

## Gangs running wild at True Father's Yankee Stadium on June 1, 1976

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Many of us MFTers spent the night inside the Yankee Stadium hallways the night before True Father's Yankee Stadium rally. Our job was to secure the place so no one came in planting bombs or to prepare an ambush. We were all high spirited having just fundraised across the country making our way to New York. I remember tossing Frisbees down the halls to other members all night to stay awake.

The next day, the day of the Rally, started very stormy and we were posted throughout the stands. When it started raining I looked around and knew none of the MFTers would abandon their posts. We were used to working for God in all types of weather. I watched the winds blowing the flags around the stadium first one direction and then soon the opposite direction. In the afternoon the wind tore up all the decorations on the field and flung them all over the place.

Taking a scheduled break during the day I went outside and saw people starting to show up. I heard one lady in a trench coat who was smoking a cigarette telling her comrades that they would get Rev. Moon one of these days. Right before the program was to start at 7 p.m. the skies cleared up and the sun shone down on the field. Where I was on the third level the crowds were very noisy and gangs of kids were running around.

When entering the stadium the guests were given little plastic American flags to wave and show our patriotism. Where I was the gang kids had gathered a bunch of these flags and ripped the flags off and were throwing the sticks down on people in the stands below us. With all the noise I couldn't hear any of Father's speech.

There were balloons in nets at the edge of the third level to be released at the close of the ceremony. At one point a man started to walk along the people seated where these balloons were and when he had blocked the path he said, "Look kids, the balloons," and the gang of kids all rushed in and released the balloons long before they were scheduled to drop. I knew there were communists followers directing these gang kids.

My stomach was churning during the whole rally. The next day we heard that while Father was praying before the rally his large photo fell off the wall and then he knew this rally was his crucifixion. I felt like I had gone through the crucifixion along with Father.