

Golden Age Newsletter June 2025

Richard Buessing and Carol Pobanz
June 5, 2025



Golden Age Newsletter

June 5, 2025

Hello Goldies, Welcome! We hope you enjoy!

This month features Carol Pobanz's book, Forever Life, personal testimonies from Bruce Sutchar and Gary Fleisher, touching poems about offerings from Lloyd Howell, continuing constructive Korean History from Michael Downey and Memorial Day activity from Christine Libon.

This Month's Message



Photo credit: Carol Pobanz

Forever Life

by Carol Pobanz

While many Golden Age members are working on their memoirs, I've recently completed a children's book titled *Forever Life*. This book is dedicated to my beloved daughter-in-law, Victoria Pobanz, who recently passed away. Her life touched me deeply, and she blessed me with my first two grandchildren. Vicky fought a courageous five-year battle with breast cancer.

After her passing, Vicky's mother asked me to lead the funeral service. She specifically requested that I speak about the concept of our three lives: the first in the womb, the second on earth, and the third—our eternal life in the spiritual realm. Many people later expressed appreciation for the message I shared that day. I also recalled sharing this same idea with families during my time as a hospice chaplain. That concept became the foundation for this children's book.

Strangely, I don't actually remember writing the book. No matter how hard I try, my first clear memory is simply holding the finished manuscript in my hands. The conversation at the beginning of the story really happened—but how it all came together on paper remains a mystery. Perhaps there was a touch of divine intervention.

At first, I tried to illustrate the book myself, but I quickly learned that illustrating a children's picture book requires a specific skill set beyond just being able to draw or paint. During my search for an illustrator, a local art teacher and community friend suggested I reach out to a student who had worked with us on a community art project—a UNITY sculpture.

That student, Anais St. Amant, had just graduated from college and was working on her first book. She was tied up with other commitments at the time, so I continued my search. As time went on, I became discouraged and started to think the project might never be completed. But, around Christmas, Anais sent me a beautifully

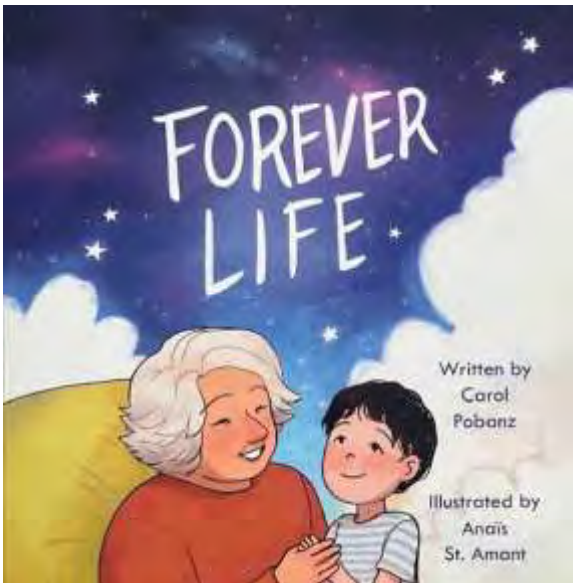
illustrated card of her own, which rekindled my hope. I reached out to her, and she had just wrapped up her other project. Soon after, we signed a contract.

Anais turned out to be the perfect illustrator for *Forever Life*. Her insight, creativity, and ability to express deep emotion through her art brought the story to life in exactly the way I had hoped.

This book isn’t just for children—it’s meant to comfort anyone who is grieving a loss or seeking a deeper understanding of our purpose on earth. I hope it will be cherished by many.

FOREVER LIFE can be purchased at: foreverlifebook.com

It is not available on Amazon at this time.



All photos by Carol Pobanz

Testimonies, Offerings and Memories



Why Write A Doctoral Dissertation

By Bruce Sutchar

On my very first day of kindergarten, I cried and cried and cried. You see, I had a very happy first five years of life. I lived with my parents and my mom's parents and, as the firstborn male in our Jewish family, I felt as if I was treated like royalty. I even had my own room and my mother always said that I should have been born a prince—but I was!

My first experience (it was called nursery school) saw me and a sidekick deciding to “blow this place” by running out the bar room swinging doors and hiding underneath his backyard steps until our frantic teacher found us frolicking around the neighborhood

[To read more, please click here!](#)

A Parents' Request and Three Poems About Offering

by Lloyd Howell



With deepest gratitude, Lloyd and Donna Howell, a 2075 Blessed couple, both Unification Seminary graduates, now living in Florida are launching an urgent appeal:

Our beloved son Jason, who moved to Korea the day before he turned 18, is now, at the age of 40, facing a life-changing moment. After years battling IgA nephropathy, his kidneys are nearing failure, and he now urgently needs a transplant. Thankfully, his mother, Donna, has selflessly stepped forward as the donor. The surgery is scheduled for June 26, 2025, in Korea, where Jason has built his life and career as a dedicated science teacher.

While much of the transplant will be covered by national health insurance, there remains a significant gap for essential pre-transplant donor testing requiring multiple trips to Korea, the operations themselves and post-surgery care for donor and recipient. To cover these costs we are seeking to raise \$40,000 to ensure Jason will be able to financially meet this challenge and fully recover (thereafter being able to continue to support his two boys, Hwanin and Tayin). Your contributions, great and small, can make a significant impact.

We are deeply grateful for your consideration, kindness and possible support during this challenging time.

More can be learned of his situation by clicking the Go Fund Me link below.

gofund.me/9b13ca93

Here are three poems related to Donna's offering for consideration. Her silent determination is overwhelming, many of her friends and acquaintances have no idea . [Of course, I too was ready to get on the altar but a history of kidney stones precluded such.]

Two regarding her first donation-related trip to Korea in March of this year:

A True Mother - New Life

She is brimming with optimism and anxiousness
as she awaits a midnight taxi to a plane
taking her to Korea
where doctors will determine
if one of her kidneys is a match
for her son, almost 40,
with two children, 11 and 14,
living there now more than 20 years.

Her smile beams with hope and joy
at the possible honor of being able to give,
once again,
of her very self to her very son.

If all goes well
with this labor [of love],
he'll be born a second time.

[To read more, please click here!](#)

Peter and Paul

Memories of my friends Peter Koch and Paul Werner

By Gary Fleisher



Peter Koch is a great guy. I was impressed by him before I ever met him because of his hiking Germany condition, when he arrived as Europe's first missionary. I'm sure you've heard about how he wouldn't stop, even when his shoes filled with blood. (<http://tparents.org/Library/Unification/Talks2/Koch/Koch-631110.htm>)

In 1981 I was in the Orange Room of the New Yorker Hotel where I was witnessed what happened when Father replaced Peter as Austrian leader.

Father asked Peter who should replace him. Peter answered, "Father, no one is more qualified than I."

[To read more, please click here!](#)



Photo of Peter Koch from Gary Fleisher



Photo of Paul Werner from Gary Fleisher

History Bytes



A History of Korea: Part 2

By Michael Downey

A History of Korea: Part 2

Across Korea, both North and South, dolmens seem to crop up everywhere. They appear as great standing stones with what looks like table tops. Upon observation, one has to marvel at the technology necessary to move and place these gigantic stones. Like the stone monuments that testify to the lifestyle of the Neolithic inhabitants of Europe, the dolmens scattered throughout Korea tell us something about the Stone Age and Bronze Age people who built them.

The existence of these—essentially tombs—tells us that there was a rigidly stratified society. At the very top were the elite: the chief, headman, or **wang** (king)....

To read more, please [click here!](#)

Memorial Day Service Activity

by Christine Libon



It's so great to have brothers and sisters and friends living nearby. Jennifer Yashiro is a Clifton, New Jersey resident who found an ad in the Clifton Journal requesting volunteers to set up and take down 2300 US flags for the upcoming holiday in honor of the Clifton military personnel who have served our nation. She wanted to volunteer and asked everyone in our small group if they might be interested. I definitely was interested and inspired to honor the veterans and participate in a service project beyond the confines of our church community.

To read more, please [click here!](#)

Bulletin Board

Dear Golden Age Members

After a devastating illness to her husband 2nd generation member, Yeol-Shim Francesca Bell-Miller has taken on the sole financial support of her couple. Please consider helping them by employing Yeol-Shim’s service to help on your memoir, manuscript or other written materials. She has written to me:

“I’ve been posting about my current situation on my Facebook and the Love & Support for Sunhyun Miller Facebook page. I have mentioned my recent circumstances and subsequent shift to becoming the sole income earner of my and my husband’s household. I ask for just a few minutes of your time to help me support Sunhyun and myself. Please post this ad:”

Thank you so much,
Francesca Bell-Miller



"A Philosophical Approach to Mental Health Based on Hans-Georg Gadamer's Hermeneutics" by Edmond M. Charley

I am happy to announce this new publication, which I edited, is now available on [Amazon for Kindle](#).

Responding to the need for innovative and holistic interventions to address mental illness, Edmond Charley reviews a novel approach based on philosophy, specifically Hans-Georg Gadamer's hermeneutics. While conventional approaches to understanding and treating mental illness tend to overlook individualized experiences and experiential dimensions this approach prioritizes and values professional empathy, interpretation, and interactions between caregivers and patients.

Charley's analysis offers valuable insights that will benefit mental health professionals and practitioners, including social workers, nurses, patient advocates, and more.



[Print copies](#) as well as [ePub version](#) ebooks are also available to purchase.

Jennifer P. Tanabe, Ph.D.
jenniferptanabe.com/

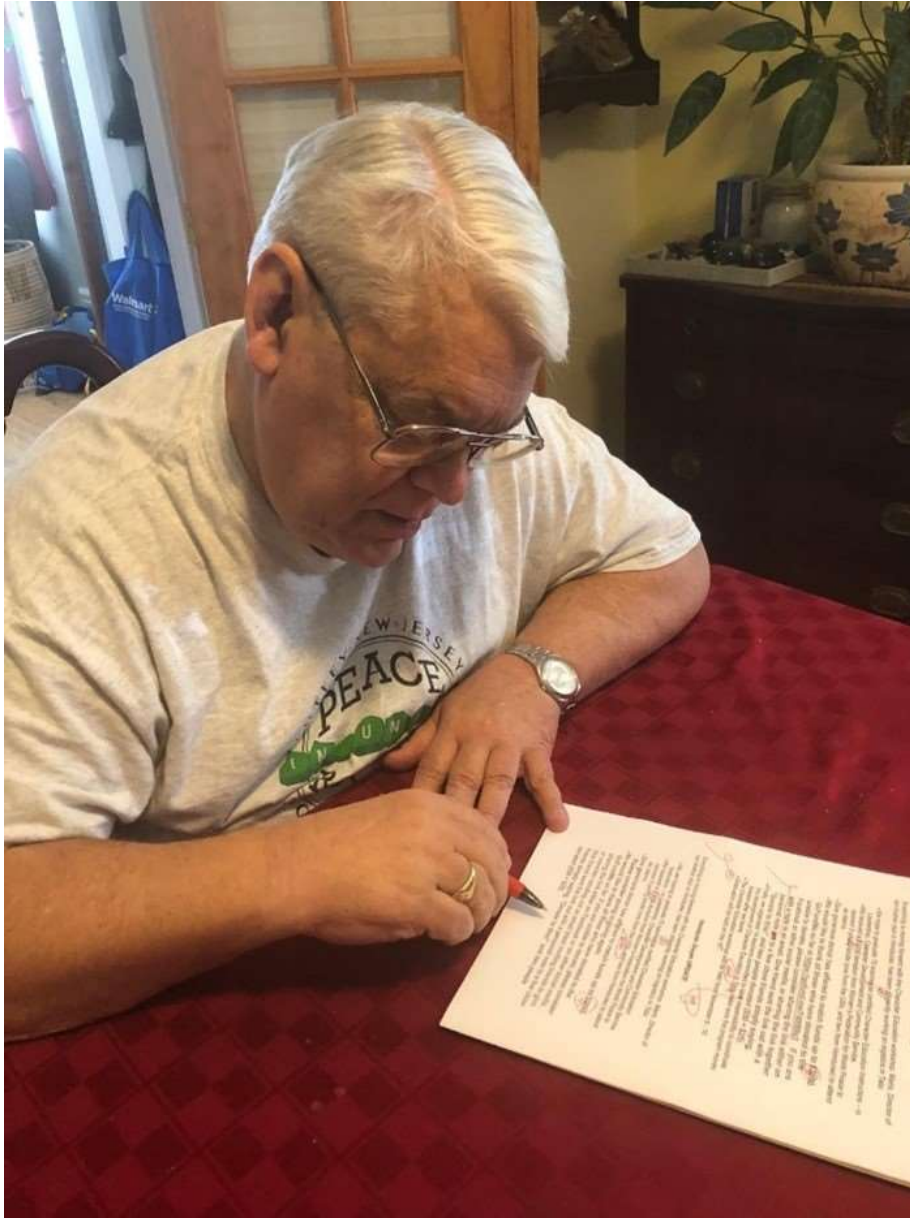


Photo credit: Carol Pobanz

The Golden Age Newsletter began as a small Clifton Senior newsletter about 3 years ago.

ARTICLE GUIDELINES

Purpose: The Golden Age newsletter has been created as a means to keep our elder community connected to one another. Articles are not in any way meant to proselytize or push a point of view.

It is a place to share God's Love – what is positive in our life as a result of finding our Heavenly Parent and True Parents.

Motto: "This is the Dawning of our New Age" – We are always in the process of redefining ourselves as we grow older and as we add experiences to our lives. Therefore, we must consider how God can use us even when we may be decreasing in our physical capabilities.

The e-newsletter is broken down into eight sections:

1. A Featured Message of Inspiration – Helping others to feel hope and inspiration for the establishment of CIG.
2. “Unification Thoughts” – any educational article on the "Fifth Realm of Heart" – Grandparents’ heart
3. History Byte – A short article on a positive memory, a funny or affectionate story about experiences in the church with True Parents or with brothers and sisters or an article about the development/experience of helping to develop one of True Parents’ providential projects or events.
4. Arts and Culture – A sharing about one’s talents, hobbies or interests and how this relates to sharing God's love (to family, community, nation or world).
5. Tributes and Testimonies- a personal testimony of one or more life learning experiences or a Tribute to a spouse, friend, or leader
6. Health – An article that relates to health (physical or mental), possibly providing a link to an article you think might be interesting or important to other seniors.
7. I Love being a Grandparent – stories about grandparenting or about things to do with grandchildren
8. Recipe – Preferably a healthy recipe along with 2-3 paragraphs about what makes it a good or memorable recipe.
9. Book Review – report on a book that inspires thoughts toward a world of peace
10. Bulletin board – reports on personal activities, or request help on a project

*Did someone forward this to you? Subscribe to the Golden Age
Newsletter [here!](#)*



Why Write a Doctoral Dissertation



photo by Bruce Sutchar

by Bruce Sutchar

On my very first day of kindergarten, I cried and cried and cried. You see, I had a very happy first five years of life. I lived with my parents and my mom's parents and, as the firstborn male in our Jewish family, I felt as if I was treated like royalty. I even had my own room and my mother always said that I should have been born a prince—but I was!

My first experience (it was called nursery school) saw me and a sidekick deciding to "blow this place" by running out the bar room swinging doors and hiding underneath his backyard steps until our frantic teacher found us frolicking around the neighborhood. Then, just as I got used to kindergarten (which I knew would be an infringement on my lifestyle) our family had to move, owing to the birth of my younger brother. So, I was forced to start kindergarten all over again, not knowing any of my new neighbors and having to abandon my newest best friend (the only kid crying more on the first day of school than I was).

Owing to the fact that I would rather be out playing ball instead of studying, I was little more than a C+ student. In fact, on my very first day of school, I saw a cute little girl playing in her backyard and I joined her for the remainder of the day rather than proceeding on to school (in those days life was so safe that the principal did not call your mother to tell her you had never shown up). In fact, before I was five, I used to walk about two blocks all by myself to my aunt and uncle's house for dinner every Thursday night (and there never was an incident).

I proceeded through the next eight years of elementary school with but few minor incidents. In 1956, I was bullied by the school tough guy who said I owed him 10 cents from a world series bet (it was actually only five cents and I had called the bet off because my father told me to never bet with a bully). However, my dad showed up at recess one day and that ended that. Then again, one day a gang of ruffians on bicycles mugged me and stole my Halloween bag of goodies. Springing into action, my hero Father once again threw me into the car and we hunted them down in no time. He threatened the bullies with telling their parents and thus a few hours later they showed up with a Halloween bag filled to the brim with even a few more pennies than my own bag had held (pennies were more special than candy in those days).

Sociologists agree that for almost all teenagers high school is a bad to horrible experience. Even for the jocks and class leaders that you would have thought loved it. Shortly before high school two of my closest friends were double-promoted, so by the time I got to high

school, I had but one close friend. Of course, I made a new group of friends, some of whom I still talk to everyday 64 years later.

I did well my first two years of high school entering the top 5% of my 500-student class. But an unhappy confrontation with my high school baseball coach led to my losing motivation for the final two years and of course, as a teenage boy, I could not talk to my father during this time, so I just suffered through it horribly.

By graduation I had been accepted to the only two schools I had applied to and I went off to college on one wing and a prayer. Somehow I made it through my first three years of college but then, it being in the middle of the Vietnam War, I decided I needed a sabbatical to take time to figure out what it was in life that I really wanted.

So in 1968, I participated in the Democratic National Convention protests in Chicago, and then took off for the West Coast. After returning home to Chicago, I took a couple of part-time jobs and then decided to return to Indiana University and finish my last year of college.

Now please remember, this is the kid who cried and cried on his first day of school. But after graduation I wound up teaching middle school in one of the poorest neighborhoods in Chicago. But I actually loved it and worked endless hours so that I could do it right. I took my students to see Baseball games, Hockey matches, Michael Jordan basketball games and even to see Muhammad Ali as he trained to fight Joe Frazier for his World Heavyweight Boxing Championship.

But after two years I knew that God had something else for me to do. That's when I met the Unification movement in San Francisco. I did my MFT by working as a Matre'd in our Jewish Delicatessen and bagel shop. Then came the blessing and, immediately afterward, I was invited to attend UTS. I had no desire to go back to school, but I did want to attend David Hose's 40-day workshop. So, even with little motivation for any more schooling, I said OK. Then I became the fundraising captain for a 12-member team of people with no green cards. As school started, I became the class vice-president after only wanting to sit quietly in the back of the lectures and volunteer for absolutely nothing. Then, before school even began, I broke my foot playing soccer and spent most of my first year at UTS walking on Father's trail with my crutches.

As a result I decided to stay for a third year since I loved the Hudson River Valley so deeply. My motivation here was to attend the World Religious Pilgrimage as a third-year student but, unfortunately, I was not elected to attend.

Oh yes, I forgot to mention that back in California I had applied to law school. (I had always wanted to be the next Perry Mason.) Although I did well on the LSAT, I did not have the resources to pay for three years of law school. So I returned to Indiana to get a Master's Degree in Counseling, after which I planned to go and counsel students in the inner-city. But, low and behold, I did so well that I was encouraged to go on and get my doctorate. However, after three years of college teaching, I decided that this was not really what I wanted and I left school just short of writing my doctorate.

So picture this: a young boy cries and cries on his first day of school. He has already ditched nursery school, failed to make it to school on his first day of kindergarten, dropped out of college, walked out on his doctorate minutes before completion, turned down a second opportunity to finish his doctorate, did not want to attend religious seminary and then, sixty-seven years later, was still thinking about writing a doctoral dissertation.

So, after 24 years of schooling from ages 4-38, I was finally finished. Honestly, I had always wanted to finish my doctorate and, as I was graduating from UTS, Father sent me a message through Col. Han, saying that after working in the field he would support my efforts to finish my doctorate in Psychology. In fact, I would be the only member with a Ph.D. in Psychology (rather than in religion like the others).

When COVID hit, UTS changed its rules so that prospective students would not have to travel to New York for intensive classes. That meant that I could complete a doctorate in three years by having zoom calls for three hours three times a week. A couple of my elders encouraged me to do this, but it was not until elders like Dr. Thomas Ward and Dr. Michael Jenkins (who had just finished his doctorate) talked to me that I began to consider it. Dr. Ward emphasized how God could use me if I had a doctorate, even more than He was currently using me. Franco Famularo also, without pushing, encouraged me to follow my heart and if it was the right thing, between me and God, I should go ahead.

Now I'm over 70 years old. Often when walking on a college campus and looking at the young overly Asian students, I seriously doubted whether I could even gain an undergraduate degree if I had to start from scratch.

So, what should I write about? I was no longer a pastor of any church, but I had much rich experience in life. Initially I felt that if the second-generation millennials (the children of those who had joined our movement in the 1970s and were not currently involved in our local churches, just as my own children reacted) never came back to church, then all of Father's teachings and ideas could possibly vanish as so many other denominations had gone "out of business" throughout the centuries. Many of these millennials had gone on STF, GOP in Korea and had attended many of Father's and Mother's speeches. However, they became disenchanted with the church structure (a church being something that Father always claimed that the HSA/UWC was not supposed to be).

I began by interviewing 150 second-generation children who had finished high school (the time when children from every church will usually leave their home church). The majority of these second-generation members were not blessed. I asked them questions about what they felt was missing from our church and allowed them to express their hopes for remaining active as well. I asked six dedicated church members (three first-generation and three second-generation) to be my advisors and consultants.

I also visited one of the largest Christian Churches in Chicagoland. The youth pastor there held a monthly young adult bible study and many youth came from other churches as well. My experience there on a cold December night was profound. She gave a short mini-sermon and then broke everyone up into four groups. They were to answer the question what it meant to love God with all your heart, all your soul and all your mind. What struck me was that this gave each of the youth a chance to respond, both in their own small group and to the entire congregation. One thing I remember is meeting one student who had come from a different church. It was Thursday night and it was below freezing, but he, made the trek because he was hungry for quality teaching. I only remember this kind of give and take happening one time in all my years in the Chicago Family Church. (In fact, this was an idea suggested by former UC President Jim Baughman.)

I did a tremendous amount of research and picked the minds of my UC professors. In a nutshell, I am grateful to Bill Selig (in my first class). I am especially grateful to Dr. Noda (great sense of humor), Franco Famularo a constant friend, Dr. Michael Mickler (always a great challenge) and especially to my advisor Rev. Dr. Luone Rouse. One thing I didn't understand was that the oral exam was not pass/fail – it was pass; fail slightly; or fail greatly. Since I didn't follow the standard format for writing my dissertation, I failed miserably. I thought it would take me six more months to graduate, but Dr. Rouse outlined for me exactly what I needed to do in order to graduate on time.





All photos by Bruce Sutchar

Frequently Asked Questions

Registration Questions	Airtable Questions	System Questions
Q: I don't see any welcome email, did my registration go through?	Q: I registered but it says I need to create an airtable account, how do I do that?	Q: I forgot to bookmark my dashboard page! How do I find it again?
Find the answer	Find the answer	Find the answer

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Blessed Family photos by @Fukuya.Sano

SUPPORT OUR SON JASON'S KIDNEY TRANSPLANT



 Lloyd Howell is organizing this fundraiser.

 Donation protected

OUR BELOVED SON JASON WILL BE THE RECIPIENT OF HIS MOTHER'S KIDNEY ON JUNE 26, 2025.

The Reason: After years of wrestling with IgA nephropathy (an autoimmune disease attacking kidneys), doctors recently told Jason that his declining kidneys would be minimally functional by the summer of 2025. This resulted in an urgent and dreaded call home in late December 2024.

The Recipient: Jason, born in 1985, left his home in Long Island, NY, after high school in 2003 (the day before he turned 18) to try his fate in Korea, a country which had caught his fancy (a long story in itself). He soon mastered the language, applied, and was admitted to Korea's top university (Seoul National University). There he studied Earth Science (in Korean), getting some scholarship money and also funding his way by teaching English on the side. (Never a burden to his parents.)

In 2009 he graduated with a teaching certificate in science and opted to stay in Korea as a middle school science teacher. Presently, he teaches there at an international school.

In 2015, Jason was diagnosed with the above-mentioned autoimmune disease, which has since progressed to a place where he is now in urgent need of a kidney.

Our 'baby', our firstborn, is now almost 40 years old and has been in Korea his adult life; and now has two boys, Hwanin (15) and Tayin (12), for whom he is the sole provider and caretaker.

The Donor: will be his mother Donna Fusco Howell, a selfless woman of courage and compassion, who has since been vetted and approved as a match. Recently quoted, "I'd do anything to save my son's life." (Photo with Jason below.)



Expenses appear daunting: There's pre-transplant vetting / testing taking place in Korea. In total, Donna has made two trips to Korea for pre-surgical testing, and will


\$12,215 raised
\$40K goal · 88 donations





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 79 people just donated

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\$100 · [Recent donation](#)

 J.P. and Dianne Faure
\$1,000 · [Top donation](#)

 Laurence and Muriel Baer
\$210 · [First donation](#)

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Read more on GoFundMe: [Lloyd Howell's GoFundMe](#)

make one more for the actual transplant scheduled for June 26. She will be staying in Korea for a month after the operation. Her daughter, Oriana, will be attending during the operation and post-op.

Korea's national health insurance is funding much of the transplant and some related pre-testing expenses (still being sorted out) excepting about \$20,000. Other expenses will include some in-home aftercare, expenses for transportation, doctor follow-up and miscellaneous in-Korea expenses for those supporting him.

Our goal: is to raise \$40,000. Challenging, at first consideration for sure, but one can never underestimate the generous souls of others: family, friends, friends of our friends, some, no doubt, complete strangers! We believe it is achievable with your help. Every donation, small and hugely generous, is welcome, needed, and deeply appreciated. We deeply thank you in advance.

Love and best wishes, *Lloyd and Donna Howell*

 Show your support for this GoFundMe



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Please donate to share words of support.





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
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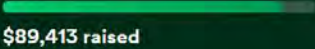
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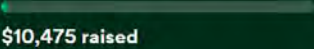
Help reunite my family
by Tania for Family



\$89,413 raised



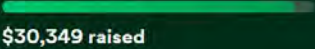
No Kit Left Behind! Help Clear Colorado's Rape Kit Backlog
by Kelsey for Emergencies



\$10,475 raised



Michael Dixon Urgently Needs Our Help!
by Christopher for Medical



\$30,349 raised




Centennial Fire Tragedy memory of Helen Hue
by Tiffany for Funerals

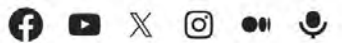


\$2,555 raised

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Poems

by Lloyd Howell

1950poet@gmail.com

Here are three poems related to Donna's offering. Her silent determination is overwhelming, many of her friends and acquaintances have no idea. [Of course, I too was ready to get on the altar but a history of kidney stones precluded such.]

Two regarding her first donation-related trip to Korea in March of this year:



A True Mother - New Life

She is brimming with optimism and anxiousness
as she awaits a midnight taxi to a plane
taking her to Korea
where doctors will determine
if one of her kidneys is a match
for her son, almost 40,
with two children, 11 and 14,
living there now more than 20 years.

Her smile beams with hope and joy
at the possible honor of being able to give,
once again,
of her very self to her very son.

If all goes well
with this labor [of love],
he'll be born a second time.

Spring is clearly here

Spring is clearly here
in Florida but, for the first time,
you are not.

The rose bushes newly green,
bloom red,
spear-like the canna push their lush leaves
heavenward,
fallen pine needles warmed in the sun
exude aromatic scent,
caterpillars dangle
from oak branches,
bees are busy,
I sneeze all too frequently,
mockingbirds serenade
deep into the night . . .

Spring is clearly here
but this time you are not
and by the time you return [from Korea]
the azaleas may no longer be pink

Below, one related to her 2nd donation-related trip to Korea in May
of this year:

The Donation

Soon, she will be donating
a kidney, to her son.
Not lightly,
but neither with hesitation.

Instinctual, primal –
a no brainer.
As natural as tectonic shift,
and equally unstoppable.

She's climbed the mountains, swam the oceans –
all second nature.
She's grown wings,
to fly above ordinary things.

Like a salmon on the go she swims upstream;
her body to feed her roe.
Nothing can stop the flow –
all obstacles she will overflow.

Her mother's heart beats
and selfishness retreats.

She's a 5-foot 2-inch giant –
towering among the ancestors.
A North Star –
for her descendants.
She spreads her branches
always shading and sheltering her lineage.

5/22/25

I wonder what poem will be written about her 3rd actual donation trip in June.

Hmm, perhaps one juxtaposing altar and operating table, isn't it freaky how they are eerily similar.

Kind of a twist from Abraham offering his son. Now a parent offers herself for her son.



Peter and Paul >

Frequently Asked Questions

Registration Questions

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Find the answer

Airtable Questions

Q: I registered but it says I need to create an airtable account, how do I do that?

Find the answer

System Questions

Q: I forgot to bookmark my dashboard page! How do I find it again?

Find the answer

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Peter and Paul

Memories of my friends Peter Koch and Paul Werner

By Gary Fleisher



Peter Koch



photo by Gary Fleisher

Peter Koch is a great guy. I was impressed by him before I ever met him because of his hiking Germany condition, when he arrived as Europe's first missionary. I'm sure you've heard about how he wouldn't stop, even when his shoes filled with blood.

(<http://tparents.org/Library/Unification/Talks2/Koch/Koch-631110.htm>)

In 1981 I was in the Orange Room of the New Yorker Hotel where I was witnessed what happened when Father replaced Peter as Austrian leader.

Father asked Peter who should replace him. Peter answered, "Father, no one is more qualified than I."

I thought that Father would get angry, but he didn't. He got a kind look on his face. Father asked Peter if he was 100% perfect. Peter said, "No, Father I am not."

Father explained that if Peter were 99% perfect then Peter couldn't raise the Austrian members to be 100% perfect. Father told him that if he appointed an Austria leader that was only 1% perfect, and it was the 1% that Peter lacked, the new leader could make the Austrian members 100% perfect.

I don't recall who Peter named as a replacement.

I used Father's 99% idea when I had to replace people. It worked remarkably well.

When I replaced other leaders I would always explain to the members that if I were only 1% perfect... It made it easier for those who loved the old leader to accept what Father had done.

After Danbury, Mother was buying a Chinese herb for Father to help him control his weight. She told both Peter and I to use it. (I was obese in those days.) I went to buy it and it was more than US\$200 an ounce! (That's about US\$700 in today's money.) It was so expensive that I never bought it. I think Peter tried it, but had trouble getting it in Europe.

I'm sorry I never thought to ask Peter about his experiences in World War II. Any chance I had I would pester him about his life in the USA church in the 1960s.



Paul Werner

I was a religious Jew before I found Father. When I was a child, my family was looking for European family members, hoping they were still alive. Slowly, one by one it turned out they were dead. We had a lot of books about the Holocaust in my house. The photos of survivors still trouble me.

I learned about the suffering of Germans through Paul.

Paul joined the Hitler Youth as soon as he was old enough. (He didn't have a choice.) He was drafted into the Wehrmacht (Army) and was sent to Dresden in February 1945. He was assigned to help clean up after the fire-bombings of the city by the USA and Britain. He was haunted by the smell of burning people after that. Not just the 25,000 non-military citizen casualties but the thousands of survivors who had terrible burns from their wounds.

A couple of months later, Paul was captured by the US Army. The soldiers who caught him did not take him to an American POW camp. The US soldiers sold him to the Free French Army. The French Army put him to work as a slave coal miner. He had just turned 17. Even after Germany surrendered, Paul was enslaved in the mines. The leg injury that plagued him for the rest of his life was from the mines. Eventually he was freed and went home to an annihilated hometown.

I ran across this quote about the German POWs being held by the French: "They were taken to France in cattle cars," said Fabien Theofilakis, a 44-year-old historian who teaches at the Pantheon-Sorbonne University in Paris. "During the stops en route, they were spat upon or beaten up by the local people."

I hope those who know Peter and Paul better than I will share their memories and correct any errors in what I recall.

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Indemnity Walk Across Germany

Peter Koch

New Age Frontiers - November 10, 1963

My Beloved Father:

Oh, Father, I thank you for the great strength I received from you the last three weeks. You guided my stumbling feet, you kept your arm around my shoulder to steady me, you encouraged me with your shouting voice. How often during the past 21 days did I think of your course of sweat and blood and tears! You are our Leader. The way you went we will have to go.

In order to lay a foundation for our work in Germany, I decided to walk with very little food from North Germany to South Germany, a distance of at least three times 120 km. Satan tried many times to tempt or stop me. Even before I reached the city limits of my home town, I knew that my shoes were completely unsuited for such a trip.

After 40 km. my feet were reduced to a blistered, bleeding, swollen mass, and I thought that I could hardly walk one more day and that it would take a long time before could reach my destination. Yet all through that night, I constantly heard your encouraging voice. So I pulled myself together and walked on. Then I heard a voice: If you will make it in 21 days, you will be alright! This was the way my journey became a 21 day course.

Oh, Father, I have thought so often of you! When I was walking over the hills and through the valleys, I thought of your walk to South Korea. When the pain drove tears in my eyes, I remembered that you have suffered a thousand times more and that you have cried much more and more bitter tears than I. When the children in the street called names after me, and the people stopped and gaped at me with their mouths hanging open, I thought of you pushing a push-cart through the fancy streets of Tokyo.

I saw so many automobiles, good, comfortable new cars. They were speeding down the road, splashing me with muddy water and forcing me off the road. Big, fat Satan! Oh Father, what belongs to God in this country? Only my blistered feet? How long does this country have to suffer under the rule of the anti-god? Father, let me liberate this land and restore it to God! It is a land of great beauty, but the people have to be changed. I thank you, Father, for me the way to restore this country.

A few days ago, when I almost could not pull myself any further, I suddenly saw a good stick lying in front of my feet. So I picked it up and used it to lean on it. I have been very happy about this simple stick and very proud of it. At night I parked my stick right among the fancy automobiles of the other people, I knew that this seemingly worthless stick was of more use to God than many a minister. So, my beloved Father, I pray that even I as your unworthy 'stick' may be able to bring joy to your heart,

With great love.

Comment from Headquarters:

Peter Koch walked all alone from Munster to Heidelberg (approximately 248 miles) for 21 days to make a condition of indemnity for the restoration of Germany. We thank the Father for giving him the strength to accomplish this difficult task. We are proud of you Peter and we cry with you. May your effort of blood and tears soon bring life and joy to your people and all Europe!

The German translation of the Divine Principles has been completed and is now being distributed.

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A History of Korea: Part2



photo by Michael Downey

by Michael Downey

Across Korea, both North and South, dolmens seem to crop up everywhere. They appear as great standing stones with what looks like table tops. Upon observation, one has to marvel at the technology necessary to move and place these gigantic stones. Like the stone monuments that testify to the lifestyle of the Neolithic inhabitants of Europe, the dolmens scattered throughout Korea tell us something about the Stone Age and Bronze Age people who built them.

The existence of these—essentially tombs—tells us that there was a rigidly stratified society. At the very top were the elite: the chief, headman, or **wang** (king). This class may also have included wives, children, and other family members. They were the ones with free access to all the things that sustained life. They also had the leisure time to consider and pursue eternal life by aspiring to rest for eternity in such elaborate tombs. There also had to be a middle class who could produce the standard of living that the elite had become accustomed to. Somebody also needed the technical knowledge to find, maneuver, and set the stones.

Then there were the poor souls required to do the heavy lifting: the slaves. Records show that 30% of the population of Old Choson were slaves. They were property—bought, sold, and inherited. There would also have been clerics to explain eternity and impart to it the desirability to pursue immortality. These would have been the shamans. Known as **mudangs**, they were the mediators between the people and the spirit world. They were the experts on the afterlife and how to get there most efficiently.

Dolmen in Korean is **고인돌**, which means “propped-up stone.” In many, bronze grave goods such as daggers, swords, bells, and mirrors were found, as well as polished stone daggers and burnished pottery. Several tombs also contained jade or amazonite beads, some in the crescent shape known as **gogok**, which possibly originated in Siberia and represents new life. **Gogok** (aka **kogok**) would reappear in later ornamentation, notably on the golden crowns of the Silla Kingdom (57 BCE – 935 CE). One of the richest tombs is at Namsong-ri, containing more than 100 bronze artifacts which, besides mirrors and daggers, include an axe, chisel, a lacquered birch-bark scabbard, and tubular-shaped jade beads. Some objects may have belonged to a shaman and there is

Some subjects may have belonged to a shaman, and there is evidence that shamans were also tribal chiefs in early Korea. The role of the shaman, or **mudang**, was equal to or even greater than that of the king.

Korea has a history of slavery spanning more than 1,400 years. From the early village life of hunter-gatherers through the Three Kingdoms, United Silla, Goryeo, and Joseon dynasties, Korean society was built around slaves. **Nobi** is the Korean word for slave. They occupied the lowest rung of Korean society. They could be bought, sold, raped, beaten to death, starved to death, and inherited. These **nobi** made up 30–40% of the population during the Joseon period. Most slaves became so as prisoners of war. The wars between Silla and Goryeo produced large numbers of slaves. Old Choson and the walled cities also fought each other, and the winners made the losers slaves.

The document called *History of the Three Kingdoms* (**Samguk Sagi**, 삼국사기) gives a detailed account of the slaves of that period. The English translation of **nobi** is “slave,” but it could be argued they were serfs or indentured servants. They were the same race as their owners—but they were owned. They could be bought, sold, passed down to inheritors like any property. They could be deprived of life, liberty, and all happiness on the whim of a master. They were surely slaves. When their offspring were born, they were slaves too. They remained part of the slave class from the Old Choson period through the descendants of the slaves of the Three Kingdoms, who then became the slaves of United Silla, then Goryeo, and finally the Joseon dynasty.

Throughout that time, they did all the heavy labor, freeing up the **noble** or **yangban** class to pursue intellectual, artistic, religious, and philosophical endeavors. The life of a slave varied according to circumstances and the temperament of their master. They might be tenant farmers, concubines, house servants, etc. But they were always slaves. The class existed for more than 1,400 years almost unchanged. When dynasties changed, the slaves remained slaves. The aristocrats that ruled the various dynasties remained the same and kept their slaves.

Koreans have a small number of surnames—Pak, Yi, and Kim being the most prominent. They are the descendants of the early rulers. The dynastic wars were essentially struggles between brothers and other family members for power and position. The royal families became the **yangban**. The **yangban** became the aristocrats, administrators, and rulers of Korea into modern times. They were civil officials (**munban**) and military officers (**muban**). The slave class was integral to this society.

The history of Korea spans back to the first migrants drifting into the peninsula bearing the name we call it today.

Although the founding city of Old Choson was conquered by the Han Chinese in 108 BCE, after many years of contact, battles, cultural, and technological exchanges, Emperor Wu prevailed—through backstabbing, betrayal, and actual fighting—to conquer Old Choson in 108 BCE. As a result, China entered into a long-standing occupation of Korean territory under a system called **commanderies**.

When Gojoseon was defeated in 108 BCE, three commanderies were established in its place: Lelang, Lintun, and Zhenfan. In 107 BCE, Xuantu Commandery was also established in the place of Gojoseon's ally, Yemaek. In 82 BCE, Lintun was absorbed into Xuantu and Zhenfan into Lelang. In 75 BCE, Xuantu moved its capital to Liaodong due to resistance from the native people. Lintun was transferred to Lelang.

These so-called commanderies were administrative units charged with controlling the subject people. Three of the five were dissolved after a few years, but Lelang remained in place around modern-day Pyongyang for about 400 years. It's all part of the Chinese worldview that they are the center of the world. The Koreans didn't agree. Out of the political, cultural, and military mishmash rose the nations who formed the Three Kingdoms period.

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Memorial Day Service Activity

By Christine Libon

It's so great to have brothers and sisters and friends living nearby. Jennifer Yashiro is a Clifton, New Jersey resident who found an ad in the Clifton Journal requesting volunteers to set up and take down 2300 US flags for the upcoming holiday in honor of the Clifton military personnel who have served our nation. She wanted to volunteer and asked everyone in our small group if they might be interested. I definitely was interested and inspired to honor the veterans and participate in a service project beyond the confines of our church community.



photo of Jennifer Yashiro by Christine Libon

On the brightest, most beautiful, cool morning of Sunday, May 25, at 5:30 AM, the two of us drove to Clifton City Hall. Clifton is a beautiful

city with many lovely trees. Joe Tuzzolino, one of the main organizers, along with other veterans and representatives from the Clifton City Council, headed up the project. It was very well organized, indeed. Inside the barn, color-coded flags were placed on carts. Then they were taken to a specific section. The KIA (Killed In Action) Field of Honor, which pays tribute to veterans killed in action, was divided into five sections, each one dedicated to the heroes of a specific war. Designating sections in this way enables family members to more easily find the flag of their loved one. A small metal plate engraved with the name of one veteran is affixed to each flag; and the memorial itself is engraved with all of the veterans' names.

After signing in, we were grouped into small teams to work in designated areas. There were a few simple tasks such as locating and removing the cap covering an inground sleeve, lifting a flag from the cart, unfurling it without letting it touch the ground, positioning the pole into the sleeve and thus erecting the approximately seven-foot-tall flag. Tony led our team that consisted of several ladies. Tony often cued our group by calling out "Sarah" who was the elder teenager daughter of the Muslim woman in our group. We affectionately nicknamed our team "Team Sarah." Sarah had heard about the service project from Sgt. Tom who spoke at PTCI, her school.

I found volunteering to be a special opportunity to make new acquaintances, work together side-by-side, and establish connections of heart. This activity, which was not without tears, met my expectations as a valuable spiritual activity. And I hope to participate again in the future. On a lighter note, the coffee and donuts offered were much appreciated by the young volunteers and those who hadn't yet had breakfast.

To conclude the morning project, Joe (both a police officer and a former US Marine and police officer) gave an informative and heartfelt talk to the entire group of volunteers and thanked us all for honoring the veterans. Joe mentioned that the last two memorial days had been rained out. He also said their team was very impressed by the great number of volunteers who came out, including the firemen. One man was asked to offer a closing representative prayer. Jennifer procured applications for two of her neighbors whereby they would be able to get memorial flags for their family members. We departed feeling a sense of fulfillment.





All photos courtesy of Christine Libon

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A History of Korea >

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FRANK BELL

"Francesca offered great cowriting, editing, and proofreading for our

editing for my chapter. She was easy to communicate with, and she cared about keeping my voice present in the piece. I appreciated that, even though I got edits already from someone else who charged a lot more per hour, she was still able to improve on those edits, and her rate is much lower than the other person. I would be happy to work with her again."

who you are and what your destiny is. Here in the United States, people like Francesca are always saying, "What can I do for you? How can I help you?" We don't use those words in Japan for business. Because the business purpose is making money. What can I sell to you? What can I do to serve you? But here, in the United States, Francesca says, "What can I do for you? How can I make your dream true? What can I do for you at this moment in your life." Francesca tried to pick me up through her interview of me. The kind of system she uses to help with memoirs is so beautiful. She uplifted me."

lengthy technical manuscript. My work was an attempt by an engineer to convey some quite complicated subject matter, and she took all these details and made it into a readable book. I was quite impressed by that. She was also very communicative and clear throughout the process, able to keep track of the vast amount of information very well."

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