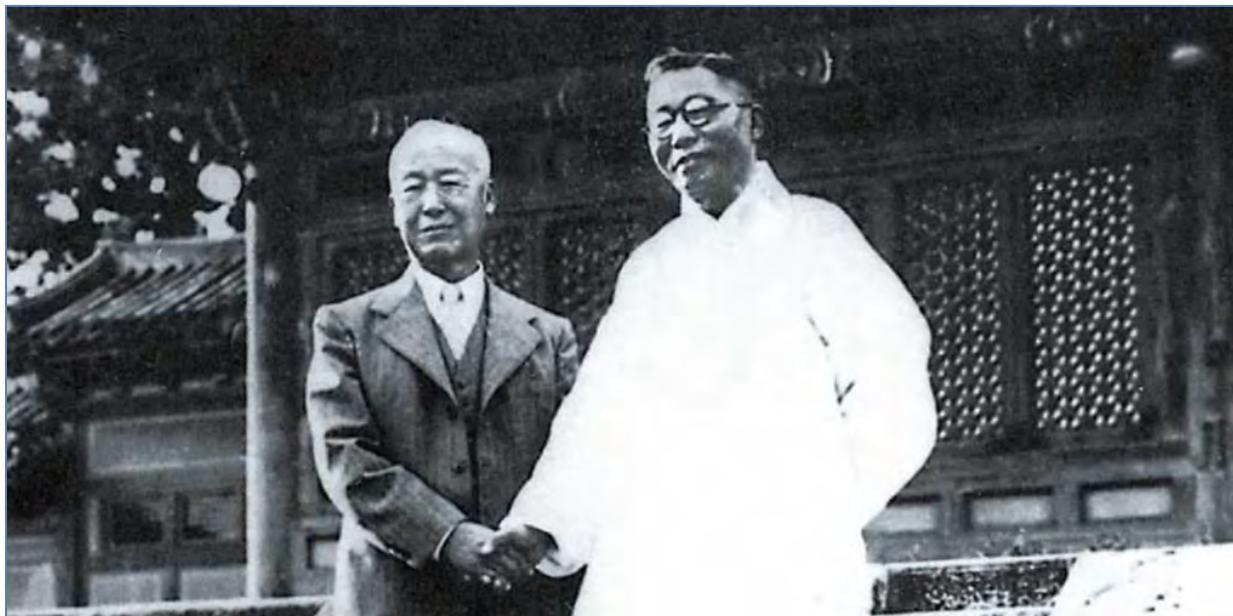


Father's Life in His Own Words - Part 31

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Dr. Rhee and Kim Ku, patriots who returned to rebuild their homeland. In an election held throughout South Korea, members of the Korean National Assembly were voted into office on May 10, 1948. On May 31, the assemblymen adopted the new constitution, and on July 20, they elected Dr. Syngman Rhee the Republic of Korea's first president.

Across the 38th Parallel into North Korea

True Father's public mission began in 1945. In the late spring of 1946, Father received the instruction to go to North Korea. God prepared special religious leaders who could respond to Father and make the condition for Christianity to receive the returning Lord. But they would need extraordinary insight and unity among themselves. Otherwise, they, and Father, would pay the price.

A foundation teetering on the edge

I was imprisoned on August 11, 1946, accused of using religion to deceive members of the North Korean Communist Party. For what reason did this happen to me?

You have probably heard of the Inside-the-Belly Church. In June 1946, the Communist Party started to clamp down on new religions, which had sprung up all over North Korea. These groups could not avoid being censured. When Mrs. Huh Ho-bin's group was exposed, she was accused of deceiving ordinary people under the cloak of religion. People had sold their possessions and made clothes for Jesus that would fill several trucks. I was arrested because of Huh Ho-Bin's spiritual group. And in light of the fact that I had arrived from South Korea, they accused me of being an agent for Syngman Rhee.

According to the principles underlying the providence of restoration, I was not able to seek out the group that was waiting for and preparing to meet me. If the leader of that prepared group, Mrs. Huh Ho-bin, had prayed to God to ask where the Lord was, God would have told her. I waited until they came to me. I sent someone to that group to tell Huh Ho-bin that she should pray to find out what kind of group I was leading. But Mrs. Huh was waiting for a large sign from Heaven; she wasn't expecting one young man, so she sent my messenger away. I then sent a young woman, but there was no response at all from the group.

Nevertheless, because God had to take responsibility for the woman He had prepared, He sent me to prison. While I was in prison from August 11 to 21, 1946, I met the leaders of her group, I met Mrs. Huh's husband and the president of the group, and I told them the path they should take.

Advice given but ignored

In prison, Hwang Won-shin, who worked with Mrs. Huh and was responsible for general education and other aspects of the group's activities, was put into the cell I was in. It was August 11, at about eleven o'clock. The next morning, he bowed to me. I asked him why he was bowing to me, and he said, "I know about you. I have something to tell you." He proceeded to tell me everything about his group. The spirit world had ordered him to report everything to me. I told him what his responsibility was and what steps he should take.

I told him to tell Huh Ho-bin that she must get out of prison quickly. If she did not get out, everything would be lost there. Hwang Won-shin followed my advice and was released from prison. He visited me after I was released and said that however earnestly he tried to persuade his church members, they wouldn't listen to him.

After Mr. Hwang was released, Huh Ho-bin's husband came to the cell I was in. I gave him the same advice I had given Hwang, but he said he would follow his wife. He wasn't willing to accept my suggestions.

Finally, on the morning of September 18, I wrote a letter to Huh Ho-bin. I had asked one of the people who delivered meals to give it to her for me. She was going to tear it up and throw it away after reading it but one of the communist guards discovered it on her. That was because the person who had conveyed the note to her had told the guard. So I was tortured. This began at two o'clock in the afternoon of September 18, 1946. That was when this molar cracked; they kicked over the chair I was sitting on; I fell onto my face. They accused me of being a spy.

Overcoming torture

Long ago, in the days when the communists were torturing me, I made a firm resolution that no matter how harshly I was whipped, no matter how severely I was beaten, I would endure. Even if they beat me everywhere, and from all twelve directions, I would endure without saying a word.

There is something called a bull penis stick. You don't know what that is, do you? It is a weapon made of a bull's penis. It is like leather, but it is worse than leather. It is this long and it folds inside itself. If someone is hit with one of those, it deeply cuts into his flesh and blood flows from the lash marks. When I was being hit with one, I said to myself, "Hit me all you want!"

What would be the value of the sweat I shed in that humiliating situation? It is more valuable than if I had produced beads of sweat through physical exertion, or if I had sweat blood. You need to know this. It is more valuable than tears I would have shed. I sat for a week and wept so much that my eyes could not bear to open in the daylight. Why? Because I was realizing for the first time that God was so miserable. Because I understood this, even when I was in prison being tortured, shedding blood and nearing death, I comforted God saying, "Heavenly Father, don't worry. I am not weak. I can prevail over any intimidation from Satan."

During the Soviet era, I was even tortured by not being allowed to sleep for a week. Thinking, "Hey fellow, will you prevail or will I?" I considered it an exciting challenge. For most ordinary people, one week without sleep would lead them to give everything away in a state of mindlessness. I kept my eyes open but actually slept quite well. I discovered a way to do this. Because I trained myself, even if I feel sleepy now I use this method!

When the communists were investigating me, I was placed in a bright red room without any food for a week. Sitting in a bright red room drives you crazy. You can't see anything. But I can sleep with my eyes open. When you look, my eyes are open, but I am actually sleeping. Rumors spread that I was a shaman. If you lock such a person in a room, he will open the door and come out, so I had seven people watching me 24 hours a day.

An outstretched hand of sympathy

There is something I can't forget. Many times, I was tortured or forced into a position where I couldn't move my body. In that state, when I felt God embrace me and even feed me Himself, I could feel how much He loved and dearly cherished me. I know that God, who protected me in that place of death, would do the same for you.

If you start down the road toward death, preparations for a benefactor to appear will have been made. When I went to the communist world, there was one person who would beat me without caring whether I died or not. Then another person would come with rice snacks and other tasty food. He tried to comfort me, saying, "That policeman beat you too much because that is the kind of person he is. Please don't think that all policemen here are like that." He was quiet and even wanted to run errands for me. When you reach the peak of being treated unfairly, such things happen.

There are two people I can't forget from that time - the chief investigator Mr. Hong, and Pak Chan-jeong, who was in charge of everything in the police station. I'll meet those people again someday.