

The First Tuna



In the beginning of July 1975, after one Sunday service we were suddenly informed that Father planned to go to Gloucester, Massachusetts, and we were to prepare for fishing there. It took quite a while to drive up there, but we eventually arrived. We went to stay at a hotel, but reservations were only made for one room so only the True Parents could stay there. Of course, I had to provide security, but all the security men slept in the cars. Also, it was difficult to get hotel reservations because it was the tourist season, and Gloucester didn't have many hotels. One night True Parents stayed at such a humble hotel, and I spent the night outside. When Father came out the next morning, he said, "I feel like a gypsy," because he had to move to different hotels so many times. Anyway, the New Hope was there, and it was tied up at the Rocky Neck hotel dock, an area in Gloucester harbor. Gloucester has impressive tides. The difference between high and low tides can be 10 to 12 feet or more. At low tide, we could see the rocks covered in seaweed with snails on them, a typical area where lobsters liked to hide. Of course, many lobsters are being caught in Gloucester.

The morning after we arrived, we went to a place for breakfast and Daikan asked Jerry, "Do you know where we can buy medicine to make stools softer?" Jerry laughed and said, "Are you stuck?" Daikan replied, "No, it's..." It must not have been easy to endure.

A day later, we went out trying to catch a tuna fish. I asked many people, "Where are fish being caught?" Eventually we found out about the northwest corner of the Stellwagen Bank, about 15 miles outside of Gloucester. The Stellwagen Bank is about 30 miles long and almost a half moon in shape; tuna were caught in the northwest and southwest corners of the bank. At that time, people from Provincetown went to the southwest corner.

On a daily basis, there were many boats at the bank trying to fish, at least 50 boats. The New Hope had, I believe, five very large fishing reels ready to fish for tuna. When the fishing started, we had to get the lines ready and put piano wire as leaders and a hook at the end. In the beginning, it was very difficult to catch tuna. Sometimes all we could do was get the binoculars and check other boats to see who had a strike and was fighting a fish. Not many fish were caught.

Bodyguard for Christ

We left early in the morning (at 4:00), and after arriving at the fishing grounds, we anchored the boat, put the lines in the water, and started chumming. Chumming is cutting small fish into even smaller pieces and little by little throwing them into the water to attract tuna. I do not know how many days we fished until the first tuna bit one of the lines and we had a strike. As the line went out, the reel was screaming because a big tuna was at the end, biting the bait and taking off like crazy. Every time we had a strike, the fish eventually managed to escape; all the fish that took our bait avoided capture.

Large numbers of seagulls seemed to be waiting until the New Hope came so they could land in our chum slick and pick out those pieces of fish; they were feeding on our chum slick. Father angrily said, "Chase them away!" so we threw ice at them and fish at them, but nothing really worked. A couple of days later, we brought slingshots and little steel balls and shot at the seagulls. It didn't matter how good our shots were: even when we hit a seagull it would just shake its feathers and keep on flying, disregarding the hit by a slingshot. One day we caught seagulls with boathooks and kept them in prison. We made some kind of cage on the boat for them. But no matter what we did, we did not succeed in catching tuna.

One morning, Father gave me some money and told me, "Go driving around to bait shops and buy some stuff for tuna fishing. If you see something which we could use to fish for tuna, buy it and show it to me." So I drove around from bait shop to bait shop and bought all kinds of stuff: hooks, sinkers, lines, wires, tools. We had to have some big orange balls. I bought some harpoon darts so that we could make harpoon lines and harpoon poles. There were all kinds of things. Father was looking for some good hooks, so I bought some Japanese hooks. When Father saw those hooks, he said, "Oh, they're too small," but later on, when we were actually catching tuna, we found out that those were the best hooks for tuna fishing. I also bought some stainless steel wire, seven-strand cables. All the lines seemed to break once the tuna took it, so eventually Father put the steel cables on the reels. We spent quite a bit of money for the gear.

One day, I was the chummer and had to cut all the fish and throw them in. After I learned how to do it, I chummed up and at-

tracted six tunas. That day, Father hooked six tunas; he had six strikes and lost every single one of them. There were all kinds of reasons, including too much tension, not enough tension, the wrong kind of hook, and the wrong technique. He could not land even one. Actually, it's not easy to catch a tuna.

Sometimes, I did not go fishing but stayed back with Mother and the children. I went to the beach with them. Mother cannot swim very well, only a little bit. I recalled a speech in which Father said, "You have to be able to overcome seasickness in order to become perfect. You have to master the water. You have to be able to swim. If you cannot do that, you cannot become perfect!" The only person I knew who made it and could capture the realm of perfection, she couldn't swim very well and she got seasick. I never said anything about that aspect.

We had such a wonderful time, Mother, the children, and myself, when I stayed back. Sometimes she went shopping, and sometimes she went sightseeing. Every day, something different happened. I especially remember the 20th day of this fishing season. We all ate dinner on the New Hope after the fishing was over for the day and the New Hope came back to the dock. After dinner, there was some entertainment, and whoever could sing was asked to sing a song. We heard many songs, and eventually it was Mother's turn and then Father's turn to sing. We did not have any reason to celebrate that time, but Father knew something different.

The very next day was the 21st day of tuna fishing. Actually, it was quite a long time to go out fishing without catching anything and watch other people next to your boat catch fish and bring it home. The one day we had six strikes and lost all six showed that something was not right. But then, on the 21st day of fishing, something was right. In the morning, Father caught a 550-pound fish. He caught it, tied it next to the boat with the tail sticking out of the water, and continued to fish. Soon after that came a second strike, but unfortunately the second fish escaped and could not be landed. Then eventually there came a third strike. That fish weighed 840 pounds. It was a really big tuna. I like to compare those three tuna fish to the three Adams. The first, the original Adam who fell, was like the 550-pound tuna. The second

Adam, Jesus, was killed before he could complete his Messianic mission. And the third Adam, I'd like to compare to the 840-pound tuna. The big, impressive third Adam, Sun Myung Moon, fulfilled his mission and became True Parent.

Once the New Hope returned with those two tuna, everybody boarded the New Hope and we went across the Gloucester Harbor to drop the fish off at Charlie C's. Photographers and everybody else got so excited. They never saw these big tuna up close. The fish were Father's prize after 21 days of fishing. Somehow, he must have known that the 21st day would be a day of victory and tuna would be caught. Otherwise, why would he have had a celebration the night before?

The fishing continued, and this 21-day fishing condition became a 70 day fishing condition. Towards the end, we brought up the second boat, the Flying Phoenix, and even that boat caught tuna. After 70 days, our small fleet had landed ten tunas. Even the 24-foot Flying Phoenix went out into the ocean and many times had to deal with the rough seas.

One day was especially rough, with swells up to 18 feet, and a fish struck. Even under those adverse conditions, Father fought the fish for more than two hours. When the fish was brought right next to the boat, somehow it managed to get off the hook and escaped. Father looked so disappointed that after so much work under such bad sea conditions the fish was gone. All Father could say was, "Go home." It might have been because of the fish or for the sake of the crew, but the New Hope went home.

Driving through 18-foot waves is not easy. In-Jin Nim was on the boat that time, and she asked Father, "Do you think we are okay?" His response was, "Trust me." The New Hope came home without any problems; however, the rough seas overturned everything: dishes, silverware, clothes, chairs, and tables. The boat was one big mess, and things were everywhere. Mother was waiting at the dock as usual for the New Hope, and once we arrived she went onto the boat and cleaned up the entire mess. That is the heart of Mother. It took quite a while before dinner was served that evening, but first of all everything was cleaned up, and it was Mother's doing. I like to tell this story to illuminate Mother's heart.

During this tuna season, Father developed his own special technique. First, he put the seven-strand stainless steel wire on the reels, and that's how the first tuna were caught. He changed eventually to hand lines. The thinnest was a black nylon line with a breaking strength of about 800 pounds. Then came what we called the middle line, which was on the surface for about 120 feet. Finally, there was what we called the "gold line" with a length of 600 feet, all coiled up in a basket. The leader was a stainless steel cable 15 feet (2.5 fathoms) long. One time Father told me, "The cable is good, but the connections are the problem," meaning how a hook connects to the cable and the cable connects to the swivel.

One morning during bad weather we went to a restaurant for breakfast without Father. There were just fishermen there, and one old fisherman was talking to himself about how to splice a hook and a swivel onto a seven-strand cable and what kind of hook to use. We were listening, of course, and taking everything in. After breakfast we reported to Father, and he instantly tried this new method out. He perfected the technique and made a wonderful splice. That is how we came to have the strongest and best gear around. Later he taught all of us how to splice and make the lines and how to color code the buoys. A yellow buoy meant the line was 5 fathoms deep, green meant 7.5 fathoms, blue meant 10 fathoms, and red meant 12.5 fathoms. The positioning of the lines depended on the point where the chum disappeared. The chum normally disappeared at 2.5 fathoms. Of course, it would gradually sink, and the yellow buoy, the 5-fathom line, marked twice the distance in which the chum disappeared. Twice that distance was where the blue buoy was and the green was halfway between. The buoys continued at regular intervals until to the red. The idea was that as the chum was sinking down to the bottom, it would pass bait at four different depths, increasing the chances of hooking a tuna.

Within a few years, Father was fishing with ten different lines. Since he often had guests on the boat, they all had to help pull lines in when the tuna struck. Most of the time, they did. Fighting the tuna was done from the bow of the boat. After the anchor was released and the buoy kept the anchor line afloat, the fighting was from the bow. It boiled down to a tug of war between tuna and man. Once the entire

line was pulled in and the leader appeared, it was time to harpoon the tuna. That was Father's job. He was the only one who harpooned the fish when he was on the New Hope.

Years later I fished with the New Hope, and when Father was not there I threw the harpoon. Tuna fishing was such an incredible experience, especially the moment the tuna hit. Up until that time, people might be sleepy and tired, and the hours would drag, but at that very moment when the tuna strikes there is incredible action on the boat. People are yelling and screaming; there is intense movement as people work together and pull the lines. Actually, it can be quite dangerous, but on the New Hope there was never an accident. After the tuna was harpooned, two people could bring the fish to the boat using the line with the hook and the harpoon line. Then somebody had to tie the tail off with the tail line, make a sling and wrap it around the tail and pull it tight. Then, eventually, it is wrapped onto a cleat. Only then could you claim the tuna as your own, never before. Until the tuna was tied up, there's the possibility of losing it. After Father perfected the skill of tuna fishing, the gear, and the skill of the crew, it became standard operation. The name Sun Myung Moon became very famous on the waters of the northern Atlantic. Everybody knew Mr. Moon knew how to catch fish. Rev. Moon is a good fisherman.