

## A Pearl Of Great Price -- Testimony Of An African Missionary To Uganda - Part 2

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Since the secret police were everywhere, I was wondering if the American and German missionaries might have been deported. However, several months after I entered the country, God guided me to meet the German brother. Meeting him was a miracle. Both the American and German missionaries had been jailed for three days. As well, the three of us as foreigners were under the secret police's suspicion.

The situation in Uganda allowed us no freedom. No freedom to witness. No freedom to meet each other. Yet, God did not stop. He commanded the spiritual rebirth of Ugandans. Because of this, the three missionaries decided one night in October 1975 to hold a meeting. Each missionary and each native member knew the danger we faced. We decided that we would make a holy ground and that would be the common base for our meeting. Since my father had sent me chocolate, it was this we shared together as a family for the first time.

My housemate wrote me a letter of recommendation for admission to Makerere University. Because of that letter, the following year I was accepted. The American missionary obtained a job as a high school teacher and made many strong conditions, such as fasting for 400 hours. The German missionary was also able to secure a job.

After the security of our visas was taken care of, the three of us started living together in April of 1976. We rented a second-floor apartment next to the market. A few days later, we received our itinerary worker. Living under my housemate for ten months had indeed been like Jacob's tribulation in Haran. Yet, Heavenly Father had invested so much in that situation; it taught me forgiveness, perseverance, and self-control.

To me, living in the new center with my missionary brothers was like heaven. However, the conflicts and differences of culture, manners, and customs among the three of us came to the surface from that moment. Since my classes at the university had not yet started, I was to take care of the house. My life began to revolve around preparing food and shopping. When I cooked Japanese style, the other brothers did not seem to be able to appreciate it so much: therefore, it became a challenge for me to learn to cook so that they would be able to eat the food.

We did morning exercises together and rotated taking responsibility for pledge service. Later, we held morning services. We also decided that we would have two Sunday services: one for core members after the pledge and one for the public later in the morning.

Each evening we held something akin to a revival meeting. In addition, we studied VOC and Unification Thought. We wanted to direct everything toward making even a small condition for the victory of the

Yankee Stadium and Washington Monument rallies.

However, before the Yankee Stadium rally, I overworked myself and developed a severe fever. My German brother was anxious and prayed for me in tears. But even though I was terribly sick, I attended school each day. I felt that during this period I was on the boundary between life and death. I came to understand a little of the heart that Jesus had as he walked up the hill of Golgotha, shouldering the cross, as well as Father's heart in the concentration camp in North Korea.



At the same time these feelings and deep revelations were coming to me, so did a few trials. One day a thief broke into our center and stole all our valuables. My beloved spiritual son began to work for the secret police and threatened us. I loved him so much; I had given him all I could. I remember when he said, "I can die for you. I would like to live with you for at least 40 years." But I found that I had loved him with too humanistic a love and ignored the Principle. It was because of this, I felt, that Satan was able to take him away. During this time, all I could think of was the kind of heart Jesus felt when he was betrayed by Judas Iscariot.

Father had told us that we should stay in our mission country, no matter what until the Washington Monument rally was over. We took this seriously. We experienced betrayals from our core members three times, yet Heavenly Father always protected us. I feel that the more we suffered, the more blessing Heavenly Father gave us. We often had dreams of Father. Mine was a recurring dream in which I was invited to True Parents' house, and they treated me like a member of their family.

The holy ground we had established went through its own trials. We had to establish our holy ground three different times because it was destroyed twice by bulldozers! Our holy ground is now located on a hill in Kampala, with a lovely view over the city. At the time we established this one, the secret police were constantly watching that area. Again, it was done at the risk of our lives.

When I was a student at Makerere University, I rarely attended classes. I felt it was more important to devote myself to door-to-door witnessing in the dormitory. Yet during the time I was doing that, the armed forces of Uganda rushed onto campus and severely punished students. I had an appointment to meet a student at 3:00 p.m. that day, yet I had the strongest feeling that I should not leave the center. I followed it and did not go to school. The next day I saw only a few students on campus. I was bewildered and asked several people what had happened. They were afraid to speak. Yet through the few things they said as well as their silence, I began to piece together what must have happened the day before. I learned that some students were brought to the hospitals in serious condition. Many others had head wounds or had to have casts put on their arms or legs. I heard that the forces attacked the campus at exactly 3:00 p.m., the same hour I was to have been in the dormitory. I realized how much I had been protected.

Since the beginning of July 1976, when the world-famous Entebbe airport incident happened, all foreigners in the country were under strict surveillance. Our spiritual children were fearful and stopped

coming to see us. They knew that if they came, it might cost them their lives.

At that time, we had strong spiritual feelings that we must dispose of all materials related to the church. Therefore, we somehow prepared, in case they decided they wanted to search our apartment. Each of us prayed desperately every day.

The eerie sound of tanks resounded in our ears all night long. People no longer walked along the streets. The Japanese ambassador ordered me to leave Uganda and stay temporarily in Nairobi, Kenya. We heard his voice, but instead we listened to the order of Heaven: we stayed in Uganda.

After the Yankee Stadium rally, I had a dream. Although I couldn't realize at the time that it was the Manhattan Center, I saw many brothers and sisters gathered in a large place, enjoying themselves. I was seated just behind the True Parents and their children. Everyone was in high spirits, except Father. He looked pale. He stood up and prayed in solitude. I could spiritually understand what Father's position is. He is alone. No one can really share his burden. Because of this dream, I felt that we must persevere to participate in the Washington Monument rally. The American brother continued to pray between 12:00 and 3:00 a.m. as a condition. Therefore, until the dispensation of the Washington Monument rally was over, we had no time to struggle with unity or engage in conflict with each other. We only pushed ourselves to do God's will.

Yet after the rallies were finished, I felt spiritually heavy and experienced so many difficulties. I had a real test of faith. It started when I received a letter from my spouse. She related to me a dream that she had had repeatedly. In the dream, I was always charging ahead, but ignoring the situation of other brothers and sisters. They could not follow me, and I was always thinking of something in my mind and trying to go forward. I feel that had I been able to sense how to change myself based on her dream, things would have gone smoothly in my life of faith. But I somehow could not accept it and at that time I began to struggle internally.

After Washington Monument, I was invited to the home of a person I had met on campus. While I was away, the American and German brothers had a fight. When I returned to Kampala, one native member told me that he simply could not get along with white people. I could no longer feel that we had smooth unity. However, even though I was the central figure at that time, I did not understand in my heart the real problem the other brothers had. I was a student, and after class, I would stay on campus and witness until late at night. Now I look back and find how little compassion I had.

One night, on the way back from witnessing on campus, I was attacked by two robbers. Two big men stood in the darkness. I could only discern their forms and stopped to look at them. They were holding a big sickle in their hand. When they shouted, I ran as fast as I could, and they threw the sickle right at me. Fortunately, they didn't throw it with as much power as they would have hoped. It landed near my feet and I escaped.