

Meeting a Korean veteran who fought alongside my father in the Korean war

Mark Nilson

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Members of the IOWC sweeping the streets to serve Pusan, South Korea

In Pusan we all went out with the team into the city and outlying areas. I had the opportunity to go to a small village near a river. At the time, a farm celebration was going on so there were lots of people, rich and very poor. Being an American, I attract hordes of children. One reason is for curiosity and the other, to practice English, which they all study in school.

As I began talking to an older student in my broken Korean and he in his broken English, we were surrounded by eight to ten other older gentlemen, one of whom spoke English pretty well. (Koreans lean towards a unity and a desire to help each other which stems only from a history of constant conflict, I think.) He proceeded to explain my purpose for being here and how important it was to them to attend the festival as an expression of respect and love to those (meaning the IOWC) who came to help Korea.

We got to talking about communism and I explained how determined we were to help. I pulled out a 1951 picture of my father in uniform and explained how he fought near Kwang Joo, a city 30 km. southeast of Seoul. He took the picture carefully and looked from it to me and asked what division he was with. I told him and he started to cry. He gave me the picture back and explained how his own unit fought in the same area and how deeply moved and grateful he was that a family could send two generations to help Korea. He then very deeply explained to the others and they all were very silent and quietly asked if they could have tickets to the festival to hear Rev. Moon, as he must be a great man to inspire such numbers of dedicated young people.