

Part Two

Doing it the Italian Way

How we all started

Some time in early 1978 I had quit my job to work and stay full-time in the Unification Church. First, one was sent to the seven-day workshop in Camberg, then one simply stayed on and became part of the regular staff members. And that's what I did—I was helping in the kitchen, I was helping with the laundry, I was there with the rest of the bunch greeting the arrivals for the weekend workshop on Friday night; for about six weeks I had a nice easy-going life.

It was May of 1978 and my stay in Camberg had already outlived itself and somehow I felt that something was brewing up. Some sisters came from other centers, others were very young in the Church, and on one fine morning we would meet altogether in "Farmer's Cozy Corner" with a new mission. This was the best room available, situated right at a corner of the main building with windows on two fronts, nice cushioned benches and a truly cozy atmosphere. The various generations of staff in Camberg called that room *Bauernstube*, which Reiner Vincenz translated into "Farmer's Cozy Corner". That name stuck as well for all the English-speaking people finding their way in and out of Camberg.

Brought together by Karl Leo, we were introduced to Jeannine, a French sister. She didn't speak a word of German, and none of us spoke any French. But all of us could speak English in various degrees of understandability. Jeannine spoke English fluently, but with a somewhat very strong French accent. She put an "h" on words not having one and left out the "h" with the words that actually had one. She forever mixed up "hungry" and "angry". Karl Leo told us that we were chosen for an "important mission" and that we would all go together to Spain. In Spain there already was a German Fundraising Team consisting of all brothers, and Karl told us of how well they had adapted to the country and that all of them now spoke Spanish. Now that was some exciting prospect!

We were eight sisters, seven Germans and one French sister as the leader. Except for Jeannine, not one of us had ever had any fundraising experience in the Church—nothing, zero, zip! Besides, four of us, including myself, were only nineteen years old! Jeannine was all of twenty-six—practically ancient. We were given a Volkswagen minibus, which became our home for the next couple of months. So our final destiny was Valencia, Spain, and we had to cross half of Europe to get there. Everyone was allowed a travel bag or suitcase and everyone had their own sleeping bag. We had a small gas cooker and all of the necessary cooking utensils, stored neatly away under the seats. Luckily, Jeannine had her experiences from her "French campaigns"; she organized us very quickly and very well. Irmgard, a rather shy sister from the beautiful Swabian city of Freiburg, was our bus driver: a small figure behind a big wheel. Annemarie was the second driver, and that was that—the rest of us didn't know how to drive a little Fiat, let alone a minibus! Jeannine's place was beside the driver up front—as was the place of every leader in fundraising history.

It took us about four days to get to our destination. I don't know whether it was the quickest way, but we sure crossed all of France to enter Spain. Jeannine's way of taking care of the sleeping arrangements were rather unusual: we would find a convent or a church in a small town and there Jeannine would ask the Mother Superior or the priest in charge, if her group of "traveling missionaries" could stay overnight. The guts she had to do this! Almost always they said yes; if we were refused in one place, she would go to another before nightfall. And we weren't just two or three—we were eight sisters. That was the way things were during our whole fundraising time—I remember only one night when we actually had to sleep in the van, because we couldn't find a place to stay.

Luckily for us, our destiny changed and after a couple of lost days in Spain we were called to Italy. In Spain we really had to fend for ourselves, which was tough, and we made almost no money either. Italy, on the other hand, had a whole fundraising culture established—there were many German teams and an Italian-German liaison office, in case someone got lost or had

legal problems. Much, much later in life in Sao Paulo I met an elder Church sister married to a Brazilian, who insisted she knew me from Italy, and after trying to figure out for some time where we did cross paths, it dawned on me. "Oh, I remember now, you were that Paola in Varese we always called when we were in trouble!"

"Yes," she said laughing, "I was that Paola." Weren't we lucky to have that Paola! She was our umbilical cord, our lifeline, who helped us out many times.

When we arrived in Varese, where on the outskirts of the city was the most beautiful Seminar Center I had ever seen, we were given a lesson in basic Italian, so that we could find our way around. But one learns very quickly the most basic language patterns when it comes to buying and selling.

The Sisters in the Team

Like I said, only two sisters, Irmgard and Annemarie, could drive a car—or a minibus; the rest of us just supported by prayer. Annemarie was from around Cologne with work experience to her name. She was maybe the most ladylike of all of us. Rita came from a small town near Frankfurt—a girl from a good family who had been sent to ballet classes. Unfortunately, being quite chubby, no one would have ever guessed it. I had no idea where Andrea came from. The teeth braces she had to use were so impressive that one simply forgot to ask anything else about her. It's tough being nineteen and walking through life with braces, but she filled them out with a big smile. Eveline came to us "inherited" from another team, which was our salvation, because as far as fundraising was concerned, she was a true pro, and was coaching all of us into being decent if not outstanding fundraisers.

And then there was Elisabeth. Elisabeth was...well, unique. Coming from the Stuttgart area with a very strong Swabian accent, she did it all her way! Elisabeth was not to be measured according to normal parameters. She was all emotion and no logic. The patience that Jeannine had when reasoning with her, to make her understand that certain things simply cannot be done, because...well, because! I remember once we were writing letters home and Elisabeth, not having any stationary and not wanting to ask someone either, just wrote her letter on the lid of a shoebox. Then she handed that carton to Jeannine to send it to Germany. After that frustrated effort of letter writing, I never saw her again with a pen in her hand. Andrea was the one who wrote the most letters, she gave detailed descriptions of the cities we stayed in, especially if we were lodging by the seaside. Andrea even wrote a small poem about the sun dancing on the waves. Very nice; I wish I hadn't lost it on the road.

Sleeping Arrangements

As I mentioned earlier, Jeannine and the driver would go to find a place to sleep. Usually, the Catholic churches or convents had a school or a kindergarten as a side business, and many times we slept in areas designated for little children. It was summer holiday time, so the schools and kindergartens were closed and we could have the free rooms. Many times we set up house with little benches, little chairs, little tables, little everything. We didn't expect beds or even mattresses, we just cleaned a certain area and, upon the blankets we had brought with us, we put our sleeping bags in a row—just like the well-known sardines.

Sometimes we just had a cold stone floor in a cold church to sleep on, but sometimes we stayed in a convent where we were allotted guest rooms. I remember once we stayed in tiny little cubicles, two beds to a cubicle, in a convent so old that the building still retained its big stone blocks. It all depended. Sometimes we were given a church meeting room which wasn't in use at that particular moment. If it was convenient, we would stay two or three days in one place to fundraise in the area and move on.

When we all arrived at the van after being picked up from our areas, Jeannine had all of the sisters subdivided into little teams to get the work done quicker. We had one group to do the cooking, one group to count the money and one group to clear out the area and prepare the sleeping bags. In some places we couldn't do any cooking, so we all went to a cheap pizzeria or something like that. We had to deal with tiny little bathrooms, often nothing more than a toilet and a sink, where we took care of the absolutely necessary personal hygiene. And speaking of personal affairs—curiously enough the moment we started on our journey to the south, my menstruation stopped. I wasn't the only one with this experience—it seems the human body is a sensitive organism and needs its time to digest radical changes. I gave myself a time

frame: one year. If by one year's time the menstruation hadn't started, I would start to worry, that is, consult a doctor. In the meantime I was an Amazon being trained for the kill. Who needs menstruation, anyhow? Actually, I was quite happy it was gone. It did eventually return after about ten months, with a more normal lifestyle.

Together with another sister I was preparing the sleeping bags every night. We had it all down to a fine art. The next morning I would store the suitcases and sleeping bags in the van. I had my system—every bag, every suit-case, every sleeping hag had its place and space; if not, things just wouldn't fit inside. I accepted help, but the system wasn't to be changed. I was doing the storing and the arranging with the seriousness of a professional airline pilot—as if a couple of hundred lives depended on it. Things turned tough when the bag of dirty laundry was really, really full—there my genius unfolded itself to its full brilliance—in finding space where space could not easily be found! The laundry, by the way, was sent out to laundromats—we didn't waste time in doing our own washing. Unlike other team-leaders, Jeannine was ever practical!

The Sea in Italy

Being on the road, we couldn't really wash ourselves, that's why we would go to the beach on a regular basis. Usually about every Sunday afternoon, which was the only time we did not fundraise. Since we fundraised Mondays to Saturdays and Sunday mornings too, Sunday afternoon was sacred. It was our time to relax, to write letters home, to go to the beach or to simply rest. Other, less fortunate fundraising teams had to do their laundry on Sundays, but luckily we had Jeannine, who believed in sending out the laundry and saving us some valuable time.

So Sundays we went to the beach. In Tuscany, one is always close to some beach; the whole beach, every city, every town and every village was our territory anyway. Later we got a beautiful peninsula in Umbria as well. Not all of the sisters were "sirens", who loved the sea like me; but just to relax on the sand and being in the sunshine was worth all the effort. Some beaches were nicer than others—the nicest ones obviously were the private ones and off-limits to us. I remember once with Andrea swimming against the current, I remember the effort it took, how heavy and strenuous it felt, and what a relief it was to be carried back with the current. I learned a lot through that experience.

By and large, we did some real swimming. With Elisabeth and Eveline we once went really far out and it took us quite some time to come back again. But I had my own goals. Once, quietly, I went out by myself and swam and swam into the open sea—until I could not see the beach anymore. There, in the open wide ocean, totally surrounded by nothing but water and totally by myself without anybody even knowing where I was, I felt the presence of the Living God very clearly with me. One has to do a crazy dangerous thing like that, to come close to God. I felt no fear, just a little anxiety about losing the direction from where I came. It was a powerful feeling, a feeling of being all alone in the universe, and then again not being alone at all! That one experience of challenging my limitations showed me that *yes, I can!* I came back, never telling anyone about it.

The Elisabeth Tales

Once, Elisabeth and Rita were sent with the ferry to an island and Jeannine made it very clear to both of them that the very last ferry would leave at 8 P.M. and that they absolutely *had* to take that ferry, *if* they didn't want to stay overnight on the island. Guess what happened? Well, you guessed it! We all waited with the van at the port, the ferry docked, the passengers stepped on land, one by one and—no Rita, no Elisabeth. We could not believe it! Jeannine—ever practical—decided there was nothing we could do about it, they would just have to stay overnight on the island. The next morning we were at the port when the very first ferry arrived—and sure enough, there they were! We all went to a bar to have breakfast and there they told us their incredible story. What stuck out, was that Rita followed Elisabeth confidently, she did not question any of her erratic and somewhat illogical decisions. To Rita's understanding, the Spirit of God was with Elisabeth, and they would receive full protection and guidance. After knocking at quite a few doors, someone finally let them stay overnight; in any case they were in good spirits when we met them in the morning.

Elisabeth's sense of time and space was...well, different from a normal person's understanding. Once, at a different port city, she would get on the ferry to a neighboring island and fundraise on the ferry. Personally I never felt confident enough to do this, but some sisters believed in fundraising on ferries as well. The idea, obviously, was to get off just in the nick of time before the ferry left, but Elisabeth was enraptured by her spirit and did not realize when the ferry left the shore. So she was caught on the ferry, did the whole trip to the island, stepped on land and fundraised on the island as well! Then she came back with the same ferry, never stopping to fundraise.

Once, Elisabeth did not make it to her pickup point at night. We went back quite a few times to look and search for her, with

no luck. She did not appear. Jeannine had just about had it with her. Elisabeth was left by herself. We phoned Paola, to give her the "good news" of one sister missing and just hoped and prayed that nothing bad would happen to her. Elisabeth had the good sense to phone Paola as well, so the next morning Jeannine, in dubious spirits, told us that Elisabeth had crossed the whole of Tuscany by train to stay in a convent with some very nice nuns. Incredible! I wouldn't have remembered the address of the convent. So, in the morning, we had to drive about three hours to pick Elisabeth up! There she was, feeling very much at ease with these sweet nuns, who never questioned why she came alone, without the rest of the team. Oh, Jeannine must have summoned all of her diplomatic skills to explain that situation to the Mother Superior!

As time went on, the annoyance Jeannine felt with Elisabeth got stronger, so one fine morning, after Elisabeth was left in her little town to fundraise, one sister told Jeannine that Elisabeth had forgotten her purse with her missionary ID and the rest of her documents. "Never mind," was Jeannine's brusque answer, "we will not go back, she has to learn to take responsibility for her things." Poor Elisabeth! We all had the same vision of what that meant. All of us had a certain amount of church magazines per day, about forty; they had to last until nightfall. Elisabeth however finished her magazines after about two hours. She then proceeded to show her missionary ID, saying nothing more but "*Missionaria .Christiana . .Oferta ...*" and the people would give her money just the same. Any one of us could have survived with the magazines and no purse for the day, but Elisabeth... At night, we picked her up: we couldn't wait to see what had happened to her! After having finished all of her magazines, she had just approached the people with an open hand, a big smile and her notorious "*Missionaria .Christiana ...Oferta ...*" and the people gave her money anyhow! Standing in the dark, in a wide skirt, pockets bulging with change, she truly resembled a Gypsy woman! She wasn't "the Unsinkable Molly Brown", she was "the Unsinkable Elisabeth"—nothing could ever drown her!

Her last name was somewhat unusual and funny, too—Elisabeth Grunzel - which could be translated to "Elisabeth

Squeak". Karl Leo, when he came to visit us, always comforted her by saying, "Don't worry Elisabeth, one day you will marry and you will have a new family name." In the Unification Church, this truth is more than certain. So now she is a new Elisabeth, with a different last name and a different identity.

Karl Leo's Visits

About once every month, Karl Leo would come to visit. He would just stay with us, wherever we stayed, and sleep wherever we slept. I remember us staying in a Catholic church kindergarten, we stayed in one room and Karl Leo just stayed in the room next door. He came to "inspire" us with the latest international news of the movement, the goings-on of the other fundraising teams, and the general Church gossip. Staying one full day with us, we always did some worthy sightseeing together. But the real, more important reason for his visit, was to take the money the team had fundraised back home to Germany. Jeannine had it changed to large bills in a small purse always hidden under her clothes. That was the pride and the cross of the fundraising team-leader. She was walking through life with large sums of money literally on her. Nobody would have expected that a small skinny French girl would carry thousands of dollars and millions of lire.

Karl Leo was a very relaxed Austrian—but having a German wife and having had responsibility in the German Unification Church had "Germanized" him very much. A couple of years down the line, he would even become the German National Leader. But this was 1978, and Karl Leo was living "on the road". Out of the four weeks in a month, he would travel for three of them, making one large trip to the "Northern Colonies" of Holland and Belgium, where there were German fundraising teams, and another large trip to the "Southern Colonies" of Spain and Italy. He had only one week at home with his wife and his first baby.

Once, he met us in Pisa and we actually went sightseeing around the tower of Pisa and climbed it like every regular tourist! It was great, seeing the city from above, which we knew so well from the ground. The famous tower of Pisa is nothing but a piece of bad workmanship. The *campanario*, as the belfry is called in

Italian, was built on sandy ground and the foundation simply cannot sustain the weight of the structure. Now, because of the inclination, the tower is off-limits to tourists; every year the angle of the inclination gets bigger and yes, one day the tower will crumble, if it isn't sustained "with a little bit of help from its friends". Many times Eveline and I had fundraised around the tower in the tourist area; both of us were usually left there, because we managed well with the tourists. Around lunch time we fundraised in the restaurants and pizzerias. With Karl Leo we actually got to eat in one of the pizzerias where we so often fundraised. Everyone in the pizzeria knew us, of course, and it was somewhat uncomfortable, being so "famous".

Fundraising in Florence and the Cities

How does one feel being in a beautiful city like Florence and asking people for money? Quite nice, actually. We stayed many times in Florence, we fundraised in the shops, the offices and the pedestrian area where the worldwide tourists would mingle. We mingled with them. I specialized myself more on "open ground", on the streets of Florence, while Eveline went to lawyers' or doctors' offices. Basically we would work in pairs, and most of the time I worked together with Eveline. She spoke Italian fluently, looked very sharp in neat, classic clothes and managed herself with confidence and ease. I guess that was the main reason why the professionals took her seriously. In small towns, Eveline would fundraise in the *Municipio*, the City Hall, and on more than one occasion she had managed to talk to the mayor of the city. Sometimes she took me along to teach me the way it's done, but I felt uncomfortable and never "specialized" in public offices. But once, I remember, I was in a public office in Florence, and while walking from office to office I saw beautiful painted ceilings; the doors were all original craftsmanship, the building was practically a museum! It was hard to concentrate on the fundraising, and I thought how special these people must be, to work in such an environment. But, as life goes, the employees probably never even looked up at the ceiling, and most likely often complained about the disadvantages of working in a really old building.

There was another, really ancient city, the city of Volterra. This city displayed in its architecture and tourist shops what remained of the Etruscans, the people who lived in the Italian peninsula before the Romans, and who got basically swallowed up by them. The whole city was out of a different time. It was a well-visited tourist city, frequented by a different kind of tourist crowd from the ones on the beaches, obviously. But the queen of them all was Assisi. The whole city was a museum! From the north to the south, from the east to the west, it was as if one was in some

sort of a religious amusement park—every building, every church, every tourist shop seemed to be right out of the twelfth century! Was I inspired when I fundraised in Assisi! At one entrance to the town was a historic church and on the other end a big cathedral, built in a very special way. Since the city of Assisi is located on some hills, the cathedral had different floors—one main gate on the lower floor with a big parking space and another exit on street level within the town walls of the ancient Assisi. Since the tourists coming to Assisi are for the most part religiously motivated, the air has a beautiful, clean atmosphere. Everybody wanted to fundraise in Assisi! But the historic core is very small and so there was only one sister there at a time, the others had to make due with the secular surroundings of the nearby towns. I always felt very sad when Jeannine decided on someone else to stay in Assisi—so close and yet so far away.

The team-leader decided where everyone would get off the van in the morning—that was her privilege. Sometimes we were sent alone to an area, sometimes we worked in pairs. I was sent off mostly with Eveline, she made the most money and I was the second-best "grossing" member of the team. The one with the worst average? Well, yes, you guessed it—Elisabeth. But not always, mind you. Sometimes she met people who were just on the same "spiritual wavelength" as her, and they donated quite handsomely to this lovely *Missionaria* with the bright, shiny eyes from Stuttgart! Elisabeth never learned any Italian, she just said; "*Missionaria...Christiana...Oferta*", and the people got the message as well.

There were cities everybody just loved, like Montecatini, for example. It was one of those nice health and cure cities deep inside of Tuscany. It was swarming with rich old ladies, trying to better their health. Unfortunately Jeannine lost us this city to the Center in Florence in our own Fundraising Battles with the Italian Church members. We had very good relationships with them—they ceded the whole coastline to us, and we had to leave them the cities inside the province of Tuscany. It was only fair; still we mourned over the loss of Montecatini.

Many a time we stayed in Siena, a medieval city with a beautiful, perfectly shaped town square, host to the *Palio*, a

pageant with its roots in the Middle Ages, performed yearly by the townspeople in costume. I was there once for the preparations—the square was decorated, grandstands were erected and so on. Unfortunately we didn't get to see any of it—with the exception of Karl Leo's visits, we didn't do any tourism, just focused on the mission. We never went any place other than the beach, and we basically didn't know what happened in the world. This was the summer of *Saturday Night Fever*, but in all of our time in Italy, we never even went to the cinema once. Back in Germany, we would go to the cinema, and I remember distinctly on one occasion, where we saw a very artsy movie, and everybody was sleeping! That experience was often to be found with the fundraising teams—it wasn't really bad intention, just sheer exhaustion. One team-leader once got really angry with his brothers: "If you want to sleep, we stay at home; I don't spend money so that you can go to sleep in the cinema!"

The Gold-digger Island

We started out with having only the province of Tuscany, but later we would work in the province of Umbria as well. Umbria was basically all lush, green hills, which, between the valleys and the peaks, we were traveling all over. There weren't as many tourists as in Tuscany. The main city, Perugia, has achieved worldwide fame through its "Perugina" chocolates—incredibly rich and quite expensive. There was one place truly worthy of dreams, in the south of Umbria—consisting of the towns Orbetello, Porto Ercole and Porto Santo Stefano. Imagine tourist agency brochures, big calendar photos...now you've got the idea. Situated right on the blue sea were a lot of lovely boats in a very small compact little community; I was always fundraising so well there that I called it "my Gold-digger Island". It wasn't a real island, just a peninsula. The only real island we got to visit on a regular basis was Elba. Now Elba, mind you, wasn't really Italian—it was German, since the island was swarming with about 80% German tourists.

Jeannine was very strict as far as clothes were concerned. She was usually dressed in a navy blue skirt with a white blouse—the most classic of classics. I remember that I had a nice pink dress which was to be worn with a pink scarf—Jeannine made me take off the scarf because it wasn't a "missionary outfit" and discouraged me heavily from wearing the dress as well. Irmgard had to take off her red pants—they weren't even red, just bordeaux—but even so, it was "unsuitable" for a missionary. Jeans? Are you nuts? Totally Satanic! And the shoes we had to wear... Jewellery was out of the question—a "missionary" didn't wear any. Make-up? You've got to be kidding! We really looked like nuns on vacation.

In any case, who made Jeannine the expert on how a missionary had to look? We were really phony missionaries—our only "mission" was to raise funds for purposes we didn't know

anything about. During my whole fundraising life this "missionary" business made me feel very uncomfortable. Heck, I'm a revolutionary, not a missionary! But when one is nineteen, one sees the whole world through pink glasses. Jeannine was the absolute level of perfection for me, there was just nothing she couldn't do. And we did have a lot of fun!

An Unusual Visitor

Once we stayed at this really beautiful old monastery, where they allowed us a room for the night. In the morning, while busy with packing up our things, we heard a knock at the door. One very tall and skinny monk all dressed in black stood in front of us and asked, "I want to know something about the man you call your Master." That was quite unusual. First, how did he realize we were from the Unification Church; and second, how did he have the nerve to come and ask us so openly about our spiritual whereabouts, this being in the middle of a Catholic monastery! Jeannine obviously invited him in and he had a lot of intelligent questions. We spent all morning talking with the monk. Whatever convinced him to become a monk, we never knew—he was very young and very intelligent. But then again, what convinced us to become Unification Church members? Being on the road, one can't keep contacts, unfortunately, and so we never saw that monk again.

Usually, when looking for a sleeping place, Jeannine would just say we were a group of traveling missionaries, which isn't all that unusual in Italy. It is also nothing unusual that a group of traveling missionaries is raising funds for their Church. Once, I remember, we were introduced to the nuns of the convent and Jeannine explained which ones of us were Catholic—practically all of us—and then she said, pointing to one sister, "She isn't Catholic." "All," said the already quite elderly nun, "She's a Communist."

Lucky nun! If one wasn't Catholic, well, one just had to be a Communist. Or were there other options in life? We had one favorite convent, somewhere in the north of Tuscany, which we would always go back to. But once, the Mother Superior talked to Jeannine and explained to her that the "Mother Superior's Superior" didn't allow her any more to let us stay in the convent, because our beliefs were truly different from the teachings of the

Catholic Church. The Mother Superior, the nuns and all of us were very sad, because they really appreciated us and we liked them very much. They were always smiling and had such a positive attitude. But Jeannine was a true diplomatic genius! Once, when Karl Leo came, he had this idea to have a meeting together with the brother team, and Jeannine talked with the Mother Superior of this convent and she allowed us to stay there—for the purpose of "rest and relaxation" only. So all of us, Karl Leo and all of the brothers, stayed there in the convent for a couple of days.

We also used to stay at the Church Center in Florence—unlike other Fundraising teams we had decidedly good relationships with the Italian brothers and sisters. They were practically all brothers in the Center, with just one sister, and she was very happy to have other sisters around, when our team stopped there for a couple of days. We would sometimes eat together, and just being in another Unification Church Center we would feel at home, and being made felt at home, as well. When we knew we had to go back to Germany—it was November of 1978 by then—we made our last stop in the Center in Florence and in the last night we stayed in Italy, somebody broke into our van and stole some things we had left there for the night. How sad we were, to leave Italy like that! Ever confident that nothing would happen, we never really worried about leaving an obviously fully equipped traveling minibus right smack in the middle of Florence, and—well, there it happened. They stole Irmgard's winter coat and her little Black Forest doll she kept dangling from the mirror.

The brother in charge of the Center in Florence gave us an Italian Unification Church songbook and we treasured that, learning many an Italian song from it, which we would perform later in Germany, to the German family. Eveline and I had a favorite song—"Brother Sun, Sister Moon". For many years later in life, when someone asked me to sing a song, I would sing this song in Italian.

In the end, that's what we took with us from Italy: we were the Young, the Brave, the Best, we had an indomitable spirit, ours was the future. We were "Gonna Build a Kingdom", just like Jon

Schuhart, an early United States Unification Church member, wrote in his song, which was sung in Unification Church Centers throughout the whole world:

Gonna Build a Kingdom

by Jon Stuhart

Gonna build a kingdom on this sad old ground;
Gonna build a kingdom all around!
Gonna call it heaven 'cause that's what it'll be—
A place of beauty, peace and joy for you and me!

It'll take some hard work to make this old mud new.
It'll take a struggle, but we'll see it through!
Go and tell your friends if they want to come,
That they're all welcome to this land we call freedom!

Fight determined to be victors and we'll triumph in the end.
And we'll stop this world of trouble, and we'll ease this
pain for men.
We've a kingdom to establish with our tears, our sweat,
our blood;
And we'll kick to hell this world of hell
And build a new world for God!

So come all you people, it's your kingdom, too;
'Cause it won't be a kingdom without you.
So rejoice my brothers, all men of all lands;

For the glory of the true world—
That wonderful me and you world—
The kingdom of the new world is at hand!