

In Hungnam Prison I fought on the front lines to love a wide variety of people

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Chambumo Gyeong - Book 7. True Parents' Course of Suffering and Victory - Chapter 1. Suffering and Victory during the Japanese Occupation and in Communist North Korea -Section 4. Victory of Love - Survival through sacrificial love



Photo date and location unknown

24. As an inmate in Hungnam Prison in North Korea, I fought on the front lines to love a wide variety of people, not only my fellow inmates, but also the communist prison guards. Because of that, I experienced that some guards made efforts to protect me in prison. If they saw me doing something against the prison rules they covered for me, even though they ran the risk of losing their own lives. The system inside the prison intensified the atrocities of communism, yet even in that world I found ways to protect myself. The one and only path was the path of loving and sacrificing. It was in prison that I discovered this truth.

There was a former leader of the Communist Party in the prison. When his family sent him powdered grain, he mixed it with water and made balls like rice cakes. Hiding them in his crotch, he walked the four kilometers to the fertilizer factory. If they fell out while he was walking, what he was doing would be discovered and he would get into a lot of trouble. He could even lose his life. Despite this he brought the food, solely for the purpose of sharing that food with me.

Hiding them deep inside his pants, he worked, drenched in sweat, until lunch time. Of course the grain cakes absorbed his sweat and smell, even though he had wrapped them with newspapers. Could I refuse to eat them and throw them away? At the moment when he shared them with me, it was like an explosion of love, big enough to buy even the entire universe. It was like the eruption of an active volcano. I saw clearly with my own eyes that in that worst place, a heavenly comrade had emerged in front of me. I again realized that the only thing that can digest this world is the path of love. (174-353, 1988/03/13)