

The Functionality of the Principle

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Joseph Kamiwatari with Byung Ho Kim

The account, which follows, is an old story dating back to 1980. What emerges from this record however is a functional principle. That is to say things worked spiritually and pragmatically for a team of people according to ideals and principles set in motion by Father in the time frame specified. The model described here concerns the healing of individuals, the building of a team, and the teams' connection to a transcendent domain and further connections to both a plan and events simultaneously unfolding in Europe. Many group programs or team dynamics are based on various forms of group process or models based on successful dynamics related to emotional intelligence. However team or group work within the principle involves more. A hidden dimension of spiritual connectivity, which is vital for its success, has to come into play and it is this, which makes it different from humanist models.

Preamble:

In 1979 I met with major problems, which shook my faith and left me feeling adrift spiritually within the Unification movement. I came close to abandoning the lifestyle and faith of the Unification Church (UC). At the time I had been removed from a position in London and exiled to a team in Birmingham. However new life came in the form of an invitation to join a mobile team traveling through Europe. Joseph Kamiwatari was the designated team leader and we met with him for some lectures in Chislehurst before we left England. Most of the events happened around the summer of June 1981, when the matching in Camberg also took place.

The Plan:

The plan or mission on the surface was to travel Europe witness and show by example a new tradition as opposed to the old hierarchical and militaristic style, which was further conflated with nationalism and an immature understanding of what the Principle meant in terms of putting it onto the ground as a working tradition. Joseph Kamiwatari was answerable to Byung Ho Kim and he in turn answered directly to Father Moon. He was not tied to any of the European national leaders of the time. This form of leadership turned out to be well suited for the task ahead. The team of which I speak, was the third which traveled through Europe. The plan was essentially simple on the face of it but had other dimensions unknown to us at the outset, which unfolded in time. Ultimately it proved to be a remarkable expansive and systemic or organic thing, which dazzled us as it, unfolded. Nevertheless, the basic organization and hoped for goals, were the first blueprint -regarding intention and steps taken to implement those ideas. The intention was to offer a different tradition to Europe as we traveled from city center to city center and to manifest this difference to others throughout Europe. Practically speaking there were about a dozen of us crammed into an old Volkswagen bus and off we went. That part was not so different from what went before.

The Period of Preparation:

Joseph gathered his team as per instruction, and in my case Marjorie Hill, who functioned as an itinerant worker at the time, invited me. Unbeknown to us, Father had asked for the best members yet the national leaders had instead given those they considered to be 'problem-members.' The best, in their opinion, were sorely needed for more important things. Paradoxically, these people turned out to be exactly who God could work best with anyway. Pragmatic considerations are not always those which are most efficacious within a spiritual tradition. Joseph ran a workshop in Chislehurst in Southern England. There were a number of elements to the workshop, which supplied an elementary sense of purpose and cohesion to the group. Jim Handley was called down to teach us to teach Principle. His method was refreshing and creatively open, allowing us to see practical and creative applications in numerous areas – this approach was unique for the time, supplying heart to an otherwise dry formulaic approach. It left some of us thinking that teaching the principle was not only possible but also exciting and personally rewarding.

Joseph Kamiwatari also taught several components of the workshop. His version of the 'fall' was

particularly significant to our understanding and for our ability to identify potholes set before us. Rather than repeating the formulaic course of the fall and setting the sexual fall at the heart of it, Joseph took the traditional version but then saw Eve after the fall, approaching Adam not simply to seduce and have sex but with two agendas on her mind. One was seduction because she had learned that from the archangel and thought this was the intended relationship. The other was an unspoken cry for help as she was also struggling with separation anxiety and dread. Adam failed to see this second issue – her confusion and her cry of pain, her cry for help. Thus the blind sexual tryst, which they both fell into, failed to help. Where Adam might have helped by retaining his natural dignity as a Son of God he had fallen into similar circumstances. In this second area of the fall Eve had sought liberation from her internal suffering, her emotional psychological and spiritual agonizing albeit subconsciously felt but now both Adam and Eve were drawn into difficulties. All this was a glimpse into the interior world of the self in trouble.

Learning to read what lay under the persona presented to us was important. There was more to seduction than met the eye and it was important for us to know and to learn to handle it appropriately. This method was quite different from the usual workshop material or understanding of the time. In this way the healing relationship becomes dependent on clear standards. This issue is called transference in the psychological world where an analyst may take on the feelings of a person in trouble thus seeking for the person suffering a transformation they might not be capable of themselves. It is an act of service for others. Adam failed to see his sister's suffering in this way and became enmeshed in her sexual persona; a Playboy magazine kind of thing. Understanding the importance of staying connected, however, establishes true insight and then provides a source of healing and redemption – and that's the point. I think this is more commonly understood today. Staying within the parameters of a healing relationship can bring change to both. It also leads to deeper insights. Failure at this level, however, cancels out the world of healing and condemns both to repeat a difficult mistake. These insights addressed some of my deepest and personal concerns; something no one else had answered to date despite asking many. Suddenly all my difficulties were set into a new world of interpretation and subsequently answers which were unavailable up to this time; it provided hope. Joseph ran through the process and motivation of the fall and explained the feelings, which arose psychologically in the archangel, then in Eve, and then in Adam. The problems of resentment, teenage rebellion, hormones and sexual awakening, alienation, abandonment, displacement and reaction formation were all introduced. This too was very different from a fall, which was generally reduced to a sexual misdemeanor and not much else.

Whether we call this healing or salvation it informs the relational dynamics lying between brother and sister, witnesser and witnessed or later as I found analyzer and analysed in the counseling world where this question relates directly to the question of psychological transference in counseling. Again, if empathy in the healing relationship moves to sexual attraction and submission to its dynamics, the healing relationship is lost, it has changed to something else where no counselor, no messiah is left, particularly where the opposite sex is involved. These insights and others were so profound and moving in comparison to what the British church was offering, regarding standards related to the internal emotional world. Mostly correct mechanical behaviors were emphasized with little insight to the deeper internal issues, which eventually caught many out as time wore on. For others they became frozen personas; a pretense of what they should have been as people; a search for some type of acceptance in conformity rather than a true self, seeking authentic creative expression. All this pointed to an authoritarian system with leadership holding to rigid positions, blame, shame, heartlessness, and ignorance, which struck many at the time. And, all was more often than not done with the best of intentions. It was early days and understanding might have been limited.

Joseph had gone through his own trials with his self and his relationship to what was presented as the Principle in Japan, driving him inwards to finally reconsider the nature of the quadruple bases as his last resort. This part of the Principle was also repeated ad infinitum with no real explanation how it functioned on the ground, in life. It was drawn on boards as four circles and not much more. However, Joseph suddenly saw this was the modus operandi for making relationships work, particularly in a Cain-Abel situation. It was not the enmity and blind obedience that frequently defined church relationships, nor was it about strict categories, but rather the formation of deep friendships where harmony and synthesis raised all things, particularly the relationship, to a higher level. Practically Joseph learned to take pay attention to his inner world and to that of his new friend. It was not a relationship formed to make a new member but rather he based it on a simpler maxim. He was there to “dig out the roots of disbelief.” He paid attention to the other person's inner world and was concerned primarily in their well-being. He was quite frank about what he had gone through because at first he had failed to understand it all, yet he was open and honest to talk with anyone about it. Later our team in Europe was governed by these principles in a remarkable way. A renewed sense of hope emerged from this different method and fresh excitement broke out as we looked to the future. We all came to talk openly about our own realities, which we had faced in the past and currently where problems, which had not been resolved, were made worse by traditional Unificationist thinking of the times. They had become worn out traditional platitudes. We had been driven into silence concerning what we really were going through but now there was openness and honesty, which emerged into the non-judgmental environment, which Joseph had presented us with.

Additionally a number of presentations were given. There was one on internal guidance given by

Marjorie. A film on Martin Luther King, which highlighted chasing big dreams and introduced some of the dangers, which accompanied ventures like that. It left us thinking about what might lie ahead. Jim Handley was called down to lecture the Principle. With Jim's artistic background the lectures were fluid, creative and frequently brought difficult concepts to ground by illustrating them with practical examples. He was very good at contextualizing the Principle into everyday life circumstances. It liberated some of us to think we could teach after all, with a bit of practice. For my part I had been pushed to teach an older man I met in Scotland, within a month of joining. When that enterprise failed I was judged and shamed for it by the center leader who was looking for an older man for the Blessing. There was an agenda there, and with the whole shebang becoming a debacle I froze up on that level; I could not teach after that. So Jim's work was another form of liberation.

Natural surrender / healing and offering

We left England, therefore, in a very different mood and arrived in Holland, May 1979. We did some sightseeing which was again unusual for the times, and got to work later fundraising and witnessing, mostly in Dam Square. The team stayed at the Amsterdam center. I felt accepted in this fresh-start but my distance from my God was still extreme and continued to be a problem. I was doing, but not feeling. Joseph had done much, and created an environment of understanding and acceptance but I needed something else. One day witnessing in Dam Square I was suddenly overwhelmed by a feeling to flee, and did so. Excusing myself from a conversation I headed towards the nearby Vondel Park. I got through the gates and immediately broke down in a welter of tears, and rising emotions. In the midst of all this another experience rose from the depths of my being, leaving me thinking I had been taken in hand by God who had taken mine as a parent would a child. All of this was more real to me than Amsterdam or the park at the time, and still in tears and feeling embraced by a loving presence, with one hand in the air, not fully rational and utterly distressed I apparently walked through the park unaware of others. Some of the public were disturbed enough to call the cops. When they arrived I was interrogated. Was it drugs, a psychotic breakdown, a death in the family? All these things were fired at me. They were as confused as I was. It was the police who told me some of the public had reported me literally walking in tears with one hand clasping at something invisible in the air ... but finally they let me go after I explained that I was going through a relationship thing. It was not wholly a lie. The experience shook my inner world. Through the following days I had a sense of new life being breathed into me and massive changes rumbled and rolled through my psyche.

After Holland, the team continued into Germany. I felt renewed and offered, in return, some conditions in gratitude. I had begun to miss sleep every third night to study or go witnessing. I began to tell Joseph my whole story as far as I understood it within and before the church and he continued to accept me unconditionally. More than that, he said problems like mine were widespread in the church and this was a result of 'Satan in the leadership,' frustrating the unfolding of the Principle. I was surprised because I'd never heard it put like that, though I understood the general atmosphere in the UC was less than enlightened; that much was true. I had seen that in some of my central figures and in the collapse of projects (another story). I understood it because there seemed to be no rational answers for the failures I had witnessed or been a part of in some way. Certain problems were endemic in the hierarchy.

My talks with Joseph continued and he often offered profound insights into dilemmas I thought were insoluble. Sometimes he just listened actively, sometimes interjecting; a journey through pain had been given birth, starting with the most recent failure in London, and then going back to events when I was fundraising, and the shaming when I joined the church. This road continued day by day sometimes following the road through my personal history before the church, where one issue after another rose to the conscious surface. Those memories I now faced and grieved over were all the events which had driven me to distraction, frustrating life and creativity as I went. There had been a train of problems, which had contaminated and broken my original self.

What had emerged from these experiences were avoidance tactics, defenses and denials, behaviors which might have seemed reasonable at the time but which had continually arisen in the passage of time, throwing me into the same old mechanical quandaries, which repeated themselves over and over. These drives did not help solve life's various questions and frustrated any creative venture. Moreover, many unresolved problems had been carried over into church life where they continue to fester or had been exacerbated by the artificial and unreal behaviors of a military life-style. Joseph continued patiently. Some days I went out and did nothing collapsing under the weight of one re-lived experience after another, wandering in parks, sitting by roads, or hiding in coffee bars. Then one day Joseph introduced the idea that I might make a good lecturer; something which came as another shock because I'd been shamed on that point within a couple of months of joining in Edinburgh. He was fascinated by my arts background and suggested I develop something; a presentation along those lines. He thought it could be an attractive presentation and people would love it. I protested saying I needed research for that, but I had no confidence. He asked what I needed to succeed and gave me what amounted to a couple of weeks of the team's budget to buy some expensive art books at a local store. It was an expression of his faith in me. We had done some analysis, now it was time for synthesis – putting things back together in a healthier way and heading off down the road. It was now time to look at personal potentials, which still lay within,

beyond the damage and mistakes I seemed so good at carrying around with me like the unwanted baggage it was. It was something the team needed for its own health too, as I was soon to discover that my self did not lie in isolation.

The creation of a connected body: *(This is a period of preparation defined by the competence of a leader in this given situation. His connectedness, patience and personal qualities came into play. In turn the team began to respond, first by clearing a backlog of internal hurdles, then moving towards community)*

Joseph did something similar for all the others in terms of offering respect, a listening ear, counseling and creating conditions for healing. He spent a lot of time in contemplation. We found him one day sitting on some church steps on a street (he stayed there all day) and we asked if he was OK. He said, "Fine. I was just meditating on what kind of people were in front of me and how to communicate with them." If he had no idea or feeling for them and how they were, then how could he witness to them? Over time he put himself into it all, profoundly. For us, he always sought out ways to help. Being accepted for what we were, and opening our inner realities to the light of day without pretense, allowed us to become real friends on the team. Everyone became much of who they were adopting the same unconditional acceptance for one another and becoming completely honest with one another. If someone was bummed out it was fine; it was just Charlotte being bummed out – so what? That's life: tomorrow might be different. This was not the modus operandi of the early church in general – in this world of military style obedience with personas to match, one had to show up as perfect even when one was not, and even when being perfect was just a mission impossible anyway.

One day in the summer Joseph announced we were going for a three day walk through the countryside in Germany from Burgschwalbach; 25 miles ending in Camberg. On the way, in the middle of nowhere, we came to a hill on the road where Michele, one of our team, simply broke down in tears; she was in some unspoken agony, which we could not quite understand. Through the sobbing she confessed to abandonment as a child and a to a life where no one had come to her help. In the church it was no different; where she was given responsibilities. Now in sight of the hill before her, this problem, hidden within her so far, had been triggered and she could not go another step. The hill came to epitomize the struggles she had met all her life and exhaustion had broken the last of her defenses and her resolve to continue. Still sobbing, two brothers, Jorma and Tek, ran up behind her, placed their hands upon her back and ran her all the way up the hill laughing as they went until they all reached the crest. She broke down completely collapsing onto the grass verge. She was sobbing more violently than ever, and then laughing, then sobbing, then laughing again, until she didn't know quite what to do. But her world had changed internally. She had finally been helped literally, internally and physically; to overcome what she thought was the impossible. It had become a team thing, a supportive relational world. Joseph had taken the time and effort to grow himself and now he established a time a space and an environment which supported a growth period where the pain bled out of us in numerous ways and liberated us, allowing us to become who and what we were, and to come together in a natural way. These were the new freedoms we all discovered in one way or another. He set conditions but could not always predict specific dynamics or outcomes but it worked.

In our travels, staying at various centers we spoke to everyone offering honest testimonies regarding these internal realities. They were not received well by many. Some people got edgy, some quite angry. In Cologne we faced hostility. We were touching on the inner world of others, which were cloaked, for various reasons, with powerful defenses. They were not to be disturbed. Later, we discovered this different way of being was clearly part of the plan to change Europe, to open up this secret world and it was not always welcome. We moved through Hanover, Cologne, Frankfurt, and then to Nuremberg. Out of my own sense of liberation, I had offered another voluntary condition to street-preach out of gratitude, not from duty. This became my witnessing effort, freely offered. Others joined in this project including Jorma. He told me he came from the depths of the Finnish forests where everything, including himself had grown up, cloaked in perfect silence as forests often are. Speaking out for him was a total challenge and a life changing enterprise for him.

Something else happened around that time. There was a ripple of rebellion, which ran through our ranks. "Aw, I'm not doing that, I don't like that, I'm not going, I don't feel like it today." But something else happened. People began to find their natural place in the scheme of things. "Well, I'll stay home and cook for the team. I like to cook," said one. Jorma found street preaching was definitely not his oeuvre but he came over one day and said, "Well, I'll be the driver instead. I did the street preaching but I like driving better." Michele became the musical director because she was a good guitarist and so the team became naturally, inner directed as in any good organic system. Each found a natural role to play, which suited their nature. Their God-given talent, their personal gifts, came in to play. Without being pushed or shamed we were naturally driven by inner dynamics towards our optimum identity, creativity, self-esteem, and sense of belonging; given the fact that there was a supportive and open environment for this to emerge. This nature of organic organization and wholeness had quietly come upon us from the previous stage of healing. Becoming ourselves and seeing how we functioned within the whole without contradiction became immensely satisfying; joyful. We became full of radiant intelligence. There was no

need for much intervention, if any at all. So things unfolded naturally and usually on time and at the right place. We knew what to do intuitively. It implied trust and maturity on the part of Joseph to watch this unfold. There was now an overarching understanding that this was the team God had put together for reasons that were becoming apparent. Everyone was there for good reason. There was still work to do but a faith factor present from the outset in our leadership and the relational dynamics of the group was becoming stronger by the day.

The matrix – a critical mass – the connected body: (See: *Unification Thought / the theory of original nature: the connected being, consciousness and democracy – object position being ethics and subject position, virtues. Concern-consciousness for all within any system is highly pertinent here; in our case it was the natural relationships formed within our team. One could also consider the term synchronicity where seemingly chance events come to support or help in a meaningful way. This is supported by the idea of connections through field consciousness or more simply, as spiritual events*).

Gradually our energy coalesced and manifested in the desire to give back – to pay it forward. Jorma and Michele started with street preaching. I joined in and a Swiss sister came along to translate English into German, after a bit of thinking. For some the fear of starting this enterprise was visible. It was no easy matter. One of our themes was to start a peace march, and duplicate peace marches through Germany. If it worked we would go *straight through the Berlin Wall*, which still ran through Germany at the time. Only love could break the wall, we thought, but found that the notion raised both hopes and violent hecklers in Nuremberg. One day on the street, while preaching, I was confronted by a German citizen who became enraged. He was in my face. The idea of German unification sharply and passionately divided the crowd at the time. Intuitively, I knew if I began to defend myself against this man, things would go badly wrong. The guy was so close as to be spraying spittle on me as he raged. I focused and basically continued talking through him looking to an imaginary point beyond him in the gathering crowd. I offered all of it to God internally, as I continued. In Nuremberg there was always a small band of punks gathered around the church nearby where we spoke. They used the fountain in front of the church to shave their heads, and usually came away with cuts and abrasions all over the place due to the blunt razors they used, leaving blood trickling down their heads. Along with dyed hair (in patches), a unique and creative dress style, and their superficial wounds, they offered a decorative addition to the urban landscape. Two of them came over to where I stood and told my opponent to stop attacking me. He didn't. They told him again, and warned him that the next, the third, was his last warning. When my protagonist still didn't stop they grabbed both his arms and dragged him to the back of the church and dealt with him. I suppose, if there is a Cain and Abel thing regarding defense, this was our Cain type line of fortification; these punks had principles in their own way. They understood the principle of three and held to their own sense of justice.

The next day something similar happened, though the dynamics were entirely different on Lorenzer Strasse. I began to speak. A crowd gathered as usual, and as usual, some were negative and downright unpleasant. Down the street I saw, out of the corner of my eye, two folk singers with their own crowd around them. Michele was standing next to me and intuitively I suddenly told her to go down there and get them over here. Because of our natural openness and trust, she did so without question. When she returned with them, we discovered these two musicians were former Catholic monks from Ireland. They had kept the faith, however, and believing in the love of God had sought to demonstrate it to others in some way. They had chosen to uplift the crowds in the streets with their singing; their own innate talents put to use, to lift spirits. When we explained we were doing something similar they understood completely, but they also understood we had problems with our crowd. There were arguments, accusations. Some in the crowd thought we were Lutherans, who were apparently unpopular at the time. "Why did we think we could break the wall?" Something had been unleashed. The monks asked if we needed help. I explained our challenge with people who were outraged and angry, thus making the message of the day impossible to be heard. Just as I said this, someone else in our crowd right behind us, erupted into rage. The two monks told me not to worry. One went over to the guy and ushered him forward into the semicircle of gathered people. They told him there was a show coming on and he was chosen for the best seat in the house. One monk was wearing a raincoat and from his sleeve he produced a feather duster, the kind clowns pull out in their circus shows. It was all bright colors. He bent down and swept part of the cobbled street clean and encouraged the man to sit down in the clean space. The other monk came over and the two, one at each side of the angry guy, started to play and sing for him whilst his rage diminished and faded away. He was finally at peace with a smile on his face. The rest of the crowd was delighted by all of this. Marten, one of the "monks", was a genius at managing crowds. He swept them into semi-circles, turned heckling into laughter and lured them into song. The monks played on for another 5 or so songs then they slipped off to the side, ushered me in to the circle to talk, then as I began, they vanished for the day. I had the largest, best-humored audience ever, and in the evening we had seven guests over for dinner and a DP lecture. The monks were our 2nd defense so to speak; an Abel-like affair this time, I thought.

With the team acting naturally and organically and with many internal issues resolved, the energy became coherent and high. We got out of bed, even after short hours of sleep, filled with excitement in the morning, wondering what God might do next. These events had been delightful. There were unexpected connections happening and miraculous expansions into what seemed like a broader plan, which we had

not envisioned. It was all quite fun, and deepening and a quickening spirit infected the team and expanded beyond into Nuremberg. We had become part of something, which seemed huge. We had begun to participate in some kind of dazzling immensity we never expected and the world had changed before us. We were alive: full of wonder and excitement and now drawn in to participate with something larger, more intelligent and wholly good. It seemed as if we had reached a critical mass of authentic being and natural unity, which had connected to another dimension of unlimited potential. Part of the excitement was this new feeling that anything might happen now, anything at all.

In the quadruple base there is the 'maintaining base' and the 'developing base.' Joseph held to the maintaining part, unfolding it step by step and in detail and the fully supportive team (men and women) became the developing base. When we got our act together there was a natural expansion flowing freely beyond us into the streets and into the hearts and minds of others because we had connected to the transcendent realm of God's will, God's plan and God's heart; and it was totally unexpected. It changed our way of thinking as to what was possible. A natural and healthy conversation at this given point, at this specific matrix, had released unbounded energy – Universal Prime Force – and we were experiencing it, as never before. This was what the developing quadruple base was all about. In addition to the growth, change, and expansion, in our being, and in our adventures, there seemed to be a field of preparation lying ahead of us, ready to unfold as we qualified to access it. When I look back, this element related to synchronicity, to the connected body; unseen networks, began to open with ease before us. Results began to manifest. For my part I took one German girl to workshop and made friends with another who was an excellent musician.

The Liberation of Hitler:

The matching in Camberg in June had broken our journey. After the matching, we continued working in Cologne where I set a condition to walk around the entire city. I think a continued display of seriousness and commitment played its part in what we came to experience. We then moved on to other cities. Now before we moved again from Nuremberg we had gathered a few people who volunteered to come with us. One brother had come all the way from Holland and a German girl called Josephine who had seen us in the streets had volunteered to be one of our translators. We stayed in Switzerland for a month, where street preaching did not go down well with the local gendarmes in Geneva. The fluid and creative nature of the team paid off again. Brigitte waking up one morning was inspired by the idea of creating a street performance with a puppet show. The puppets were made, stitched and the show went on and it pulled a crowd, free of cops. The Swiss loved it. After this we returned to Nuremberg.

We came back to find ourselves connecting to history and the broader providence. The art books had paid off and the lectures in art were underway in the center. In town, research had revealed the great artist Durer, who had a house in Nuremberg, had suffered with little support for his genius. There was even less encouragement from the Lutherans when the reformer Melancthon preached austerity in the local Kirche. In recent times, Hitler had held his great rallies, and built his parade grounds, in Nuremberg. We went there to the Congress Hall and Zeppelin Field area to pray one evening in late July. There was a thunderstorm all round us but nothing directly above us. Most thought there was some significance in this. On another night I was praying on the castle mound overlooking the city when I experienced Father's face hovering, as a vision, large like a full moon over the city (no pun intended). What came with this vision was an idea that evil spirits, particularly Nazi spirits, were lying above the city and this blocked people from seeing how to be creative, how to live fully and freely, how to understand and connect to Principles. In some cases this negative and unseen influence was so heavy it created physical illness and even led to death for some. Suffering in Europe is layered by centuries of tragedy and war and has its effects, continuing relentlessly from the world beyond. Tragic consequences continue to influence the living in ways, which are never understood. It is Europe's unseen enemy. America is so different; so light in this respect. In another prayer session at the Zeppelin Field there was a sense again of Hitler being present. He showed a pyramid and seemed to be saying that he used this universal principle to take power over Germany, that mathematically one only has to take control of the top 13% then the country automatically falls under one's spell. We wondered about such things and worried a little about what we might be getting into here. Yet, in a few days word came through Joseph that Father had conducted a liberation ceremony for Hitler at the Berlin wall. He confirmed what we were beginning to understand. If Germany was to be free, these layers of spiritual evil and tragedy had to be set free first, lifted from the soul of the German peoples so that a nation could once again breathe and then rise. There could be no real growth in Germany until this unseen problem was peeled away and these barriers were dissolved.

We were shortly disbanded much to our dismay. Our time was over. We were called back to Camberg late August, where the European leaders wanted their members back for their missions. We gave testimonies and desperately put on plays to illustrate what we had experienced but it was to no avail. We hoped we could continue but the national leaders were adamant and we were scattered. Everyone was returned to his or her nation. Many left the movement soon after the return; sinking back into old intolerances and controlled environments was too much to bear. From the leader's perspective it proved we were simply problem members, always were that in the first place, and always will be: Catch 22 said we were irredeemable. We asked Byung Ho Kim (the European president at that time to whom Joseph was

accountable) why he allowed this to happen. He explained that the team was indeed an attempt to introduce a new tradition into Europe. We had been given great freedom, so how could he give his European leaders any less. They had to choose and there had to be one Principle for all.

A part of Joseph's work lay in the maturation of his personality and his connectivity and the principles of acceptance, growth, and adventure he had given us. He qualified because he understood the principle quite deeply; he understood the psychological mechanisms that trapped us, and the dynamics, which might release us. He was not controlling, he did not hold to positional thinking, and allowed for the fact that divine nature dwelt in all. Likewise he held admirably, through Byung Ho Kim, to Father preserving a clear line from start to finish yet speaking little of it. A part of this absolute standard was the loving and deep bond with Byung Ho Kim. Solving problems on the ground and sticking to the providence is why our team had connected to what was going on in a bigger way in Germany. At one point I received some photos of the team from Joseph. In one photo, standing in front of our yellow VW team bus, there was Joseph holding Byung Ho's hand, an oriental demonstration of deep friendship. Both were smiling. That was the link. They were together in a very warm way. It was Byung Ho's thinking, which told us Europe, for one, was not living the principle, and it was father who wanted to change it. DP is not the problem. Principle works if it is worked. The real problem is in the understanding and in the practice of it.

The aftermath:

Many of our team didn't make it after that. They went home – they left. Going back to routine church missions and a culture of positional thinking and military style operations was like going back to the Stone Age. None of the European leaders, at that time, understood anything we were talking about. Many nations were set up as kings and queens, others like Austria had a secret providence hidden from father. Herbert Giller had introduced his version of Principle, a highly positional and authoritarian model. His peculiar vision was the opposite of what we had learned. He had systematically targeted the European publications department and in part this led to the downfall of the New Tomorrow magazine in England and created problems in other national publications. Creativity and freedom were vanquished and hierarchical controls took the day. Doors were shut between departments and the graphics team was labeled as Cain-type image-makers. The life drained out of the project. When we came back we were once again labeled as broken, unwanted members and so we were relegated again to the prevalent feudal tutelage. They didn't understand why many became dysfunctional again, and from their perspective it was all, *our fault*. In some cases the team leader was blamed for actually creating problem members.

Joseph lingered in Nuremberg for a while, and I kept in touch. He spoke of other troubled members being sent to him. One was a Japanese sister who had always been the top fundraiser. She had gone so far as to raise money in public, in a wheelchair, which gave her great economic results. She began to boast she was better than Moon and finally cracked up. In Nuremberg she wailed all night as if struggling with a deep psychosis a private world swamped with some unnamed pain. She woke the neighbors. Joseph comforted her. He wrapped her in blankets to keep her warm and to muffle the sounds. He fed her, offered her acceptance, listened, and finally she opened up. As a girl, her home in Japan had been invaded and this thief and murderer had killed her father before her eyes. When the mother collapsed at this sight the invader went to rape her and the little girl got up and offered herself instead; in place of her mother. She saw her father as impotent in this moment, unable to save them. He was weak and she was strong. And in trying to save her mother, she was the only one who could save the day. This dynamic began to repeat itself in her church life. The father now identified as Moon, was weak and ineffective. She had to take his place as the real savior and save the day. She went to unusual and ethically unacceptable lengths to fulfill this deterministic destiny she carried within. She had it hardwired into her from the trauma of the invasion murder and rape. She was in fact still the little girl just trying to make sense of a horribly brutal world. As she began to realize this, she started to cry and sobbed for days. When Joseph eventually went out with her for a walk along the riverbank she was astonished at the colors. In suppressing and denying her agony, she had suppressed her senses with it. She had seen little color since the death of her father and the rape. Still later at dinner the same thing happened with taste. In opening up, she tasted food for the first time in a long time and she was amazed. It was not simply her emotions, which had been buried along with the pain and horror but sight, taste, smell and all sensory gifts. Some healing and liberation from this unconscious prison, full of obscure pathways, which had held her captive for so long had taken place and some light, was allowed in.

I often heard the phrase, "problem member," spoken by those in position. But there are no problem members, there are only those God sends to heal and they are sometimes full of unimaginable suffering. But it doesn't happen like that usually. Joseph was finally sent home to a workshop for retraining. He had lost his faith (as the Japanese Church saw it) and was put into a workshop for retraining and it did much damage. I struggled on in Europe and almost left again as I had almost done before.

I basically hid in the church, burying my true self because of the enmity I found there and strove not to be critical, not to judge though I sometimes did. However in Hamburg, realizing one cannot work with people who one judges, I let it go. I consciously chose to. I learned so much about others, and about Germany because I did this. Things opened up because the team experience had given me inner strength

and clarity. None of it had left. I went to America and stayed there in relative freedom for over 25 years. After the first couple of years of putting up with more misguided thinking and a few of my own hiccups I was able to come out and, 'pay it forward' for a time in Florida; to treat people decently, to get things done, to help and heal others, and to build some bridges; and to accept that not everyone gets it but to respect their journey anyway. And accept I might still have "a bit to go" myself. I think some of it worked and in turn discovered a beautiful country because America is beautiful – achingly so. Free, almost, of all the difficult history and spiritual negativity that surrounds and oppresses Europe. I have likewise paid it forward into my own work finding the same principles fully active in more solitary creative pursuits. The interior of the self, functions on very similar principles.

At the end of days when the team was disbanded I met Joseph again at Camberg and as soon as I laid eyes on him I knew what was in his heart, what he longed to do next, what he hoped for and dreamed of: and he knew in the silence which lay between us, in the warmth, in mutual respect, and in the bond forged in some deep layer of consciousness, that I understood and shared in his concerns without a word being spoken. There was no need because in many ways difference had given way to being one. It was as if we spoke silently in some universal language, in some other field or dimension of consciousness, which we both shared. We were brothers standing there in one heart and one mind – always will be. I am profoundly grateful for that. It was an unforgettable gift from God. Cain and Abel is just a short journey to be undertaken and then its over and we are in a different world of harmony and shared virtues; a different realm of consciousness and Cain and Abel are then just tales from the past with no real meaning for the present or the future. It is a rite of passage not a permanent state. It's a journey back to connectivity and the connected body. It's a journey back to shared creativity and to authentic community.

The whole experience was brief, but in that fleeting moment in the journey of life I came to believe we are not here primarily to lead or command. I think we are here to help. We can approach the world and her peoples with a simple maxim and that is: "to dig out the roots of disbelief." To love and serve. There is something of nature in all of this. The whole thing remains rooted in the very ground upon which we stand. Some say Principle is the fall, or history, or the quadruple bases, but ultimately it is what moves us most deeply at the fundamental level of our existence, what changes us and what remains at the end of the day. There is love. Love abides. Love forgives, love endures, love instructs, love brings hope, love is patient and love lights the way ahead. We can talk theology, quadruple bases until the cows come home, or systems, or how to organize but without love, and without the hope, and without the vision it provides and the path to walk, I think we are lost.