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The Moment We Have Faith, Incredible Calmness Comes Over Us

A Summary of Rev. In Jin Moon's Sermon on March 14, 2010

Starting from when I was 11, my father took the whole family out to Gloucester and Provincetown, and we would spend our whole summer there. My father would be ready to go out to sea promptly at 4:30 in the morning. For those of us lucky ones who were appointed to go with him, we would arrive also at 4:30 in the morning and accompany him out to sea, spending all day, sometimes all night, and sometimes even days out on the open sea.

For an impressionable young girl at that age, those experiences were quite profound, because it was very difficult to go to sea day in and day out. But, the more I tried to unite with my father, the more I thought about what an incredible opportunity it was to commune with nature and to learn more about myself, especially how I could improve my character. Now, when I look back, I realize that those were some of the most important summers of my life.

Now, whenever I hear thunder or see a storm, the more violent, the better, because it reminds me of the times when I really became one with my father in terms of where my faith was. So, today I want to talk about what faith means to us.

All of us in different degrees and in different ways have gone through a lot of hardships. For the First Generation, you have given so much of yourselves, literally your blood, sweat, and tears, for the sake of the providence. You gave up your education, your home, and your career to invest 100 percent in God's providence, to unite together with our True Parents in heart and soul, and to actively apply the principles that our True Parents have come to teach us.

For those of us who are Second and Third Generation, we've had a different type of difficulty in that we were born into the church, and we had to go through our own process of discovery. Some of us have had a powerful conversion

experience. For those of us who are still en route toward that experience, it's a very difficult process at times -- trying to realize who we are, what our identities are.

For me as the senior pastor of Lovin' Life Ministries, I feel that as I approach the pulpit with the heart of a mother, probably the most important thing I can do is not really teach but encourage what is already in each and every one of you. And that is a seed of faith. As the senior pastor, it's my duty and responsibility to remind everyone in the congregation how incredibly important that seed and its harvest might be, depending on where you are in your life of faith.

Heavenly Parent Is Always with Us

When I talk to my children about faith, I usually tell them about when I was a little girl out at sea in the midst of an incredibly violent storm. Everything on the boat was being tossed around. My father and I were literally hanging onto the couch that was bolted to the floor. We didn't know where the boat was going; we couldn't even distinguish the heavens from the sea or see the horizon.

In the midst of all this mayhem, I turned to my father and said, "I am terribly afraid. Are we going to die?" It was one of the most profound moments in my life, when I experienced the power of the word and of human touch. My father gently reached for my hand and held it tightly. Even though helter-skelter was breaking loose in the cabin, it seemed like things were in slow motion, and I felt the weight, the warmth, the life of his hand as it enveloped mine. It gave me an incredible sense of security. Then he said, "Don't worry, Daughter. I am here with you."

What my father was saying to me was the same thing that our Heavenly Parent whispers in our

hearts in his mysterious ways throughout our life. Our Heavenly Parent is telling us, "Don't worry; I am here with you," at the same time encouraging the daughter and son to take heart and to have courage, to have faith and not be afraid.

That was the first time I realized as a little girl (I think I was 12-years-old) that the minute I decided to have faith in my father as he said, "Don't worry, I'm here," an incredible calmness came over me, and I was no longer afraid. From then on and throughout my life, I have realized that in times of difficulty. I remember that our Heavenly Parent is always there.

Importance of the Attitude of Gratitude

When I think about that summer, not only did I learn not to be afraid, but I also realized the significance of truly having a good Attitude, an attitude of acceptance or gratitude. When I saw myself as a true daughter of our Heavenly Parent, a person born with a mission and purpose, and who has an opportunity to leave behind something truly beautiful, I came to know that I am a divine being, just like each of us sitting here. I realized that if God is always with me, I don't have to be afraid of anything in life. In knowing that, I am a proud daughter, a proud Unificationist.

When we know who we are, we realize that there is nothing that cannot be accomplished, because we believe that God is with us each and every step of the way. When we realize that God is always present in our lives, a sense of gratitude comes over us, in that we are never, ever alone. Even when I was going through my teenage years — and we all have our periods of rebellion, of questioning, of seeking — I would always come back to the thought that God is always with me. I could not help but be grateful that I have a partner in life, that I have a great teacher in life, that I have an eternal Parent who is always praying for me, who is always wishing me well, who is always encouraging me to be the best that I can be.

Every day we would get on board, scrub the floor, and prepare all the different gear and instruments for fishing. It was usually about a 45-minute ride out to Northwest Corner. We were constantly working from the minute we left the dock until reaching our destination. Once we got there, we had to start chumming. Chumming is not a very pleasant thing. We are basically

throwing chunks of cut-up, stinking fish into the ocean all day.

I remember times when international leaders would come, and Father would invite them to join him in fishing. One Japanese leader in particular, Mr. Kuboki, did phenomenal work for the Japanese movement in the early years. He was like a samurai. On land, nobody could defeat this man. He was so articulate and formidable when he was giving Divine Principle lectures.

But when my father invited him to the boat, Mr. Kuboki always brought a special bag for the day. In it were five to seven towels of different sizes. I watched him with great interest. The further we got out to sea, I saw him start to sway, and his face started losing color. He slowly reached inside his bag, took out a huge towel, and wrapped it around his head as if he had a huge toothache. He looked like a samurai warrior with a huge toothache. He started vomiting — at 5:30 in the morning.

My father usually fishes until 6 or 7 p.m., or 10 or 11 p.m., depending on when the tuna is caught. That first day I saw Mr. Kuboki suffer [for 15 hours], I think we left around 7, meaning we got back home around 8 p.m.

Next day, Mr. Kuboki was back. It was unbelievable. He was the formidable samurai again. I went up to him and said, "Mr. Kuboki, are you okay?" "Hie, no problem!" I said, "Yes, but you were sick all day. Are you really okay?" "Hie!" "Can I get you anything?" "No, no. No problem." And then he said, "I thankful Heavenly Father, I thankful True Parents, I thankful tuna fish."

I realized at that moment, this is a samurai warrior with an attitude of acceptance. He knew it was going to be a whole day of suffering and vomiting. But after the day was done, his sense of gratitude just bowled me over. It was unbelievable how this man, despite the suffering he went through, ended with a heart of gratitude. So, whenever I'm faced with something difficult, Mr. Kuboki comes to mind. It left an indelible mark on my life and is a great reminder for me that regardless of how difficult it might have been, I should try to be grateful.

Another thing I realized on the open sea is the importance of the word, "integrity." In this case, I understand the word "integrity" to mean a consistency of purpose or character.

The Meaning of “Integrity”

When I think about Mr. Kuboki, he definitely embodied what the word integrity meant. When I saw the different fishermen who went to the Northwest Corner to fish for tuna every summer with my father, I saw the amount of dedication in their consistent, daily effort. Each day started out the same, but in the course of the day, depending on the weather, there were many obstacles to overcome. Maybe the tide wasn't with us. Maybe the boat placement wasn't good. Maybe the tunas were at a depth not good for fishing. You had to take in all these different factors and still keep a positive attitude even if nothing was biting all day long. You are constantly hoping, being consistent in your effort until you would leave. That was something that was incredible for me to experience.

The first hours when you're out on the open sea can be exciting. We had a fish finder with a printer that would show the depth the fish were at, so when we were chumming, we were taking into account the direction of the tide and the depth of the ocean, calculating how we should chum so that the bait would go to where the fish were. Many times when I was done with my kitchen duties, my father would let me look at the printout showing where the fish were, and he would encourage me to think about where we should chum, to see where the tide was going.

For hours and hours the printer kept printing, and it's quite mind numbing at times. Perhaps the next hour nothing bit, and the hour after that nothing bit. Sometimes all day would go by when you could see that the fish were at a certain depth, but none of them would bite, so you could become discouraged. So, you start doubting yourself, not believing that you're going to catch something that day.

At times like that, the word integrity, meaning the consistency of purpose and the consistency of character comes to mind. Many times, just when I was on the verge of giving up, I would tell myself, “Okay, one more hour.” When I was almost giving up, God sent us the tuna. God was letting us know, “See, if you remain consistent in your purpose, in the kind of character you should carry in your life, sooner or later you're going to get that tuna.”

When you leave the dock on this big boat, you feel like there's nowhere this boat cannot go. But once you're on the open sea, you look like a dot, and you realize how tiny, how small, you are. You realize that you're really at the mercy of the elements, and you come to a point when you have to ask yourself, “Am I going to entrust my life to God? Or am I going to doubt, thinking I might not survive this day, this storm?”

Every summer there were boats and fishermen lost at sea, so this constant theme of life and death plays on your mind when you're on the open sea. The question “Do I trust my God?” is asked in your mind day in and day out. But when you decide to trust in God, you realize that the instability or the insecurity in your situation suddenly disappears. The minute we decide to trust in the Lord, there's an incredible feeling of security, a feeling of being embraced in His hands.

The *Book of James* 1:5–8 says to us, “But ask in faith, never doubting.” The Bible is telling us, “don't be like a wave in the open sea that is wind driven, tossing us around.” The minute that we start to doubt, James reminds us that we become double minded. When we decide to exercise faith and decide to trust in the Lord, we become very clear in our direction. We're no longer double minded. James reminds us that when we doubt, we become unstable, but in faith we become incredibly stable in the security of our Heavenly Parent.

So, when we honestly and earnestly ask in faith for God to be there with us, and we approach our prayer with this heart of devotion, and we approach the different service projects that we do with this heart of devotion, what we are doing is actualizing this word faith in our daily lives.

At 16, Captain of an All-Female Crew

When I think about my summers together with my father, I can think of so many different experiences that have moved me to tears. But especially I realize that when my father made me the captain of the first all-female crew when I was 16, as a parent my father must have had incredible faith in me. It meant throwing me out onto the open sea, where seasoned sailors die, boats capsize, and people disappear. My father had incredible faith in me. In that sense, he was fearless, and he was grateful to have a daughter

who did not get seasick wanting to become a captain. He saw this little girl follow him every day for five years, since I was 11, so he knew I could be consistent. He knew that I had absolute faith in him, and now he was returning that absolute faith and trust in me by saying, "You take care of this boat."

When I was 16 years old, there was no concept of a woman captain, let alone a teenage girl captain. So not only did the sailors think my father was crazy, I think a lot of the leaders and good brothers and sisters thought my father might have been crazy, too. Why would you throw a 16-year-old girl at the mercy of the open sea? How could she catch a tuna with three other teenage Second-Generation girls?

Sailors on the other boats would jeer at us, saying, "This is no place for women. Go back home! We don't want you here!" Sometimes they would throw things at us. But we just had to have a heart of gratitude, and be consistent. We decided we were going to catch a tuna, whether they liked it or not.

The amazing thing was, we were one of the first boats to hook up because I had learned a thing or two fishing with my father all those summers. I learned how to chum, especially how to calculate where to make it go, depending on the tide. Then, the sailors shouted, "There's no way they're going to catch that tuna. Let's watch this entertainment hour. Let's watch them lose it."

I felt like we had to fight for our sex, that there was no reason why women couldn't catch a tuna. We might not have been as strong, but we were cleverer! We may not have the brawn, but there are ways to tire the tuna.

When a tuna bites, the line runs out so fast that lives have been lost at sea in accidents when people are not watching where they are walking and they are near the basket where the ropes are coiled.

When the tuna hit and the line went out, I screamed, "Anchor up!" Then everybody on Northwest Corner knew: "Oh, the kiddie boat got a hook-up." They were all watching us with binoculars. I felt like a horse running at the racetrack, and all these people were taking bets on how long we would last and how long we would keep the fish on the line.

Tuna are so big and strong that they can drag the boat. The most important thing is that when

the fish wants to go, you have to let it go and just maintain the tautness of the rope. But the minute that the fish decides, "I don't want to go away from the boat; let me try going toward the boat instead," then you have to frantically pull it in. If you don't keep that tautness on the line, the hook is going to come out.

A tuna is incredibly smart. It takes the boat out, and then it charges straight back toward you in order to get the hook out of its mouth. The key is keeping the line taut.

It took about four- and a half hours, but we tired the tuna out. By the end of four and a half hours, we were all dying, but the tuna started to surface because it was so tired. Then what you do is pull the tuna in, and it's a very, very heavy fish. The tuna we caught that day was something like 675 pounds. As it comes near, the next thing you have to do is to harpoon the fish. If you don't harpoon the fish, it's very easy to lose it, even as you're pulling it in.

The minute I saw it coming and knew approximately where it was, I threw my harpoon, knowing that God would not let us women down. The harpoon went straight into the side right behind the gill, which is where you want it. When my crew saw the harpoon go in, they were screaming at the top of their lungs. After four- and a half hours I think all the fishermen were thinking, "Silly, teenage girls; they probably lost the fish and went back home in total disgrace."

We decided to visit them before we went back. When they saw the girlie boat approaching, we heard this loud jeering, but then it died away because they were thinking, "What the heck are they doing with a tuna tied to the side of their boat when we haven't gotten a hook-up yet?"

Even though it was a very small victory in the course of the summer, it changed my life. It changed the sisters' lives on the boat with me. It made us realize that there's no limit to what a woman can do. And the greater the opposition, the greater we're going to fight. The more they want us to go home, the greater our consistency of purpose will be. And the more people put obstacles in our path, the greater our heart of devotion and our trust in God will be. Instead of being bogged down with doubt, going-out with faith, and instead of being bogged down with double mindedness, the minute we decide to have

