

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.