

Father's Hobbies



East Garden has a swimming pool in front of the Main House. Going up to Father's rock, there is a tennis court as well as a basketball court. In his spare time, Father sometimes played tennis with Mother and guests who knew how to play tennis. I remember Mother playing tennis with one of the security men who was pretty good at tennis and then asking me to play tennis with her. I had never played tennis before in my life, so I grabbed a tennis ball, threw it up in the air, and hit it with the racket. The ball took off like crazy. There are high wire-mesh fences around the court so that the balls cannot escape, but the ball took off and went far above the fence. Mother followed the course of the ball outside the tennis court and then said, "Strong." That was the end of my playing tennis. Tennis was not my game, since I didn't have much control over the ball. I was amazed how the well the other security brothers could control the tennis ball.

Father sometimes played basketball but not very well. His shots weren't very accurate.

There were badminton games. True Parents played badminton, sometimes with each other and sometimes with others. I played with both Father and Mother. Mother, being so incredibly beautiful and possessing an electrifying voice, called my name and asked me to play badminton with her. By then everybody knew I was pretty good at badminton and, as a result, Mother asked me many times to play with her. I tried to return all the balls to her so she could easily hit them. I was under the impression that Father did not like badminton much, but Mother really liked it.

Sometimes Father played ping-pong. At ping-pong he was really good. I only played against Father once, and Father insisted that I hold the paddle the oriental way with a pencil grip. That was a handicap because I was not used to holding the paddle that way, but Father insisted on it. As a result, I did not play well. In the game I played against Father, the person counting the points made a mistake that resulted in Father winning the match, and since he beat me he never asked me to play with him again. He liked to play people who were better than him so that he could improve his skills and eventually beat them. As a result Father chose people who were very good so that his play could improve. When some Koreans were visiting from Germany,

one of the guests was very, very good at ping-pong; he was nearly at a professional level. Father played him many times, and the two had some very interesting games.

During one game with Mother, I hit the ball rather hard and she could not return it. She said to me, "You don't need to do that," and I apologized.

A couple of years later, we were staying at a hotel in Montauk, New York, and one of the security men and I played some pool. Father watched us with a lot of interest and then began to play. Pool became his game. I recall him playing pool many times, virtually every spare minute. His ability to shoot pool became very good, and he got a pool table for East Garden. Before meetings, after meetings, and in his spare time, Father was at the pool table. If there was nothing urgent to do he played pool. It became very well-known in our church that Father loved to play pool, and many places got pool tables so that Father could play pool whenever he visited. He played pool for years and years like a champion.

Of course, one of Father's hobbies was fishing. I cannot forget when I was on MFT in 1973 and working in Kingston, across the Hudson River from Barrytown. We met some church members from Barrytown who had gone shopping to buy food for Father, who was to arrive the next day. I went out the next day expecting to fundraise, but instead of fundraising we went to Barrytown. Lo and behold Father had been fishing on the Hudson River, and we were so surprised to see him there. Sitting in the van, we looked at each other and wondered, "What shall we do now?" One of the brothers said, "Maybe we should pray." but I said, "It's too late." So we got out of the van, went to Father, and bowed down in greeting. I said, "We are from the German fundraising team," and he asked, "How many members?" I said, "Twelve members." Father was catching eel and catfish, and Daikan proudly showed us the catch. Father said, "Okay, you go to Barrytown, find David Kim, and pray in the chapel." David Kim was in charge of Barrytown. We followed his direction.

Such a heavy spirit surrounded Father then. It was the same spirit he had when he visited our team as we were preparing for his Carnegie Hall speech. We had gone together to the holy ground in

Central Park, and Father spoke to the members and said, "America is going down. America needs to be resurrected. We have to do the job; we're called by our ancestors to raise America." He said, "Your ancestors have pushed and brought you here." In his prayers, he cried and cried for America to be revived. He prayed to bring God back to this nation. As we felt his heart, we also cried. Everyone at the holy ground was crying. This kind of heavy spirit was with Father.

At the very beginning of 1974, he bought a 48-foot Pacemaker, a sports fishing boat, and named it the New Hope; he also bought a 24-foot Wellcraft speed boat named the Flying Phoenix. The New Hope was for ocean fishing and the Flying Phoenix for river fishing. After Father got those boats, he went fishing a lot.

He left for fishing at 4:00 am, and the kitchen sisters had some orange juice for everyone who was going on the boat in the morning. It was about a one-hour drive to Freeport, Long Island, where the New Hope was docked. At 5:00, the bait shops opened and we could buy bait.

The next time I saw Father after that time in Barrytown was during a five-day workshop preparing for the Madison Square Garden campaign. I expected Father to be dead-serious once more, but to my amazement he had a dark tan and was smiling ear to ear. Some fundamental change had taken place within him. When he went out to sea to fish on the New Hope, he gained a spiritual victory. I used to say that all the problems of the world have been solved while out at sea, on board the New Hope.

Father loved the water. He loved the ocean, and he loved spending time there. He went out to sea many, many times. As a result, he got an incredibly dark tan. When I saw Daikan with the same dark tan, I knew Daikan always escorted him on the boat.

Back to the situation in Barrytown, Father had told us, "Those who do well and invite the most people I will invite to go out to sea and fish with me." Deep inside I thought, "Oh my, I really want to go with him." Then I heard the voice of God telling me, "You are going with him anyway."

I didn't know what I was up against when Father told us that he had brought a tuna. Actually, he did not catch that fish himself but

bought it instead. People in Barrytown cut up that fish into sashimi, a dish made with raw fish. I had no idea what a tuna was like; I thought it was something in cans. That day, we had tuna sashimi for lunch at Barrytown, and we all tasted it. Some liked it and some didn't. It was the first time I ate raw fish, and I kind of liked it. I didn't mind it. As time passed, raw tuna became my favorite dish. When I got married, I took my wife out to eat at a Korean restaurant the day after the Blessing, and I ordered tuna sashimi, which was my favorite. It was so delicious.

Father promised us, "If you do well, the next time I go fishing, I will catch a tuna for you to eat, and if I cannot catch one I will at least buy one for you." That's what he did.

The Flying Phoenix was Father's speedboat. It was not very big, but it had power. There were two 188-horsepower engines with stern drives. It was an inboard/outboard boat capable of doing 50 knots, 50 nautical miles per hour. Father loved the boat, and he loved the speed. He doesn't like to go out on the water on a boat that doesn't have any speed. His boat has to go the fastest, and he doesn't like to be passed by others. That is Father's nature. While riding in a car, he doesn't like to be passed. While riding in a boat, he doesn't like to be passed either.

I had never been in a boat like the Flying Phoenix. When it took off, I almost fell overboard because of its speed. The first time I went out fishing with Father in that little speedboat on the Hudson River, I had no idea about fishing. I lost my tackle left and right. It got hooked on the bottom, and I didn't know how to get it back. When I lost it, I didn't know how to put new ones on. I knew absolutely nothing about fishing, but as a bodyguard I had to escort Father. Eventually Daikan got sick and tired of fixing my fishing pole and said, "No more." I just sat there. That was the last time I just sat there.

The next time we went out, I prayed and prayed silently from the beginning to the end, and things improved. I started to catch fish. Of course Father always caught more, but I did pretty well. I learned that with prayer everything goes better.

It became very obvious that Father somehow knew what my thoughts were. The only time I was not in trouble in the presence of the Lord was when I was praying silently.

We had great fun one time when Father decided to take the Flying Phoenix up the Hudson River from Tarrytown all the way to Barrytown. On the way up, we noticed several swans on the water. With the speed the Flying Phoenix was traveling, we could approach them rather easily. By the time they managed to fly off, we were almost on top of them because they were so slow in taking off. They had large wings, yet the Flying Phoenix traveled so incredibly fast that we became a problem for the swans.

Father's cousin was with him on this trip to Barrytown. This was the cousin who went with Father chasing a wild animal that they captured alive. After we arrived at the Barrytown dock, we walked all the way to the seminary. I was in front and Father was immediately behind me. I heard Father breathing heavily, so I slowed down a little. Father didn't like it that I slowed down, so he punched me in the back to make me go faster. No matter how difficult it was for him to breathe, he didn't want to go slowly. At the seminary he gave some speeches and showed his cousin around.

That evening, we went back to the Flying Phoenix to return home. By that time it was already dark. Father and his cousin sat in front, while Daikan and I took turns driving the boat. We had to look out for tugboats and push-boats that were pushing or pulling barges. There was a lot of traffic on the Hudson River. Of course, we couldn't go full speed and had to steer cautiously. Our boat had a couple of floodlights in the front, so you could see the water. When it was my turn to drive the boat, I saw a piece of wood floating in front of us. However, it came up so suddenly that I couldn't avoid it. As a result, the wood went under the boat and hit the stern drives. The speed of the boat was reduced drastically to around five knots, and it took many hours to get back to Tarrytown. It was almost early morning when we arrived. Because of my mistake driving the boat Father had to spend so many hours in the boat on the way home, and I felt so sorry for him. Of course, I didn't say, "I'm sorry Father, it was my fault." During that journey, Father spent over 24 hours on that little boat, which I thought was a really long time. Later, when I became a commercial fisherman, I spent weeks at a time on the ocean, and just a day on the water was no

big deal. But during that first time with Father on the water, I thought it was really something.

Seeing the swans on the river kindled Father's hunting spirit. The next time we went out on the Hudson River with the Flying Phoenix, he took along a shotgun. Of course, he asked the security staff before, "Can we shoot swans?" One of the brothers read a book and could not find any indication that shooting a swan was illegal, so he basically said, "I guess it's okay." I knew that swans are protected under German law, and you cannot kill them. But who wanted to hear about German laws? This was America! As a result, Father took a shotgun and some ammunition and went out on the Hudson River, appearing to fish but in reality aiming for swans. I was with him at that time. While we were going full speed toward the swans, Father took the shotgun, cocked it, and aimed. As the swans were taking off and we were almost on top of them, he pulled the trigger. As he pulled the trigger, he said one word, "Pang!" However, the gun only made a clicking sound since there was no ammunition in it. The swans could fly away and thus were spared that day—but only that day. The very next time Father went out, I did not escort him. He had some Korean guests with him, and it was obvious when they came back that Father had shot a swan. Of course many people who were on the river that day saw the swan being shot, and they didn't like the idea of Rev. Moon coming with his speed boat and shooting a swan. It became national news, but there was no evidence that Father himself had pulled the trigger, since no one on the boat said anything. Eventually, everyone on the boat had to make a statement to the police, and it was Col. Han who took the blame for shooting a swan on Rev. Moon's speed boat. That became public knowledge. Since there was no evidence that Father was on the boat or did the shooting, Col. Han simply took the blame. That was the last time a swan was shot. From that time on everybody knew it was against the law.

It was not difficult to be on the Hudson River, because the waves were not big and I didn't have to deal with motion sickness. Things became completely different when Father used the New Hope to go out to the ocean. When Father first started going out on the New Hope, he always had guests with him and there was no need for me to

be there as a bodyguard, so I stayed behind with the cars waiting for his return so we could drive home. He liked getting off the boat and then going into his air-conditioned car. After being in the heat for hours and hours, it was very understandable. Cooling off felt quite good after being so hot.

The first time I escorted him on the open water on the New Hope, I was scared that I would get seasick like so many others. There seemed to be a pattern that once people got seasick and threw up, they would go inside to lie down until the boat returned to the dock. I was so scared that I would get sea sick, but I didn't. The next time I was so confident that I even snacked on potato chips on my way out. After the boat anchored and we did some fishing, the sea became quite rough. A big ship passed us, creating a wake that seemed bigger than the New Hope. Rocking in the big waves, my stomach revolted and I threw up in front of the Messiah. Daikan said, "Chum chum! Good chum!" thinking that the fish might be attracted to the contents of my stomach. Since we were blue-fishing it was necessary to put chum in the water. Before we went out, we had bought bait and chum buckets with frozen fish parts; these were stinky, rotten fish guts. They were so smelly that I did not know whether it was the smell of the chum, the motion of the boat, or the wakes of the big ships that made me sick. I just knew I was sick. After I threw up, I thought, "I'm going to go in and lie down." But the Lord had different ideas about me. He scolded me strongly with a big voice and made me return to my place in the cockpit and do the chumming for blue fish because he wanted to catch blue fish. I had an incredibly difficult time and threw up again and again. Eventually, nothing more came out of my stomach. Daikan also scolded me, trying to encourage me.

It was incredibly difficult to fight seasickness and continue working. Father scolded and screamed at me. God in Heaven, if he hated something, he hated me throwing up in the back of his boat. I was the one who was supposed to do the work. I was supposed to do the chumming for blue fish and catch them. I didn't know how to chum and I had no idea how to catch blue fish, so it was a complete disaster for him to deal with me at that time. As I dealt with the pains of throwing up, I thought, "I wish I were dead, so I wouldn't have to

deal with this.” I have to say that Father knows what’s in our minds. I found out about that when he spoke to the seminary students in Barrytown and said, “The other day, I took a young member out on the boat and he got seasick, so seasick that he wanted to die.” He then started talking about getting seasick. I was at the side of the stage, doing security, and I knew he was talking about me. What a miserable experience!

I do not remember how long we were on the water or how long I was seasick; all I knew was that Father was really determined to catch fish and I had ruined the day for him. Eventually, eventually, eventually, after I don’t know how many hours of incredible suffering had passed, he announced, “Let’s go home.” I couldn’t do anything; all I knew was that suffering had an end.

On the way to shore, I was still seasick. After we arrived at the dock and were driving home, the movement of the car still triggered seasickness. I couldn’t throw up anything because there was nothing in my stomach. Still the movement of the car made me sick. When we arrived at East Garden and after Father went into the Main House, I went to the cottage house. What felt best was to lie down motionless on the concrete. The next morning, I couldn’t look at the water coming out of the faucet because it made me seasick. That’s how I started out on the ocean.

From that time onwards, I had to take Dramamine, a motion sickness pill, every time I went out to sea. Gradually, with the help of that medication, *ibukis* (a karate term that means to “make the stomach tight”) and not eating anything before going out, it became easier to not get seasick. Eventually, after weeks of struggle, I tried to go out on the ocean without motion sickness pills, relying only on *ibukis*. Little by little, I eventually overcame seasickness. I didn’t have to throw up any more, and I didn’t trigger Father’s wrath. However, for the next 30 years I did not eat potato chips, even though I completely conquered seasickness. Potato chips are something I cannot handle.

After I overcame seasickness, Father talked in one of his speeches about overcoming seasickness. Again, I knew he was inspired by the effort I had made to overcome seasickness, and he made that public knowledge. He never said, “It’s Gerhard I’m talking about.” He

never mentioned my name but just talked about the facts. So I believe that even though Father does not become seasick, if he sees somebody throw up in front of him and has to deal with seasickness, it might trigger something within him. If the struggle becomes too much eventually he goes in, but without revealing to others that he is fighting seasickness himself. I cannot say for sure, but I believe that is why he became so angry with me when I had to fight seasickness right in front of him.

Father changed when he had the chance to go out to sea and fish on the open water. I believe, first of all, that he really loves fishing. He loves the purity of the ocean. There are not many people around him, and those who are around him should be praying silently. Jesus went to the desert by himself to pray, and Father goes out to sea. All the problems of the world have been solved on board the New Hope while Father was out at sea. For him, the ocean has been very special. He tried to catch all kinds of species of fish. People were wondering, "Is it God's providence that he is going out fishing?" or, "What is he doing?" My answer is that fishing is surely one of his hobbies and he surely loves the ocean. I also think that it is easier for him to reach out to God while he is out at sea because there are not that many fallen people around, and in such a pure and clean atmosphere he can easily connect with God.

A couple of years later, when we were tuna fishing in New England, Father kept a grueling schedule and as a result he became so tired. When Mother saw him so tired and pushing himself to go out, she said to him, "Why don't you stay in a few more hours and rest a little? You will be much fresher when you go out." But Father answered, "No, I cannot do that. I have an appointment with God; I have to keep that appointment." Basically, fishing, being on the ocean, and driving the boat are Father's hobbies.

Whenever he had a problem in the course of restoration, he liked to go out to sea and solve it. So there was always meaning to these excursions. Of course, he didn't say, "This I do because it's my hobby. This I do because it's a providence of God. This I do because God tells me to do it. This I do because based on a victorious condition I create at sea, God will work and do things on land." He never explained the

meaning. He expects us to follow unconditionally, regardless of the meaning. Unconditional following is what God expects and what the Lord expects. Later, he said, "Absolute faith, absolute obedience, absolute love."

Going into more details, Mother's course is to follow unconditionally. Only in that way can she restore Eve and Eve's mistake. Father never gave lectures to Mother; she was sitting through every lecture he gave to the members. If he said something that she never heard before, she went into her purse, pulled out a small notebook, and wrote down what she did not know before. That's how Mother learned.

He also loves yute, a Korean stick game in which two or more teams compete against each other. Father had us play yute a lot, and he would sit in the midst of us—not participating with any special team but just watching the whole situation. He liked to see how well the team members could unite with each other, because once there was unity in the team even the sticks seemed to obey. Father asked us many times to come to the Main House, and when we arrived we found other people there ready to play yute. The security men played yute against the Korean sisters from the Korean Folk Ballet a lot, but we never won. We also played against the house staff sisters. Our strategy was always, "Let's kick them out!" Their strategy was always, "Let's run for home!" No matter how many times we kicked them out, we could never beat them. Looking back, I've come to the conclusion that we security men were the worst yute players. No matter how much we yelled, screamed, and made an effort to unite, there was always someone better than us. We always seemed to lose.

When there were holidays, yute was a traditional game. Participating in it was always special. The next day, we had sore throats from all the yelling and screaming, and we had a hard time talking. Father watched everyone, and he always checked how well they could unite and how that would influence the course of the yute game. I believe that even now, when there is a major celebration or a major church holiday in Korea, there are still yute games going on and I believe Father is watching them.

Bodyguard for Christ

