

A Pearl Of Great Price -- Testimony Of An African Missionary To Uganda - Part 3

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June 1981

Republished by FFWPU International Headquarters August 29, 2023



Through witnessing to Christians on campus, I got accustomed to the English terminology of the Principle and the Bible. It was good training for me. We attended weekly luncheon meetings with leaders of Catholic and Protestant churches in Uganda. Each of us gave a speech based on the Divine Principle. Through a contact at these meetings, we were able to attend a Bible study meeting held at the home of the chairman of the meeting.

When the archbishop of the Uganda Church was killed, I found myself in an unbelievable situation. Around that time, there was assassination, and soldiers invaded homes and brutally killed many innocent people. One Christian student to whom I had witnessed met with tragedy. He heard the first part of the Divine Principle and understood it well. His brother was among those killed, and he could not stop crying. He felt at a loss for what to do. I felt the same way; he simply could not be comforted by anything I did or said.

Because of the danger, university students were not allowed to stay in the dormitories. They were asked to return to their home villages. Yet soldiers lay in the bushes and ambushed the young students going home.

Even though he heard about this, my Christian friend was determined to return to his village. He knew God and Jesus and felt that his belief in them was enough. I felt that since he did not have enough preparation and foundation, I could not testify to Father. All I could do was pray in tears for him. He did not survive the journey.

When I heard the news of his death, I cried hard, thinking about the deeply distressed heart of God. Whenever I saw the people suffering, indignation and righteousness rose in my heart. I was driven to the idea of martyrdom; I felt I had to do something for Uganda, no matter what happened to me.

One night a native member had a dream that Jesus came to sleep with him. I realized how much Jesus loved Uganda, and I could not stop crying. Other members also had dreams of Jesus. In one dream, he promised that many Christians would accept the Principle and come to know True Parents when the time was right.

Many people were coming to our center, which was centrally located downtown. In fact, it became dangerous. We tried to love each of them and welcomed them with the best hospitality we could. We gave them notebooks and ballpoint pens to use while they listened to lectures on the Principle. We shared our meals with them. After lectures, the German missionary would drive them home. But our results were not so good. After a while, it became clear to us that their motivation in coming was not very pure. Compared to their poor life, ours must have been attractive. Since the center was located in the middle of the city,

people could easily come. Sometimes we had as many as 21 guests for Sunday service. Yet when we moved to a larger but less centrally located center, we found that only those with pure motivation would come. Still, at this time, several of the native brothers moved in.

Since I could no longer stay in the country as a student. I started to work as a high school teacher. However, a high official in the Ministry of Education rejected my application as a teacher. I seriously prayed every day and made conditions. The results did not change. I remembered that one time Father said, "If you have done things with your utmost sincerity, don't just look for results."



At that same moment I looked out the window and saw that on the branch of a silk tree just in front of me, a bush warbler was singing so sweetly I felt he was singing for me. I felt he was trying his best to comfort me. As the weeks went by, that bush warbler was joined by another. They diligently worked to build a nest on the branch that brushed my windowsill. One day a small egg appeared in the nest. I felt the love of God. I understood Heavenly Father is love and does so much to comfort and encourage us when we find joy and delight in His creation.

When I was struggling with my visa situation, the president of the Happy World Company in Japan often appeared in my dreams and taught me about business. Therefore, from the middle of 1977, I chose the course of businessman.

Each of us was plagued by many trials. As a result of family problems, one member could no longer stay in the center. Another was possessed by an evil spirit, suffered from headaches, and had to stay in bed for days. The German brother was bitterly persecuted in the company where he worked. He often cried into

his pillow and felt he simply could not witness.

At the same time, the American brother received a letter from his mother-in-law, stating that his wife was going to break off her relationship with the Unification Church. He became ill and suffered from a high fever, diarrhea, and vomiting. He loudly groaned every night, and I felt it was also the bitter cries of his ancestors. I was totally at a loss for what to say to comfort him. Even though I knew this hurt him deeply, I was able to find a deeper relationship with him through understanding his situation.

I received a letter from a sister in Japan who often visited my parents. She said they had been in bed because of high blood pressure and my father also had problems with his neck. Since I am their only child, no one was there to take care of them. The doctor recommended an operation on my father's neck, but warned that it might paralyze the lower part of his body. The German brother's father developed heart troubles.

Hardships seemed to hit one after another. Around that time, one brother who had been struggling with evil spirit possession came into my room and secretly read the diary I had been keeping (written in English). He misunderstood when I mentioned him, and he was hurt. I had served him with all my heart, but because he read my diary, our relationship made a 180° turnabout. I explained to him in tears what I had meant and at the time he seemed to understand. Even so, his resentment towards me grew. If I could have practiced what my wife had indicated to me in her letter, I feel that I could have become humble in my attitude of faith. But somehow, I could not do this and brought absolutely no results, no matter how hard I worked. I felt that Satan was taking everything away from us.

However, at about this same time, as I walked along the street, I had a vision of Father as he was in his early 30s. I felt as if he were with me. I could not stop adoring him. I was drawn to incorporate in my world the intensity and the perceptive heart Father had found in his youth. Because of this experience, I feel that whenever we face our limitations, the best way to overcome them is to think of Father. I felt grateful that God gave me the perception and understanding of Father's heart. Fortunately, as time passed, we became spiritually stronger, and with God's guidance, we overcame this chain of trials.

The American brother was recovering from his shock and the German brother's father had a successful operation which relieved his heart. Sometime later, both his parents attended a workshop for parents. My father's health improved, and he did not have to undergo the operation after all. The native member who had growing resentments against me forgot them because he was physically ill.

Through the trial with the native brother, I repented my attitude, and my feeling toward the other brothers changed for the better. Through this experience, I realized that the way of indemnity is strict and merciless. A little word said in haste or without thinking might hurt a person so much that it would drive him to resentment. I had never had such an experience with anyone; I suffered immensely but learned in proportion to my suffering. I learned so much about repentance and relationships between brothers and sisters. I understood that it was hell to be resented by someone.

In February of 1978, we went to a regional conference in Kinshasa, Zaire, where we heard the testimony of our I.W. During that conference, she talked to us about Uganda and told us that Father was praying for our nation; she also informed us that Satan was seeking our lives to pay the historical debt of Uganda, since not enough blood had been shed. She then suggested that we each draw some blood and bury it in our holy ground. Later she had personal interviews with each of us. She told me that I should not relax my mind. Her words became deeply engraved within my heart. I felt at that moment that the humanistic attitude I had toward life and my mission was gone; I found that I had become extremely serious.