

Ocean blue is the color of consolation

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He was drawn to the ocean with the soul of a poet and the heart of a lover.

A few times I sat on a boat with Rev. Sun Myung Moon, fishing at the “tuna grounds” off the coast of Gloucester, Massachusetts. He usually went out around dawn, fished all day and boated home in the dark. As the sun tracked across the summer sky, he sat on the bridge with his fishing pole in hand. Occasionally, he changed his bait, or issued instructions to move the boat to another spot. When a big tuna was hooked, everyone scrambled to raise the anchor, haul in all the lines and maneuver the boat so the prop didn’t sever the line holding the fish.

Sometimes I was on a different boat nearby. Once, for nearly a whole day, the water was smooth as a sheet of glass. Not even a ripple. No one had ever heard it that quiet, and everyone was so in awe that nobody wanted to speak. I could hear conversation and laughter on a boat a half mile away.

Then there was one morning of utter terror when a storm appeared out of nowhere and waves towered twenty feet over the boat when we were in the trough. When we were on the peaks, the prop spun against empty air. I fought panic as gear flew out of the cabinets; breakfast flew out of the people.

But most of the time was normal (for an ocean) and Rev. Moon sat on the bridge fishing in solitary contemplation. I liked to fish from the bow where I sometimes watched him and wondered what he was thinking about. Often, when we returned to land, he would tell us.

What follows are things Reverend Moon has said about the ocean, about fishing, and why he thought God set things up the way He did.

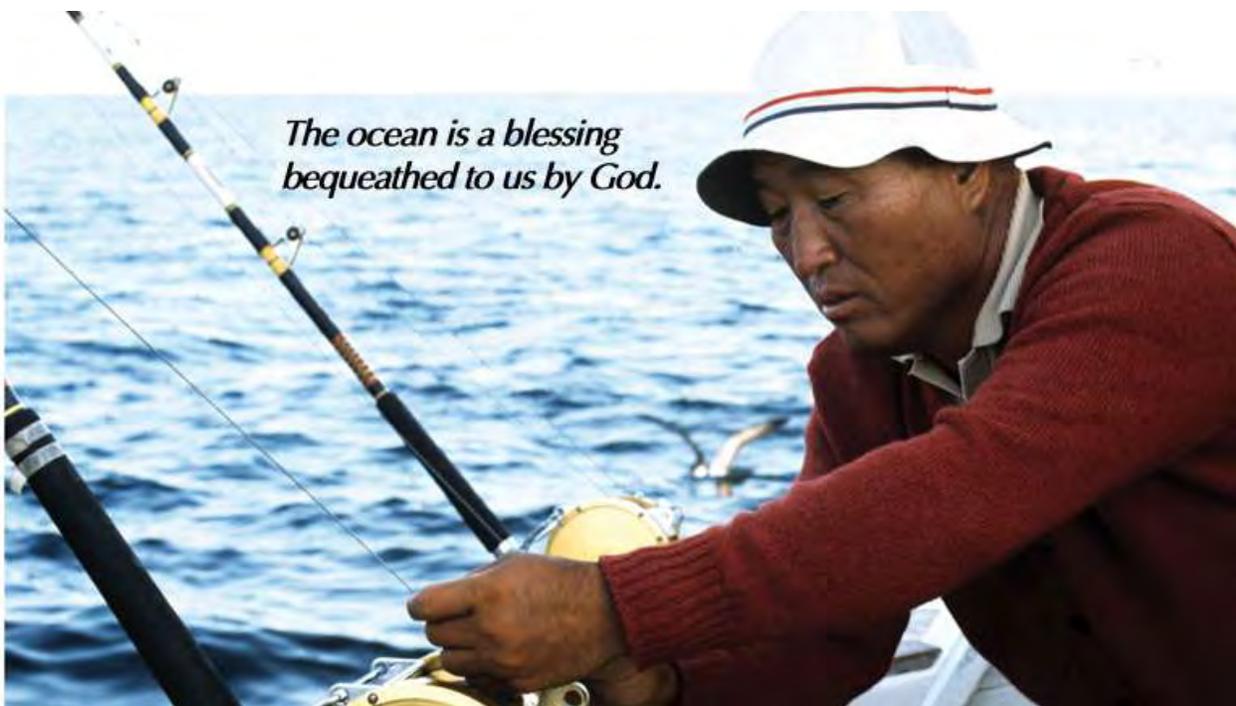


“Blue is the color of consolation”

(Below are Rev. Moon’s own words. The following is mostly verbatim, with some slight paraphrasing for clarity only:)

“The ocean gives off a blue hue that an observer would never grow weary of over thousands or tens of thousands of years. God was thinking of humankind in creating the color blue. You never tire of looking at the ocean, no matter how long you gaze at it. Blue is the color of consolation. Once you are immersed in God’s love, everything including people and the world of nature become your friend.

“However, if everything were blue, you would quickly begin to hate it. You would suffocate. The ocean may sometimes look silver, but it also takes on a jade color. At other times it takes on different hues. There are many colors in the soil as well. The color of soil is usually close to green, and so it’s logical to say that we, who were made out of the soil, would like the color green as well. Green, another color of consolation, is in harmony with the blue of the sky and the ocean.”



Rev. Moon on the ocean

“The ocean, when calm, is mystifying and has the power to draw people in like a captivating, beautiful woman, a queen of mystery.

“When the gentle breeze rustles by, the beauty of the ripples takes my breath away. No splendor comes near to that.

“Although we can compare the beauty of the ocean to a woman, once it becomes angry it can be more frightening than a tiger or a lion rushing toward you in the wilderness. When waves tens of meters high are upon you, you do not stand a chance before their majestic vigor. You just sit, wagging your tail and shaking your head, tossed about by the waves as they come. You have no power over them. That is why people who love the ocean cannot be arrogant.”

“The freedom one has when sitting with a fishing rod is beyond description.

“There is no place to go. You can’t even listen to music because you must be silent. All you can do is gaze at the ocean and talk with the sea and the heavens. It is the greatest feeling to be at sea alone in the very place where the ocean and heaven become one. I constantly go out to the sea to benefit spiritually in every way.

“Air and water are just like love. You don’t realize how much philosophy can be found in the ocean. When you look at the ocean, you should not regard it simply as water, but should consider it a gift from our Heavenly Father. A great revolution can begin in you from the moment you begin to reconsider the ocean from that perspective. That’s why you must love the ocean.”

“Think about a married couple having intimate relations in the middle of a tranquil ocean.

“Would the ocean complain? No, all of creation longs for that kind of love. You should have the heart to understand and feel that everything in the natural world cries out for couples blessed in marriage, and true to one another, to make love in their midst. In the world of love, you have access to all places.

“Water is the ancestor of life. You should love the ocean while thinking about that. Water creates harmony. The ocean embraces the universe, and loving water is the same as loving all of creation. That is a fundamental idea.

“Unless you have been on the ocean you cannot imagine how horrifying are waves tens of meters high when a storm brews.”



The strongest wind fulfills a mission.

“Even the strongest wind fulfills a mission, for without it there would be no waves to oxygenate the water, and the fish would not survive. Water never dies when it is moving. But without movement it soon stagnates.

“Water circulates. It becomes vapor that condenses to become fog. Water becomes mist. It then evaporates, becomes clouds carried by the wind that circulate around the world. This vapor follows the sun’s rays in the summer, and when it becomes rain, the moisture is absorbed to create many things. The moisture in the air and on land can be used to make boiled rice and bread. Consider how much toil was involved in that process and how valuable these things are. The universe is engaged, is in motion and cooperates to make that bread. A piece of bread is not easily made.

“There is something that breathes and thinks throughout the five great oceans and six continents. It is invisible, like voice waves or electric waves. That something can lead to the path of liberation for future humanity through untapped resources for food and energy. As long as there is land and the ocean, people will not starve.

“I go out to sea with such passion, feeling that today must be better than yesterday, and tomorrow must be better than today.”