet I refused. This debate continued for hours. He did not get tired, nor did he give up, and I knew then, that I would have to go. My excuses were getting weaker, and his final statement: “You have to teach Father’s tradition and train someone to take your position” convinced me to finally give in.

Knowing my job and my mission, I started to concentrate, meditate, research and prepare lectures. I spent many hours in prayer, trying to find out, how Father achieved his victories at sea. I searched for the meaning of Father's ocean going experiences, and the reasons behind his actions, trying to determine the future course. I fervently prayed about inheriting Father's tradition and passing it on to others. Eventually I was more or less prepared to take on the challenge.

Being back in Gloucester, I felt very lonely, as there was almost no one to talk to. Nobody seemed to care about the things I had on my mind. People came to Gloucester for fun, vacation, to meet others, trying to get away from the pressure of the mission. Trying to connect and share was very hard for me at that time.

I heard Mr. Sugiyama say: "Everybody has to catch 12 tunas, and somebody has to even challenge Father's record". I thought to myself: "Yeah, good luck. I know how difficult it is, to catch just one tuna". These magnificent fish roam the oceans, going everywhere, majestically dominating the waters like almost no other species, and while swimming, they display authority and speed, thereby tricking man and fish, friend and foe. The tuna is the prince of the sea. You, Mr. Sugiyama, want to catch this fish? Good luck. It takes someone quite special, to catch many tunas.

Who shall break the record of the Messiah? Good luck. I can still hear Mr. Kamiyama's words: "Better organization, better training, better planning and then better results than before". My response again was: "Good luck". It is not easy to bring better results. Eventually, the training period was over. My lectures were taped on video. Some were good, some not too bad and one was miserable, and I knew it. The preparation could have been better.

Then the Blessing of the Fleet took place, and then, after the first people got sea sick, we went out. The chase for tuna

was on. As we went out in V-formation on the first day, I felt, that a long summer was ahead of us; three months of fishing. I wished that it would be August already. At the fishing grounds we anchored the little Good Go boats around the New Hope. The lines were set out, and I started my prayer, offering our devotion to God, asking God to be present on the New Hope and on all the One Hope boats, to participate in our tuna fishing activities and to be with all the captains and crews. I prayed for a victorious season, yeah, I did not know, how victorious the season would be. I did not know, how much Heavenly Father anticipated hearing my prayer, nor did I know, how eager God was, to pour His blessings upon our work, but I would find out very soon.

The work began, chumming, setting lines, trying to mark tunas, giving directions to others, directing the fleet, putting a bridle on the New Hope, cleaning the boat over and over again and correcting the mistakes others made. The day progressed and it was past noon already.

Suddenly Matti's boat was off the anchor. Strike! A tuna bit his line. The red fighting flag went up and the fight began.



Brendon and Gerhard sitting on the New Hope

It lasted for more than 30 minutes. Then the red flag came down and the white flag went up. The tuna was landed. After a while, Matti came by the New Hope and presented his fish. According to heavenly tradition, I offered the tuna to God and True Parents, just as if Father himself were on the New Hope. Of course, as I saw the fish, I tried to connect to Father in spirit, remembering him and his gigantic smile in 1980, when I offered all my tunas to him and then to God through True Parents, and in their names. Father is in the position of High Priest and we bring the offering.

Then I gave Matti some Ginseng Up, which he and his crew enjoyed. It was such a joy to see the first fish of the season of 1985, caught on the first day. Never before did we catch a

fish on the first day out, and I was convinced, it was going to be a special season, even though we had a late start, and Father knew it. Eventually the day was over and I called off the fishing. Going home we again proceeded in a V-formation.

The next day we caught three tunas. However, the New Hope didn't catch any. Every day I realized that the fish were moving more and more in the southerly direction, and I took the New Hope to the spot, where fish had been caught before. Gradually we moved more to the south, as the northern area was not productive, and fished there during the entire season.

As the season continued, we caught many more fish. Meanwhile, the people of Gloucester spread rumors about the Moonies' catching an incredible amount of fish. As the rumors went, I supposedly had caught 6 tunas before I actually went out on the first day. It made me wonder, 'Was this meant to be a prophesy' and was not really angry about it. I only wished it would have happened already.

As the days passed, fish were caught every day, but not by the New Hope. I knew, the New Hope was a slow starter and told Steve about it. I said: "This boat has a really hard time to start catching, but by the end of the season she really gets hot". Still, doubt was on Steve's face. Even seeing it, I didn't care, for I knew it was true. I could feel it in my bones, in my gut.

This was the 9th day of tuna fishing season, and it started to get really foggy. We had tunas strike like crazy. Our fleet was able to catch 9 tunas. The total amount of tuna caught so far, was 27, but not even one was caught by the New Hope. On this particular foggy day, many fish were caught. Shouts of "Aboji Mansei" were coming from all different directions. Some boats got lost while fighting the fish, but I managed to get them back to join the fleet and of course to the New Hope, to enable them to offer their fish.

Amazingly, Mr. Sugiyama was on one of the hot boats catching fish. God was really giving the blessing to him, but not

to the New Hope. People started wondering, why the New Hope wasn't catching any fish. Some members even started praying for us and I thought of the early times, when I was the one catching the first fish of the season, but anyway, different times, and different dispensations. It was my mission now, to lead the fleet, to teach the crews boating, tuna fishing and most of all Father's tradition.

By now it was day 10 of tuna fishing. We were marking tunas like crazy, but no hook up. As Brendon was chumming, he received the direction to chum heavy, which he did by taking the bait out of the box and throwing it overboard. By then the tide had changed, and we were almost swinging onto our own lines. I was thinking to change the lines, to even take some lines out of the water, when we heard it – click! --, and the 5 fathom drop line went out. Standing next to it, I grabbed it right away. As I felt the tuna, I said: "We got one" and started pulling in the lines. Then the yelling started, because neither Steve nor Brendon was experienced in fighting the tuna. Eventually we were off the anchor. I was fighting the fish and Brandon put the line in the basket. But where was Steve? I called him many times but got no answer. My calls became strong yells, and finally I heard him screaming: "I am in the water". I didn't know how that happened and hoped he was alright. As I was getting worried about him, I heard him say: "I'm ok, I'm on the boat now".

Eventually we caught the tuna and our prayer was full of gratitude. Our "Mansei" could be heard all over the ocean, we were so excited, especially myself. Finally a tuna! I knew God was on the New Hope, I knew God fought the fish and I knew God was happy about the catch. He was truly happy, because we were screaming towards heaven. The white flag proudly was raised. The New Hope was shining – Good job, New Hope.

We went home proudly and were met at the dock with great excitement. Then I saw Karen running the other way, and I thought, she didn't want to have anything to do with us. I kept thinking, girl, you must have hard feelings towards me. But we were happy, bringing in the fish. Pictures were taken, and afterwards we enjoyed ice cream at Friendly's.

The next day we caught a tuna again; a bigger fish this time, 800 pounds. There was still a lot of yelling while fighting the tuna, because the crew had not yet learned, to work as one unit, and it was difficult for us to hook the fish in the first place. The next day, we saw many other boats hook up, but we still were waiting. Steven and Brandon started to cuss, and I thought this is bad. Then – click – and the 7 ½ fathom drop line went out. Steve's reaction was a four-letter word and Brandon repeated it. It actually was a tuna. We fought it and caught a proud 800-pounder. So the New Hope finally had new hope.

The next day nothing happened, but then we caught 5 tunas in a row, amazing. One day two people, claiming to be from CAUSA, came with Karen, and I did not feel too good about it. Yet I knew, we would have a good chance at catching a fish, and we did. I was amazed. Karen was pretty good on the boat and took good care of those people.

The following day she approached me early in the morning, asking: "Can I come with you on your boat?" I didn't answer her right away, thinking, what should I say? This day will eventually pass, so I might as well take her along. And we caught again. Now it was me telling her: "Karen, you cannot leave the boat. A successful crew should not be changed". She became one of the crew, and we keep catching fish. We talked a lot, voiced different opinions and solved difficulties, and gradually we became good friends.

One day out on the ocean we were being attacked by dog fish. I was determined to really work hard. I changed bait, replaced bait which was eaten up by dog fish and said: "There

is a fish around. We just have to keep our lines in the water, and work hard, united as a crew.” We really did just that, and Steve remarked: “If we catch a fish now, we really deserve it”. I replied: “No matter how hard we work, we never deserve a tuna. Each tuna is a gift from God”. I just finished my sentence, when we heard that familiar click – and the tuna was on. God gave us another fish.

Meanwhile we were catching our fish further and further south and in deeper waters. We anchored in 150 feet of water, sometimes even deeper and kept catching fish. I followed Father’s tradition, going out earlier and staying out later. Once we left the fishing grounds around 7:00 pm, because I knew the tide was going to change. On that day One Hope 18, Bernhard’s boat, had a hook-up at tide change. Unfortunately he lost the fish, because he cut the wrong line, releasing the tuna.

After we finally docked in Gloucester, Matti came to me and said: “You push until the last minute” and my answer was: “Yes, all I know is to uphold Father’s tradition”. I realized that, whatever I do or whatever I decide, as long as I follow Father’s tradition, the tunas will follow us. I always knew that they would follow Father, but now I could see that they are following me! Why? Who am I? My answer would be, if we just follow Father’s example and tradition, success is guaranteed.

The tuna season is always difficult, getting up early, being fried by the sun day in and day out every day, and working hard. But the excitement increases with every click. By now every click caused shaky knees, but it will get even worse. The New Hope was catching more and more fish and eventually became the leader of our fleet.

One day, some fishermen stayed out overnight and took our spot from the day before. In search of a new spot I anchored, where we never did before. When I said: “Heavenly

Father, those people stole our spot” God replied: “Don’t worry, you will see what I can do”, and I truly saw, what God could do. We had a hook up early on but lost it on Mike’s anchor line. Even though I told Mike to get out of the way, it took him such a long time, causing us to lose the fish. It was our first loss. I got frustrated, but was able to control myself, and we went back to anchor. Once there, we got another strike within 15 minutes. That fish ran like crazy, but I fought it like crazy too. I followed the fish, yelling and screaming at the top of my lungs and kept on screaming, until my voice refused to obey me. Still, with all my power I kept on screaming, chasing the other boats out of the way while following the tuna. Mr. Sugiyama was so afraid, that he dropped his anchor line first and then pulled in his lines, just to get out of the way. Finally, after that wild chase, we landed a tuna of 885 pounds. Full of pride and gratitude we offered that fish to God and then brought it to the Golden Sea.

There was another tuna which was special to us. We had anchored and worked almost all day, feeling good about the spot, but no catch, no result. Around 2:00 pm the dog fish moved in. At that time Ruth D hooked up. I could not believe it. I went upstairs to the fish finder and saw only dog fish. I ordered to stop chumming. Among all the dog fish I marked one tuna and kept on marking this fish. Eventually I ordered Brendon to throw in half a bucket of cut bait all at once. Brendon did just that. Then I ordered him to stop. I was sure that the dogs could not eat up half a bucket of cut chum, some of it had to go to the tuna, and that’s what happened. When the tuna saw all this bait suddenly descending, he devoured it just like an animal, forgetting all caution he had otherwise practiced for 25 years at sea. He took one small piece of dog fish, a dog tail that was skinned and free of bones, triangular in shape, containing the hook. Then the fish was hooked and he knew it, and did he ever get angry. Brendon instantly grabbed the green line and then the fish went to the drop line of One Hope 21.

Now we actually had three lines on the fish. I asked One Hope 21 to cut their line, and they cooperated after a while. We then fought the fish on two lines. I almost wanted to cut one of the lines, but somehow decided against it and that saved our catch, because the fish was on a different line, than what we fought him on. From that time on I refused to cut any tuna line. I learned my lesson.

When we landed the fish, the scale showed its weight of 925 pounds, the biggest fish I caught in all of 1985. This fish was so mad, that I had tricked him, and was still angry even after he was all tied up. In his offering prayer Brendon thanked God for me giving those directions, enabling us to catch the fish.

The season progressed, and it was now August 1st. Our fleet had caught 96 tunas, a new record. However, people lost their enthusiasm thinking, oh, I can catch a tuna even if I go out late. But they were wrong. By now we could not fool the other fishermen any longer. They drove through our fleet, read our Loran numbers and took away our profitable spots. Up until now we had two fleets out there, one was ours and one manned by native fishermen. The native fleet was fishing north and in shallow waters, and our fleet fished south and in the deep. We had caught 96 tunas without them even noticing it. But starting August 1st the situation changed, and we really had to fight fiercely for each fish.

Ocean Day 1985 came around on August 10th. Father was not in Danbury any more, but still at the halfway house, so we celebrated by ourselves. At dinner I was sharing a table with Mr. Sugiyama and two guests; Mr. Ziemer, whom I invited, as well as his associate. Mr. Sugiyama talked about me, how great I was doing this season, teaching, leading everybody out there and catching fish. Mr. Sugiyama said: "I catch fish, because I always come close to the New Hope and unite with them".

But again, who am I? Why do the tuna come to me? Not because of Gerhard, but because of Father, whose tradition I copy and whose rule I enforce. Father is the original, I am just a copy. But because I follow Father's tradition, I can reap the harvest. I had set my goal of catching 15 fish before Father's arrival, and reached it just one day before Father came.

Then of course, heaven opened up when Father was on the boat. The ocean was choppy and Father's party got sea sick. It was raining cats and dogs. Karen was the chummer, determined to chum up a tuna. The boat rolled like crazy, and even a bridle was of little help. We worked hard, but without much hope. Then suddenly the 15 fathom drop line goes off. The tuna was hooked up and we started fighting the fish. We brought him close to the boat, Father threw the harpoon, and eventually we landed the fish – number 16. Father then returned to New York, but not without the remark: "It looks like Ocean Church is inheriting Father's tradition". When I heard that, my heart rejoiced, and I was on top of the world. My effort and hard work finally paid off, and Father recognized it, great.

By now the tuna season became really difficult. The days were long, the work was very hard and our bodies grew more tired. Some days I experienced muscle pains after rising early in the morning. For 10 minutes the muscles cramped up and I was unable to move, but I kept pushing on. People dropped out and less and less people did go out early. It was difficult for me to hide my frustration.

One Japanese brother, Kei, lost three finger tips because the cable leader wrapped around his fingers after the tuna was harpooned, but the tuna ran again. He had to be rushed to the hospital. Three middle fingers were partially cut and I had to take responsibility, because it was my responsibility.

On the New Hope we became a pretty good team. Karen was really doing well. When I gave directions, she never talked back, just followed directions. Tuna fishing now was fun. We

managed to catch many tunas. On her final day on the New Hope it was Karen's turn to pray. When she started her prayer: "At the end of this season, we..." her words hit me like a stick. My heart opened to the ocean, and the ocean whispered to me: "Please Gerhard, don't leave now, please stay". My heart felt so heavy, and tears welled up in my eyes. The fish were coming to me, wanting to be caught, and the ocean kept begging me to stay. I ran upstairs to the flying bridge and cried and cried. My heart felt like breaking; I have never experienced this before. I then saw Father in spirit, sitting in his seat on the boat, his eyes closed in meditation, in total silence. Nobody understands his heart. But I do now, I do feel his heart, I know what is on his mind. All I can do is cry and cry. Karen came upstairs, but I want to be alone. I ran downstairs into the head of the boat and cried and cried. I couldn't contain myself, the tears kept flowing constantly, and my heart was aching. I felt Father's presence at sea, his authority.

Then something strange happened. I saw tunas coming towards me, wanting to be caught, among them one King Tuna. He was beautiful to behold, adorned with spirit pearls from his head to his tail fin and a second row across his body at the gird. He wanted to be caught by me. I told Heavenly Father: "I am sorry I killed so many tuna fish in my life. I now realize the value of a tuna and am so sorry, I killed all those fish. I did not want to kill those tunas, but no matter how many fish I caught, not one was for me, not one. I have not caught them for my own sake but offered them all to you and to True Parents for the purpose of cosmic restoration; and now, Heavenly Father, you want to give me more fish". Eventually, after one hour of crying, I calmed down a little. I went to the bow and pulled in the anchor line. It looked as if I was working, but in reality I was just trying to control my heart and the flow of my tears. It was very difficult to do so. Then I went up to the flying bridge

to mark tuna. I knew we would have a catch today I just needed to calm down a little bit.

Then it happened. The line went out and Karen took it, but couldn't hold onto it, and the fish was lost. But just 5 minutes later we had another strike, and this one we caught. By now I knew of the King tuna, even his weight, well over 1,400 pounds. 10 years ago, when Father started to fish for tuna, the King tuna was a 1,000 pounder, but now he is 1,400 and more, at 40 years of age – my age. He was spawned and born at the end of WWII, roamed through different oceans, from the Gulf of Mexico to Canada and on to Europe, Norway, France, Portugal, Spain, Italy, Greece, Turkey, Russia, – the Black Sea, West Africa, South America and back to the Gulf of Mexico and the United States, exposed to all the dangers lurking in the ocean. This fish came to me, wanting to be caught by me. He outran killer whales, different species of shark, including the Mako shark, Tiger shark and the Great White one, was hooked by fishermen over 100 times, but he never got caught, always able to escape. He moves with enormous speed. Father said that his escape speed is 120 miles per hour. That helped him break all the lines. He was hooked so many times, that he clearly knows, which line has a hook, which one has bait on it, which one is chum. He is so smart that he outsmarts the fishermen. He has done so for 40 years. This magnificent creature is now asking me to catch him, why? I assume he knows his life is almost over, and feels it's time to move on. He is looking for someone to take him to his destination and is asking me to do that.

The New Hope was continuing to catch tuna, but not one of them was the King tuna. In two days the tuna season would be over. Karen already left for San Francisco to join the witnessing team. Before she left she told me: "You can raise the spirit of the fleet again, you can do it. Just gather them and teach them again. It will really be a good ending".

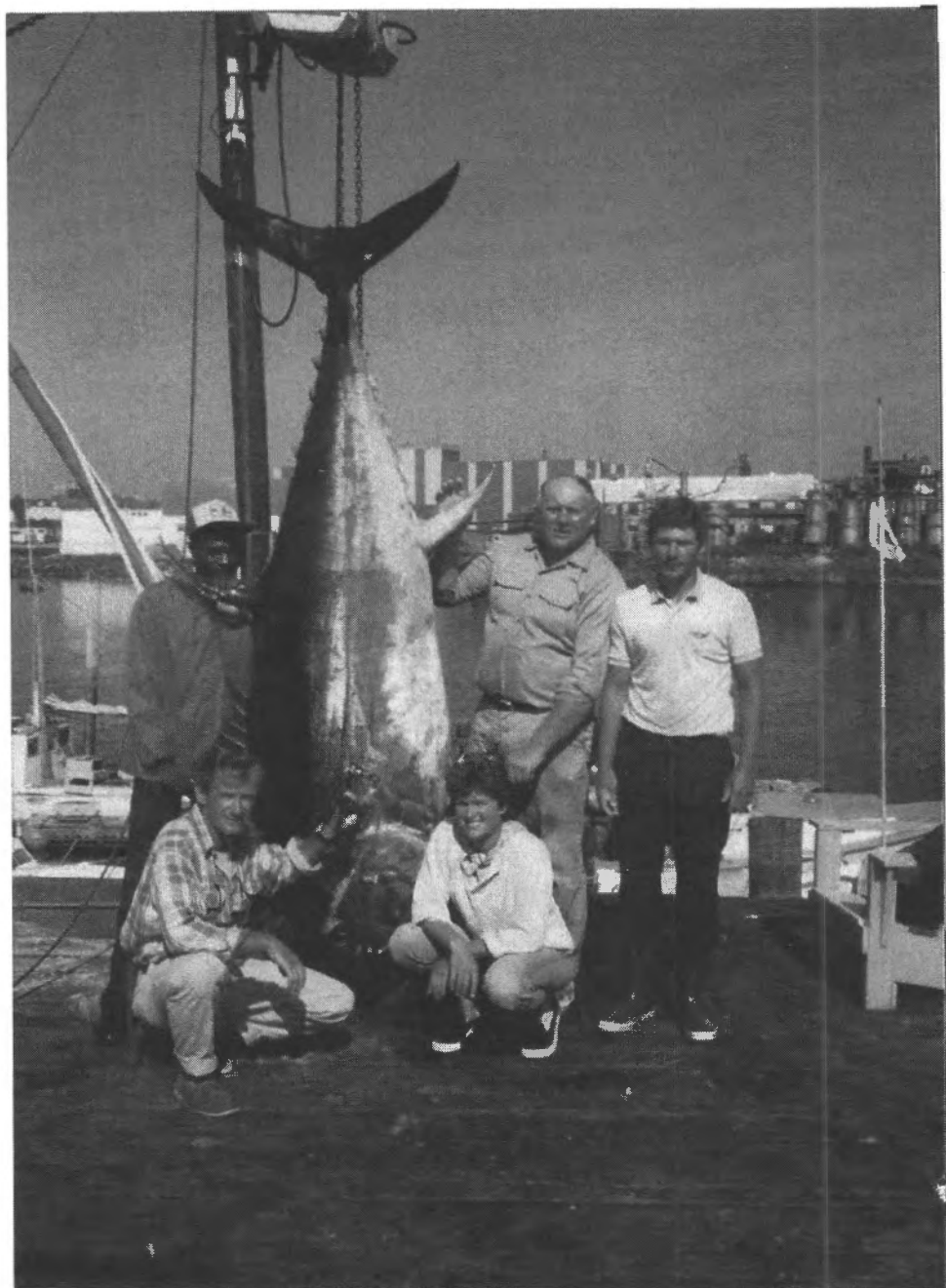
I initiated an intensive captains training program and invited only the captains onto the New Hope. After prayer and research I continued teaching the captains. They united with me and I really felt, a couple of them would follow me until death. It was a great feeling, to see the fruit of my efforts. I focused my teaching more and more on Father's tradition and motivation and took responsibility for Fathers program. The result was unity. I was amazed. Karen's words clearly came true. It felt so good to lead these captains. Good seeds have been sown for the next season. I was determined to prepare for a better season in 1986 and an even better one for the following year.

At the end of one of those meetings, Steve and I talked a little bit more until way after midnight, and we somehow ended up talking about Daikan's removal. I became really angry, unable to sleep. I wanted to talk some more, but I had to solve this problem by myself, yet without success. The next morning, the second to last day of the season dawned, and we went out again.

The New Hope was not successful for the last 7 days and did not catch anything. But we caught 24 tunas until now, and this was a great result. But the King tuna eluded us. I have not heard anything about a real giant tuna being caught. He is still free. As I walked up to Steve I remarked: "We will not catch any more fish".



Gerhard and Brenda presenting their tuna fish



From left to right:
Western, Steve, Karen, Gerhard and Brendon



Gerhard bringing in a tuna fish on the New Hope

Steve couldn't believe it, but I knew it was over. Why? I was not able to digest, what happened last night in regard to Daikan. I knew of the importance and significance of a Central figure and I knew the Divine Principle. Therefore I knew it was all over.

Anyway, we went out. I anchored at 26 fathoms, swinging into 29 fathoms. During the early morning hours I did the chumming, but I couldn't forget Daikan. Steve and I talked and talked. The lines were set out perfectly and I was chumming constantly. I had 11 lines out, one of them a drift line. I hadn't caught anything on a drift line recently, only once in 1976, and never again. I was wondering, when I would catch another fish on this line. I felt, I might catch one, but of course I couldn't be sure.

Blue fish were coming in. On the radio I heard someone talking about marking a tuna, larger than the largest they have ever marked before. One tiny little thought sneaked into my mind, the King tuna? The current was strong, and the lines went out very far. The drift line couldn't have been more than 4 fathoms deep. Seconds later the drift line clicked and started to go out. I was almost petrified. My breath accelerated to an incredible speed, my heart made summersaults and my knees were shaking. I rushed to the basket, but Steve was already there with the line in his hand – gone – nothing there. I pulled it in, checked the bait – not damaged. I asked Steve: “Did you feel anything?” He replied: “Nothing”. I asked again: “Was anything there?” He replied: “I didn't feel anything”. “Strange” I said. It could have been the blue fish, but the blues damage the bait in a certain way. The bait was not damaged at all, but I had a feeling, that we encountered a tuna. My feeling was so strong, that we put the line out again. I felt the fish would come back and kept on chumming. Steve and I continued our conversation. I still felt, this was not the last time the tuna would come by, and focused on chumming. I tried all the tricks I knew, enticing

the tuna to return and take another bite. He really tested my patience.

15 minutes later – click – and the float line went out again. My body was almost shaking. I jumped on the float line and pulled, but nothing – gone again. I checked the bait – perfect again, not chewed up. This was the second pull down. For heaven’s sake, why didn’t the tuna take a big bite? Instead he was teasing us by taking just a tiny piece, instantly spitting it out again. I knew this fish was super smart, but I am smart too – you fish. I then used a skinny line and tied the float line up onto the New Hope. If the tuna would strike again, he couldn’t take the bite, break the clip and spit it out – because he has to break the line first. So the hook will definitely set. Smart -- but the tuna was smarter. He knew what I had done and decided to avoid me.

By then I felt, he would not come to me again today. I instantly told Brendon: “Your turn to chum. Maybe you will have more luck”. Willingly he took over but I knew we would have no results today. I went inside and thought about the smart tuna which got away, fooling me! Not only once, but twice! Twice he pulled down the line and escaped. This was ridiculous! Only a super smart tuna could do such a thing. Was it a King tuna? Instead of hooking a tuna, I only received a pull down. That tuna surely fooled me. I was unable to catch him. I knew why, and the tuna knew why also. What a smart fish. I knew I blew it.

As I heard some constant noise, I was wondering what was going on. I looked outside and Brendon said: “Chris has hooked up”. I made Chris out on the shallows. Amazing, 22 fathoms is now the shallows? Only two people were on the boat. Who was fighting the fish? I could not clearly make it out. After a while I saw a Japanese brother on Chris’s boat, holding a line. The fish was going into the shallows. I thought: “Why don’t you do something”. Eventually the line was all gone and

the ball was flying out through the water like something from the movie “Jaws”. Most of the time, the ball was under water, moving at an incredible speed. Why doesn’t Chris follow the fish? Time is so precious now. The ball got entangled with Ernest’s lines and boat. His boat was at anchor but started moving backwards. Ernest was not able to get out of the way, and the fish pulled the entire boat and anchor backwards. Eventually Ernest was off the anchor and let the fish run freely.

But where was Chris? He was still at his own anchor. Spaced out, sick and feeling bad, he tried to start the engine. Meanwhile the tuna sped almost through the entire fleet and had no intentions of slowing down. He just kept going. Eventually Chris got his boat started, and after one mile he caught up with the ball, trying to pull it up. But he was not able to do it, because the tuna just wouldn’t slow down. He just kept going. They lost the ball and then the engine died. Chris was trying to restart, but it took too much time, as the tuna kept running.

By now the tuna had the hook in his mouth, connected to an 800 foot line with the big red ball attached to it, running for more than a mile. He moved at a speed nobody has ever seen. Other fishermen were already talking about it: “Oh, a whale is hooked” and I would say: “No, it’s not a whale, because a whale fights differently. I have seen it many times. The whale comes up to the surface once he is hooked or tangled up in the lines, and tries to get rid of the line on the surface”. Chris said on the radio: “I think I hooked a Russian Submarine”. I got so frustrated hearing all these comments – whale, submarine. Nobody has ever hooked a King tuna or has even seen how a fish, weighing 1,167 pounds, can run, but I have. I know that speed, and this fish must be over 1,400 pounds. Nobody knew about the speed of a King tuna. It must be a King tuna; I could feel it in my gut. It was the same tuna I encountered earlier today. After I changed the line, he went to Chris and got

hooked. This was the third time, the King tuna tried to get hooked. It was my King tuna.

Why doesn't Chris make a serious effort to chase the ball down and fight the fish? Eventually they picked up the ball again and tried to pull it in. The tuna felt an additional drag, and after he had been going for a couple of miles already, he took off again. He pulled the ball underwater and Chris lost him again, unable to hold onto it while the tuna kept the ball underwater, going to deeper waters. His escape speed was extremely fast. The ball disappeared and was nowhere in sight anymore. The King tuna stayed down and Chris gave up. He came over to the New Hope and reported that his fish and line are lost, because it was either a whale or a Russian submarine.

I couldn't take it anymore. This guy let my King tuna escape without putting up a good fight. Now he was gone. This was too much for me to digest. I ordered the crew to pull in our lines quickly. The lines were flying into the New Hope. I yelled at Steve to crank up the engine, and the old familiar engine sound of the twin diesels could be heard. I raced to the bow to let go of the anchor, and it was almost loose when Steve said: "Stop". I turned around in disbelief, when he told me, that the line had been found but without a tuna. It was utterly unbelievable. What do you mean? He told me that the line had been picked up by an outside boat, but the tuna was lost. Steve then told Chris to go and pick up his line. I couldn't believe it; the King tuna was lost, gone. I knew from experience, that he would not strike for the next three days, because he is too smart. In three days the season would be over – closed for 1985. The one and only chance to catch the King tuna was gone. Gone! Gone! I lost all my power and energy at the thought, that the King tuna really was gone.

Steve and I started talking and I heard myself say: "I would have really put up a fight for this fish, if he would have been hooked up with New Hope – the fish of the century".

Steve replied: “I had a dream of a big tuna being caught. It took two boats to catch that fish”. I ask him: “Why didn’t you say so earlier? I would have instantly chased the King tuna if I had known”. Steve answered: “This was a long time ago” and I told him again: “If I only had known. I would have at least understood the meaning of the inspiration from spirit world and would have taken over the fight from Chris. We then would have caught that King tuna”.

In our discussion back and forth until evening, there was only one topic – the King tuna. Finally we retired – no fish. At the dock, after washing the boat, chumming up and having dinner, Steve and I sat on the New Hope, and depression crept in on us on the privileged vessel of our Father. Steve was next to tears, thinking of our lost big fish – the King tuna. I repented as well, knowing, that the fish would not strike for three more days but would live through another season. He would not be caught. We kept talking for another couple of hours on the same topic. I thought, I was the only crazy fisherman around, but now Steve was excited just the same. I can only say, if I would have known, that it took two boats to catch the King tuna, we would have succeeded.

But suddenly another thought struck my mind: “Tomorrow”. Maybe the King tuna returns tomorrow. Despite my conviction, that the King tuna would never strike that quickly again, the thought kept coming back: “Tomorrow”. I didn’t know what to think anymore. This super fish, this King tuna, fooled me twice, got hooked and managed to get rid of the hook, returning the line to the fleet, so that no line was lost. If there ever was a demonstration of superiority – this was it. The tuna was very confident, that he would not be caught. He even returned the line. Yes, King tuna, you really were superior today. Also – if you ever decide to get caught again, get hooked by a better fisherman, by someone who is worthy of taking your life; not just somebody, who just has lines in the water, but by

someone who invests his heart as well, who has his heart in the water, someone who has really paid his dues.

The next day dawned and we left the dock. The sea was rough and was getting even rougher as the day wore on. Needless to say, no strike anywhere. Nobody had even marked a fish. Crews were getting sea sick and started to ask “Can we go home early today?” My answer was: “No, we owe the ocean at least one last full day of fishing. We should end this season with a full day of fishing, not getting sick and leaving early. Just pay the indemnity; that’s the least we can do. We owe that to the ocean. So just do it and don’t ask me again”.

Brendon was still on the flying bridge. He just answered the radio while looking at the fish finder and said: “We are marking one at 4 fathoms”. Steve went up to check. It was the same mark as yesterday – when one guy called it the biggest mark he ever saw. But even more, it was at the same depth, at 4 fathoms, that the tuna appeared yesterday. This was more than a coincidence. But today I had no float line out, because the current swayed the New Hope back and forth, and the line surely would have tangled. Yes, I realized, we had no chance to catch a King tuna today – but at least he returned, saying “Good bye, Gerhard, maybe I will see you again”.

I knew it was the King tuna. Nobody marked him, just the New Hope. He only came to say good bye and I also bid him farewell.

Weeks later I promised Karen, that someday I would write down the story of the King tuna. I started writing the story of the King tuna while traveling. Now, in a plane high above the Atlantic, the view of the shoreline between New York and Norfolk was spectacular. I heard reports of tunas being caught in the area of the mud hole. Looking out of the window of my plane, my heart was going out to the King tuna. I was wondering: “What is he doing now; did the killer whales eventually capture him, or even the Great White shark?

Chances are that he lost speed at his old age. After 40 years of roaming the oceans, by the way a legendary age for a tuna, the King tuna was not so speedy any more. Maybe he did not make it, but I'm convinced, he wanted to be caught by me. To be closer to God, he wanted to be offered to Him by the True Parents. He wanted to become flesh and bone of the children of God. Maybe he was killed by some giant shark or killer whale. But suddenly I had the strong feeling, that the King tuna was alive. Looking down, I knew it was hopeless, to spot him from a height of 30,000 feet. But there it was again, the feeling of the presence of the King tuna, the feeling I experienced for weeks and months and even years at sea. I knew exactly what he was doing in the water, chasing small fish to feed on. They have no chance to escape. Yes, he is alive! He is still outsmarting friends and foe, man and fish. I kept looking out of the plane window – marveling at the beautiful blue ocean – the Atlantic Ocean.

A little later I was invited to go to Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana and Texas on some assignment for Master Marine. While in Louisiana, I went to Venice, at the mouth of the Mississippi, and met some fishermen there. They were actually long lining swordfish in the Gulf of Mexico. During the conversation I told them about tuna fishing and the price of tuna in Japan, and the "Happy World Japan Co." and inspired them, to try long lining tunas in the Gulf. They were using monofilament leaders and a monofilament main line, which is next to invisible in the water, meaning tuna fish would have a hard time to see the leader. Those fishermen acted on my suggestion, and as a result they were very productive catching tuna as a by catch to fishing for swordfish.

Afterwards I heard that they hooked between 8 or 10 tunas after setting the line once, but according to the law they could only bring in 2 tunas each. Therefore they informed each other by radio, when they had hooked excess tunas, and other

boats would be happy to pick them up. In this way they could land all the tunas they hooked. But on the other hand, most of the big tunas in the Gulf, which is their spawning area, were caught and didn't produce any young ones. As a result, the tuna stock was sharply decimated, and the tunas being caught now, weighed between 250 to 500 pounds as compared to 800 or 1,000 pounders we caught in Gloucester. One of our brothers, who worked as a deck hand on one of those long line boats, told me their story. It was our dear Aussie brother Ken.

Later on all of our Alabama based fishing brothers came to visit me in Virginia Beach. They rented a Winnebago, a recreational vehicle, and drove up here to see me. They visited other friends along the way as well. At that time Ken was telling me, that the long line boat, he was working on, caught many tunas. Many of them were big fish, and all those tunas they caught were headed and gutted. That way they lost 20 to 25% of their weight. That would mean that my fish of 1,025 pounds would end up weighing about 800 pounds. Ken also told me, that one of the fish weighed more than 1,000 pounds.

My brain instantly started to calculate. 20 to 25% in addition to 1,000 is about 1,250 pounds. I knew that the tunas, migrating from Massachusetts to the Gulf, were not feeding on their journey, and would therefore be losing weight. According to my estimation the weight loss may amount to about 200 pounds. If I would add 200 pounds to 1,250, the result is 1,450 pounds, exactly the weight of the King tuna I remembered. Again I felt, he wanted to be caught by me, but I failed him, and so did our brother Chris. But he wanted to be caught by a Moonie, so eventually in the Gulf of Mexico he bit the next to invisible fishing line of the long liner, where our brother Ken was working on, and his life ended in the Gulf of Mexico, right where it began. All he could do was to make sure, I would find out, that he was caught by a long liner with our brother Ken on

board. I inspired those fishermen in the Gulf and now found out, that the King tuna doesn't roam the oceans anymore.