

*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 itsy-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-Wurttemberg; 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 tilled 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 filint 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 Iguacu Falls on the border between Argentina and Brazil. Those Indians were right— "I" means water

and *guao* 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 in tact 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 Seim 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 itsy-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.