

Following Sun Myung Moon Book -- Excerpt from the Ocean Church Chapter:

Herb Mayr
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...Sun Myung Moon talked for several hours about his ideas about "Ocean Church". He explained that he had figured out that God had saved the Ocean for Unification Church and Sun Myung Moon. The other industries in the world were already developed and entrenched, but the ocean's treasures were there, unseen and relatively untouched. We would develop the harvesting of the ocean. We would feed the starving nations of the world. We would assist all governments in stopping the flow of drugs by becoming the righteous masters of the oceans... ..he picked thirty "pioneers".

Yep. I was picked. Broken foot and all. So to this day, somewhere, there is this map where Sun Myung Moon himself wrote my name (in the Korean alphabet) over the city of Key West Florida. Which is where I was less than 72 hours later with two "illegal immigrant" missionaries, Stan and Ernst, from those famous fishing countries, Ireland and Switzerland.

When we arrived at the bus station in Key West it was already after 11pm. We stumbled out onto Duval Street, each of us holding one duffel bag, and I asked the first guy we saw where the nearest hotel was.

"Are you tourists?" He asked.

"No. We just moved here." I replied

He laughed. Hard. Real hard. "Man, you all just moved to the asshole of the world." And he walked away about the same time that we all noticed that he had a live boa constrictor snake around his neck to go with his many tattoos and earrings....

Now all of this had been totally unexpected. I had, of course, been in the frame of mind where I was willing to spend the rest of my life on college campuses trying to teach students of the Divine Principle. Now I had to totally readjust my mindset and try to think of ideologically conquering the world from fishing boats.

The first night in Key West I had an incredibly vivid dream in which Sun Myung Moon and his wife had myself and my mom and dad come for supper, a mini celebration to see me start off this new mission.

It was not hard to find an apartment; however, it was extremely difficult to find work. My idea was that

since we knew absolutely nothing about fishing (and we didn't yet have our own boat) that we should work on other fishing boats, learn, and earn some money. I still had my broken foot in a cast, so I sat on the side of the bathroom tub and tried cutting away the plaster cast and with a pocket knife while running water over it. I finally got the thing off, but my foot was incredible tender.

I then spent a few hours going to the various marinas where the commercial guys kept their boats, asking if anyone needed another hand on the boat.

Nothing. The closest I got was at the marina on the old Navy Base. There was this one boat where this one guy in his twenties told me that the captain needed another hand, but he didn't know when the captain would return. (The guys on the next boat told me that they didn't need anyone but also warned me that the captain on that previous boat was a "total asshole".)

After about another hour of failure, I hobbled on the solar heated sidewalk towards a bus stop to return to our apartment. It was already after five, it was very hot, I was tired, and my foot was throbbing with pain.

A car suddenly screeched to a stop next to me!

"Hey motherfucker," the bearded monster in yelled at me, "You want a job on a shrimp boat?"

"Yeh, I do," I said. (Do I with this guy?, I thought.)

"Well, get your ass in the car!"

I got in the back seat of the car, and he squealed the tires and took a hard left, going the wrong way down a one way street. (I thought this might be very symbolic of things to come). As he sped down the wrong way on this street, giving the horn and obscene gestures to the surprised drivers coming the unfortunate right way down the street, he introduced the very tough looking broad in the front seat as "one of the crew" and bragged how he had gotten her to take a leave of absence from her regular job at the strip bar to work with him.

I was starting to wonder if perhaps this guy was the "asshole captain" that I had missed earlier, especially since we were headed back to the marina on the Navy Base.

He was....