

## My Story - The Autobiography of Ronald E. Pine - 777 Blessing Couple

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**How I advanced myself and won the right to be Blessed to Hwa Yeop Kim and inherit a nine year old daughter at the same time!**

### Preface

As the years go by a number of my friends have urged me to write my story for the sake of posterity. Friends who know parts of the life I have let know I lived through amazing times and had many incredible experiences. I have recorded accurately and truthfully. It all really happened. I believe it is important to tell the truth for my descendants and for those of you who want to know and follow the path of the Principle. It is important to me that you know how God and Satan were active in influencing my life's course. I must say I prevailed because God's hand in human affairs is very strong.

To begin with early memories. I still carry with me memories of going to bed hungry. My Father was an alcoholic. He would use his income to buy alcohol instead of food for his family. I had an older brother and older sister. We often had two-week old bread and sugar for breakfast. Those early experiences greatly influenced my work habits. From the age of 7 I would collect soda bottles to get money. I have always worked to have some money in my pocket due to my early years living with hunger.

I believe the members of the Unification Church were born to meet Rev. Moon. There was a hand-of-God destiny involved, especially so in the early beginnings of the Church, when Rev. Moon had few followers in America.

The reason I tell Church members we were born to meet Reverend Moon comes from this story given me by my Mother. When I first joined the Church I went to visit my Mother to give her the good news. When we met I showed her a picture of Reverend Moon and she just stood there staring at his picture without saying a word. Ten years later she attended the Parents workshop in New York at the time of the Yankee Stadium Rally (1976). The members were overwhelmingly young people, and many of us attended the Rally in the bleachers with our parents. The next day my Mother invited me for a cup of coffee when she told me this story. In 1954 she was sitting upstairs working on her sewing machine when a spirit appeared in the window wearing a long white gown and she was sweating blood. My Mother looked at her body and all the chains wrapped around her flew off. Then the spirit pointed his hand at her and told her "Keep your family together and take care of your youngest." (The youngest was me.) Then the spirit disappeared. I asked my Mother why she waited all these years to tell this important story. She said she wanted to see Reverend Moon in the flesh first.

The second reason why I tell members we were born to meet Reverend Moon comes from this story. One day in 1964 I was standing on the front porch having a religious discussion with my Father. I was 14 years old at the time. I stood up and said to him "I am going to meet the Lord of the Second Advent in my lifetime." I think for both my father and I it was unexpectedly strong words coming from a 14 year-old. Many years later my Father asked me if I remember that discussion. Indeed I did remember stating to him that I expected to meet the Lord of the Second Advent in my lifetime. Then he asked me if I believed about Reverend Moon is the Lord of the Second Advent. I said "Yes I do!" Why at age 14 was I so certain of that? How could I know I was destined to meet the Messiah? I believe those words came out of my mouth when I was 14, for the hearing of my father, because God could foresee the strong possibility that my faith made the conditions for me to be guided to the destiny to serve the Messiah and the Providence of Restoration. It was God who spoke through me at age 14 to set for me my course. For these reasons I say we were born to meet True Father. Everyone is chosen. God needed a few at first to get the Restoration moving. So I had the tremendous privilege to meet and serve Rev. Sun Myung Moon, yet it was an awesome responsibility and I went through many adventures, endured many trials and tribulations, and with many blessing, as we, my brothers and sisters, helped Rev and Mrs. Moon lay the foundation for world restoration. The question for, we who choose a life of faith and service is: Will we stay and serve our whole life? In my case it's been 48 years now. I feel especially blessed and am very grateful to have been Blessed into the 777 couple marriage Blessing group.

During the summer of 1966 I was sitting in the American Legion Park in my hometown, Stockton, California, in the early evening. There was a full moon. Suddenly, I looked up to the moon and saw another bright circle of light in the sky. It was almost as big as the moon. What was so unusual was that everything was circling around this bright circle light. It was if I was on a merry-go-around along with everything around me circling around this bright circle of light in the sky. After a few minutes the experience ceased and the bright circle of light was gone; leaving only the moon in the night sky. The same phenomenon happened again in the same park in the summer of 1967. However, this time when the bright circle of light appeared in next to the full moon, and then it disappeared.

During my years of 15, 16 and 17 my parents attempted many times to introduce me to religion. We attended the El Dorado Baptist Church (which at that time was an all-white congregation). I remember attending church meetings only a few times. My Father was not a religious man. He was raised by his Father, Squire Grant Pine, who was a Christian Minister for 40 years. My Father use to complain about how his father forced him to be home every night for his Bible reading at 8:00 pm; so during his teenage years he lost attraction to religion, and later in life became an alcoholic. However, during my senior year in high school, my father converted to Christianity and attended the Baptist Church. My parents tried to get me to come to church and receive the Baptism; however I refused. I was focused on working and saving money so I could buy a chopper motorcycle.



By the age of 18 I found a chopper for sale by the War Lord of the Gypsy Jokers motorcycle club, who were a sub chapter of the Hell's Angels. Three weeks after purchasing my chopper I was out riding in Louis Park when I passed 30 or more of members of the motorcycle gang called the Diablos. I drove past them and turned around to come out of the park. While driving past the second time two guys walked across the road and flagged me down. So, I pulled over to say hello. One of the guys straddled my motorcycle and said he was

going to rip off my headlight. The other guy was questioning me as to where I got the motorcycle and was I friends with the former owners. I explained I knew not what they referred to; I was just out riding my motorcycle. At this I knew I might have to fight with these guys so I started to get off my motorcycle. Then the smaller of the two told me to calm down as he was a former friend of my brother, Martin Pine, at Franklin High School. Then he said the reason they wanted to know about my history was they had a gun battle with Gypsy Jokers just a few weeks back and the guy who owned my motorcycle shot and killed one of Diablos. So, they needed know if I was friends with their club members. So, they let me go and I drove home. I met up with this club again a few weeks later and they asked me to join their club. I declined, but I gave the President (named Spider) a ride. I noticed he walked with a limp so I asked him about his limping. He showed me that he had a sawed off shotgun strapped to his leg.

### **RIDE WITH THE HELL'S ANGELES!**

Remember, at this time in my life I was not interested in any church. I was not at all religious. Even though two of my friends, Johnny and Manual Gonzalez, where Jehovah Witnesses, and they talked about religion all the time, I had no interest. About two weeks later I was out riding on a Saturday morning when I met my friends, Johnny and Manual. They were on their way to the Calaveras County Frog Jump. So, I said I would follow their car. It was a case of the religious leading the non-religious, you see! But they led me to "Hell". I found myself going to Angel's Camp, California, and the town was occupied by angels, but unfortunately they called themselves "Hell's Angels"! When we arrived in town we saw hundreds of members of the notorious Hell's Angels motorcycle club. As soon as I pulled into the parking lot some Hell's Angels flagged me over to tell me to park my motorcycle with theirs. I agreed thinking my bike would be more safe near theirs. After two days I came back to get my chopper to leave, but before I could go I met a man and woman who where cooking breakfast and they offered me a meal; so I sat with them for a while. Whenever I made motions to leave they kept urging me to stay longer. From where we were sitting I could see a large gathering of about a hundred Hell's Angels. Soon two of them walked over to our camp and asked me if I wanted to go to a party up in the hills. I was young, dumb and stupid so I said "Yes, let's go."

We walked over to our motorcycles. One the guys asked me if he could ride on the back of my motorcycle, since, he said, his bike would not start. I agreed. We drove out of the parking lot and headed up into the hills. The other guy had a Harley and was driving faster ahead me. He went around a curve too fast and hit a camper truck head on, so when we came around the corner we saw the accident and pulled over to help. The driver of the truck was standing there crying. We walked around the truck and saw our friend lying on the ground with the front wheel of the truck sitting on his chest. His head was crushed; brains flowing out. I immediately said "I'm leaving." I hopped on my bike and took off by myself.

### **HELL'S ANGEL ACCIDENT SAVED MY LIFE!**

Ten years after this event I was in the town Angels Camp again, having breakfast at a local diner. I was telling the waitress about my earlier experiences in her town with the Hell's Angels. She told me that at that time an FBI Agent was trying to infiltrate the Hell's Angels and the motorcycle gang members found him out. They threw a blanket over him and kicked the agent to death. I was shocked. I realized then and there for the first time that I was just a few feet away from that murder. That is what the mob of Hell's Angels was up to while I had been sitting nearby having breakfast with that couple. After the waitress told me this I realized those two guys who asked me to go to with them up in the hills to another party had just come from the killing frenzy and were using me to get away by asking me to drive them out. Only then at

the diner did I realize how my life had been in at risk from those two Hell's Angels. Looking back over it I realized there was no "party". They just were using me to get them quickly away from the murder scene. I was more of an outsider around them, not a pledged member of the club, and they probably saw me as a risk, a potential witness to a murder which happened near me. Once I drove them into the hills where there was no one else around, they might have killed me or at least beat me and leave me to steal my chopper to continue their escape. Also, I now think the accident where Hell's Angel guy was killed in the head-on collision was quite possibly karmic justice due to his probable involvement in the murder -- his desperation to flee, his confusion, and the Spiritual World, Heaven if you will, took his life, and this had the effect of saving mine, and thankfully I could endure dangerous adventure -- a kind of indemnity and trial -- to emerge onto a future with changed potential -- to be guided by God -- guided unknowingly -- because even at that time, as I said, I had no interest in religion. I was not interested in God, though I have learned He is always quite interested in us. I had ridden my chopper to a town called Angels Camp. I met up with angels from hell. But God's angels protected me and God apparently had hope for me to be of service in the future. I would find God later, but just then my life was filled with and surrounded by things which kept me in the dark, kept God and his purpose for my vision; still hidden from me. I would find God later, and serve the Messiah in my lifetime.

I left Angels Camp and headed straight down the mountain road. After a short time my motorcycle stalled; so I had to pull over and waited to see if I could get that engine working again. A man pulled over and asked me if I needed help. He was clean cut and riding a 750 Norton motorcycle. He helped me make a few adjustments until my bike started again. He said he was headed my way and that he would like to ride along side of me. After a few miles my bike stalled again, so he pulled over with me and again we got my bike running. We reached a Shell Gas Station and this guy said my gas was likely bad and so I ought to dump it out and put in new gasoline. But I was out of money. I was completely surprised by his kind gesture of paying \$10.00 for fresh gasoline.

We took off together again and stopped at a local store where he went in and purchased two beers. We sat and talked for a while. Soon he was giving me quite serious advice. He said that my life was like riding on a fence. That I could fall off of either side. He said if I continued to keep my chopper and kept riding with the Hell's Angels, then I would fall into the realm of darkness and never get out. I was amazed that this stranger would care enough to suddenly warn me about the direction of my life. We continued riding together and when we reached Stockton he took me to his house. I wanted to visit again with this new friend who had shown me such kindness and seemed to care about my well-being, so I said I would come and visit with him again in three days. I noted his address and street name. Three days later I returned to find out there was no such address or house with a man living there who had a 750 Norton motorcycle. I went door to door asking about him, but no one knew of whom I was speaking; not him or his motorcycle. I was thinking I was having an experience just like the Twilight Zone experience. It really shook me up internally and got me to thinking about what my meeting with him was really about. I was thinking that this stranger who came along, paid for gas to fix my chopper, and who gave me such a strong warning about the direction was heading -- this guy was either a very faithful Christian, and/or an angel on God's errand. After this experience I began visiting churches to search for answers about how I should live my life. I really believe he was an angel sent to help me because what he said changed my life and the disappearance of his house and street defied all logic! So I became a definite seeker of the Truth.

With all this drama in my life I began to read the Bible, or at least attempted too. I knew the Bible was important. It seemed a good place to start. I went up to my bedroom, sat down and opened the Bible to page one. I tried to read but all the printed words began swirling around. I set the Bible down and picked up another book. That I could read with no problem. So I picked up the Bible again and the words still moved all over the page. I tried another book to test what was happening to me, and again I could read it as the words stood still as they ought always to do. So I gave up. There was some barrier to my reading my Bible. This was the reason that at that time in my life I still did not know much about Christianity.

I kept riding my motorcycle for about another year and then one day, when I was returning from an all-night party near Tracy, I crashed my bike. It was around 4.00 pm. I was going about 80 miles an hour. I ran off the road and crashed in the ground that, fortunately for me, was muddy, which was the only tangible reason that I had no broken bones, but I was still in bed for a few days. Of course I still remembered the warnings the stranger had spoken. It took this accident and brush with death for me to finally follow his advice. I sold my motorcycle for \$600; paid-off my parents loan of \$400; and purchased a 1959 Ford for \$200. (See picture).

During those years I did not go on dates with girls. I was very shy and something inside of me guided me away from women. I had many opportunities to meet girls but I always felt it wasn't right. One time a woman at my sister's party offered me a ride home. Instead we went to her house and she undressed and asked me stay overnight with her. I left and walked home. I had about a dozen such opportunities where women offered themselves to me and I always declined.

My training in college was in graphic arts (printing). It was difficult to find such a job in Stockton and I realized I needed to look in a bigger city, so I went to San Francisco to find a job in a printing company.

The company I worked for was California Office Supply on Sixth Street and Mission Blvd. I sold my car for \$200 and found an inexpensive place to stay at the Plaza Hotel. It was just across the street from where I worked and it was the cheapest hotel I could find.

### **A BANK ROBBERY IN QUEBEC & KILLING A GUARD**

In San Francisco I took my meals at a local restaurant. There I met two guys and we became friends. One day Charles said he and the other guy were going to drive to Los Angeles and then onto Texas, and they invited me to go along. Being still young, dumb and stupid, I said yes. These guys were driving a new Plymouth with license plates from Quebec Canada. Here we were, driving down I-5 to L.A. We stopped at a rest stop to use the bathroom. I am standing there urinating next to Charles when he looked over at me and said, he was involved with a bank robbery and they shot and killed the guard. That was a shocker. I decided to leave these two and get back to San Francisco. When we arrived in L.A. I was driving the car and we pulled into a hotel parking lot. Charles got out of car but he left his wallet on the front seat. So, I picked up his wallet and put it in my pocket. Then we all went in to check into our rooms. I made sure Charles was on the 7th floor and I was on the 5th floor along with our other friend. When we went into our rooms I told the other guy about what Charles had told me about a bank robbery and a killing of the guard. I told him, "I am leaving now and taking the car," because I did not want to have anything to do with a man who confessed to me about robbery and murder. So the two of us left right away and stopped for the time being in Stockton, my hometown. We stayed there about one week during which my friend managed to meet a new girlfriend who happened to carry a gun. These two used me unwittingly as a driver while they entered a man's house and tried to rob him. I got angry about being used by them so I decided to leave him and drive to San Francisco to return to work. The lesson for me in this adventure was to I realize fundamentally I did not want to be involved with bad people and I should stay away from them.

At the time Charles told me about robbing a bank, I had no idea if what he said was true. After all, a lot of people I knew said a lot of crazy things. Yet to get away from Charles I found it necessary to leave by taking what Charles said was a stolen car; so I did realize I was taking my chances. I did realize I was risking being caught in a stolen car, which carries a prison sentence. Soon after I returned to San Francisco and got back to work, my father suddenly showed up to visit. We went out to sit in his car and talk. My Father told me that his friend, Jack O'Keith, the Stockton Chief of Police, had contacted him about me. They had been friends since my youth; they had been in Boy Scouts together. Jack O'Keith told my father that the car I was driving was linked to an armed robbery and that a guard was killed in Quebec by two men. Yet he told my father that he did not think I was a suspect in this case because he knew I was never in Quebec. But not even the FBI knew the identities of these two guys. All they knew was the car was linked to the crime, and the Stockton Police had spotted me driving the car. Chief O'Keith called my Father. So, my Father came to take me to Stockton to meet with Chief O'Keith to help them learn about the two guys who committed the crime. I told Mr. O'Keith that I had the wallet of one of the men so I could provide all of his ID information. I promised to tell them everything I knew, but I asked them to let me return to work in San Francisco. My dad's friend negotiated on my behalf with the FBI so I could avoid arrest. The FBI did come and interview me three days later and I gave them the Charles' wallet and car keys to the agent. It turned out Charles had been a deserter from the Marines and he lived in Texas. Fortunately for me my intuition told me to get away from Charles and while I was plotting to get away, his wallet showed up on the car seat beside me, which I put in my pocket. It turned out my better judgment to get away at that time saved me from getting caught up in their crime.

Apparently this situation and the others before it set my mind searching for a way out of bad friends and bad girls, risky adventures and risky rides. A few days later I met and spoke with some people from the Unification Church.

A lot of my stories are quite incredible; I mean that literally -- hard to believe. I know many of my brothers and sisters to whom I have told these stories ... well they smile politely but I could tell they were not always sure if they could believe me or not. The story is so unbelievable. (But many of the members of the Unification Church also have hard to believe stories, and those who joined in the beginning of the Unification Movement particularly had amazing spiritual experiences.) My story, my experiences with God and Satan, would make a good movie, I think.

### **TWO FOR THE PRICE OF ONE**

First off, I joined the Unification Church late in 1969 in Berkeley California. After my few days in my new life I was asked if I would fast for 24 hours every Wednesday for the up-coming 777 couple marriage Blessing. So I said yes, wondering how difficult it would be to go without food for 24 hours. It was difficult to fast for people I didn't know. In those days I worked at a printing company in San Francisco so my first fasting day was on a Wednesday and I just finishing my shift when it is time to break for lunch. So here I was sitting with bunch of guys who are eating their lunches and I am sitting there without food. The next hardship was at the Church center when there was no dinner. I went to be bed with my stomach

growling. The next morning we had breakfast and I swear to this day that was the best breakfast I have had in my whole life!

### **THE LOUISIANA STORY**

I had been matched by Rev. Moon with a woman named Gabriella Rodriguez. We were to be Blessed together in marriage, however, she broke the engagement. A few months after Gabriella rejected me, I was told she left her church mission as a state leader; she had moved out of the church center and moved to New Orleans. I did not take our engagement lightly because I felt it was from God. So I simply purchased an airline ticket and flew to New Orleans to find her, to ask her again to please reconsider and attend the upcoming Blessing with me in Madison Square Garden. I found her apartment, but she was not home. So, I waited all day for three days for her to return. When she showed up she was furious with me. I explained the church leaders were concerned about her and asked me to come and see if she would please reconsider her decision. We went inside her apartment to calmly discuss the matter. At that time her former boyfriend came to the door and asked if she was all right. At the same time a police officer came to the door asking me why I had been sitting outside her apartment for three days. I explained that I was there at our Church leader's request and that I was her fiancé. Gabriella promptly said I was not her fiancé so the police officer asked me to leave or I would be arrested. I went outside to my rented car and cried out to God to know how anyone can endure this much suffering and emotional pain. My utmost effort to save this matching was clearly ending without reconciliation. But I still held out hope, because I felt Rev. Moon had showed us in his life that God never gives up, so how could I? I phoned her a few days before the next matching at the Madison Square Garden Blessing time, but she refused to reconsider. I even told her I would wait for her until another Blessing Ceremony which would follow in the years after the Madison Square Garden Blessing.

### **MY SECOND MATCHING**

I did attend the matching ceremony again. This time a high church leader, Col. Bi Hi Pak, accused me, in front of True Father, of having initiated the break of the Blessing with Gabriella. Needless to say, after all I went through and endured to try to change her heart, I was outraged. I did something no one ever does or is supposed to do, especially in front of True Father; I yelled out three times "I never broke the matching, NEVER!" I was yelling so loud they could hear me all the way downstairs at the front door according to the security guard. Finally, Reverend Moon said he believed me and said, "Ron. Calm down. Do not hit Col. Pak." True Father said he would give me a second chance and then he matched me to Anna Kavalichick. This sister worked on Mr. Kamiyama's fund-raising team.

After two days of us getting prepared for the Blessing, Anna took me aside and said she was afraid to go to the Blessing. She said the problem was not me, that I was a nice guy but she was afraid and would not attend the ceremony with anyone. Therefore, I immediately went to meet Mr. Kamiyama and Anna said the same thing to him that she was afraid and would not attend the Blessing. I cannot begin to describe in words my pain and agony I had to endure. I was rejected in 1975, I was rejected by Gabriella in 1981 and then rejected by Anna in 1982. Not only that, I had been fired from my job as President of Going Up Press by Dr. Pak. He believed I had broken my matching and also that I was falsifying and forging corporate documents. Dr. Pak believed statements from other jealous leaders who said I was stealing money from Going Up Press. With Dr. Pak receiving so many damaging false reports, my fate was sealed. To make matters worse a reporter from the New York Times contacted my sister and interviewed her by telephone. A few days later an article was published whereby they said that I paid \$50,000 under the table to Dr. Pak. Both the New York Times reported this and the Wall Street Journal published the article as well. The truth is I gave \$400 to Mr. Sang Kil Lee twice to help him out of a financial problem he had, and that is what my sister Linda had told the Times reporter.

This then was a very low point in my life. These conditions were literally impossible to live with. How I managed to preserve myself and stay faithful are beyond words and even beyond my own understanding. Truly only God knows about my blood, sweat and tears at that time in my life. As Jesus said: "Who is my brother and sister, who is my Mother and Father?", for me only God and True Parents.

### **THE DAY GOD SPOKE TO ME!**

One day just about four months before the next matching in Korea I was sitting in Mike Shea's room talking about the upcoming Blessing. I said to Mike that my dream was to be matched to a sister who was originally Blessed in 1975 in the 1800 group, but who would need a husband because of the same kind of spousal difficulty I had suffered through. Mike listened to me, and then he left the room, and then I heard a clear voice in my spiritual hearing, "How about the 777?". I immediately thought no, do not be so vain. That was a special group, of very early members, the group for which I fasted as a new member. I considered them to be very high because of the devout dedication to the building of the Unification Movement from almost nothing. I was thinking these words in my head were my own thinking, yet I found myself arguing with myself over the appropriateness of the notion that I would be matched to a woman who had already been matched in the historic 777 marriage blessing.

But the words came in a dark moment in my life, a ray of hope. I laid down to rest and put a wet towel over my eyes because I had been crying. When I did that a Korean woman appeared before me in spirit comforting me from all the pain and suffering I was going through.

A few months later I found myself at the airport check-in desk to pick up my ticket to fly to Korea for the next Blessing which was to be held there. I turned and who did I see but Gabriella standing there to get her ticket. I felt this was a great injustice. She had broken our blessing and caused me so much accusation from others and internal pain. I got angry and turned and walked toward the exit. Two of my friends (Keith Anderson and Galen Brooks) stopped me and said, "Don't walk away, Ron. This is test from God and you must overcome it. Even through you have no sin in Gabriella's case, still must win over this trial." So I turned back and got my ticket and flew to Korea.

### **THE LAST PART OF MY SAGA IS THIS**

This was to be my third matching. True Father again would choose a spouse for me. I wondered if I could really show up for it. Already my heart had been torn apart over and over again. I was sitting outside of the Little Angels Academy, anguishing over the issue of accepting True Father's matching a third time. I wondered if I could survive another breakup and failure. I can't convey the intensity of the waves of emotional blackness and real pain -- a heart-attack -- that I was going through. This decision was so difficult you could torture me or throw in jail and that would be easier to endure. And then I saw Gabriella standing in the parking lot. I walked over to her and asked why is she was here in the parking lot. She told me she could not go inside until after I was matched and that she had to wait outside. This statement helped me a great deal in making up my mind to go inside. Because it seemed there was some level of justice and correctness in what was developing. So the darkness fell from my heart and I had hope for my third matching.

When I walked into room Col. Pak asked me, "Ron, what went wrong this time?" (meaning with my matching that was after Gabriella). Fortuitously Mr. Kamiyama had just arrived and he told Col Pak I was not at fault. The sister Anna rejected me and he had her letter. And Col. Pak reported this to True Father who quickly matched me to a Korean woman named Hwa-Yeop Kim. We went outside with her brother Kim Il to discuss the matching. She explained to me that she had been originally blessed in the 777 group in 1970, and she had a 9-year old daughter from that first marriage. She asked me if that would be okay with me? I was floored. I remembered the voice saying "How about 777?" and I thought about a vision I had in 1969 when God showed me sitting on a picnic blanket next to a Korean woman. I can only say this moment was like emerging out of a deep darkness into the daylight.

At the time of my Blessing I was 33 years old and had been in the Church for 14 years. I now have three daughters who are all married (two of them as Blessed couples (Youn-Jee and Youn-Soo) and my youngest daughter has a 2 year old son.

### **THE DAY I FOUGHT TO SAVE THE MESSIAH'S LIFE!**

Yes, there was a day I was in a situation where I had to defend Reverend Moon; meaning I had to use my physical body and to fight two men who were determined to get up on the stage to disrupt True Father's speech.

These two guys came around the corner and pushed the other security guard up against the wall, so I knew violence was coming my way. (Unlike a lot of members, from my youth I learned how to carry myself against would-be aggressors.) As they approached me I raised my hand and stated clearly "You will be harmed". That's all I said. I wanted to give them a warning. When the two got up to me face-to-face I attacked them both. I knocked one man to the floor and I started hitting the other. Quickly both got up and ran out the hallway. I chased them all the way to the front parking lot and saw them off. Then I returned to my post to guard the door to the stage. When True Father finished his speech my responsibility was to escort True Parents to their car and to open the car door. However, those two men were standing at the front bumper of the car. So, I turned and attacked them in front of True Parents, chasing these guys away from the car. So Father had to open the car door himself.

This was my action to defend True Father from men who violently tried to get on the stage and do whatever their plan was. But I stopped them by fighting with all my strength and resolve. I am proud to have had the honor of risking my life to protect True Father!

### **MY MEETING TRUE FATHER IN MANHATTAN**

In 1973 I was assigned the job to drive the President of our Church, Neil Salonen, from headquarters in Washington D.C. to Belvedere, New York to attend the first European members workshop. This was my first trip to New York. After three days President Salonen ask me to drive him to the airport, so I drove him to Kennedy Airport. When I dropped him off he gave me \$100 and said, "Ron, go buy some new

clothes." So I drove toward Manhattan; the traffic was heavy; I was looking for a clothing store, and I had never ever been to Manhattan. So I pulled the car over and stopped to look at my map. While I was sitting in the driver's seat studying the map, a man walked over to me. So I rolled down the window and it was Dikon, who greeted me and asked, "Ron, what are you doing here?" I told him what I was up to and looked around and was shocked to realize I had by some extraordinary coincidence chosen to park directly behind True Father's limousine. In the middle of Manhattan in the middle of rush hour I stopped behind his car! It was just another one of those many confirmations that have shown up in my life that I was destined meet and to follow Reverend Moon throughout my life.

### **INCHON MOVIE**

When our Church produced the movie "Inchon", I said to my friend Peter Spoto, "We need to go watch the movie." We were late and had to run to the theater. While standing at the ticket booth Peter said "Ron, Father's here!" I turned around to look and sure enough True Father had just got out of his car and was walking into the theater. Well what a surprise! So we went inside hoping to sit next to him. However, it was dark and we could not find him so I said, "Let's sit here." We sat down and looked around and realized we had inadvertently sat down directly in front of Father. Through the years I have experienced many such events where I would say let's go here or let's go there, and we would then meet True Father.

I was at the Assembly of World Religious in San Francisco with my wife when I said let's go upstairs. In a short time while standing by a door True Father walked out right past my wife and I. This again was another time where I just happened to meet True Father.

I hope and pray those of you who read my story can appreciate how it is a miracle that I lived and a miracle I met the Unification Church. God truly walked with me and saved my life.

Ronald E. Pine  
777 Blessing Couple