

The Period of My Study Abroad in Tokyo

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Sun Myung Moon

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Excerpt

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I used to go to a steel mill, in the Kawasaki area, very often on my off days from school. The mill had vats used to store sulfuric acid. Workers would clean these vats by going and making raw materials flow out. These vats were equipped with devices to do this; however, they would stop working after a few years. The devices would no longer handle sulfuric acid. In order to replace them, the workers had to go into the vats. Workers could not work more than fifteen minutes because of the toxic fumes of sulfuric acid in them. I fought against such deplorable conditions when I worked there.

I did not do such a job because I was desperate for money. Had I sent a telegram to my older brother asking, "Send me all the money you can get selling off all the properties," he would have sent me the money according to my instruction, as Cain representing the world. Such a man rarely exists. My older brother really understood who I was. Even though he did not know what my mission was clearly, he knew that I was the one man whose value is even greater than the entire world. He was a devoted believer receiving revelations from Heaven. Because of these reasons, if I had asked him for money, he would have sent it without hesitation. But, if I had any money in my pocket, I gave all away to my friends.

Why did I do such things?

I constantly thought how I could make conditions to love Japan more than anyone else, as I traveled to numerous places. I remember one day I wailed and wept embracing a large cedar tree.

When Korea was under Japanese occupation, I was taken to a jail so many times. When I stayed in Tokyo, I was taken to a police station at least once a month. I remember it was located in front of Takata-no-Baba train station on the right hand side of Waseda University.

During my study in Tokyo, whenever I went back to Korea, Korean authorities got notice of my return. The notice would say, "This notorious one left to go back to Korea." I was just a student, but was black-listed by Japanese authorities. However, people in the general public did not understand or know me. When they saw me, they only noticed the beat-up old clothing I was wearing. But, my clothing was shining — because it was coated with grime. (Laugh) Back then, all men wanted to look good, so they put pomade or something like that on their hair. They made excuse, saying their hair got blown about by wind or typhoon, and so they had to put on hair gel. But, I was opposite. I would not put anything on my hair in spring or summer. Also, when I walked, I looked down 45 degrees and never looked up. I behaved, peculiarly.

I went to work at a working class eatery where lower class laborers hung out when snow or typhoons closed the school. I felt good when I was there. The strong winds and heavy rain accompanied the typhoons. My hands became black with dirt working there. I would just stand outside and let the rain wash away the dirt off my hands. My hands got so clean and I felt so good and exhilarated.

I was tortured countless times by the Japanese authorities. However, once the war was ended, I gathered my friends who were plotting to attack the military police detectives who had tortured me, and I persuaded them saying,

“The Japanese are pitiful now that they are defeated. They already gave up their power and fell to their knees. If you hit the defeated and pitiful, then God will judge you.” I secretly called the Japanese who were wanted by Korea, and helped them, saying, “You must get out of here right away. You must go before you get caught and tortured.” Then, I helped them pack up their belongings to escape. I encountered so many situations like these.

Do you love Japan? If so, how much? (Responding to the answers) I don't have a clue how much you love Japan. Anyhow, you don't need to love a lot. First, you must love your parents who gave you birth!

If you notice their hands are thin and weak, you must cry with tears holding their hands. If your younger siblings are wearing clothing that is not as good as others, you must shed tears holding the clothing. You must be responsible to your parents and your siblings! If you do not do this and do not have the heart for them, how can you love your country?

There is no boundary line in the world of the heart. The differences of languages can never be the boundary between us. When I come to Japan, I am not Korean. I am not a Korean but a Heavenly man. Therefore, I am a man of the Heavenly Kingdom.

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