

Part One
Paul the Great

Why would one join the Unification Church?

What was the big attraction of the Unification Church in the 1970s and 1980s? In one word: the international atmosphere. That was the one great and outstanding point. At least it was for me. When I came first in contact with the Unification Church, I was amazed at the 40-plus people from all different countries, cultures and races singing together, eating together and listening to conferences together in my hometown of Frankfurt in Germany. I met the Unification Church in November of 1975 and that was a time of great witnessing, because the International 'One World Crusade had as one of its stops the UC Center in Frankfurt, which at that point was a former dance studio in the basement of a building towards the West End of the city. And like every dance studio it had one wall made up of all mirrors—which made for a nice effect.

Besides, I wanted to change the world. Don't tell me you didn't want to change the world when you were seventeen. It took me many years to realize that, if I wanted to change the world, I had to change myself. Because every one of us is a world in himself.

So then, why would someone join the Unification Church? Well, it was usually out of one of three major reasons. First, one had heard all of the conferences on the *Divine Principle* and thought it to be the absolute truth, God's revelation in this time and age, etc., etc. Second, maybe one was a close friend, a brother or sister—or maybe even a mother or a father—to some Church member, and one had the desire to find out what this whole thing was all about. Or, one simply was drawn by the "lost puppy syndrome"—one had found a warm, dry place by the fireside and stuck around—like me.

Dinners with Paul

Now, where do we start with our tale about Paul the Great? He was quite unusual. When I got somewhat settled into the system, I would come every night from work, would go to the kitchen to greet the sister in charge of the cooking and, depending on how far advanced that cooking business was, I would help in the final stages, or lay the table, or help with giving out the food. The UC Center in Frankfurt by the middle of 1976 wasn't an ordinary center. It was also the German headquarters, and we had a strict sitting order at mealtimes. Now in every center the leader would sit at the head—just like the movies—at one side the king, at the opposite side the queen, and the chairs in between all empty. Our version was not quite like that, but sort of.

So, imagine: you have the leader at the head, all the brothers on the left and all the sisters on the right. That's right, there was no mixing, no mingling, no nothing. All the boys on one side, all the girls on the other. Now, in the case of Frankfurt under the leadership of Paul the Great, it wasn't just the head of the table, it was the head table. There was one whole table at the far end of the dining room for Paul and Christel, as we called them, and two sets of tables running down at either side. We were many. Some brothers were still working on the finishing touches of the building restoration, two brothers were working on a newspaper, which nobody in the entire country knew about or read, and then obviously there were the witnessing members, both brothers and sisters. Paul would reside like a king over the gathering; his wife, Christel, was always at his side but practically never uttering a word. Why? Paul did the talking for both of them. The dinner was usually a very simple affair, but for Paul and Christel there was a special china setting and usually the food was somewhat upgraded as well. The whole atmosphere was very heavy and solemn: no chattering, no noises. Some brave soul, brother or sister, would raise his or her voice sometimes to make a comment

about the day, the things that were going on in the world and how they would see through various circumstances how the world is changing to accept the "Master". In those days we didn't call Rev. Sun Myung Moon "Father" yet, we would call him "Master". Mrs. Moon, on the other hand, was always called "Mother".

Paul would comment on things that were happening in the Church in Germany and sometimes on the worldwide scale as well; if he was in a good mood. Then again, you never really knew what mood he was in, in the first place. He had his own, very particular way, of relating to the membership. One of his "tall stories" (but a true one at that), had to do with our CARP activities on one of the university campuses of Berlin; "...so we sent out three 'palefaces' (*Meichgesichter*, he said in German), working as CARP and giving out pamphlets against the leftist activities in the campus." Those leftist students didn't like the CARP activities, so they organized a demonstration against CARP on the campus of this particular university. And guess what? Paul told us that about 200 students turned up to demonstrate against our CARP activities. And the CARP activities were done by three Moonies! Two hundred against three—hard to believe! What kind of danger did these "palefaces" actually present? CARP stands for "Collegiate Association for the Research of Principles", the student branch of the Unification Church. During my years in the Unification Church in Germany, there was always a healthy competition between Church members and CARP members. Now CARP wasn't the Church, mind you. We had the same "Divine Principle", we had the same "True Parents", but a CARP member was different (and better!) than the ordinary Church member. Later in life, sometimes, I would be involved in CARP activities, yet still, I always remained a Church member.

The Mystery of his Sleeping Arrangements

There was one incredible mystery about Paul the Great. Where did he go to sleep? This was the National Headquarters—which he bought for the German Unification Church, by the way. It was quite a sizable five-story building in a once glamorous and rich area of Frankfurt. It was around 1976, in any case a great year in Unification Church history, because we had the Yankee Stadium and Washington Monument Rallies in the United States. I was seventeen years old and still had my whole life in front of me.

Paul and Christel, when all the eating and the talking was done, would leave with one sister, whom they took with them. Wherever they appeared, wherever they went, there she was as well. I guess you would call a person like that a private secretary, but obviously no one referred to her that way. Every night they would leave—all three of them—but their destiny was shrouded in mystery. Now, I thought, in this big building there must be some space available for them to sleep, but no... Once the mystery really thickened: their particular sister wasn't present, she sure must have had some very good reasons, like the death of a parent or something like that; so Paul, after dinner, asked a sister if she would like to come with them to their home for the night. It was an incredible honor to have been singled out like that. The next day I just couldn't resist it and asked her the one question: "Where did you go to?" But she just smiled and responded, "Oh, it was very nice." I was as smart as before.

I did not know then what I know now: every National Leader had their own apartment with at least one "private secretary" or unpaid servant doing the cooking, laundry, shopping, washing, ironing and just about everything else for them. These sisters were always very snotty and looked down on us ordinary Church members. Later in life I was asked to iron the shirts of a leader once, but my job performance was so bad that they gave up on me.

This Character of his

On another occasion Paul was definitely dissatisfied with the little conversation we had around the dinner table, so he told us that if we really did know the *Divine Principle*, we sure would have something to talk about! He ordered one elder brother to be in charge of a *Divine Principle* reading session—we were supposed to read one whole chapter every night! That, indeed, was a major punishment! One obviously starts with the First Chapter—the longest of them all. In this kind of *Divine Principle* reading sessions—quite usual at the time—we would all sit around the table with our *Divine Principle* books, and one person would read aloud the contents of a page or a paragraph, depending on how the leader thought best. The rest of us would follow, reading silently.

That was the general idea, but usually people would fall asleep in droves. It didn't really matter if it was early in the morning, some time in the afternoon or late at night—there was always the same phenomenon: the *Divine Principle* would make people fall asleep! They would fall asleep reading the book, they would asleep listening to the lecture—I was no exception, either. On that particular night, we were reading like world champions! Luckily the brother in charge was somewhat gutsy. After about thirty pages of uninterrupted loud reading, we mercifully stopped. It was already very late at night and I still had to go home, since I didn't live in the Church center yet. I was in such good spirits then, never being afraid to cross town around midnight every night.

The next day, sure enough, Paul asked if we had read all of the first chapter and that brother said simply "No, it was too much." "Hmm", was the somewhat dissatisfied answer. That was the first and only time in my life, that I saw someone stand up to Paul the Great.

Paul didn't just have his special place to stay—he had one of

the most expensive Mercedes cars as well, dark blue with a brother whose "mission" it was to be his exclusive driver. The next National Leader had a much smaller car and did his own driving; because of the "French Connection" it necessarily had to be a French car, a Citroen if I remember correctly—very sporty, very dashing. Paul, on the other hand, needed a Mercedes 450 SEL, with driver and all. I remember one guest asking why it couldn't be a Mercedes 280, instead of a 450, and he was told that it had to do with representing the movement and so on. Now this guest would have been totally scandalized had he found out that Paul had *two* of these Mercedes. That's right, two! How did this work—one to wear and one in the wash?

But the Church fared well with Paul the Great. The one sister who was responsible for the bookkeeping for many years, once told me that the Church under the government of "Paul I" never had financial needs; there was always enough money in the movement. The greatness of Paul can be seen in the fact that he paid health insurance for every member in Germany, even for the foreign members. That system was kept up all the years I was a Church member in Germany, even after Paul was long gone. Another one of his better attitudes consisted in insisting on simply being called "Paul". After his reign was over, we had to deal with a lot of "Mr. This" and "Rev. That"—no one was on a first name basis with the National Leader anymore.

He was great and fearsome. Resembling very much an Old Testament patriarch (without the beard), he just loved being the only boss in sight. He was unquestioned, admired, feared and hated, all at once. Oh, how I remember those big meetings with Paul in Camberg, our workshop site close to Frankfurt in the country! Maybe they were not all national meetings, but somehow the big barn turned meeting hall was always full with brothers and sisters. In one particular meeting, Paul gave us a report on various activities. He loved to talk about his personal experiences with Rev. Moon, whether it was on one of his visits to Germany or in different places in the world.

We had question and answer sessions, which weren't all that unusual at the time. People were mostly asking questions to obtain spiritual guidance, but I remember one brother very clearly

asking, "What did we earn with Ginseng last year?" And Paul, furious, shouted, "We earned nothing with Ginseng last year! Has anyone else got a stupid question like that?" Paul kept his religion and his business strictly apart—we all knew about the Werner & Winkler Export and Import company, and about the Ginseng shops in strategic places in the country, but this, of course, was totally separate from the Church activities. No matter that Church sisters, neatly dressed in Korean traditional dresses, were working in the Ginseng shops—it was all "hush-hush" and nobody was supposed to know that there was any connection between the Ginseng shops and the Church activities. That poor brother! He must have left the Church that very same day.

Paul made us sing a lot. I remember that in one meeting we received the brand new translations of the forty *Holy Songs* in German, freshly printed so that everyone had his own new songbook. I had never heard of the *Holy Songs* before. Some were part of our regular songbooks in English, like "Song of the Garden" and "Shining Fatherland", the latter being our absolute favorite—we sang it at least once every day. In one weekend workshop we learned to sing at least half of the forty songs, because Paul said that there weren't any other songs to be sung anymore, just the new ones. We would sing three or four songs before every lecture session, which had two purposes: first, to create a good spirit, and second, to draw in the very last of the latecomers, so that by the time the lecturer would start, the hall was full and quiet.

The year of 1976 in Germany was an election year, and Paul had the splendid idea of actively supporting the German Christian Democratic Union in their fight to regain the majority and thus the government. The candidate was Helmut Kohl; well, he didn't make it that particular year, but there were still four uninterrupted terms as Chancellor of Germany ahead of him.

The German Unification Church at that point had a very fine hand, which existed largely due to the fact that three very musically gifted brothers, they were physical brothers from the same family, had joined the movement. One of them was the bandleader and there were maybe fifteen to twenty band members. They sounded very professional and could have played

anywhere, anyplace on TV. Once I had the chance to attend one of their rallies in the pedestrian area of Frankfurt—the band played for some time to attract the people and then a Church brother would give a speech—how everyone should vote for the Christian Democratic Union in order to stop the "Leftist Advances" in German society. Unfortunately that very same Christian Democratic Union distanced itself from the Unification Church outreach—saving their own prestige, I guess. Like I told you—they lost the election that year.

In any case, that very same band, with all the musical instruments, all the players and all the trimmings "set up shop" on the stage in Camberg during the big meetings which we had with Paul, and they gave us some first-class music! A band like that plays loud, loud music; they played popular music of the time, just band music, without any singers. I remember that we were told, in no uncertain terms, that absolutely no one was to touch an instrument—and I remember stepping up to the stage at break times and looking at this whole shiny brass set-up like a little child in a big toy store, all in awe and afraid to even breathe on it.

1976 was the time of the "Moonie Big Bands". In the United States we had the "New Hope Singers", formed of about 200 brothers and sisters from all over the world and dressed tip in very colorful native costumes, who were "preparing the way for the Lord" at the Yankee Stadium and Washington Monument rallies. And then, of course, there was the "Go World Brass Band", a very big marching band with incredibly elaborate costumes. I never heard a more perfect rendition of "Stars and Stripes Forever", than the one given at the Washington Monument Rally. The leader of the Go World Brass Band was a brother called Kevin Pickard. He really made it big later in life. Composing the music to the full-length ballet *Shinning* for the Universal Ballet Company about ten years later, put him in the realm of a true blue composer. Still, I was too young to participate in the "American Mobilization". Well, let's say it with Humphrey Bogart: "We'll always have Camberg..."

There is something very powerful about a couple of hundred people singing all together! Paul himself knew how to play the electric organ—very well, mind you. At the headquarters in

Frankfurt there was an organ, and sometimes he would play it. Thinking well about it, he had probably bought it too, alongside all the tapestry and ornaments and chandeliers in the largest room where the Sunday Services were held. In Camberg, he never played. He never really sang either—not with us and not solo, he just gave us those speeches. He was talking a lot about Austria, since he was National Leader in Austria some time before coming to Germany. And he was showing off a lot about his relationship with Rev. Moon—at that point the international movement was still quite small and Rev. Moon had a lot of personal contact with his leadership. He told us that he grew up in a Lutheran pastor's family, but he didn't seem to keep any good memories of it. His wife sat quietly at the side of the stage—as is our Church tradition. The dignitaries always sit at the stage by the side wall. Anyplace in the world, you will always find some special chairs leaning against the wall and you always have some dignitaries to put on these chairs.

That was Germany under the leadership of "Paul the Great", Rev. Paul Werner. I was young, seventeen years old, when I met the Unification Church and decided to join it, and for the next two years I was what was then known as a "home member", I worked during the day and attended various activities at nights and on weekends. Sometimes I didn't go to the center for a while—and at one point the leadership changed, Rev. Paul Werner was asked to lead a ship-building business in Alabama, and Rev. Reiner Vincenz and his wife took over the reins in Germany.

From my earliest memories, I have this image of Philip in mind, an English brother, who really knew how to play the guitar. There was one song which we would sing practically every day, over and over again. That was the time before we moved to the headquarters in Frankfurt, where the Unification Church Center was a former dance studio in the basement of a building. There Philip would lead us all into never-ending renditions of "The Lord is One"—and it was always a challenge to hit the high note at the end:

The Lord is One

by Dan Feffer»Ian

All my brethren, can't you hear me say,
The Lord will love you forever and a day?
All my brethren, can't you hear me say,
The Lord is One!

Oh can't you hear it, brother,
And won't you come along?
To build the heav'nly kingdom,
And sing a brand new song!

Call everybody; try to understand,
We've got to start working, the time is at hand.
Call ev'rybody; try to understand.
The Day is come.

Lo, on Mount Zion (the) son of man appears,
To rule the house of Jacob for ten thousand years.
Lo, on Mount Zion (the) son of man appears,
And cries, it is done!

All bound together, nobody can fall;
Loving each other, loving one and all.
All bound together, nobody can fall,
Our race is one.
Our race is won!
Our race is one.