

Federation for
World Peace
and Unification



January 29, 1976

Clarence M. Kelley
The Director
F.B.I.
9th Street
Washington, D.C. 20535

Unification Church Headquarters
4 West 43rd Street
New York, N.Y. 10036

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ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED
HEREIN IS UNCLASSIFIED

26 Kidnappings

Jan. 31, 1975 - Jan. 31st, 1976

Dear Sir:

DATE 5/18/82 BY SP5 BTJ/dd

As a visitor to the U.S.A. I have been deeply shocked to learn of organized kidnappings, nationwide against Unification Church members. [REDACTED] has been a member of the Unification Church of America for [REDACTED] years. One might understand the F.B.I. overlooking one kidnapping, but the current number is one that suggests the F.B.I. or the Attorney-General Edward H. Levi are somehow compromised.

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This would lend support to the rumor that there is a cover up at the highest level and will undoubtedly reflect badly upon a distinguished service - the F.B.I. It is one of the tragedies of recent times that U.S. government agencies have been found to be compromised. I earnestly hope that this will not be the fate of the F.B.I.

The overall picture is one of an armed and brutal conspiracy against the Unification Church involving 65 abductions followed by brainwashing techniques of the most sinister kind, reminiscent of the K.G.B. These are carried out by persons who frequently are known to have criminal records. Further physical violence [REDACTED] knives and other instruments have been used. That 26

persons have survived to tell their story without succumbing to the brainwashing is a testimony to their strength of character and spiritual stamina.

Eleven of these 26 cases are documented for your inspection.

All persons who have contributed money to these events are guilty of aiding and abetting a conspiracy against the freedom and national rights of U.S. citizens. If Attorney-General Edward H. Levi is compromised by Jewish associates then it is better the F.B.I. follow a more independent path under direct instructions of the President.

The facts relate to the obstruction of justice in high places. Kidnapping is a Federal offense. The conspiracy against the Unification Church is international, it involves communists, weapons, Jewish finance and is directly contrary of the U.S. Bill of Rights.

Let me list the salient points.

1. Kidnapping is a Federal Offense - one for which the F.B.I. has special responsibility.
2. The organization supporting the kidnapping says that Rev. Moon and the Unification Movement "brainwashes" its members, allows them no sleep and that it's adherents have to undertake physical deprivation.

Let us first define "brainwashing". This term first came to prominence after the Korean War when U.N. prisoners were forced to attend lectures, etc. The Unification Church as a voluntary body cannot and never

has forced members to attend lectures. Any rudimentary investigation would establish this fact.

Further to physical deprivation - it is true that members fast and undertake prayer vigils, but care is always taken to see that members are physically capable of fasting, etc.

To the charges of brainwashing-recently a U.S. judge ruled that there was no substance to these charges and that the Church's method of evangelism and teaching did not differ in nature from those of other accepted religious groups.

On the contrary, the kidnappers indulge in brainwashing identical to K.G.B. methods, deprivation of sleep, obscenities, physical violence, and total deprivation of freedom in excess of 70 days. In addition, the use of drugs and sexual approaches is commonplace. We must protest strongly about the physical manhandling of young adults.

3. Perhaps the most damaging aspect regarding the F.B.I.

is the second kidnapping of [redacted] once she had [redacted] that she was carried across state boundaries and that the F.B.I. knowingly did nothing. This is positive proof of a cover-up situation.

4. Parental Justification for Kidnapping

Parents are often told alarming stories by the group perpetrating the conspiracy. Consequently they

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are led to believe their children have been brainwashed and therefore need to be "rebrainwashed". There is one flaw to this logic; namely, there is only one brainwashing and that this is the one by the abductors. That they have destroyed all but 39% of the members is fact, and that the F.B.I. has allowed this to continue is alarming. It is even more alarming, when in the case of [] [] it is done to deliberately thwart justice, without any real response from the F.B.I.

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Let me remind you of one pertinent fact. The age of maturity in the U.S.A. is 18. One distraught parent said their "child" was 25, another said "22". Now I can well understand parent's being distraught after having been fed so many untruths, nevertheless it is astonishing that the F.B.I. believes the age of maturity is in excess of 27. How long do parents wish to treat their adult descendants as children? How long does the F.B.I. want to placate distraught parents by believing in evil itself? Let it be clearly stated, if parent's only reaction to children who explore ideas and lifestyles different from their own is to say they are brainwashed, then indeed there is a generation gap, which regrettably is well known in the U.S.A.

Further allegations are made that Rev. Moon says that members should hate their parents. This is cate-

gorically untrue. Rev. Moon has spoken at some length on the debt we owe to our parents and the love and respect they are due.

Let me remind you of a Theological Point.

Luke 14: Verse 26. "If any one comes to me and does not hate his own father and mother and wife and children and brothers, and sisters, yes and even his own life, he cannot be my disciple."

Verse 27: "Whosoever does not bear his own cross and come after me cannot be my disciple."

The normal understanding of this text is that if we love Jesus and God first, denying all else, we will come to love everything in a deeper way -- our parents, our friends, our country etc. We will come to love, as God loves. No doubt the gossips at Jesus' time loudly boasted that he taught against the scripture which said, "Honour Thy Father and Thy Mother." No doubt they ran a campaign to discredit him. They must have been completely successful, for the Jewish people chose to destroy an innocent man while releasing the murderer Barrabas. If one seeks to destroy anyone by character assassination, it is to be recorded that this can and was done successfully to the Lord of Glory, Jesus. Now the campaign unleashed against Rev. Moon and the Unification Church is of this nature. We stand foursquare against the permissive society and those who promote it, against every known form of tyranny, against every form of religious intolerance and we shall naturally be

persecuted, ridiculed, and suffer for our idealism. When our opponents choose to violate the law, where kidnapping, violence, and freedom itself disappear, we must protest. When the F.B.I. choose to ignore our pleas we must prayerfully wait for God to give us the power and strength to remove those who have chosen to be deaf. The clamour of injustice will resound on Capitol Hill, the arrogant will be brought to account--not by money, wealth or position--but by Truth. Let no one be mistaken, we are not an organisation that seeks to undermine officers of state, but on the contrary we seek to uphold the great principles upon which the nation was founded. Lest anyone be in doubt, we are resolved to pursue the highest of values. The Unification Church has welcomed every enquiry, we have a record of sacrificial endeavour unique in Christian History. We have no cause to be ashamed or to hide our endeavour, on the contrary we welcome those who desire to understand more deeply our way of life, ideals and hopes.

5. [redacted] --one of the leaders of the conspiracy,
is due to [redacted]

[redacted]
This will be [redacted]

of this country ranging from California....to New York.

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7. There is evidence of police actually helping the kidnappers; of returning escaped victims to their tormentors.
8. The kidnappings are now running at 1/2 per week.
9. The conspiracy is international, since some of the kidnappers have travelled to Europe to pursue there the same offences they have been freely 'encouraged' to commit in the U.S.A.
10. In the event of the F.B.I. not being able to fulfill it's proper function we shall have to call for a Senatorial and Congressional enquiry into the behavior of Attorney-General Edward H. Levi and if necessary, the Director of the F.B.I. Clarence M. Kelley. If the Justice Department is compromised then it would appear that the Director of the F.B.I. can appeal directly to the President for direction. We would necessarily have to ask these questions in such an event.
11. Since the Presidential elections are not far away, another Republican scandal-cover ups- in high places will undoubtedly severely damage the chances of any Republican nominee for President. It is therefore in the interests of both Republican and Democratic parties that the F.B.I. act swiftly to crush this conspiracy, with its widespread and persistent kidnapping.
12. Attorney-General Edward H. Levi would do well to demonstrate his impartiality by pursuing whatever Jewish Finance and influence there is behind these

which is a prerequisite for sound judgment. Peace can only come to the fair land of America when every injustice is abolished. It requires the vigilance of the body politic and the law enforcement agencies. God cannot rest until every wrong is righted. Therefore for a society to be stable and happy, a prerequisite is that the F.B.I. have an untarnished reputation. Whatever anyone may say, Edgar Hoover set himself the highest of standards. We may fail sometimes but our ambition, our standard must necessarily be better than our own behaviour. That is the measure of great leadership. I believe sir, you have such a standard. I have every confidence that you may enhance the reputation of the Federal Bureau of Investigation. My prayers are with you in your endeavour.

Sincerely yours,

[Redacted signature block]

compliment

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[redacted] being first duly sworn does depose and say that:

STATEMENT BY [redacted]

[redacted]
Date of Birth: [redacted]

Age: [redacted]

Moved into Unification Church [redacted]

[redacted] Age: [redacted]

Mother; [redacted]

Father; [redacted]

Religion: [redacted]

Home of Parents: [redacted]

When I was [redacted] I left my hometown, [redacted] for [redacted]
I thought [redacted] was the place where I could find the best of everything; the best schools, the best plays, and some of the best people. My parents were shocked that I was leaving home but my father loved me very much and [redacted]
[redacted] so I would get there safely. He was also afraid I would resent him for the rest of my life if he tried to stop me. [redacted] was the place where I found the best music teachers and the most interesting people. When I met the Unification Church members, four years later, I was on a search for the best church. I went to the church of my parent's belief and it was a place where I thought I would have some common ground, but it didn't satisfy me. I had gone to another church for a year but one day a sermon was given in favor of homosexuals. I knew that wasn't on the right track. What I needed to find were people who really knew God and could explain why there was so much confusion and hatred in the world. Then, one day I decided to go to a Unification Church center [redacted]
[redacted] I was approached by a member asking me to hear a lecture and instead of turning him down as I had been doing I went to hear [redacted] lecture. I was very happy to find people brave enough to expose the cause of original sin.

They didn't have to do any convincing because it was part of my own personal belief.

[redacted] later I heard another lecture and knew God was answering all of my prayers. b6 b7c

I wanted to go to Barrytown immediately, but I was told I would have to wait a couple of hours. I began a [redacted] Workshop study of Divine Principle. I've never been so happy in my life. My first day was [redacted] and I had planned to go home [redacted] What I was hearing and experiencing was so wonderful that I wanted to go through every workshop without leaving. I wanted to get the most out of the workshops. I knew my parents would understand when I explained that God wanted me to learn some things. Everything was alright until someone gave them the Time magazine article about Rev. Moon. It became me against the media. The words used in the article were too much for me to read; what I had been learning and reading was so pure and clear and this article was so vulgar.

My parents got a lawyer to try to get me to see a psychiatrist. I had better things to do so I refused to go. To be a core member of the Unification Church means a person moves into a center, works in the different programs of the church, and practices Christian principles with high moral standards. That sounds like a typical Christian community but I never returned to my apartment even to get my clothes. My parents couldn't understand that at all, so they thought I was being controlled in some way to make me take such a drastic step. I always thought that when I found the truth I was looking for I would never return to my old life. That's what Christ taught and I took it to be true on every level spiritually and physically.

Finally, I could respect my parent's dedication to religion, and God. I was so thankful for the first time that I had been raised by Christian parents. Since I had been away from home, until joining the church, my parents and friends rarely heard from me. I didn't like to write letters, but I telephoned a lot and they telephoned me. My mother always said she wanted to trust my judgement and as a result I wanted to be trustworthy. They always knew where I was living, working, and studying. My mother and I always had long talks and she was like my best friend. When I joined

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the church I wrote my parents every week, always letting them know where I was and they came to visit although it usually ended up in an argument because I couldn't control my temper. I didn't understand why they couldn't believe I was happy because I had found God working very strongly in this church. Through Divine Principle, I realized that the family was the foundation for God's love. I told my parents I would plan on visiting them when my [redacted] Workshop was over but when it was through I decided it would be better if I waited until all the workshops were over. So many members had been kidnapped and my parents were becoming more negative by reading news articles. No matter what they read from us, no matter how hopeful and true it was, their mind was already set against us. I thought after studying everything I would be better able to explain what I was doing. I was kidnapped before the training was over.

During the [redacted] training session which was fundraising [redacted] [redacted] my mother called [redacted] on [redacted] and said they were coming to see me on [redacted] and we could [redacted] I told her it would be better to wait until I was finished fundraising because I wouldn't be at the Motel where we were staying, anyway. She insisted on knowing the address even though I wasn't going to be there. I had a vague notion that she was planning to kidnap me but I was determined to trust her. The team I was on had planned [redacted] to be a special day for each member to experience each others life together as a team. A picnic was planned. [redacted] morning we got up early, ate breakfast at a nearby diner, went to Sunday School [redacted] This was a quiet little country church. The food for the picnic was back at the Motel so we drove back to get it. When we pulled into the Motel my parents pulled up beside us. My mother said it was God's will or the timing couldn't have been that good. I found out later I was being followed all morning and they even knew what I had for breakfast. At this point I didn't know anything. I thought since we were going on a picnic maybe I could spend the day with my parents. My team leader agreed. It was raining anyway and my parents

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didn't want to go on the picnic with us, so I went with them. The last time I had seen my parents was in Barrytown and at that time we went out to dinner and they brought me back. I trusted them. I got into the car; in the front seat and in between my mother and father. The team left and we went to [] a few blocks away. When we pulled into the parking lot [] people I didn't recognize got into the back seat. At first I thought they had mistaken our car for their own and then one woman said, "Hello [] It was [] The other [] were [] that I didn't know. []

[] I know it sounds ridiculous but it still hadn't registered in my mind that I was being kidnapped. I then expected all of us to [] I was determined to believe my parents weren't kidnapping me even though we had just pulled away from [] As we were driving I saw a sign that read, [] [] That's when I had to face the fact and said, "Are you kidnapping me?" Since I didn't know the [] strangers in the back I thought they were "professional deprogrammers" and that meant I would have to be away from my training quite a while unless I could find a way to escape. I started fighting, but they grabbed my arms from the back. They started talking about Rev. Moon and accusing him of every kind of evil. I told them I didn't care if the whole church and Rev. Moon and his family became corrupted I still believed the Divine Principle was true. They had newspaper articles for me to read but after I said that, they were of no value to them. The subject of Communism came up and they all decided that it was God's will if Communism took over America and if they were living right they would be raised up out of the tribulations. [] said it would be after his time anyway so he didn't have to worry about it. [] When I said, "Don't you care what your children will have to go through?" He started changing at that point. I realized I was the only one in the car who had hope that America could be saved. I finally got a chance to explain my beliefs by teaching the Mission of Jesus, the

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Last Days, and a little of the Fall of Man. This was happening in the car. We were taking [redacted] home before going on to [redacted] Being [redacted] [redacted] she could see clearly what I was going through. She told me to do whatever I had to do. Everyone else mentioned that they didn't agree with everything in their own religion which made me even stronger because I believe everything in mine. Even my father compared Rev. Moon to Moses, finally. They were beginning to see what kind of movement I was in.

When I arrived in [redacted] I was very unhappy because I had been taken away from my assignment. My father couldn't stand to see me unhappy so he offered to send me back on a plane the next day. I told him the church would pay for it, but he insisted on paying my way and he also gave me spending money. I arrived back in [redacted] the next day in time to move in with a girl from [redacted] we attended who offered to keep our team at her house as long as we were in [redacted]

After the kidnapping I was afraid to let my parents know where I was but only once I didn't let them know. Then, when I started [redacted] and some people around me were planning to visit their parents I started thinking about the right time to visit mine and realized that I couldn't trust them anymore. They've become very negative again. Many times when they call they ask if I would kill my own parents if Rev. Moon asked me to. From reading newspaper articles I can understand why they have this fear when in the same article about us someone makes sure the Manson or Patty Hearst ordeal is mentioned. Also, my parents have been introduced to young people who have left various other religions and the Unification Church via deprogramming. My parents said they want me to meet some deprogrammers. Whatever is behind all of this, it is doing more than fighting some type of religion. It is fighting freedom of religion and totally destroying the trust in the families. Many suspicions and more conflict than unity has been caused by this whole deprogramming idea. This has to be clearly shown to the public.

14 SIGNED: [redacted]

[redacted] being first duly sworn does depose and say that:

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[redacted]

I joined the Unification Church in [redacted] and since then have been put through some of the most hellish and terrifying experiences of my life. These experiences come as a result of the efforts of "deprogrammers" and numerous other misinformed individuals who are trying desperately to get me out of this church.

My parents kidnapped me [redacted] and transported me from [redacted] to [redacted]. When we finally arrived in [redacted] I was taken to a motel room which had been specially prepared for my arrival. The doors were securely locked behind me and I can remember so vividly the barren coldness of that room. There were two locks on the door, two double beds, a chair and a Gideon Bible, and I realized that this was to be my prison for as long as the "deprogrammers" desired. I had tried to prepare myself internally for what lay ahead during the long car trip to [redacted] but it was extremely difficult when I was confronted with the actual situation. Anger for the mere fact that I had been taken against my will and locked in some room kept building inside of me. I kept thinking--can this really be happening? Isn't this a country founded on religious freedom? Why would my parents who love me so much resort to such heartless and illegal tactics?

I met [redacted] (the deprogrammer), [redacted] and numerous other individuals who had come to assist in my deprogramming. During the [redacted] that I was held I met at least 20 - 30 different people who participated full- or part-time in assisting [redacted]

The deprogrammer, upon entering my room, immediately took control of the people and the situation. My parents obeyed every command and I can remember how sick I felt when I saw how easily my father was manipulated by this man. The deep love that my parents have for me was displayed again and again and used quite effectively by [redacted]. My parents were sent out time after time to fetch coffee or cokes or food for the deprogrammers, and called

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into the room only when they needed to illicit an emotional response from me. Of course it was an unspoken rule that my parents had to foot the bill for all the minor expenses and meals for everyone.

The first part of the deprogramming consisted of [redacted] very strenuous and continuous verbal attacks. I was mocked, degraded, accused of sexual crimes and prostitution. Bible verses were constantly being hurled at me plus lengthy and boring testimonies of individuals who had been deprogrammed from various other religious groups. Only twice during these entire [redacted] did we carry on even a half-way intelligent conversation. Both of these conversations were quickly terminated by the deprogrammers because various things that individuals said were too supportive of my religious beliefs. [redacted] clearly realized that to talk on any kind of rational vain only allowed my parents an opportunity to question whether what they were doing was morally right. The remainder of [redacted] was, therefore, dedicated to developing and maintaining an emotional frenzy within that motel room at all times. I realized the situation and tried with every ounce of strength that I had to completely deaden myself to the people and the environment. It was by far one of the most difficult things I have ever had to do. [redacted] screamed in my face that I was a prostitute and that I hated my parents and wanted to destroy them. They told me the most outrageous lies about Rev. Moon and other people in our church. They told me that if I ever went back to the church that leaders would make me go to court and sue [redacted] in order to discredit and bring about the downfall [redacted] When one group of 'deprogrammers' and body guards got tired they simply called in a fresh group. When I would start to fall asleep someone would kick the bed or poke me to keep me awake. Conversations lasted till very early each morning. I lost track of the hours and no one would tell me what time it was. I was allowed to sleep but was always exhausted from the

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emotional strain. The clothes and all personal possessions which I had were taken from me and my parents were ordered to burn them. For three days the intensive part of the deprogramming continued. I listened to statements and accusations over and over again till I could have screamed. My mind and physical senses were seeking anything other than the monotone of their voices and emptiness of that motel room. On [] day of my captivity I was allowed to go into the restroom alone and take a shower. These few minutes I had to myself were some of the most precious I have ever experienced. I prayed on my hands and knees and it was so peaceful not to have a room full of people watching me and saying "Stop praying to Satan...stop praying to your Reverend Moon, he can't help you now!" I turned the shower on cold and hard and stood under it for a long time just enjoying the cold and the peace. Finally someone came and told me my time was up and to get back out in the motel room.

The process continued until they began to trust me somewhat. I made the statement that if the teachings of the Unification Church were not true as they said then they had the responsibility to give me truth. They agreed and took this as a sign that my mind was finally opening up and I was at least seeking to understand. Many people began to give me truth as they interpreted it and the result was total confusion. Of the seven or eight people in the room I found that no one could agree on the answers to the questions I was asking. [] became a little angry and told everyone to stop. He then said, "Jesus Christ is the only answer and God did not intend for man to know the answers to or understand many things about life." He said I should never read Genesis or Revelation because they could not be understood. He also said that after I was "deprogrammed" he did not want me to even read the Bible for fear that I would "float" back to my previous beliefs. [] then informed me that not only all "cult" members

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would have to be deprogrammed but eventually all Mormons, Jews, Jehovah's Witnesses, people who meditated and members of all groups who did not accept Jesus would eventually have to be deprogrammed. This statement upset a few people in the room but no one dared say anything to show their disagreement.

After [] decided that I had progressed far enough to let me leave the room. I had the most wonderful experience of walking down the hall a few yards and going into another motel room. I didn't try to scream or run because I knew that progress was being made and they were now trusting in my conversion. Also, an escape attempt at this point would have been fruitless since there were [] with me during the short walk. The next day after more talking I convinced everyone that I had rejected Rev. Moon, the Unification Church, and all my previous religious beliefs. I was then taken to [] where [] greeted me with the statement, "You're not deprogrammed! I can still see Satan in your eyes!" When I heard this I thought for sure it was back to the motel room and my immediate reaction was to run. But I stayed calm and didn't react emotionally at all. I asked her what I had to do in order to prove to her my contempt for the "cult." She instructed me to sign a statement declaring my renouncement of the Unification Church and swearing that I would never go back to it. If I ever returned, I was instructed to write, I had been re-brainwashed and gave my parents or proper authorities the right to remove me from the control of these people. When it was written and signed she told me it would have to be notarized and would therefore be a legal paper holding me to the words which I had written. When this procedure was finished she took me into the bedroom and we prayed together. I prayed for Jesus Christ to please help me and guide me in the new direction I must take. It was an emotional, sincere prayer and [] was impressed. When I had finished praying we stood up and tears were streaming down her

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face. She embraced me and said she could see that Satan had left me now completely. She then called Mom and Dad into the room and explained to them that I had been saved and that Satan was gone. My parents were of course overjoyed. We are not a physical family and don't do a lot of kissing and hugging, but now all emotional restraints were forgotten. They were so happy and relieved that even my father cried openly. I cried too--and I still do when I think of this moment. But they were not tears of joy. My heart nearly broke when I saw the tremendous love they had for me yet I knew internally nothing had changed. I still had the same religious beliefs that I'd had [redacted] And I knew that I would have to tell them sooner or later even though it would break their hearts. My parents raised me to be a strong, righteous individual. They taught me to stand and fight for those things that I know are right. The strength of my character comes from my parents and the things that they taught me when I was growing up. I knew that I could not live a lie simply to spare their feelings. It was clear to me at this point that I had to escape from this situation as quickly as possible in order to put an end to this horrible and destructive game. The longer I played along the more this whole deprogramming would hurt my parents, for [redacted] was an expert at directing and manipulating the love which my parents were pouring out to me. The remainder of that evening we all spent together eating and laughing and enjoying each other's company. Externally I smiled and joked, but inside I wanted to vomit.

The next day my parents drove back to [redacted] after buying me new clothes and spending most of the morning with me. The remainder of us (approximately [redacted] drove to [redacted] to begin my rehabilitation. [redacted] and it was here that [redacted] continued the deprogramming on a less strenuous schedule. I was allowed free time to read or swim as long as someone was with me. We also spent time talking about my future and about how to get other members of the church out and deprogrammed.

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[redacted] had names and information provided to him through numerous sources and he wanted me to join in the crusade to save other individuals and to bring him more business. I told him I wanted to go back to [redacted] [redacted]-forgetting all about the Unification Church and its members for a while.

During this time no opportunity came to escape and another carload of people had arrived to rehabilitate a girl from another religious group. Now there were approximately [redacted] people in the house and someone was constantly with me. At this point a plan began to develop in my mind and I began to work it out. I knew that whatever plan for escape that I made had to be perfect and it had to work. I couldn't bear the thought of being recaptured and put through the whole ordeal over again. I was very careful with every detail and yet when I began to actualize this plan I felt tremendous fear and doubt.

My parents and the deprogrammers all believed that I had a [redacted] job back in [redacted] which was to begin in [redacted]. They were reluctant to let me return to [redacted] so soon after my deprogramming for fear that the "Moonies" would try to re-brainwash me and "zap" me back into the group. I continued to press them about this point, explaining how much I wanted to go back and [redacted]. Finally they allowed me to call [redacted]. This is what I had been working for and when the time came to call I was so nervous I could hardly dial the phone. Several people stood around and watched me dial (as I had expected). I actually called [redacted] several times and simply told them that the line was busy each time. People began to sit down and talk among themselves. They lost interest in my constant phone dialing. Finally I dialed a church center back in [redacted] and almost screamed with joy when the familiar voice of my center director and good friend [redacted] answered. I talked to him as if he were [redacted] and gave him

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[redacted] /7

as much information as I could in the context of our talk without it sounding suspicious to those in the room with me. I told him that a relative had died and that I wouldn't be able to come back to [redacted] till after the funeral. Then I gave him my phone number and asked him to have [redacted] call me back later that evening so we could begin planning and preparing for the few days of school that I would miss. Of course [redacted] caught on right away and realized that I needed help. At about [redacted] that night [redacted] (my state director -- [redacted] [redacted] called back with the information that they had church members in the approximate area where they thought I was being held. He informed me that the phone number was unlisted and they couldn't find the exact location. I was to escape as soon as possible and go to the nearest phone to give specific instructions as to my location. While he was giving these directions and words of encouragement I was talking on the other end about [redacted]

[redacted]

With this wonderful news I began planning my escape. My escape route went from the bedroom and through [redacted] and another [redacted] I walked this route several times and learned all the squeaks and small obstacles of which I would have to be careful. I also stashed away a flashlight and stole 15¢ from [redacted] That night over half of the people went to another center [redacted] because of the cramped quarters. Only about [redacted] people remained to guard me so I knew it was the chance I had been waiting for.

At about [redacted] I awoke and crept quietly out of the house. I can honestly say I have never been so scared in my entire life. [redacted] people were sleeping in the same room with me but no one woke up. As soon as I was outside the house I ran as fast as I could, and dived into the ditch every time a car would approach. Finally I came to a house where the people

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were awake and they let me in. I was scared and pretty shaken, so I simply told the woman that a man was chasing me and trying to kill me. It wasn't such an imaginative story, but it was all I could think of at the time. I first called church members and the lady gave them instructions as to how to get to where I was. Next I called the state police and people began arriving within about 20 minutes. It wasn't until I was in the car and driving to [redacted] that I actually realized that I was safe and that the whole ordeal was over.

I spent several days in [redacted] at the Church center resting and trying to get myself back together emotionally. I called my parents to let them know I was ok and found out that [redacted] had already informed them of my escape. [redacted] had told my parents that I had simply "floated" that night, got scared and ran. Immediately the "Moonies" picked me up and "zapped" me back into the group with some quick and expert hypnotic technique. Of course this explanation shifted any blame or accusations away from the "deprogrammers" and encouraged my parents to believe that the deprogramming had worked but I had spaced out for a few seconds and the cult's influence had caused me to run. He did not inform my father that the escape had been carefully planned for quite some time.

As a result of this my parents are still firm believers in deprogramming, and convinced it is the only means by which I will ever leave the Unification Church. Through the support and reinforcement of this large group of people who claim to be experts on the church and its teachings, my parents are also certain that it is evil and that I worship Satan as well as doing many bizarre and destructive rituals. Since the deprogrammers have convinced my parents that I am brainwashed, this automatically takes credibility away from anything that I say. To argue or even talk became totally fruitless at times. Many things happened in that motel room and at the rehabilitation center which are too numerous to mention here. Many things were done and said to me by my

[redacted]/9

parents, [redacted] that I could never justify doing or saying to anyone. Nonetheless--they were done and they were said and the whole experience causes me great pain even to recall it now. My pain however does not even compare to that which my parents have been feeling. Their emotions and love have been played with and used by the "deprogrammers" to the point that many times they become hysterical when they speak to me.

[redacted] feels no responsibility, however. He did what he got paid to do and will always make his services available to my parents again when they so desire.

After the kidnapping and deprogramming ordeal I went back to [redacted] to pack my clothes and to stay with my friends for a short time. No one was supposed to know that I was back in [redacted] however, one morning two men came to the Church center asking for me. They were from the Assistant Attorney General's office and wanted to hear about the kidnapping. I didn't provide any information to them, thanked them for their concern and showed them out. Within a few hours, the Assistant Attorney General [redacted] [redacted] himself, called back and wanted to speak with me. We were to meet the next day in the office of my legal aid lawyer. When we met, I related the entire story of the kidnapping, detail by detail and he listened with no expression of emotion. When I finished he asked me if I would be willing to take a lie-detector test. I said, "Yes," and I think he was a little surprised at my willingness. He then asked me where he and his office came into the picture. I told him that my father had clearly told me that he [redacted] had suggested that the deprogramming be done. He flatly denied making such a suggestion but admitted later on that he had known where I was being held and what was going on. Church officials had asked for assistance from the Attorney General's office in locating and helping me, but nothing was ever done.

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The next day my parents drove to the center and waited outside in their car for many hours looking for an opportunity to pick me up again. They followed me to the office of my lawyer and as I was coming down the steps of his office they met me and began pulling me into the car. I screamed and fought till fortunately my lawyer [] and two other lawyers from the building came to my rescue. A fight began between the lawyers and my parents and lasted till the police came to break it up. It was at this time that my father presented several papers demanding my commitment to [] Mental Hospital [] The papers were signed by a judge and appeared to be legal.

I was taken to the hospital in the back of a police car and my parents drove ahead to talk to the hospital staff about my commitment. When we arrived the hospital refused to commit me because there was a two-week waiting period. Legally I should have been allowed to go free but the police would not help me or provide transportation for me to go back to the center. They left me with my parents who again stuffed me into the car and started driving. Of course I fought and screamed but could get no one to help me. When we were in the car I knew that we were going to another deprogramming so I became hysterical. I actually grabbed the steering wheel of the car and considered for a moment trying to swerve it into the ditch. I couldn't bring myself to do it, however, and in the meantime my father grabbed me around the neck and started pounding my head against the seat. Eventually he came to his senses and stopped the beating.

My father seldom becomes physical and hardly ever even spanked me when I was a child. This display of physical brutality was a complete shock to me and I could clearly see the desperate, unthinking emotional state under which they were acting. The [] drive back to my home in [] [] was filled with screaming and more ridiculous accusations. When we arrived at my home, many phone calls were made and I knew that []

had been contacted again. Fortunately, however, a minister friend of my parents came during the middle of another emotional outburst and saw how tragic the situation was. He concluded that to remove me from the situation would be the best thing for all of us. It was decided that I should be committed at [redacted] into the psychiatric ward. I was taken before the judge to get the proper papers signed and it was here that I demanded to speak to a lawyer. The judge said he would appoint one for me and I refused saying that I had my own lawyer and wished to contact him. My parents didn't want this to happen so the judge tried to persuade me to take one of the lawyers which he recommended. I held my ground (I had watched enough TV to know that I had a right to a lawyer of my own choosing) and was finally given the right to call [redacted]. He was nearly frantic and was very glad to hear from me. [redacted] advised me that Church officials in [redacted] had been informed of my situation and lawyers were being called in to help. He told me not to willingly commit myself.

I was then taken to the hospital, admitted against my will, and searched. I can remember how humiliated I felt during this whole process. All my personal possessions were labeled and locked away and I began trying to get used to my new life in a mental hospital. The days that lay ahead were filled with boredom, testing, EEG's, EKG's, blood tests, examinations, psychiatric tests, group therapy, interviews with doctors, psychologists, and psychiatrists. My parents were allowed to visit me for a short time each day, but these visits were strained and extremely upsetting to me. On the second day of my stay a local lawyer, [redacted] came to visit me and even though I knew he had been hired through [redacted] and the Church, I was afraid to trust him. I told him my story and he was completely shocked and sympathetic at all the injustices which had been dealt me. He assured me that he would do everything in his power to help me and I knew he was sincere.

I experienced many things while in the hospital and will never forget those days that I spent. I learned the value of a friend because during much

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of that time I felt the only person who really understood was [redacted]
I was completely cut off from the rest of the world because my family doctor had ordered that I have no visitors or phone calls except those which he approved.

Meanwhile, out in the world, the press had gotten information about my situation [redacted]
The day of my sanity hearing arrived and the room was packed with reporters, relatives, doctors, townspeople, ministers, friends and ex-Unification Church members. It lasted for several hours and I had to sit facing my father across the table. He seldom looked at me during the entire proceedings and his face remained cold and hard. The judge, being in a very difficult position did not want to make a decision, so succeeded in talking the psychiatrist into continuing my evaluation. Meanwhile, I was ordered not to leave the state or to return to [redacted] where the Church has its centers. I was left homeless as a result of this ruling so was invited to stay in [redacted] with [redacted] another of my lawyers and [redacted] I expected the continued evaluation to consist of one last meeting with the psychiatrist and my stay to be short but this did not prove to be the case. To the surprise of us all, the psychiatrist asked for 5 additional meetings, and more tests which were to be extended over a very lengthy period of many weeks. My lawyers immediately went back to court, demanding a change in this schedule and a lifting of the travel restriction. The judge refused and said that since there was only one psychiatrist in town his schedule had to be complied with. [redacted] opened their home and their hearts to me and I developed a deep love and respect for each member of the family.

After many legal maneuvers, we decided to take the case to Federal Court since nothing was being accomplished in District Court. It had been nearly [redacted]

[redacted] and still I was not even allowed to return to my home in [redacted]
When the district judge was faced with defending himself and his actions
to a federal judge, he decided to drop all travel restriction. I returned
to the Church center in [redacted] and after [redacted]
[redacted] I flew to a [redacted] Church center where the threat of
kidnappers was not so great. It was again another month before the final
ruling on my sanity was made. The test results and testimonies of the
doctors clearly stated that I was not mentally ill or dangerous to myself
or others. The reports were very favorable and declared me to be well-
adjusted, in good touch with reality and functioning on an intellectual
level which was above average. These descriptions of my character were
direct contradictions to the statements which my parents were making to the
press, so the public was very much confused.

As a result of the experiences of these past few months, the once wonderful
relationship that I had with my parents has been completely destroyed. I am
not going to blame anyone for what has happened, least of all my parents.
Their love for me is so strong and it is this love which has motivated them
to do the things they have done. I feel, however, that they have been duped
and used and for this I am extremely sorry. They have lost all faith in me
and believe and trust only "deprogrammers" and members who have been "deprogrammed."
I love my parents very much and wish to educate the American public as to
the crimes and horrors which are being committed by "deprogrammers." It is
my sincere desire that no parent resort to hiring one of these mercenaries
and submit their son or daughter to the hell of which I have just been
put through over the past months. Please believe me! The love that a parent
has for a child is too precious to be abused and destroyed in this way.

Signed: [redacted]

[redacted] being first duly sworn does depose and say that:

STATEMENT BY [redacted]

My name is [redacted]. On [redacted] I was kidnapped by my family and relatives, and taken to a basement where I was kept under lock and key in an effort to deprogram me (as it is called). The term deprogramming implies that one is programmed to begin with. That is where it all started.

I joined the Unification Church in [redacted]. Being raised in a good [redacted] family, respect, love and trust for each person was stressed. My family was very close. My parents and I always had a deep love relationship. There was no lying and I always went out of my way to please my parents and visa versa. When I met the Unification Church and decided to join, which intailed taking a leave of absense from school, my parents were immediately distressed. They thought I was involved in something evil and tried to convince me that I was wrong and get me to leave. They tried for three weeks and gave up. They, at this point, did not approve of my involvement with the church but accepted it. So I went to study at Barrytown and we decided to keep in touch with each other by mail and phone, and occasional visits. From [redacted] [redacted] we did keep in touch by mail and I made several trips home to visit. They still were not positive in regard to the Church, but they were tolerant.

All this changed on [redacted] when my parents went to a meeting of CERF (Citizens Engaged in Reuniting Families) headed by Rabbi Davis. Here my parents heard that brainwashing is used to get members to join the Unification Church and ex-members testified that they were brainwashed and that with the help of deprogramming, they were now able to think on their own. This is just what my parents needed to hear. Even though they did not know what brainwashing actually was, they were deceived into thinking that that is what happened to me. They were told that lack of food, lack of sleep and peer pressure and continuous "force fed" lectures were used to cut off our thinking process and fill us up with Divine Principle. So, appealing to the parental heart of my parents, Rabbi Davis made connections for my parents to get a deprogrammer.

[redacted] helped my parents get [redacted] I am sure, at this point, my parents

2A

[redacted]
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were told all the details of how to get me out.

This is when all the deceit started. I got a letter from home saying that my family may come and visit me at Barrytown, but they put so much emphasis on [redacted] that it seemed strange. At this time there was a lot of kidnapping going on so I was a bit suspicious. This was the beginning of the breakdown of trust in our family. Finally, they came and they did not push [redacted] I was really releived and even felt silly for doubting my parents. A few weeks later they called and said they would like to come again with [redacted] I was really glad and said they could definately come. When they came, it was [redacted] [redacted] They acted extremely friendly to everyone and convinced me to [redacted] [redacted] with them. I felt so glad that I could trust them again and they seemed to approve of the church a little. An answer to all my dreams.

While riding, soon my parents mentioned that my father [redacted] [redacted] This sounded suspicious (because they had waited till I was in the car). They would not let me stop and call up Barrytown, and later I found out that following us all the way were [redacted] [redacted] in a car with walkie talkies and cement blocks (they were to be thrown if necessary). The plan was that if I gave any trouble in the car, they would signal each other, stop, and put me in the back seat of the other car and hold me restrained with force. All the way home, I was not definitely sure it was a kidnapping. My father does [redacted] definitely is possible, and I could understand their desperate desire to get me to see him [redacted] [redacted] But, I still sensed a kidnapping, but my trust for them made me think on the bright side and we had a fairly pleasant conversation home.

Near our home, they suddenly stopped the car and took out gags, and yelled, [redacted] hands and mouth! Feet! Arms!" I screamed and struggled, but it was no use. I found myself in a basement and [redacted] and [redacted] other people were there

[redacted]
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(I later found out to be [redacted] deprogrammed ex-
members of the Unification Church now working for [redacted]) They explained
that they were there to tell me what they found wrong with it. I calmed my mother
and said I didn't blame her, and soon I found out that they were doing this for
money, not for humanitarian reasons, and their boss [redacted] soon appeared on
the scene. He introduced himself and proceeded to tell me that he was here to
deprogram me and that he would be there for as long as it took, up to [redacted]
Then he proceeded to speak lies, with confidence, about the Unification Church.
He said that the Unification Church was communistic, that Rev. Moon inspects men
and women in the nude prior to their wedding and that he can and does have sex with
each and every one of the women. Then he asked me who my True Parents were. His
motive here, clearly, was to let my parents feel that the Unification Church denies
the importance of our physical parents. This is preposterous. As a matter of fact,
the hope and desire of each and every member of the Church is to restore the God-
centered family, NOT destroy families at all. I was calmly trying to point out the
fallacies and lies with [redacted] logic and information, when I realized that
whatever [redacted] said, no matter how illogical, my family agreed with him. So,
soon realized that an intellectual battle would not get anywhere. I desperately
wanted to get back to Barrytown. Each day is so precious and important in training
and I [redacted] so I wanted to get back as soon as possible.
So, I decided that I better go along with their game and put on an act. So, I started
lying and soon I had them convinced that I was deprogrammed. This night they kept me
up till about [redacted] listening to tapes. By the next morning, they were
all convinced that they had successfully deprogrammed me and had me sign a legal
document saying that I had been brainwashed and wished to be taken, by force if
necessary, if ever I was again with the Unification Church. So, I was forced to
sign a false statement, just because that was the only way I could get my freedom
restored.

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After I signed, my father gave either [] or his secretary [] a check for [] told my parents that I was definitely deprogrammed, and there was nothing to worry about. (How wrong he was!) But to cover himself, he said that it was possible for me to be rebrainwashed on the spot if ever I got in touch with a Unification Church member. So this justified my being watched like a hawk, and also took any blame away from him if I ran away. (This is what he said happened to [] and blamed her parents for lack of watching. But, I know [] and she left on her own free will, without any contact with a member of the Church. It is so clear that [] just wants his money and wants to protect himself, regardless of how he makes parents feel.)

So, everyone was happy, especially my parents, and there was a little celebration (inside, I felt like crying because I knew that the heart of my parents' was soon to be really crushed when they found out that I really wasn't out of the Church. Truly the emotions of my parents were played with.) [] advised that it would be best if he kept [] deprogrammed ex-members of the Unification Church with me for a few days. [] also said that [] is important. He says that this is vital, and that it makes the Church really believe that I am deprogrammed. Also, [] stressed the importance of writing letters to the President and to Congress, speaking out against the Church and also to try to get as much publicity as possible in newspapers. (Truly [] is trying to affect future legislation, and we must all join together in an effort to stop this barrage of human freedom. We must flood Washington with letters that speak truth, not lies.)

So, [] left with his money and left me with [] [] They were treated like kings by my family and they stayed with me for [] [] At no point was I ever alone during this period. I could not answer phones or doorbells. I felt like a prisoner in my own home, with the wardens being my parents. What a strange feeling this was!

During this time, both [] drank a lot. [] especially -- he got

drunk almost every night, and his moral standards were not so high. Both [redacted] [redacted] spoke quite selfishly. Truly they cared about themselves first. (These things particularly distressed me. [redacted] were supposed to be my examples and their standard repulsed me. Truly, they were not up to the Christian standard, and here my parents were approving them being my counselors. I really saw my family as being invaded by evil. Its standard definately got lowered.) [redacted] always seemed nervous and would never concentrate on anything for too long. [redacted] smoked very much and she seemed to have no enthusiam for anything at all. It was like her purpose and direction were taken from her, and she was just rolling with the wind, not caring too much what direction she went. (This also distressed me -- being members of the Unification Church, both [redacted] thought of themselves last and never drank or smoked while with the Church. But now it seemed that they had nothing else, so they had to resort to drinking, smoking, and I imagine soon, sex. This really made me feel so sad. [redacted] took away their high Christian ideals and replaced them with human standards that no one is really proud of. If we judge people by their fruits, it is very plain to see that people in the Unification Church are much closer to God than people out of the Unification Church, and that [redacted] lowers the moral and ethical standard of the people he gets out of the Unification Church.)

So, [redacted] stayed with me until [redacted] when [redacted], cousin of [redacted] an ex-member, came and picked them up. We were all sitting around the kitchen table with [redacted] as the center of attention. (This really got me upset. Knowing what he had done to my family and the way they worshipped him, really hurt me. My [redacted] even thought of working for him, firmly believing that he was a real humanitarian.) [redacted] spoke of [redacted] saying they had just seen her and that she was really tough to break. But he expressed confidence that all he would need was 2 days with her constantly, and she would be broken (deprogrammed). Here, [redacted] really seemed like a nice friendly man, and he even watched [redacted] That night everyone left and I was

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finally alone. I decided to try to leave that night. I stayed up really late, waiting for everyone to go to bed, but my father stayed up until I went to bed. This was even after [] I guess he was told not to leave me alone. So, I finally went up to bed. I was so tired that I feel right asleep, and so did not leave that night. (With this experience, I felt that it was not going to be so easy to get away, because I was planning on leaving at night and even my nights were watched.)

The next day, I was called to go over to the [] house [] was deprogrammed) to have some pictures taken for the book [] is putting out, Let My Children Go. I sort of had to agree to go, and I even felt glad that I would be ruining all their pictures (I am sure that they would not put my pictures in his book when he found out he was not successful with me.) At the [] house, a party was mentioned to [] He said he would like to go and asked if I would like to go. I sort of refused, but at the last minute, I decided to go to see if parties had changed at all. My parents even wanted me to go (even though they knew it was mainly a drinking party. That upset me too. They actually wanted me to go to a party like this, while before, they never would want me to go to such a party.)

The party was really distressing, and the atmosphere was low. (Looking back on this whole incident, this is truly the worst part of my whole experience. Here I really felt how difficult it is for good people to be good in our evil society.)

[] he arranged to have [] He told me to particularly stress lack of food, lack of sleep, a low-protein diet, peer pressure, and that I was motivated by fear and guilt to [] He left that night and I planned to leave home on [] before [] came and my mother woke me up saying that [] was on the phone. They wanted to come over that day [] Here I got nervous. I did not want to [] but I knew that if I didn't, my parents would know that something was fishy and would probably call [] back and he would start all over again -- only this time I am sure that they wouldn't have believed me for a long time. I tried to find a minute when I was alone and would be able to run away,

but I didn't. So, [redacted] I tried to be as unabusive as possible, but each word I had to say against the Church really hurt. [redacted] was really nice. She had a feeling I was not really out of the Church. That afternoon, [redacted] called and said they were coming back to [redacted] In the meantime, I went out with my mother to the store (I was hoping to be able to get away that afternoon.) I had one chance that afternoon to get away, but I could not carry it out. I didn't really think I had enough time.) So, [redacted] came again and [redacted] with my mother. (My poor mother got so hysterical and emotional. I felt so hurt.)

The next morning, I woke up, got dressed, saw that no one really saw me, and ran out. I ran up the block and took a cab to the National Headquarters. I was so nervous all the way. I really was in a panic. I know that if I ever got caught, I would be locked up for months, like [redacted]

When I was safe in National Headquarters, I called up my home and explained everything -- that I had put on an act [redacted] and that I never really left the Church. I told them of my love for them, and that I was sorry for the whole incident. I tried my best to console them, but it was of no use. This was always the moment that I had been dreading from the very beginning -- the point of disillusionment, the point when my parents' heart would be broken. The point when they again would feel like they lost their daughter. The phone conversation was worse than I had ever imagined. Tears and screams from both my mother and father, pleading from [redacted] and calm reasoning from [redacted] Each was trying to use anything as bait just to get me back home to try again. I could feel the deep love they felt for me, and it just killed me to be the one who in a way was causing such deep pain. And then I thought of [redacted] and Rabbi Davis. If my parents had not had anything to do with them, and if they did not even exist, how glad my parents would have been to see me involved in the Unification Church. They would then have been able to judge the Unification Church by its own merit and fruits, and I am sure that, by this time, they would have seen some good in it. But thanks to [redacted] and Rabbi Davis, all the good was

twisted and lied about and distorted and they think it is evil and satanic.

Then I wrote out a document saying that I was psychologically forced to sign the document against the Church and arranged [redacted]

[redacted] came over the next day, and I was able to tell her the truth [redacted]
[redacted] thanks to [redacted] and the kidnapping episode. I said I was forced to lie by [redacted] (I was always very strict with myself about lying, before this.)

I called my parents back again and told them [redacted]
Their attitude was still the same, but this time they were concerned about me seeing them. Their attitude overall was that now they wanted to, in a way, forget me. It seemed that they were so hurt that they felt they did all they could and that now they were sort of disowning me. My mother also pledged not to try it again, and really pleaded not to sue. Then [redacted] said that if I sued anyone, it should be her, not my parents. (I was really hurt here, that money entered into it.)

So, I went back to Barrytown to resume training. The next time I had contact with my parents was on [redacted] I spoke to [redacted] -- he was pretty rude and would not let me talk to my mother. Then I called again on [redacted] and again I could not talk to my mother. All I wanted to do was just say Merry Christmas and tell them that I was okay. No matter what went on, I knew my mother still loved me and wanted to know if I was okay. And the fact that I could not comfort her in this way, thanks to [redacted] really hurt me. I remember really crying and pleading on the phone just wanting to talk to my mother and finally being hung up on. At this point I could clearly see what [redacted] had actually done to our family. It was gone. It really seemed that they now wanted to forget they had me as a daughter, and give me up for dead. I just know my parents' heart is broken and everyone at home, including relatives and friends, are all deeply grieved and think that this is the worst thing that ever happened to the [redacted] family. (I definitely agree. It was, thanks to [redacted]

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Looking back on the whole incident, my main feeling is one of sadness. I feel awful at what Rabbi Davis and [] have done to my family. They first started my parents lying, then they had my parents commit the illegal act of kidnapping. Along with kidnapping, violence was used, and [] were ready to use heavy cement blocks for something. My family never did things like this before, and it is only because of the deception of [] that they resorted to such animalistic methods to get me out of the Church.

[] has made my mother feel stricken with guilt. Now that I am back with the Church, she blames herself for not watching me closely enough. She and everyone at home still believe that I was brainwashed, got de-programmed, and am now re-brainwashed.

Thanks to the whole incident, for [] I was not able to pray freely. If I had they would have thought I was faking. Looking back, I guess that I should have gone to the bathroom to pray more, because that was really the only place I could be alone to pray freely. Due to this lack of deep connection with God, I was subject to do things I would not ordinarily do. Truly, one's connection with God is what gives us our strength.

I also saw the values of my parents so much more clearly. They seemed more happy with me being among drinking and smoking and self-centered people, rather than with the selfless, non-smoking and non-drinking people at the Unification Church. This was really sad for me to see face to face.

So, overall I feel extremely sad that I can no longer trust my family. Trust being the most important thing in our lives, is completely gone. I long to be able to trust my parents, but I can't. I love them so much and I can't even tell them where I am for fear that they will try to kidnap me again. Also, their lives are miserable. Even though I have not heard anything from them since Christmas, I just know how they must feel, since they think they have lost their daughter to Satan, and they think that it is their fault. So I feel determined to do something to ease the hearts of my parents and to do something to prevent this

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from happening to other families. [] and Rabbi Davis must be stopped. The truth must get out to everyone. People must not be deceived any more by these men. People must learn what the Unification Church stands for, and must be able to recognize the deception used by [] to get their money and to get their children out of the most valuable Church in the world. Most of all, people must learn what brainwashing actually is, and that [] uses brainwashing techniques, not the Unification Church. Truly I can see the worst thing in the world is ignorance, and that is exactly what we have to eliminate. We must eliminate the ignorance and let people become aware of the necessity of judging things for themselves with first-hand information.

It is also very distressing to see the effects of [] on ex-members. They, for the most part, abandon Christian ideals and God altogether. They are forced to resort to things like drinking, smoking and sex for satisfaction. All their ideals are gone. They accept this world and they try their best to get other people out of what they call "an idealistic Satanic cult." They also appeared a bit nervous to me in [] presence, especially [] and are unable to concentrate on one thing for very long. Also, selfishness seemed prevalent in all of them.

I feel it especially important to let parents know that, if for no other reason, parents should not trust [] because he is unreliable. It is very easy to pull the wool over his eyes and fool him into thinking you are deprogrammed. So, he often gets paid huge sums of money for doing nothing.

SIGNED: []

[redacted] being first duly sworn does depose and say that:

Through the most intense, psychotic living nightmare I discovered the reality of deception and evil in mankind today. Most Americans only fantasize such bizarre occurrences. It's as though Chicken Little is on the warpath screaming "the sky is falling," creating a dangerous frightening phenomenon which is beyond human logic.

[redacted] by means of fear, deception, force and fantasy, has crushed the minds, hearts and lives of too many innocent pure-intentioned parents. I was a victim of this vicious hysteria that's sweeping the American people today. The viciousness of this nationwide paranoia is the distrust, alienation, fear, and deep heartbreak deprogramming causes between the adult and parent.

I love my parents more than anyone else in my life; if not for them I would have no life. They nurtured, clothed, loved and fed me both physically and spiritually. I am deeply indebted and grateful to them. I was taught of the love, truth and beauty of God in each step along my road to maturity. Upon reaching the age of legality I had numerous experiences which led me in a continued search for God and spiritual life. The deepest of my desires, however, was to unite in heart with my parents. I tried in every way to satisfy and gain the trust and love of my parents.

When I joined the Unification Church I was so overjoyed. For the first time in my life there was the opportunity to restore the problems of the past, the lack of communication, and trust my parents and I felt between us. I knew that each of us had to come half way, give a little. I never wanted to hurt or lie to my parents. I was in ecstasy that I could actually love my parents with a true Christian's love, not letting personal resentments cloud our family's love.

Now it was my turn to give, after taking all these years. I was proud of my parents for actually the first time in over 10 years! I felt hope for our future friendship. Sadly through the years and problems with

[REDACTED] before me, our family had separated internally, each one going for the most part, their own separate ways.

I said so freely and sincerely, "Dad, Mom, I thank and love you for all that I am and all that you are." I asked, despite the fact I hurt them in the past, to trust me in my capability to decide my career and pursuits of happiness.

Because of the scarred relationship we had as a family, my parents were confused as to what I was doing. Many times in the past I had misled and lied to them simply because they were rather protective, [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] I told my parents in a phone call that I had found the answers to some of the philosophical questions I had been asking not only myself but everyone else around me also. My parents asked that I think things over, talk to them first and then do what I thought best.

Meanwhile other sources were filling my parents with rumors, and falsified stories causing deep embarrassment, for their promising daughter joined some wacky religion. It was annoying to have your child different than most kids. "Just be a kid," my parents would say, "don't take the whole world on your shoulders." They had to admire my courageous ambition and dedication to humanity. However, because of strict religious convictions my personal choice of a lifestyle and religion other than [REDACTED] was both appalling and defiant in their eyes.

I told my parents that because they were opposed to my behavior that they might be contacted by [REDACTED] and the deprogrammers. My mother said, "I can't agree with what you are doing, [REDACTED] but I would never do that to my child." They said that they knew it was useless to fight someone who believes in what they are doing. They said it it's true, it'll prove itself.

I was living in [REDACTED] at this time. I had dropped out of school, which I was planning to do anyway for I found no stimulation or substantial

feedback from my classes and college environment. I wanted to give my life to God and His goals for world brotherhood. This was the most important thing in my life.

I realized that because of my past independent attitude, and rebellious incidents that the restoration of my parents and my reunion would take much patience, repentance and prayers. I was determined to make up for what all of their children had done knowingly and unknowingly in the past 10 years. I understood that they were tired of being misused, misunderstood and alienated from their children. They needed love from me more than ever before. And I was ready to give it with all my heart and soul. I used to write and/or visit them every 2 weeks.

I went to see [REDACTED] who they respect very much. He said he was pleased I had found God yet disappointed I didn't find rebirth in [REDACTED] [REDACTED] I wasn't opposed to church, I went every Sunday, but it wasn't enough! I wanted to know completely God's will for my life, my family and this family of mankind. [REDACTED] wished me well and said not to worry too much about my parents emotionalism, he realized they were a little rigid in their beliefs. We parted friends in Christ. [REDACTED] and my father came to see me at my [REDACTED] Workshop before this one meeting just mentioned above. They left quite pleased with the high atmosphere and love generating throughout the household.

My mother was convinced I was brainwashed, because of negative publicity and unfounded rumors of drugs, sex orgies and Communist tactics being enforced. She and I battled it out one night for nearly two hours because her fear that I was out of my mind had grown so much that she became desperate. She pulled and pleaded, not listening to reason or personal preference, attempting to take me home with her. She accused the Church of terrible things and shouted names at me she under normal circumstances would never use. It hurt so much to see how my mother was so misled by scandal. She

was so very angry at these people who now she felt had "control" over my life. One girl calmly approached this [redacted] scene trying to bring some peace between us when my mother turned and swung at this girl, knocking her glasses to the ground. It was so sad. My mother has always been emotional but never so outraged. Even when [redacted]
[redacted] years ago my parents accepted their decision better than when I gave my life to God. Why? Because of fear, fear based on ignorance of the truth. How awful when such fear causes splits within the family structure. It may appear as though I was the one who split by joining this movement but the fact is I was already living on my own and deep down in our hearts the tie was severed years earlier.

The main reason I'm here now working in the Church is to rebuild the family structure which is deteriorating so quickly in our country through divorce, mistrust, and confusion. I thank God that I was given such wonderful parents who've taught me a high moral standard of goodness and truth that I can now give to a world that needs one so desperately. Time was vital for the past wounds of resentment were deep. I knew that by my developing in my capacity to love them I could, in a sense, fulfill or raise my parents up to a point where we could love again from our hearts unselfishly.

Just as I had been frustrated and confused as a child growing up because of my ignorance in life, so my parents too were now in that same state of confusion and ignorance as to who and where exactly I was in my heart.

I asked them time and again to come and listen to my new found philosophy yet they wouldn't comply because they distrusted not so much my judgment but the strangeness of those within the Church. Their role as time progressed, because of negative news media, became one of pity, like I was an incoherent babbling idiot who needed rescuing.

NBC-TV had a documentary special on the Unification Church which fortunately

enough my parents missed. [] did view it, however. He said he was so upset and totally horrified that such a group exists that he couldn't sleep the entire night. The next time I saw him he was a changed man, no longer honest, trusting and warm; he was now distant and more reserved. I could see that this horrible [] was destroying all my long awaited hopes of saving a family that slowly was dying.

I've cried countless tears and many, many hours both before and after joining the Unification Church simply because I loved my parents yet we never expressed it openly as much as it was needed. I was so angry and protective of my parents -- I didn't want them contacted by [] I made them promise they would never do that! I also figured that if they really knew me at all they knew that if restrictions were placed on me either physically or emotionally I became all the more rebellious. They also knew I was above average in intelligence and was not fanatical or subject to impulsive decisions when deciding crucial matters.

My father wanted very much to believe that I was still [] and had sane reasons for my doing what I do, besides the fact I am an adult. But because he's been hurt by all of his [] children, he's become disillusioned. He has become withdrawn and my mother has become more outspoken than ever before.

One particular weekend when I was home visiting I saw some old Christian friends from a Bible study class which I participated in years before. They asked what I was doing now and I told them. The one man got furious and started accusing not only the Church but myself of many untrue things. He felt, because he was told to do so, his responsibility and duty was to do all he could to help all the poor souls in this "cult," as he put it.

He was so furious, he completely changed. As a Christian viewing another fellow Christian I was shocked! In all the years I knew him I've never seen him carry on this way. He started yelling at me that he knew now this could happen.

[Signature]

He told me why I joined this movement, how lukewarm I was in God's eyes and how I would be struck down dead when the Judgment Day comes. If I hadn't left right then he would have gone on forever.

Another unjust persecution. I was not only by this time becoming used to such antics but my heart ached so much for these angered people. I also was scared because of the strength and potential power of their unchallenged anger.

Around this same time, friends warned me of an ex-member to the Unification Church who was in town visiting as many people as possible that would listen to him. I told my parents of this and asked them to please trust me, not just for my sake, but for their sake especially. I didn't want these resentful crusaders of [redacted] corrupting my parents with pure garbage. I witnessed too many of my good friends turn hostile to the point of violence against Reverend Moon and his following.

I knew they were forced out of fear to actively persecute us. Kids who were loving and kind all of a sudden, over night, were becoming completely negative for no sound rational reason whatsoever. And then, to see them go out and convince other innocent bystanders of their personal opinions, presenting it as total truth, was unbearable. Especially, to hear my parents spout off phrases they've either heard or read somewhere, thinking they're true, was really disappointing. I was so hurt my parents put so little faith in my judgment. Beyond that the fact that they placed some angry stranger's distorted truth above their own flesh and blood was disappointing also. However, this entire time, again for the first time in my life, I understood 100 percent why they said and believed as they did. When we visited together emotional frenzy stood in the way of any realistic communication.

At this same time [redacted] and his following which now consisted of [redacted] and [redacted] actively campaigned against us at the [redacted] campus. The school newspaper, the ecumenical minister, and the Campus Crusade for

Christ student director all united with [] group in the fight against CARP on campus. In a short period of just [] the entire student body and all those mentioned above were angry, hostile and threatening towards the [] residing at our CARP center. The editor of the school newspaper came barging in our home one afternoon and told us he was doing an objective report on CARP. Angry students were crying out, "Boycott CARP," "Expose CARP." All this started with [] [] They took pictures inside and outside of our house, went into our prayer room, asked us one-sided questions and proceeded to publish an eight-page issue of the weekly student newspaper centering totally on CARP. The entire report was very biased and unfeeling. We weren't human beings; we were sub-human, something to be mocked and laughed at. The students teased our members and would come under our windows at night when they were drunk and scream, "Communists." One night a boy climbed our fire escape trying to come in our house. May I just add that this whole time CARP had open houses, free lectures, free movies, free speakers, bulletin boards, editorials and radio programs urging the student population to come for themselves and find out who and what we really were. If they were willing to come and listen we could honestly explain to them our position. One or two came. Most of the students were afraid, they literally ran from us as if we were diseased, or they were outright mean and cruel beyond justification. By this time we were called CRAP on campus, due partly to a "misprint" on the part of the school newspaper. We [] had turned the entire campus of 10,000 upside down, and many students were just indifferent and knew that what was presented was biased and yet their principal concept as to who and what we really were was still distorted because of the media.

Our home was situated in the middle of fraternities and sorrorities who were the most opposed on campus. We were called "the house on the

hill" and by this time people were afraid to even come near our home, or recognize it as such. They thought we were Satan worshippers, drug abusers, homosexuals, sexually perverted and political leftists.

I was utterly amazed. The same students I was friends with, attend classes with, joked with only two months before were now belligerent, hateful and completely confused. I felt like a monster. I was made to feel as if I was the most evil, corrupted person on campus. I really felt the heart of Jesus as they nailed him to the cross and crucified him. "Forgive them, Father, for they know not what they do." How true a statement that was!

The same day our foes published this news article (eight pages of pictures and quotes from mind control authorities), the most terrible event of all occurred. [redacted] were standing in our dining room [redacted] night preparing to leave for a weekend workshop when all of a sudden there were noises on the side of our house. It sounded to me like animals grunting and grumbling outside our window. I couldn't imagine what was going on. Before I knew it, rocks about a foot in diameter were being hurled through all the windows on that side of the house. We all ran for cover. The three or four minutes this lasted seemed an eternity. I was so terrified I started crying. At that point I really felt for the children of Vietnam, and the sufferings of war. The hell of its reality! All of the windows in the kitchen, living room and prayer room were broken. In fact the rocks were thrown so hard that they cracked the plaster on the walls on the opposite side of the room!

I then realized, yes, it's a war! And my own parents are victims of their attacks! I called and told my parents. My mother said, [redacted] that's simply unreasonable. I don't believe in carrying on that way; that's savage." Again, she said she had no intentions in ever holding me against my will. However, she was contacted by an ex-member named [redacted]

who had returned to my parents' hometown after being deprogrammed. He found out, through my Christian friend I wrote of earlier, and once again refilled the fear in my parents' hearts. So much they couldn't sleep at night. They got my parents to a point where they didn't care how they did it -- they had to rescue their daughter who was brainwashed. When I found out he visited them I was really mad at him. I could accept the fact that my parents wouldn't accept my decision but I knew the danger and viciousness of [redacted] I was living through it at that very moment.

The ex-members and the concerned parents came to [redacted] [redacted] and called a meeting with the students on "exposing" CARP. To be on campus they had to be sponsored or invited. So [redacted] old boyfriend was in student government and got permission. The president said "yes" only on the condition that we (CARP) would be represented also in equal time. Well, they gave equal time, I think 15 minutes, but we only had one speaker and they had seven, featuring [redacted] who at that time were number one and number two top men for [redacted]

700 people attended, 70 percent very much against us. We made an appearance but were really unfairly judged. The next step was to kick us off campus entirely once and for all. Thanks to the beauty and justice of the U.S. Constitution, the right for us to remain as an established student club was irrevocable if simply based on unfounded rumors. The damage was done already, however. I feel so sorry for those students so blindly misled, thinking CARP was something barbaric.

My parents and I would go out to eat about once every two weeks. One time [redacted] began to say, [redacted] I think if you're happy -- and you appear to be -- and you believe this is good then, go on and continue." My mother who was actively working with the [redacted] and ex-members, became outraged in the middle of the restaurant. She started yelling and accusing me and the Church of lying, stealing, breaking the civil and scriptural

arch +
April 1975

law, hating parents, brainwashing and satanism. She continued to talk that way until they were, all [REDACTED] of them ([REDACTED]), opposed to me and the movement. My mother said, "You don't care about us. You always hated us. You love Moon-- he's Satan himself. You're so easily misled anyway. I knew I should never have let you go that weekend." My father said, "You're on an ego trip. You like to see people make a fuss over you. You promised to us you'd never leave home. You lied and I have no more faith or trust in you."

I ran out to the bathroom and cried and cried. My mother never soothed or showed any emotion. She wouldn't even look at me. She did say, "I'm sorry, [REDACTED] this is the way I feel and you'll just have to listen to me. You're wrong and I'll never listen to you or change until the day I die. And so help me, if one of those Moonies ever dares set foot in my home, I'll kill them. You'll wish you never knew them." Her attitude grew even worse in time.

You see, I told them, I would come home and I did, however they wanted me to never go back. They said I was too young [REDACTED]. If I told them I was truly committed to the church they would have kidnapped me and committed me to a hospital. So I had to keep promising them. I knew if they were ever to trust me then I would sometime have to go for a visit.

When in Barrytown training I received a letter from my father just after we had one of our usual heated "discussions" over the phone [REDACTED]. He didn't say "dear [REDACTED]" or "love, Dad"; he just very coldly and matter of factly asked me never to write home again, they were disowning me. I cried and cried for I could feel in the emptiness of his words the hurt and rejection he felt from his children. You see, my father loved me more than most, I think. I was called by his mother when growing up, [REDACTED]. He never liked me to go out with boys and was very concerned that I should not follow in [REDACTED] footsteps. Both [REDACTED] scarred my parents

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beyond belief. The problem was there long, long before I heard Principle.

[redacted] I have a problem with my ankle. I couldn't witness or fundraise and the doctor told me to be flat on my back. He said the only way to overcome it was to be off of my foot completely [redacted] The best place was at home. I thought, "We can now restore those wounds and I can show them I've kept my promise. Also, now they wouldn't kidnap me anyway, as I'm already home. I'll just be myself and love them as I had always wished to but never could."

[redacted] I arrived in [redacted] and I had a nice reception. My parents and I decided to visit [redacted] and vacation. Everything was great. For the first time in my life, I actually enjoyed their company as a true friend not afraid of them as their little girl. The conflict between us was between acting the roles of parent and child or relating as human beings and good friends. I was learning that to be a true friend I must fulfill their needs internally and externally. Becoming both parent and child.

Behind my back this whole [redacted] my parents were scheming with [redacted] [redacted] and some others, when is the best time to deprogram her? I had no conception. We didn't talk about the Church, for if we did the heat was turned on and the blood boiled.

On [redacted] I was on the phone to [redacted] A knock at the door and two ex-members walked in with their sleeping bags and baggage. I knew them both and knew what they were here for. [redacted] and [redacted] were their names. I thought they were trying to harass my parents again whom I was worried about and I got very angry. I said firmly, "I know this isn't a pleasant visit, I didn't invite you, you're upsetting my parents enough as it is, and I love them very much, so please leave." I was totally disgusted at their boldness. Then it hit me! They

Handwritten signature

were looking at me like I was insane, potentially dangerous and intellectually three years old. I looked at my parents and they were coming towards me like a kitten approaching its prey, all encircling me ready for me to jump any minute. I put 2 and 2 together: my own parents lied and deceived me!! They had read and held all my mail for over two weeks. They took away all my books, notes and diaries so they could use them against us. I couldn't believe it. I was crushed. I looked at them and said, "How can you do this, you promised you wouldn't?" My father said, "You've promised us a lot of things in the past, too, [redacted] We were hoping you'd get out on your own." In fact my father didn't really want to do it but my mother felt it was the best time while I was already home. [redacted] were there also but didn't know what was going on. They felt it was time to leave quickly. I was really angered at this whole thing. I thought, "How totally ridiculous!" I had heard about all these people being gone for months in Canada and I started getting scared. At that time, not a lot was really known about how they (the deprogrammers) operate and the advice given by Church members was to escape as soon as possible. A little voice inside said, after realizing the battle at stake, "Boy, what a test of faith this one is!" I was internally prepared for the worst. However, because of the initial shock my impulse was to get away before they take me away. As [redacted] was going to leave, I was very calm up until this point, I nonchalantly walked over to the door to make a fast getaway. I broke past my brother and ran as fast as I could, screaming at the top of my lungs, "Help! Police! Call the police!" My mother reminded me of the witch in the Wizard of Oz as she screamed to [redacted] "Get her!" I forgot [redacted] and I had a bad ankle so they tackled me quickly, all [redacted] of them, one block away, [redacted] [redacted] I was screaming and they covered my mouth but I bit their hands. [redacted] was overseeing and said, "Don't let her go. We'll take her to such and such a place." That's when I really freaked out. I said, "No, don't take me away. I want to stay at home, please, I'll

listen, just let me stay home." I knew I was safer with my parents than at some other place. I was kicking and screaming, I was so afraid they were going to either rape me or drug me. They dragged me along the street and [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] All the neighbors were outside watching this and someone called the police. I was wearing a skirt which was torn to shreds now and had nothing on my legs. I was so humiliated. I felt like I was being treated like an animal, and a criminal, and I knew that if my parents really ever knew what they had gotten themselves into they would die. It was for their sake that I stuck it out-- I didn't flip out even though I wanted to, just to end it. But I knew in my heart that I must endure this for their sake, dignity for God's sake and the sake of the world.

They carried me back into the house and I couldn't talk because I screamed so hard for so long. I was put on a bed and my mother and father were repeating over and over again, "We're doing this because we love you, [REDACTED] We went through this with [REDACTED] and we won't go through it again!" Once before my mother told me that my staying with the movement would be the cause of her going insane. I felt responsible for her and yet every time I looked at my parents and the deep love they have for me I realized, "Ah-ha, this is what God has felt all these thousands of years when His children rejected Him!"

I realized that the principle of "to every action there is an equal and opposite action" was applicable here. If I was violent, they were violent. If I acted crazy, so did they. So I prayed and God showed me the way to go. Love them, I heard. The game was emotional, very deep, don't compromise, you didn't agree to play it in the first place.

I realized the quicker I was "deprogrammed," the easier for everyone concerned. Thank God, I was already home [REDACTED] so my adjustment between both environments had already been made. I saw exactly why they do

these things, they really believe they're helping me. Any means necessary to achieve the end was acceptable.

By this time the police came and I thought ah, my salvation -- but no break. [] went out to see them and said, "You know what this is all about. I told you earlier." The policeman gave directions to carry on.

I thought, "Is this America, the land of freedom? Boy, the people in this country are absolutely blind!" The fact that this type of activity even goes on freely was beyond me! Only one person of the crowd outside my home didn't believe my deprogrammers when they said, "She's gone crazy, she is hallucinating on drugs." One boy said, "Oh yeah, bring her out and prove it to me." [] who is very quick-tempered anyway, told me later he was ready to punch this kid and told him just that. Either you leave or you'll get hurt. My mother said it was good that I reacted that way because it would show the neighborhood parents with small children how these "cults" really affect children today.

The deprogrammers said that it's best when you go nuts and flip out because it gets rid of the evil possession within. I was cool, calm and collected and figured that, as usual, there's a reason for everything and God was teaching me something by this, so be patient.

They began the session about [] and went until about [] By about [] they were convinced I was deprogrammed. I told them I was going to leave the Church anyway but wasn't positively sure. By this time, there were [] of us in the room, my parents, [] ex-members ([] , a reverend and a passer-by who was invited in. They couldn't call Reverend Moon anything but "Moon" and "the cult." They gave their testimonies and constantly made jokes about the Church. They praised [] "how wonderful," "he's so nice," "we really love him -- you'll love him too." I asked, "Where is he?" [] they added. So I became friends very quickly with them and they trusted me. I was a very convincing actress, even to myself.

I realized it was all in the mind.

The two biggest fears I had were, at first, I understood the depth of their power so I thought, "Maybe they can read my mind." That scared me, once I knew I had my own mind then I was okay. Then they started telling me about people I knew that were committed and declared insane. That really scared me. In fact that was the underlying threat the whole time, "If you don't comply we have the power to commit you!" I had to be very careful. I felt so sorry for them, they really believed that they were right!

However, as they talked if you opposed them then they got scared. If you agreed then they were happy. So, someone else had done this to them and now they do it to us, on down the line. The first question my father said was, [REDACTED] "who are your true parents?" I said, "Why? Why do you begin by asking me about my beliefs now? I wanted to talk for months and you wouldn't listen! What kind of love is there between parents and children when they have to call outsiders in to change something?" I felt so sorry for their ignorance and yet I knew how powerful the resulting fear from ignorance can be! They had no standards so total chaos could result easily and hurt someone badly. They always asked, "Where's this person now? Did you know this person has left?" "Did you know Moon has had seven wives and is a bigamist?" "He's used to 'change the blood lineage' by having sex with all the girl members." "He's 56 and his wife is 18." They spoke with such hatred!

My parents told me later they had no idea what to expect but these "good kids" had won their trust completely. My parents kept saying, "Why can't you be like [REDACTED] she's such a nice girl." They wanted me to meet the [REDACTED] but I told them to leave me alone. It was so unnatural, superficial, insincere. Their jokes were disgusting and dirty. I was shocked that my upright religious parents stood for it. [REDACTED] was really girl crazy, always cracking jokes. [REDACTED] didn't like it and

used to tell him to stop. [redacted] who later came to visit me asked if [redacted] She calls him [redacted] always talked about how terrible the food was and how he's gained 30 pounds since leaving. Then someone said, "What do you think about Moon as the Messiah?" [redacted] said, "Well, if he is, he's an awful fat Messiah." Everyone laughed.

I never signed anything or denied anyone except what I had to say to get by. I was most disgusted at the whole affair. They were like little children who had created a fantasy and accept it as reality. I was so hurt and yet I understood my parents' heart. I was concerned for all of them.

[redacted] For the next month I was visited about [redacted] times a week. I had to meet and call people. I received letters, and I was terrified. I knew I had to leave. I was in the hands of people who didn't understand myself or my innermost feelings. At night after having blocked out all the emotion from the day before I thought and thought and prayed, "Please, God, deliver me from these people so I can help them and You." Every night from [redacted] until [redacted] I planned my escape. I couldn't talk to friends, relatives, even [redacted] It was sheer hell. I had to pretend for a month that I was something I wasn't just so I wouldn't be persecuted physically and spiritually. How tragic. My head was okay. God was with me but the distorted experience as a whole was painful. My parents were so proud of me being back to "normal" again. They had tried to create or re-create me into something I wasn't. When I finally got the opportunity to escape I left for [redacted] called [redacted] and got an escort to [redacted] The whole trip there was a nightmare. In fact each night and day after that I was living in total fear that they were going to come get me. [redacted]

I called home and they were furious and called me "stupid, ignorant fool," "You're not my daughter." My mother threw away all my belongings

at home, tore up all the family pictures of us, and burned the negatives, and got drunk (this was true when I first joined also). My mother very rarely drinks. She told me she was humiliated but as they both cried over the phone, they pledged to me that they had now found their purpose in living, fighting all evil cults. What a terrible thing to give one's life energy to -- destructiveness!

I hid for a while in [] under an alias, but I was so mad! I wanted to go to all the newspapers, get on all the TV news and publicize the atrocity of [] He destroyed my family and left a deep scar on each one's heart. He's the one and those like him that cause my mother to cry herself to sleep! He's the one that causes my father to disown me. I love my parents like never before. I can give my love so freely to them. I forgive them for all I used to hold against them and I repent for all I've done to them. It's [] and the like that stand in the way of my parents and my reconciliation.

I went home in [] for [] For the first time they knew I was sane. I decided to go back on my own. I gained self confidence and I did truly love them. They said I looked very good. They had to respect my individual decision for the first time.

It hurts so much when I hear of other people who were or are being kidnapped. I know from experience it's wrong! It doesn't solve anything but creates tension, fear and mistrust among parents and children. Even though I'm young, wisdom comes through age, they say, but only because of experience. Well, I've experienced sheer hell, no love, no heart, no home. The worst of all is that the American people aren't responding! How can they know this nightmare exists and just ignore it? This is just as I see it another manifestation of our blindness to reality. The country is falling and don't we even care? Who'll save the children? That's why I'm here. By deprogramming, [] [] and his followers believe they're saving the children but that's why the Unification Church exists. To save all the children -- God's children --

and that includes our parents, too.

So now I feel like a parent. I'm the one to teach what I've learned to them. If they won't listen then I'll have to show them my love in my actions.

I feel strongly that the time is now to change the past and create a future family of man with the power of God's love.

[redacted] years old, born [redacted] in the Unification Church

[redacted] years old, born [redacted]
[redacted] resident of [redacted] background, [redacted] and [redacted] ethnic origins.

[redacted] years old, born [redacted]
resident of [redacted] background, [redacted] ethnic origin.

SIGNED: [redacted]

[redacted] being first duly sworn does depose and say that:

b6
b7c

TESTIMONY OF [redacted]

January 24, 1976

My experiences of the past few months are classical examples of how love can be channelled in a wrong direction to yield unfortunate results. I can never question my parents love for me as their son. It was their prime motivation for kidnapping me. It was the reason for their overwhelming desire to see me through an intensive deprogramming process. Out of love, however, much resentment and bitterness has arisen.

It all began last [redacted] My parents were paying me a visit at Barrytown and we had decided to enjoy the sights [redacted] I remember clearly how much I wanted to please my parents that day. I wanted everything to go smoothly. I wanted everybody to be happy. It ended up as a nightmare.

Because my parents were my parents, I wanted to trust them. I wanted to cooperate with them, and I let them drive. It was not until I had realized that the [redacted] hitchhikers they had picked up were actually deprogramming "muscle men" that I came to understand that my trust had been violated. I cannot today safely feel I can trust my parents in the same way I did that fateful day. I can remember vividly those first few days of deprogramming. There was fear of the unknown. I asked myself, will I regain my freedom? Only assurances from perfect strangers that I would eventually become "myself" again were answered in return. This was no comfort.

In the beginning I did not realize the seriousness of the course I was to undertake. This came quickly however. The home I was detained in was about to be raided by the police. Only after escorting me away without a moments notice were the deprogrammers able to avoid my rescue by the authorities. That same day I found myself [redacted] in the

State of [REDACTED] eye-balling a police officer of a somewhat different nature. He was telling me coldly that he would personally see to it that I would be recaptured should I luckily manage to escape the claws of the muscle men. It was made only too clear that I had no choice but to enjoy the companionship of my new "friends". I was well reminded that friends in this strange world of ours need not always be friendly.

My "friends" did not seem to be all that impressed when I mentioned our nation's first Bill of Rights. They were convinced that I was deceived. They were confident that if we waited long enough I would see it their way. Their methods of persuasion were not all that enjoyable. They especially seemed to relish the opportunity to accuse me of everything under the sun. To them, I was an ungrateful, spoiled, and possessed little boy who needed to escape from reality. My mother, who continued to be at my side throughout the interrogations was quick to add her acknowledgements to their words. She was also quick to resort to an emotional outburst of anger out of her frustrations to my replies to these accusations. When this led to a sudden slap in my face I had the immense feeling that I had turned into the main character of a nightmarish dream. This feeling was only increased as I noted the bickering between the various deprogrammers, and their attempts at humor through lewd jokes.

After coming to the conclusion that these people were not too open to my words, I made a feeble attempt to send information to Barrytown. I was able to acquire an unused postcard that [REDACTED] had kept as a souvenir. It was my hope to obtain a stamp and to race towards the nearest mail box with the post card. Unfortunately, my plan failed when, taking my first opportunity to grab a stamp, I was spotted in the act.

After this failure and because of a great feeling of fatigue as a result of the intensity and longevity of their questioning, I next resolved to deceive the deprogrammers. I led them to believe that I finally came to see it their way. This was very easy to do. They were expecting it. Immediately and dramatically they changed their feelings toward me into a more affectionate way.

I was so happy to escape from these people. They had so much wanted to break my spirit. It was clear that they wanted to arouse my anger, and they had become extremely frustrated with me when I did not express this anger. I was determined to keep my cool. It was not always easy because they insisted on putting me in an environment in which I could find no connection to my former "evil ways" of life. This is why they burned my clothes. This is why they screamed at me when I began to pray. This is why one person told me in a most authoritative way that he would "kick the teeth out of my mouth" if I wouldn't stop smiling while relating to him my personal understanding of a specific scripture in the Bible. They even once rejected my request for honey on my toast for this same reasoning. Even though these very same people had suddenly become very warm towards me when I deceived them of my beliefs, they were definately not the kind of people I had ever been associated with in the past.

They decided to return me to my home state of [REDACTED] where they could undergo their follow-up operation of rehabilitation. The purpose of "rehab", (as they called it) was to provide a safe transition between the process of deprogramming and a period of living in what these people had determined for me was normal for todays society. It was strange to me that this "norm" should include their own practice of homosexuality and use of drugs, but did

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not include my former way of understanding God and my subsequent ways of worshipping Him.

My deception had served its purpose, I was able to relinquish the oppressive bonds of the [REDACTED] deprogrammers. Once back in [REDACTED] I had to consider my next course of action. Remembering Peter's denials of Jesus, I began to feel accused for compromising my beliefs for even a couple of days. Since I was so far away from [REDACTED] I felt very safe when I told my rehabilitators that I had re-examined my view of life and had adopted again my old ways of thinking.

They were furious. Immediately they began to boldly suggest that I had better reconsider. Because I had had a couple days respite and because I by this time considered myself a veteran deprogramee, I plunged ahead, often till [REDACTED], confident that I would not again compromise my beliefs. However, I was to learn a little of how powerful the force of evil is in this world. After about [REDACTED] of this deprogramming business, I began to get very bored with it all. Also, I loved my parents very much and I knew only too well how painful their own experiences were for them. In any rate, I decided that enough was enough and that I would have to deceive them once again. This time I knew it would become more difficult to convince them, and so I grabbed an ash tray and threw it out into the street. Somehow this convinced them.

So once again, after over [REDACTED] of deprogramming, I found myself being rehabilitated for the second time. They decided to do much of this by making long distance phone calls to [REDACTED]. The people in [REDACTED] hadn't seen me throw the ash tray, and so they didn't quite trust me so very much. They demanded that I make strong statements against my former associates. This was something

I was unwilling to do. This is when my parents decided to try the "dial-a-deprogrammer" method.

This kind of deprogramming was the most difficult for me. By this time I was very weary of it all. We would make the phone calls right in [REDACTED] [REDACTED] (to save the cost of long-distance calling through the use of a [REDACTED] line) My father would be on another extension as he would speak to me through the phone without looking at me despite being just a few feet away. A [REDACTED] deprogrammer, [REDACTED] would also be on another extension. My mother would just sit and cry. In [REDACTED] there was also two extensions and several people would take turns speaking into each extension. This made it very confusing for me, especially because everybody seemed to be talking at once. The intensity of this kind of deprogramming was really unbearable, but I persevered any way.

My father was furious once after a [REDACTED] period of this; he spoke to the [REDACTED] deprogrammers alone. Then he drove us all home and he directed everyone to the basement. He set up a card table and chairs and then solemnly announced we were going to pray to God. He "suggested" that I pray and he carefully instructed me how I would pray. Around the table was my father, my mother, and [REDACTED]. My father continued, explaining that the basement represented hell and that I would not leave it until I repented to him with tears. He said that when I did so, he would allow me to ascend the stairway out of the basement. This he re-emphasized represented the leaving of hell. I personally felt it was more literal than symbolic. In any rate, my father instructed everyone to hold hands and ordered me to pray. However, I had not prayed for ten seconds when my father rudely interrupted me. My angry response to this whole situation at this point was

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more than [REDACTED] could endure. In frustration he violently slapped my face sending my glasses flying in the air. They fell on the floor, broken. At this point my father intervened and was also about to strike me. Even at this point I loved my father very much. I would never have been able to strike him and so I decided to avoid his charge. When he saw how I was trembling with fear he stopped his pursuit. He ordered me to leave the house and to never come back until I was deprogrammed. I quickly left under the escort of [REDACTED]. He drove me back to his own home to begin a new and more involved deprogramming.

At this point I was very confused. I was under a great deal of stress. I really loved my parents, and it hurt me deeply inside to see them so hurt. In this state, I could think of nothing else to do but to continue to listen to these deprogrammers until [REDACTED] every night. I considered my life in the Unification Church. I knew it was a life of sacrifice for other people, but I questioned whether this sacrifice was worthwhile. I asked myself, was it worth going through this deprogramming business? Was it worth attempting to escape and risking getting recaptured and be deprogrammed some more, the next time by perhaps [REDACTED] himself? Was it worth running away and hurting my parents even more? I asked myself very seriously if I wanted to endure so much for a God who seemed so far away. I did not know what to do.

These people began to really blame me for many of my parents problems. They assured me that should I go back to the Unification Church, my parents would be so incompatible they would wind up getting a divorce. They told me that my mother and father were both having problems at work and were in danger of losing their jobs. I remembered how my father boldly stated that if I

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went back to the Unification Church he would do anything - quit his job, sell his home, commit me into an expensive mental institution, or even to provide me with shock treatments- in his power to keep me out of the Unification Church or if I should go back, he would do anything to get me out. My father and the deprogrammers also mentioned that they thought my mother very likely could wind up in a mental institution [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] Everyone accused me of not loving my parents. They told me how they had spent [REDACTED] already for deprogramming. Hearing this, I was crushed. [REDACTED] told me that he was giving up deprogramming me. He was beaten. [REDACTED] were so mad at each other for silly reasons that they couldn't hardly speak to each other. Everyone suggested that I seek psychiatric help. They told me I had a problem. They thought that I must have had some sexual hangups and that I didn't know how to relate well with people. I was under so much pressure for such a long time (exactly [REDACTED] that I felt myself under a lot of stress. I was very confused. I knew that somehow I still had to resolve my relations with my family. I didn't know how I could ever do this and yet still be true to myself and my own personal desires, but I knew I felt a great desire to be able to talk with anyone who might understand my feelings. I had hoped a professional counselor might have some good advice for me and so I agreed to seek help. If I hadn't they would have tried to commit me anyway and I believed then that they could have.

As it turned out, my counselor happened to have been [REDACTED] [REDACTED] with psychological training. He worked for the mental health department of a local hospital. I found him warm and genuinely desiring to help me. He was also very much against deprogramming. He had a good listening ear and I found myself able to speak with him. I met with

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him once a week and I felt a return of self-confidence in myself and a sense of pride in my beliefs. My counselor understood that my problems were a family problem, and so as I was beginning to sort things out in my mind he began to suggest that my whole family come with me to these sessions.

It was at this time that I began a very gradual process of leaving my family. I applied for jobs and was hired at [REDACTED]. I enjoyed my job. I did it well. I began to again have more confidence in myself and a feeling that I could do most anything I set my mind to do.

My parents were happy. They thought that maybe the counselor had somehow given me a professional deprogramming, but I knew in my heart that my best wishes were for the Unification Church. I was being given more freedom and I was able to begin to restore my long lost relationship to God through deep prayer. I was still watched rather closely. My father had once called the police when I had been outside exercising, but nevertheless, I was slowly given more trust and freedom. This period of gradual freedom lasted for several months but seemed to last several years.

It was on [REDACTED] that I secretly resolved to visit the local church center. I could do this easily without my parents knowing. I would tell them I was going to work. The last catalyst to come back to the Unification Church was oddly enough television. I remembered watching a documentary about the "pop culture" of America. The T.V. program discussed the tendencies of Americans to buy birthday cards expressing someone else's sentiments and then sending it to a "loved one". It also discussed America's habits of watching hours of T.V., going to pornographic movies, and rising interest in books instructing people how to make friends, lose weight, etc. Switching channels, I noted how Americans were celebrating the coming of the

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[REDACTED]--they were drinking and dancing to loud music. Reflecting upon what I had seen, I came to more deeply understand how America was really getting away from God and the principles she was founded upon. The next show I watched was a serious message from Billy Graham. He said that America had better have a spiritual revival or else she would crumble within.

I knew America was crumbling. I remembered my two best friends at work. One had [REDACTED] and was upset about her [REDACTED]. Another man was [REDACTED] who seemed to have such a shallow understanding of the nature of God and personal responsibility.

I thought about my own responsibility. I had to live with myself. I also had to be true to God and live up to my responsibility to Him. I knew I had responsibility for my family, but my conscience told me that my family was between myself and a greater responsibility. I knew I had to break away even if it did mean more pain and sacrifice for myself. Even if my entire family would suffer very much, I knew I had to break away from it. I knew what I had to do and I did it.

For [REDACTED] I visited the local center while my parents thought I was at work. On the [REDACTED] I decided to begin to move my things into the center at a time when both my parents were at work. As it turned out, this was not to be. [REDACTED] was with me and we went by his watch which was four minutes fast. Also my mother was about five minutes late for work, so when [REDACTED] and I drove up the driveway, my mother was getting into her car. My mother was intensely angry. To me she seemed possessed. She called my father who must have driven practically a hundred miles per hour because he was home in [REDACTED]. My father, likewise, was outraged. He immediately kicked [REDACTED] out of the house. Then he called the police.

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The police came right away. One of them had talked with my father before about my situation. They were very much in sympathy with my parents. They offered to make a 72 hour emergency restraining order on me, but when I assured them I wasn't going to run away, they decided not to. After conversing with the police, my parents decided that their next step was to try to commit me. They drove me to a nearby hospital where I was to undergo an evaluation by a psychologist. However, despite many protests from my parents, he cited a recent Supreme Court ruling as the reason he could not legally commit me. My parents were outraged.

My parents drove me home. They accused me of thousands of things, but I felt in my heart that I was guilty of none of them. After listening to these accusations for about a solid hour, I determined that I had enough. I told my parents that I was going back right then. My father was outraged. He stood right in my way and said that I would have to go over his dead body to do it. He also threatened to call the police. I stormed into my room and closed the door. My father opened it claiming he wanted to make sure I wasn't going to go through the window. I closed the door again. This time he opened the door and raised his fists and rushed forward. This time, however, he balked when I showed that I was going to stand and defend myself. He walked out of the room and I closed the door behind him. I could hear him however, as he began to make a lot of telephone calls. And suddenly a lot of people began to come to speak with me.

That evening I spoke with several people for [REDACTED] I spoke with

[REDACTED]
[REDACTED] who was being deprogrammed
at the very same time back in the home of [REDACTED] wanted

an assurance from me that I would allow a period of at least [REDACTED] for everyone to cool off. I agreed. The other people talked til very late. They left, I'm sure, very impressed with my sincerity and my strong desire to serve mankind, but they felt I was deceived.

The next day, we made an appointment with my counselor and everybody cooled off. In the evening, [REDACTED] came to speak with me. I vividly remember that at one point in the evening one of these men clearly stated his views on a specific topic. His views were different than what I had been brought up to believe and I knew they were different than what my father was brought up to believe. When I disagreed with him, my father surprised me when he said, "Can't you see it? It's so clear!" I pointed out this contradiction to my father who said very little in response. At that point I felt like I was beginning to have a breakthrough. My father seemed to me to be very happy that evening. Once he even patted me on the head. I began to feel as though he was beginning to accept me.

The next day, my mother, my father, and I visited my counselor. It was there that my parents verbally accepted my return to the Unification Church. At least they said they would allow it. My father later told me of how the deprogrammers wanted more drastic action. They had suggested that I be rekidnapped and psychologically harassed to the extent that they could then have the grounds to commit me. At this point my father said he thought they were going too far with his son. He refused to do this. I'm not sure what my mother felt.

The next morning, my father drove me to the center. I thought this was very significant. He told me that he intends to wait for me to come back on my own. He expressed his confidence in me as a person who is sincere

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and one who would be able to walk away from something once I realized it was wrong. (This was [REDACTED])

I have seen my parents only once since then. That was [REDACTED]. They were bitter about their past experiences. They also seemed to be very depressed and unhappy people. Looking back at what has happened over the past few months, I begin to have an especially large amount of resentment for my deprogrammers. They were the ones who were paid. They were the ones who were pushing my parents all along assuring them that I would be deprogrammed. They are the ones who are most responsible for the huge amount of bitterness and resentment in my family. They are the ones who led my parents to believe that what I'm doing is worse than worshipping Satan or joining the Communist Party. They are the ones who have made my parents feel as though they have lost their son and they are the ones who convinced them that I am doomed to a fate worse than death when I am in reality serving God. I especially have resentment towards [REDACTED]. It was he who began and originated the concept of deprogramming. It was he who alone received [REDACTED] for his bail from my parents even though he never met anyone in my family, including me. It is he who is most responsible for twisting my parents love for his own benefit and destroying almost every connection I had with my family.

I continue to love my family, because I understand that their prime motivation was love. It had to be, or they wouldn't have endured so long, either. However, I question the motivation of the deprogrammers. I have to think they were strongly motivated by greed, a need for adventure, and appeasement for their personal resentments for their own past experiences.

SIGNED: [REDACTED]

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[redacted] being first duly sworn does depose and say that:

Testimony of [redacted]

[redacted] in the Unification Church [redacted]

Age: [redacted] (Born [redacted])

[redacted] background

Based on the lies and distorted facts that my parents believed to be true, on [redacted] they took action that would result in the complete destruction of our relationship. On this day, inspired by the lies fed them by NBC, Rabbi Davis, and resentful ex-members of the Church, they had me placed in the position to be emotionally and, if necessary, physically battered. This process is called "deprogramming." [redacted] [redacted] was paid by my parents to work with them in attempting to forcibly remove me from the Church.

I left from Barrytown to go on vacation with my parents on [redacted] [redacted] As it turned out at the end, it caused more of a split between us instead of bringing us closer together like it should have. My first indication that something had twisted my parents' view of what I was doing was when my father invited me to go to [redacted] and talk on the second night of the vacation. Within a few minutes he was accusing me of being under some strange control and of leaving him and my family for the church. He said things about our movement that were so untrue and distorted that I couldn't understand where he got this misinformation. It killed me inside to be fighting with my family, as we were so close before. I had a hint that something might be tried, but I failed to recognize it. I said to my father that before he goes on saying these things, he should first come to one of our workshops to listen to what we have to say. My father responded by saying, "If I listen to your people, will you listen to mine?" I said, "What people?" He said, "Well there must be somebody." I dismissed the thought of something happening right then. The next day we went to [redacted] to sightsee. We stayed at [redacted]

When I woke up at 8:00 a.m. [] I felt something was wrong. I thought that we would be leaving [] early that day. No one was in the room so I went to breakfast. When I returned I was shocked to see one of my best friends, from when I was in [] center, sitting in a chair in the hotel room. My parents moved quickly around me and closed the door. They then motioned to where [] was. From that point on continuing more than [] I was subjected to leading and twisted words and yelling, putting one under much emotional and physical straining. All this was directed at removing me from the Church. [] started talking right away about how bad the Church was. But all I could think about was the trust, respect and love I realized was now gone between my parents and myself.

My family had been close, loving and, based on our [] heritage, a semi-religious family. A family based on the mutual respect by all of us concerning our direction and opinions. I joined the Church with a complete understanding and belief, which I still have, that I was doing what was right for me and the world. Now this act of using force to change my views showed me that they had been so controlled as to lose all faith and trust in me.

My parents had been positive towards me and what I was doing when they came to visit me in []. A little while later they saw Rabbi Davis on the television spreading lies aimed at arousing parents and others to go beyond reason when thinking about the Church.

When I came to Barrytown my father came to visit me again. He went home saying that everything was all right and he even could see himself doing what I was doing if he was in my position. One month later, NBC had a devastating full-of-lies special on television, which they saw. This completely scared and confused them. My parents got in contact with the station and received even more bad information and a recommendation that I should be kidnapped and deprogrammed, also names were given to them so they could go to the

best person to work on me.

[redacted] was contacted. My parents acted like I never saw them act before. My mother looked and acted like she was going to have a breakdown, crying and pleading with me to leave the Church, while [redacted] went on with his well-worked-out set of lies and half truths. He constantly said I was a robot and yelled that I was brainwashed. He continued for hours, saying horrible things about the Church and Reverend Moon. He said things first to get me angry. At one point I said that I knew now where his head [redacted] was at, and that enough had been said. He replied, "After only this! We have just started!" Right away the tension increased, "How long are they planning on keeping me; and when will it end?" This is what I started saying to myself. The stress was continuing. He called me a "potential killer, a dupe, a slave," and was constantly comparing me to a "junkie."

Many times they used the tactic of getting me to agree to partial truths, then try to tie them together with a complete lie, using these truths to back it, hoping I would fall for it. I watched him go down a mental list of a lot things to cause me to be disillusioned. He talked/about money, about sex, about Jesus, etc. He yelled, "Don't you realize that this Church is completely anti-Semitic?" At that point I said, "This Church has [redacted]
[redacted]

The logic they tried to force on me was really illogical, constantly relating and comparing our organization to groups or cults that we in some cases were completely opposite to, such as Communism and the Children of God. For instance one of the first things they got me to agree to is that the Children of God is an evil cult. They did this to use this agreement later. Every time I tried to tell them about spiritual experiences that our members had or personal experiences of being helped from a low way of life to a happier one, [redacted] would say, "Well the Children of God have these experiences and you know how bad they are."

I realized after [] that I must stay calm and clear-headed. This upset [] and he hit me with pillows. My parents were watching and adding comments; they must have had some preplanning. They sat and cheered [] on saying, [] please listen, you must listen," even though I could see that this confrontation was visibly shaking them.

[] would tell me that I could easily come back to a "normal" way of life. I said, "A way of drugs and sex and drinking and a way of no goals or ideals, a way of complete self-centeredness?" He said he would keep me there [], that many people would come and call. [] went on to try to excite me by offering to meet girls in bars. I realized that he was "feeling me out" for these other people so they would know what to work on me with.

This went on for [] the constant talking and yelling, the constant forcing of me to defend my faith, to him, to my parents. I was thinking, "I live in this Church because it is right; no man should be forced into this kind of experience in a country based on freedom and liberty."

[] himself was deprogrammed. It took them [] of constant harrassment to get him to leave. The day for me wore on and the hours passed slowly. I was constantly watched. When we went to lunch I couldn't go alone. When [] went out of the room, my parents always were there to watch me. My mother was [] and nervous.

[] put me under much stress and strain and forced me to use much effort to control myself. He would ask, "You would kill your parents for Moon, wouldn't you?" Right in front of them. Telling me that my life was now wasted and that I had now no ability to make decisions. He aslo continued on telling lies about the Church and the members. He said [] was kicked out of the presidency of our Church because he had doubts. He said that we lie and cheat people with complete disregard for the Christian way of life.

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My thoughts and emotions were changing. I was feeling hatred and shame. I was confused and also upset that I was forced into a position to have to fight against them trying to make them understand that I had made a decision to change my life for the good and to help a society that I saw was in such bad shape.

After [] was angry saying that I have to wake up and throwing pillows at me saying that I wasn't dedicated, why don't I leave the Church. He said I had a "closed mind." My mind was opened, not closed, by the Church.

[] started telling me about the people that were coming, about the bars we would go to when they were finished, about the days ahead.

The conversation after a while lulled and we were waiting for the people he called on the phone to come. On the phone he said to them, "He's one of these 'I heard it all before' types." At this time my parents had left the room. Sometimes during the day they would leave. Those were the times that [] would get more vocal and accusing. So after [] we were waiting, just me and [] in the room. He had come to believe that what he was saying was sinking in because I wasn't defending so strongly now. I had decided not to have give and take with him any longer. I made up lies to cause him to believe that I wasn't dedicated anymore. I was forced to lie to set up the illusion that I was safe to be left alone or trusted. I told him I drank and hung around with negative people at Barrytown. As I sat there on the bed with [] sitting at the window I reminded myself of what someone said to me once back at Barrytown: "When a person is drowning or on fire he fights like mad to save his physical life, but people almost never fight to save their spiritual life or soul." So I decided if I was ever going to save my spiritual life I might as well start now.

I got up off the bed and in a casual manner walked over to the dresser, pulled off the key from the drawer. I said to [] "All that you

told me has confused me so much I wanted to go next door and talk to my parents before the others arrive." Then I walked over to the door, opened it, went out, shut it, walked past my parents' room and ran out of the hotel, jumped a bus, and one hour later I was back in Headquarters talking to [redacted]

I called back to the hotel to tell my parents that I was all right and would contact them later. My parents weren't there but [redacted] was. He talked to me about the "wonderful world" and told me that my family and [redacted] were out looking for me.

What they told my parents after I left I don't know, but when I got to talk to them later they were worried that I would cause trouble and that the Church would never let me talk to them again. This was completely false, and again I saw how it was the people against us, not the Church, which were putting fear into my parents' hearts.

Now I am back. How did I feel after this day? Much of what I believed to be the foundation for my life had been shattered. I couldn't trust my parents; my respect for them and their respect for me was gone. I felt alone. In one long day I saw so much of what my family had strived for-- the unity, the love -- lost. My faith and understanding about my life in the Church and all religion that people had to fight to believe in was immeasurably strengthened. I realized just how much God was with me and the Church. How much people outside of the movement, also my parents, were scared and confused because of the lies and half truths spread by Rabbi Davis, [redacted] and the news media.

For the next few weeks I would receive letters from [redacted] telling me how I hurt my parents and how I was being controlled, and if I ever wanted to come back to the "wonderful world" outside I could come to them. All I could think about was how they hurt my parents and me. How all the bad reports and TV shows hurt so many parents and closed them

off to seeing the good in people and organizations trying to bring people back to God and a right way of living. During the time I was with [] he told me that he had deprogrammed [] people and no one he talked to ever went back to the Church. I can only feel sorry for these people and thank God I came back.

It's hard to express the feeling and reactions of what transpired. Even though only [] was really working on me, the emotional pushing by the love of my parents and the desire to give them a fair chance weighed heavy on my mind. My mother was saying over and over, "Please listen; don't reject me; come back to our family," and it held me there as if I was tied down. I never physically walked out on my parents before but I realized that what I was doing was right and that their minds had been the ones that had been brainwashed. I left knowing that it could hurt. I heard enough lies and went through enough strain to see that if you believe that something is right you must be ready to fight for it. I pray only to have my relationship with my parents restored while still allowing me to have a say in what I want for my life. I pray this for all of our members who have family problems. I pray that anyone who fights for religious freedom can see that it's worth it.

SIGNED []

[redacted] being first duly sworn does depose and say that:

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b7C

Kidnapping Testimony of [redacted]

January 23, 1976

I became converted to the Unification Church on [redacted] It was the happiest decision of my life for I truly felt I found a substantial way to serve God and man. My desire was to help people who were suffering, treated unfairly, confused in a world of decaying morals. And I was sure I found a way working in the Unification Church. The doctrine proved logical and true and, quite simply, I saw God in the church members and the inter-relationships they had. Unfortunately my parents and family couldn't accept the drastic change of lifestyle I chose. Becoming a missionary I gave up materialistic possessions I didn't need and gradually became less and less selfish in my future life plans.

From the beginning of my involvement in the Unification Church my parents were convinced the 'old way was the only way.' So their misunderstanding and negativity only grew to greater heights after the NBC special. And as one thing leads to another the fear and distortion of facts grew to a culmination in the formation of emotional parents leading a "Free Minds Seminar" in our [redacted] community. How ironic that they chose such a name when their actions and desires were to enslave our minds to their way of thinking.

It was at this seminar that my parents met my 'future captors.' My family refused to communicate to me their feelings or questions about our movement. I knew this was necessary and tried very hard to relay to anyone in our family our beliefs. I felt that the previous respect they had shown me in my life would surely be utilized toward my convictions at the age of [redacted] Nevertheless their doubts and confused emotions were 'easy prey' for the deprogrammers' present at the "Free Minds Seminar." My father's desperate plea of 'can you bring our [redacted] back?' was announced by [redacted] deprogrammer, "Yes, we can help you to return her

to normal."

A relevant highlight might be my parents' religious history. My parents [redacted] years ago for the sole reason of raising their family the way 'they' thought was right. And for such faith I have always deeply admired them. To cling to their tradition [redacted] was not always easy. As a result they became extremely overprotective. To live a good [redacted] life, to marry and die a [redacted] was all that God expected of us.

And so their plan and my abduction took place on [redacted] I was to come home for dinner to honor [redacted] [redacted] Naturally I was excited to spend this time with my family whom I loved. After a beautiful turkey dinner complete with candles and cards and presents I was made an offer. [redacted] asked me if I would go visit [redacted] just for half an hour. He said he would agree to come to a weekend workshop if I would. I agreed and was driven by [redacted] to a house in [redacted] [redacted]

The [redacted] turned out to be a team of deprogrammers, ex-cult members, a few emotional parents, some 'muscle' men and even some casual observers. The atmosphere of the house was very tense and spiritually low. I didn't realize it was a de-programming until the conversation turned into distorted accusations of our church. I merely said I don't feel this is fair until you could hear the entire Divine Principle and that would take ten hours. [redacted] my head deprogrammer said, "You have ten months if you need." The situation felt very unnatural. I felt it was completely useless to continue discussing with these people. I said I wanted to leave right then. They said I was going nowhere and that my parents were coming. They all [redacted] people) followed me up the stairs from the basement bedroom. Upstairs were maybe [redacted] more people all focusing on me. [redacted]

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[redacted] an ex "Moonie," came up behind me and whispered, "It's a real live deprogramming, you better listen. It happened to me. They may even call [redacted] I felt like Jesus who was just kissed by Judas. My dear friend [redacted] who was sitting in a corner chaperoning "It's the only way we could get you to listen to us [redacted] My mother came into the door with my suitcase and bodyguards stood inside and outside of every door.

Everyone wanted to talk at once, crazy, irrational nonsensical. "You have been deceived, you are worshipping a snake." I was frightened to death and appalled at my family for taking such cruel and unfair methods. Each person was beyond the point of reason. For the first time my soul felt imprisoned and my faith on trial. I knew clearly my situation and accepted the course of suffering.

Bitterly I turned to my mother and said, "How could you do this, I won't be able to forgive you for all eternity." That was a bit harshly said and untrue but at the height of my hurt and revenge.

And so the 'deprogramming' went on and lasted [redacted]
[redacted] That night it was storming outside and [redacted] an ex-Children-of-God member, expressed delight that such effects would make the whole evening more exciting. They walked in and out, coming in carrying their Bibles, often whispering behind closed doors. The deprogrammers would work in shifts, resting up while I was forced to stay awake and listen for [redacted] at a time.

I defended the Principle and argued many points [redacted] My [redacted] years old and was in a seminary for [redacted] feared that 'those kids' would never deprogram me for I seemed to know the Bible more than they. He felt so badly for me that he had to leave the house.

[redacted] I deducted my only salvation

from spiritual and physical bondage was to play along with them. So without much of an emotional transition (they expect a very distinct one) I began 'intellectually' agreeing with my deprogrammers.

The main people that were working on me were [redacted] former cult member of 'The Church,' [redacted] age [redacted] [redacted] age [redacted] an 'ex-Moonie,' [redacted] age [redacted] formerly from [redacted] and also [redacted] age [redacted] were bodyguards. And there was actually [redacted] who were present. They told me that [redacted] wanted to come as he was curious about what happened in a deprogramming.

In my mind I was experiencing [redacted] [redacted] I would have sooner chosen a physical suffering to 'come to God.' Being raised on many scary [redacted] stories and the importance of holding on to our faith in God, my mind was prepared to fight. I realized then that my mind was the only precious commodity I possessed and my faith in God. It was a gift from God and no one else could take that away from me. The deepest incision in my heart was that my very own beloved family was a part of this terrible tragedy.

My parents are strong [redacted] Christians. Because of their fear and emotional outrage at the distortions written about our church, they turned to these deprogrammers as their 'God.' Yet they weren't aware of what kind of religious character they had. They very often used vulgar language. [redacted] often talked about how she never loved any man, "They only use you." She explained in distasteful language how she

[redacted]
[redacted] Their relationship seemed distorted, possessive and selfish. My parents weren't aware of their character I'm sure. They didn't know anything about religion and they didn't know or understand scriptures at all.

The deprogrammers promised me back to normal for a 'slight fee.' I could

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see where deprogramming is really becoming a racket. The people are un-professional. They are the kind of people that have much bitterness built up and they project their own fears and insecurities into the line of work they choose. They also see themselves glorified and recognized in ways they never were before. [] was telling a minister about her dedication to wiping out cults and how no one else is doing anything but her. The minister gladly contributed [] for her dedication. I noticed she didn't hand this money to the sec-treasurer of 'Free Minds.' So it's a racket because the deprogrammers know they can get any amount of money from the parents. My deprogramming cost [] And now it's costing them more and more as they become involved in court (explained later).

The battle for my mind was a terrible one. I felt totally isolated from all mankind. I fought with every breath I had to preserve my faith and love for God. I knew that the ultimate confrontation was between God and me. I relished that but my human side wanted peace and acceptance. One side of my mind swore allegiance to God, the other side had to convince these deprogrammers and my family that I believed what they did.

For [] I stayed inside the [] house. They were never sure I was 'out of it' because I remained more calm than their previous 'clients.' I did break down crying uncontrollably twice as a release of the emotional pressure and in feeling God's heart.

Their whole objective was to get me to react so they prodded, conjoled, harrassed continually. They wanted to get your mind to think about their view constantly, hoping to find one weak point and then blast you open emotionally. [] kept repeating "You're mothing but merchandise on a shelf, honey, you were nothing to them, only money." They would yell obscenities about Reverend Moon. "He's nothing but a fucking bastard:" [] repeated this. They would talk to me for hours and then ask "Is Moon Satan?" over and over. It was so horrible.

I knew these people would never quit. I was like clay in their hands. I tried to love them as God would and perceive all the goodness in them and all the hurts they must have suffered to be so bitter now. I tried and tried and slowly I began winning some of them over. They would be constantly testing me. [] was always trying to catch me off guard and demand "What are you thinking?"

It was such an emotional shock that this kind of mental torture and physical imprisonment could take place in a free country. I felt like nothing would ever be the same. Even if I got away the memory and the fear would always be there. What hurt me the most was that my relationship with my family was so brutally damaged. And all because of these mercenary deprogrammers. Even though my family shared differences of opinion we still had trust and love and companionship. Now this was all destroyed. I could never trust my family again. Our relationship was always so intense and close and now we were ripped apart all because these deprogrammers filled their heads with monstrous lies and fears.

I heard that [] and [] had gotten away by playing along with them so I was sure eventually I could get away. I just didn't want to do too much damage to our church (they were planning television, radio, newspaper interviews, and also they wanted to use my services in deprogramming others, another way they make money). They asked me if I had gotten any people to join the church or had any close contacts. They were planning on kidnapping my spiritual mother, [] gave me the phone and forced me to console [] to tell her I was happy being deprogrammed and that I would not tell the Unification Church about their plans.

They would always watch me. I could not use the phone or even sleep alone. Or [] after [] of deprogramming and never seeing the sunshine (in more ways than one), I was allowed to go home for a visit

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with [] My father, having a soft and trusting heart, decided I was good enough to stay home now. He trusted me then. He said, "Let's pay those people [] and then tell them to leave us alone." They were furious about this and continued to call our house many times a day. They continued to use scare tactics on them and told them all kinds of horrible things that would happen.

I decided I would escape [] a few days away. In spite of everything I had great compassion and love for my parents and didn't want to [] It was the unhappiest [] of my life and my father said it was the happiest since [] because I was back. [] I called the [] police and said I was being held against my will and could they come and get me. My parents were the only ones home and by that time they believed I wanted to stay at home. The policeman busted in and was probably surprised at the unusual "kidnapping" scene for it looked very happy and normal. My mother and I had been making apple strudel and father was reading a [] newspaper. The policeman asked if I was being held against my will. My parents [] but they said no. I then said I wanted to go back to the Unification Church and that I had been fooling them [] []. My parents became emotionally hysterical, crying loudly, beating their chest. The policeman looked at me and said, "Look what you're doing to your parents." I asked him if he would escort me out. He said, "Absolutely not," and left. So I talked to my parents and told them I was leaving. They forcibly held me down, crying and pleading that they only wanted to save my soul, that they would rather see me dead than with the Unification Church. I turned white and felt doom in every cell of my body.

I "convinced" them and they surmised that I went through a "floating experience," a momentary insanity and uncontrollable fear to return to the

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Unification Church. Nevertheless I had to return to [] for more deprogramming.

I had to hold my ground and convince them that I really did believe them. Meanwhile they were planning to fly me to [] to help deprogram a [] Moonie, a [] girl (I think she turned out to be []). Luckily that fell through. They would hold various organizational meetings to fight cults. One [] a promoter and head of [] psychiatrist in [], and several others met to draw up a proposal to begin legislation in their favor. They wanted to enact a law where parents could take (kidnap) their children from cults for a period of 21 or 40 days and then release them. They said there was a law like this in California.

[] often talked about how they would have to resort to shock treatment for those people they can't deprogram. This really scared me for I knew it was possible for her to convince my mother of anything.

[] continuously harrassed me about "Chapter 2." He asked me if I would like to 'go out' with some man. He said, "When you hop in bed with a man, I'll know you've rejected the Divine Principle," and he would even make passes at me, putting his arms around me, trying to kiss me. It was repulsive to me. Of course, I couldn't express my full distaste.

Slowly day by day they acknowledged some improvement in my progress. But I could tell they were never sure I wasn't fooling them. I was still never left alone.

On [] and I went to a meeting with [] Dean of Students at [] mother has been very actively working against the Unification Church. She set up this appointment. The objective was to convince the Dean of the danger of CARP on his campus using [] and my testimony of being 'brainwashed.' He was negative to our church but said all they could do is form a counter

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organization to CARP on campus (which they are now working on). Since he was negative there was no way to hope for his help. I had four notes with me. I wanted to leave them somewhere so somebody could find them and rescue me and warn the [REDACTED] of other deprogrammings. The day after I escaped [REDACTED] a person called the Center and relayed the message on the note. [REDACTED] has the name of the person.

I was regaining hope to escape going into the [REDACTED] of my captivity. (I knew the longer it lasted the harder it would be.) I went through hours of mental turmoil plotting in my mind if conditions were right. I would examine every detail, ponder all the repercussions of being caught. So waiting, waiting, I listened to minutes, hours tick by; fear and hope battering it out in my heart. On [REDACTED] I found a way with the grace of God. [REDACTED] was resting (sleeping?) on a bed. [REDACTED] left the house in her car. [REDACTED] I allowed to go by before I quietly put on my coat and boots and ran out the back door to a nearby neighbor's house. I asked to use the phone. I called the [REDACTED] and asked someone to come and get me. They had no car. I reluctantly called the police (I had lost trust in them too.)

The police arrived. I got in the squad car and began telling them I had been held against my will. Time was going too slowly. [REDACTED] meanwhile saw the police and came and began telling them they were responsible for me, that I was not 'well.' They begged me to come back, said I was 'killing' my parents, said I could go on a [REDACTED] vacation. They began telling the policeman negative things about our church. The policeman said he read about us. He sided with them very clearly. I was so afraid that all will be lost again. They wanted to stall the policeman til my parents came. I told the police they were violating my rights. They didn't like that remark but agreed to bring me to a bus stop to get away. The police turned to the deprogrammers [REDACTED] that he

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would drop me off close by at a bus stop and if they're smart they would take it from there. I couldn't believe the policemen were so unfair and partial. Luckily they drove me a mile away and I ran into a store and called [redacted] They picked me up a half hour later.

Since my escape they (the deprogrammers inciting my family to act) have been harrassing us. [redacted] has come by with police and search warrant searching our main center and pioneer centers. I was hiding out for a couple weeks in a room in an apartment building. [redacted] signed a court order to have me committed into a mental institution. It was signed by [redacted] a psychiatrist who only said "hello" to me. [redacted] my spiritual father, is in charge of a law suit I have against the deprogrammers. [redacted] against my parents, [redacted]

[redacted] a psychiatrist for medical malpractice.

So we live in fear; my family being prodded by [redacted] to find me, and I not knowing if I can ever trust my family. So the deprogrammers have created this deep and painful schism between my parents and I. I want to do anything possible to prevent this from happening to others. It is so wrong, so cruel, so illegal -- contrary to all the principles our great country was founded on, and most important contrary to the law of God protecting the dignity and freedom of all humankind. I will fight for this until I die, for nothing else is more important. And too much is at stake now to let the harm go undone.

SIGNED: [redacted]

A ✓

[redacted] being first duly sworn does depose and say that:

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TESTIMONY OF [redacted]

January 24, 1976

My name is [redacted] I am a young woman, aged [redacted] years, the daughter of [redacted] who are now residing at their home in [redacted] I have been a member of the recently much-publicized Unification Church, for [redacted]

My name may sound familiar, because as of [redacted]

[redacted] This was the result of my experience of being kidnapped, gangster style, off the street as arranged by my own parents. They had been encited to do so by the propaganda and pressure of various individuals and groups who oppose the Unification Church. These people, in the course of their opposition apparently feel justified in the use of deception and violence, in breaking the law, and in violating the very basic principles of personal rights and freedom as given by God and set forth in the laws of this nation.

While [redacted] I met the Unification Church. I became attracted to its ideals and to the pure life-style of the members. I desired to leave my un-satisfying life as a college student, and begin active membership with the church. Several months in advance of joining, I let my parents know of my desire. My parents are usually liberal-minded, but in this case, I think due to their lack of understanding of my strong new interest in God, and due to their high expectation for me in college, they quite naturally were upset with my decision. Whenever I brought up the subject, they tried to discourage me and change my mind.

I felt torn. I knew they would be upset and hurt if I joined, but to ignore my own desire and continue living the life which they were happy with, was making me miserable. Finally, [redacted] I attended a weekend workshop [redacted] sponsored by the Unification

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Church. At the end of the workshop, I called home to say I was planning to stay longer with the group, and to announce my decision to take a leave of absence from school.

My parents reacted over the phone, shouting and ordering me to come home. I refused, and stayed with the group. I sensed their great distress and concern for me very clearly, but I did not feel it was fair for me to give up following my true desire, and I felt that in time their wounds would heal.

For [REDACTED] I worked and traveled with the Unification Church and I refrained from visiting home. I feared that a big fight would be impossible to avoid, and no good result could come out of such a visit. We exchanged phone calls and letters however, and by the end of [REDACTED] I made a short visit home. The atmosphere was strained, and we had an argument at one point, but my parents seemed to have basically accepted my course of action, and I returned after [REDACTED] to my Church group in [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] I made another brief visit, and again though the atmosphere was tense, and we argued about the Unification Church, my parents made no attempt to stop me from returning after [REDACTED]. During this last visit, I mentioned to my parents that a man named [REDACTED] was harrassing parents into kidnapping their young adults and having them deprogrammed. My parents both strongly promised me that they would never use any means like that to interfere with my freedom of religion. They said that although they disagreed with the Unification Church, nevertheless I was free to live as I chose.

I returned to the Unification Church center in [REDACTED] and we continued writing and exchanging phone calls every week or so. [REDACTED] I left [REDACTED] to participate in our church's training program at Barrytown, New York.

Soon the tone of my parents letters began to change. They showed intensified distrust of the Unification Church, and expressed their belief that I was being mis-led, and that I wasn't in with a good group of people. Then one letter came in which my mother asked me to tell her if I knew where [REDACTED] [REDACTED] was staying. I didn't know [REDACTED] personally, but had heard how she had been kidnapped once by her parents and had to undergo a "deprogramming" session with [REDACTED] completely against her will. She had escaped and was trying not to let her parents know where she was.

I became fearful that my own parents were thinking in terms of kidnapping me and attempting to have me "deprogrammed", in order to keep me out of the Unification Church.

I had heard about these "deprogramming" sessions. They were started by a man named [REDACTED] but soon others were involved. These people maintain that certain religious programs in America are brainwashing or using their members for money, so they started going around to parents and persuading them to have their young adults kidnapped and "deprogrammed", for a large sum of money, in order to keep them out of their religions.

I felt that this is a grossly unfair thing for anyone to do, and I wrote back to my parents and told them how I felt about deprogramming, what a violation of human rights it was. I warned them that if they tried this with me, our relationship could only be made much worse for it, and that I would disown them.

I received in return an enraged letter from my father, in which he stated, "We are supporting parents and groups trying to get back their stolen children. I have made contributions, including one to [REDACTED] defense fund."

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He also wrote, in reference to our Church's founder and leader, "That person Moon has stolen you from me, and to get you away, taught you contempt for me, and has denied my rights and duties."

Although I could see that my father was distressed due to his concern for me, and was expressing his protective feelings for me as a parent, nevertheless I am an adult woman by right and by law, and I didn't feel at all like a "stolen child".

I decided at this point (late [REDACTED] that I didn't want to risk going home or meeting anywhere with my parents. I couldn't trust their promise any more to not interfere with my freedom. I knew that they were probably being influenced by a lot of slanderous material from people opposing our Church.

I continued to write or call every week or so, and to try to convince my parents that I was fine, and happy in what I was doing. They weren't persuaded however, and still expressed bitterness toward the church and Rev. Moon. I repeatedly invited them to come and see me in my environment, but they wouldn't.

Then my mother informed me in a phone call that my father had a serious health problem, and that [REDACTED] was having psychological trouble. She asked me to come home, but I refused, knowing that other members of our church had been lured into deprogramming in this way. I was afraid that there might be truth in what my mother was saying, however, and I told her that I did love them all very much, and it was because of the importance of the work I was doing that I didn't feel it was good for me to abandon it at this time and come home.

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To my surprise, my mother announced that she would be coming to visit me on the weekend, and would also be bringing [REDACTED].

Their visit turned out to be extremely unpleasant. My parents had received a huge packet of propaganda against the Unification Church, which my mother had me sit down and read. She and [REDACTED] both spent some time trying to convince me to leave my life of faith in the Unification Church. I became very upset and indignant and refused to talk anymore about it with them. I asked them to please see my side of the story, to take a look around our facilities at Barrytown, and also to hear an introductory lecture to our teachings.

I could understand that they had their own beliefs, and didn't expect either of them to accept my viewpoint, but I wanted them to at least have respect for it. Finally they heard the lecture, but were still full of suspicion and didn't like anything they heard.

Then my mother kept asking me to go out with them [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] I was apprehensive that she had an ulterior motive of getting me away in order to have me kidnapped and "deprogrammed," and I just could not trust her. I didn't want to tell her I mistrusted her either, in case it was unfounded, so I just refused, saying that I didn't care to go out. They both left and drove back home then.

I was discouraged and heartsick over this meeting, because it seemed my parents and I were now further apart from each other. I couldn't understand how they had come to believe such propaganda that was just handed to them by strangers, and yet they couldn't believe and trust their own daughter. I felt very hurt. If any readers are parents, please try to understand what a destructive thing it is when trust between parents and their children or young adults is broken. It leaves both sides wounded with feelings of being betrayed and rejected, and leaves the way wide open for a real tragedy.

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[REDACTED] later, while on a short fund-raising trip in [REDACTED] I was informed to return an urgent phone call from my mother. When I did, she was crying in a hysterical voice, saying that my father had collapsed and was in the hospital. She was begging me to come home right away.

I didn't know what to do. One member of our church had walked into a trap in his own home, after he came in response to a phone call from his mother that his father had just died. Finally, I felt that I had to go, so I let my mother assume that I would be coming that night or the next morning. But then I decided to make a check first, so I called the hospital where my father was staying. I couldn't get hold of his doctor, and the nurse wouldn't come to the phone or tell me anything. I then called home again, and my mother confessed that it actually was not a life and death matter as she had led me to believe.

I then told her that I wouldn't be coming home, but would keep in close touch, and would pray for them all. She became very upset and hung up the receiver. My heart was ripped in two. I couldn't help wondering if I had made a mistake, but because I knew that my parents had been having contact with [REDACTED] I just couldn't trust them.

[REDACTED] I was fund-raising [REDACTED]
[REDACTED] I had just called home a few hours ago and spoke to my father, who had been released already from the hospital and was on his way to recovery. I was full of relief, and grateful to God for answering my prayers for my family.

I noticed a large [REDACTED] man, in his mid-20s, walking past the front of the store. I ran up to him and asked him if he would like to buy a carnation to support the work of the Unification Church. As I spoke, a van-type vehicle drove slowly to a stop beside us, with the side door sliding open. I finished speaking, and the [REDACTED] man said, "Tell me, do you love your parents?"

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Then he grabbed me so quickly, I didn't even have time to say one word. My arms were pinned to my body, and he was lifting me off the ground and pushing me into the open van. I was completely helpless. It was already dark out, and there was no one right there to stop it. All I could do was scream. I think I must have screamed for eight or ten seconds before he succeeded in shoving me into the van. I think the screaming made him scared, because he threw me very hard onto the floor in the back of the van and then threw himself on top of me. There was another [REDACTED] man in the back who covered my mouth with his hands. They both hung onto me and wouldn't let me move. The van was already speeding out of the parking lot onto a highway.

Finally I stopped screaming. They began saying loudly, almost shouting, "Are you going to stop screaming now, and will you be quiet?"

I nodded my head "yes," and one of them slowly took his hand off from my mouth. Then they all began yelling their names to me and where they were from. I never knew the [REDACTED] men before, but the driver introduced himself as [REDACTED], my family's [REDACTED] and a young friend of my father.

Never losing their grip on me, the [REDACTED] men began to tie my feet with a rope and to bind my wrists with a belt, explaining that they were sorry, but it was necessary. I didn't understand what they meant and I said, "You know you're kidnapping me, and I will press charges."

They finished tying me, and then took off my identification badge and my glasses, and searched me without explanation.

Then they all began shouting things at me, sometimes all of them at once. They accused me of belonging to a "cult," of "killing" my parents, of not being in my right mind, over and over again. I felt the futility of trying to argue; because I knew they only wanted to force their ideas on me.

I didn't want to answer or even look at them, so I just sat still on the floor, with my mouth closed and turned my head away.

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Then they told me I was being taken to [REDACTED] shouted, "Do you know [REDACTED] do you?"

She was one member of our church who had been kidnapped in a simliar manner while fund-raising in [REDACTED] I had known her very well, since [REDACTED] and we were together in [REDACTED] and Barrytown, New York, and [REDACTED] when she was taken. [REDACTED] then "deprogrammed" her, and within a month or two she began to renounce her faith with the Unification Church and to cooperate with [REDACTED] and others against the church. The whole thing seemed to me just like what happens to prisoners of war in Communist countries, who end up turning against what they were fighting for, after being tortured and brainwashed.

I began to think about how I could get away. The thought that anyone might succeed in forcing me away from the life of faith I loved in my church was beginning to terrify me. I didn't see how it could happen, but I had seen others changed completely, and I was worried. I thought I would rather die than have myself turned around like that.

When I wasn't responding to the shouting of the kidnappers, they began to be more quiet. Then one of them began patting me on the head saying, "I'm really sorry we have to do this to you, but it's for your own good." I wanted to move but if I did they would jump on me again, so I just sat there, wanting to vomit.

I couldn't believe that my parents had anything to do with this. I didn't think they really knew what was happening to me. These people could do almost anything they wanted. I wondered if my parents wouldn't believe me if I told them about it.

Then [REDACTED] spoke, "There are tolls up ahead. Don't you think we should give her the pills?"

One of the [REDACTED] men brought out a plastic container of pills and said something like, "We're going to give you something now, so please cooperate."

I had no idea what the pills were, but I felt that under any circumstances I mustn't let them get any of them into me. They could be knock-out drops or some mind-changing drugs, and I was afraid. I wouldn't open my mouth, but they pulled my head back and pinched my nose so I couldn't breathe. After a minute I was feeling weak and I had to get some air. I opened my mouth just a tiny bit, and they at once tried to cram several pills in. They didn't even care if I choked on them. They still held my head back, and dumped about half a can of grape soda in my mouth to make me swallow. I was drenched in it, but miraculously I had only swallowed a tiny bit because almost all the crushed-up pills were washed out by the soda.

They were watching me, so I pretended to swallow something and made a face. They were satisfied and put a big piece of tape over my mouth. It hardly stuck because I was all wet, but I left it that way because I knew it would be very easy for me to scream for help if the chance came.

Now they picked me up off the floor and set me on the back seat. They sat on either side of me, hanging onto my arms. They weren't shouting any more.

Suddenly I saw blue lights flashing on the highway, and [REDACTED] pulled over to the side of the road. He thought he was being pulled over for speeding. Then I heard a voice shout, "Come out with your hands up!" Right away [REDACTED] jumped out, and [REDACTED] came after him.

Then I pushed off the tape with my mouth and began screaming for help. I wanted to make sure that the police knew I was in there.

For five minutes I heard scuffling and voices outside, and I didn't know what was happening. I tried to untie myself and finally was able to, because they had tied me up rather quickly, just tight enough so I couldn't walk or do anything with my hands.

I couldn't decide whether I should try to run out and get away or not. But it was completely dark outside and I didn't have my glasses now.

Finally, the back of the van was flung open, and a man in plain clothes was standing there, holding a gun on the three kidnappers. He asked me, "Were you tied up in there?"

I answered yes. Then he asked me to come out. I came out the side of the van and walked around behind him.

He asked me then if I was 18, and if these men had taken me against my will. I answered "yes."

Then he explained we would have to wait for reinforcements to come.

Several people had heard me screaming in the parking lot, and had seen the whole kidnapping. One of them called the police and gave them the license number of the van. I'm grateful to such conscientious people, and I thank God for them.

In about 10 minutes, the reinforcements came, and I got into the back of one of the squad cars. They were from a different police station than [REDACTED] because the van had been stopped about 20 miles away, almost a stone's throw from [REDACTED]

One policeman from this station came over to me and asked me if I knew why these [REDACTED] men were kidnapping me. I began to explain that I thought they were doing it for my parents, who were against the religion I was practicing. To my surprise, the policeman burst out laughing, and walked away without hearing any more. I couldn't believe it. I began to worry if they would treat this case with any concern or seriousness.

The police drove everyone to the station, and put the [REDACTED] men in an open cell with several policemen to guard them. I went with a nurse who asked me if I had any injuries. At the time I noticed some scrapes and torn fingernails, but I told her I was all right. Then I called my church center at Barrytown, New York, and told them what had happened.

Later I walked down the hallway past the room where the three men were being watched. They were joking and laughing with the policemen and even

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called and waved to me as if we were old friends. The officers stopped laughing when they saw the look on my face and saw how my clothing was messed up and stained.

Then everyone was driven to [REDACTED] where I made a written statement and pressed charges against the [REDACTED] men. I was extremely relieved to find that the arresting detective was genuinely concerned about the case.

My fund-raising team leader came to take me home to our team's motel efficiency. Even on the drive back, I suspected we were being followed. I had my team leader ask a police car to escort us and watch the area for the rest of that night.

The next day I came to our church's center in [REDACTED] and from there to our training center in Barrytown, where I began participating in our training program. As of now, [REDACTED] I am still waiting to appear in trial. The [REDACTED] men who kidnapped me will face reduced charges by the State of [REDACTED] for "unlawful restraining" and assault.

For a while [REDACTED] was facing a charge of conspiracy to kidnapping, with a possible 20 year jail sentence.

My father and mother together have lost thousands of dollars in their attempt to take me out of my church.

My relationship with my parents is completely shattered. I find it difficult to believe that they could allow themselves to be duped into violently breaking the law and tracking down and capturing their own daughter as if she were a runaway slave.

Until [REDACTED] and others interfered in our relationship, I had hope of being able to restore an understanding between my parents and myself. But now, because these people convinced my parents that I was under the influence of "mind control" in the Unification Church, my parents cannot give any credibility to anything I say. This misunderstanding was greatly

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spread as my parents held many interviews with reporters. My privilege as a person to speak for myself is being taken away by such hysterical and unfounded claims. These people urged my parents on with false information and lies to "rescue" me, and they offered their "services" for a large amount of money.

Their interference is totally out of place, and outrageously illegal. They have completely destroyed what trust there was between me and my parents, besides breaking serious laws and violating the principle of freedom of religion on which our country was founded.

I love my family very much. I am enraged at what has happened, at the fact that my parents' love for me was manipulated and they were persuaded by the slander and propaganda of these mercenaries. I hope to God this testimony will help others to beware. If this kind of activity is allowed to continue, where will it stop?

SIGNED: [REDACTED]

[redacted] being first duly sworn does depose and say that:

Testimony of [redacted]

It has been [redacted] since I was subjected to the deprogramming by [redacted]

[redacted] yet still it causes me extreme heartache to think of it.

My mother came to the church center where I was staying in [redacted]

[redacted] I suspected nothing and accepted an invitation to go out [redacted]

[redacted] She had driven all the way from [redacted] and said she was en route

to [redacted]

We drove around the block and [redacted] people jumped in the car. I was alarmed-- but my mother gave some explanation that she knew them.

I realized then that I was being kidnapped. We carried on a normal conversation for a while during which I pulled out a small book which I carried with me at all times -- a Catholic devotional book, "Imitation of Christ." I read some paragraphs aloud, hoping we could talk about God, but they seemed to be on a different wave length.

The kidnapping was so slick, so well-timed. It seemed so unlike my mother to be a part of a plot like this.

I looked at my mother in the rear view mirror and tried to read in her expression what force, what influence could possibly make her do what she was doing.

We pulled into a motel in a small town in [redacted] The motel owner, I found out later, knew all about the kidnappings and had even redesigned some areas to fit [redacted] needs.

The stress in me was so great, thinking of the duress to come, that as the others walked up the stairs to the room, I turned and ran for the street and flagged down a car to stop and give me a ride.

I told the driver that I was being kidnapped and to please keep driving. After a few blocks I made him stop and let me out so that I could hide somewhere.

I was in such a panic, I thought I was going to have a heart attack. I hid

behind a restaurant and all of a sudden one of them found me. I was no longer a human being, I was an animal or a convict and they were the hunters. I ran again, pursued, toward the street, waving my arms and crying out for help -- but the few who saw what was going on were apparently too shocked to move.

My mother's car pulled up and [REDACTED] and others got out and forced me into the car.

I could see that my mother was acting completely under the direction of [REDACTED]. He had filled her up with many terrible and untrue ideas and was instructing her every move.

I know that she was motivated by love, but in her desire to get me away from the Church, she was entrusting my whole life to him, even though she really didn't know what he was like or what he would put me through.

My mother later admitted that she didn't like him, that she didn't really consider him to be even Christian. Her term for him was "carnal Christian."

When we got back to the motel room, my mother started to say something and the deprogrammers told her to "shut up." I was really shocked that they would dare treat her like that. I hoped that she would be able to keep things from getting out of hand.

My door was always locked and the door at the end of the corridor was always locked.

[REDACTED], who had popped into the car earlier that day, began talking to me. Then [REDACTED] walked in and when he sensed that our conversation was a pretty calm one, he didn't like that. He pulled up a chair in front of me and accused me: "You're just shuckin' and jivin'."

He started to give his glorious resume, telling about how he had successfully deprogrammed [REDACTED] people and how I was next.

He started to press home saying I wasn't normal, that he was going to return me to "normal." He called me a prostitute. He called Reverend Moon "Satan snake." He accused Reverend Moon of every foul act in the book --

anything that could possibly upset me, he said.

He wants people to react emotionally. He thinks that anger and crying are signs that the person is "snapping out of it." Internally, I steeled myself not to fall into his grip. Once he can cause a severe emotional breakdown, then it seems he's got you in the palm of his hand.

They invited [] to come and watch. There were about [] people in the room all focused on and staring at me. They wanted to see what a zombie was like.

I asked [] if they knew I was being held against my will, that it was illegal. I asked them if they would submit their own children to such degrading treatment. They mumbled that they were Christians and felt it was their Christian responsibility.

[] leveled many questions at me -- bizarre questions. In a pseudo-logical progression, he leads up to baits like "you would kill your parents if Reverend Moon said so, wouldn't you?"

If I gave a reasonable answer based on my religious convictions, i.e. "Not since way before Jesus' coming has God ever asked His children to kill anyone, it is not Christian, so He would not ask that"...then [] would become incensed, angry, crazed, thinking I was programmed to give such an answer.

He does not like to listen to reasonable answers. He does not like to use methods of helping someone such as love or counseling. He believes that a person who is outside of the established Christian paths is "not themselves," so then he is justified in mobilizing all his hatred in breaking a person down to a pile of raw nerves. That is just the kind of raw material that he can use.

He justifies this by saying that this is the Unification Church's tactic to convert people -- i.e. breaking people down. This is absolutely a lie, but he says such things over and over as if the repetition brings credibility.

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He tries to break the spirit. He'll look for anything -- any weakness, any sore point, any sensitivity, and he'll harp on that.

The power of his invective is so great it really took my breath away. Never did he say anything helpful, encouraging, or in the slightest way Christian.

When he did read from the Bible, his purpose was to accuse, not to enlighten.

I realized that there was no point in speaking rationally to the man, but I needed to pretend to go along with him.

At that point [REDACTED]

I couldn't object because I had to seem to be on my way to being "deprogrammed."

[REDACTED] told me that his purpose was to "crucify Reverend Moon."

That man's name was [REDACTED]

All the while this inquisition was going on, my heart was in so much pain. I felt like I was being stabbed over and over.

They wouldn't let me pray -- [REDACTED] said I was "praying to Satan, to Moon," just chanting. He said my prayer was just to "reprogram myself."

So, everything people-loving and God-loving was thrown out the window.

I was watched constantly for the merest sign of a break or a credibility gap.

I couldn't relinquish my true feelings to such misguided people. They couldn't tell me anything about the Bible -- they didn't know anything about it themselves. They demonstrated that they didn't know about God's spirit.

[REDACTED] had told my mother so much garbage against the church. He said that Jehovah's Witnesses and the Mormons, etc., "all those cults," needed deprogramming. He told my mother that I was just a religious fanatic, a zombie, unable to think for myself.

So, as a so-called zombie, how are my mother and I supposed to communicate? Nothing that I could say could be relevant. He effectively destroyed our relationship. He played on her emotions with so much fear and turmoil and mistrust and formed a wall between us which will stand for many years.

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I want to forgive my mother, to go to her and give her a hug. I'd like to share my life -- my experiences -- with her. But, I'm afraid to go home, not knowing what will be schemed up, based on the turmoil which he has imbedded in her. Anyway, why should I go home, just to be put through the wringer?

My mother is loving, sincere. She's a good mother. But now there's so much heart pain, so much anxiety, so much separation because of [redacted] influence.

[redacted] knows that Unification Church members love God and want to clean up their old ways. Yet, he speaks with vile, shocking language. He encourages any kind of selfish indulgence, i.e. cigarettes, alcohol, sex -- because this is normal.

I, as a person who loves God, cannot respect such a view of normalcy. So to me, being with [redacted] is an experience similar to walking into a pornography shop and being locked in.

Until I lost my freedom I never realized what a precious thing it is. My spirit was so repressed. Physically, I couldn't leave the motel room. My mind was not free to think; instead I was constantly bombarded. I felt like a trapped animal. My only thought was "how to escape, how to escape." My mind went over a million possible escape routes. Adrenalin was pumping through my body, constantly. I was in the extremity of desperation, yet I couldn't let them know all this. [redacted] sees this as part of the zombie state.

I was a criminal, and my crime was something that existed in [redacted] imagination.

[redacted] after I was first abducted, my mother and [redacted] and I went to [redacted] This is part of [redacted] program called "rehabilitation." He says that I hadn't been able to think or do anything for myself, so now I had a "chance" to return to "the real world."

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Normally I would have loved to go to [] with my mother, but I was still a zombie in her eyes. My whole heart was screaming, screaming, "I've got to be free or I'll die." I couldn't stand it any longer.

About [] I went to the rest room -- my mother escorted me -- because [] had briefed her that I couldn't be "trusted alone" for months.

On the way back to our chairs I just turned to the door and ran. My mother screamed to the attendants, "Stop her, grab her, she's sick, she's mentally ill."

Never, never, have I felt such extremity of fear, heart ache, revulsion as at that moment. I ran and ran. Later I found out that my mother called out firemen and police dogs to hunt for me-- to hunt for me.

After about [] I was calmed down enough to pray. Kind people took me in, and when I saw how loving and unassuming they were, I thanked God that America is a free nation, where people normally respect the freedom and dignity of each other. At that moment I loved America so much -- because I had just had a taste of what people go through all the time in totalitarian regimes.

I called my mother a few days later and tried to console her. She is my mother and will always be my mother, eternally.

Someday, I know, she will come to understand why I joined the Unification Church, and we will be united as mother and daughter in mutual respect and love and dignity. I hope we'll laugh about this whole experience.

But thanks to [] work, this will not happen soon.

SIGNED: []

[redacted] being first duly sworn does depose and say that:

[redacted] yrs. old, born [redacted] in U.C.

[redacted] yrs. old, born [redacted] / resident
of [redacted] background, probably [redacted] ethnic
origins

[redacted] yrs. old, born 10-10-1919 / [redacted]
[redacted] / resident of [redacted]
background, probably [redacted] ethnic origins.

I knew for a long time that my mother would die. The cancer she had kept stopping, and starting again. One day in [redacted] I received the letter, stating that the cancer was now certainly terminal. My mother was worried about me--that I would be traumatized and heartbroken--so she tried to comfort me. She had written many letters and made many calls to Church officials, petitioning for me to come home. It was finally decided that I could go. So on the night before [redacted] I left the fund-raising team I was on in [redacted] and flew to [redacted]

It had been hard for me to communicate with my parents. It wasn't that I didn't want to: no one ever kept me from writing, calling, or visiting them. I just honestly didn't know how to get through to them. I called my mother, my father, and my roommates as soon as I had decided to go to a workshop, but no one was home. I finally reached my mother while I was at the workshop; I hid nothing, and told her everything about where I was, who I was with, and what I was doing. I had been living on my own for [redacted] years, and between school and various jobs long periods of time would often go by during which my parents would lose track of me. Being concerned parents, they often did worry, but they had some faith that I could manage on my own and weren't usually too upset by the time I caught up with them. But now my mother sounded apprehensive. Within a few days she came to the center with my father. There was a horrible scene. My parents shouted

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profanities, jeered at Rev. Moon, calling him a communist megalomaniac, a false prophet, and Satan himself. They raved and sneered and ground their cigarette butts and ashes into the carpet. Screaming and demanding to know this and to know that, they elbowed their way through the center and wouldn't listen to anyone. They were utterly convinced that I was drugged or brainwashed. I had never seen them so rattled and so irrational. I felt terribly sad, and a little ashamed. Once my mother came back by herself for a repeat performance of this and I had to forbid her to come into the center because she upset everyone so much. I told my parents that the only way that they could get real answers to their questions was to come to a workshop, but they repeatedly refused.

It was hard to believe that their fear and ignorance could be so very deliberate. But it was. And it was this wall of stubbornness around them that caused me to despair. I didn't write or call because nothing I could think of to say made any difference.

It should be stated here that [redacted] But my father has such a heart of compassion for my mother and such concern for me that he readily adopts my mother's anxieties as his own, and is often incited by her to do things that he wouldn't do ordinarily. His visit with my mother to the center is a case in point. However, he couldn't condone my mother's plans to kidnap me, and had nothing to do with them, or with their execution, to my knowledge.

I had been seeing psychologists and psychiatrists since the age of [redacted]
[redacted] I left my father [redacted] and began trying to grow up alone with my mother. I became exceedingly anxious and withdrawn. My mother was erratic in her behavior toward me: some days she supported me; other days she accused and belittled me. Because I was so united in heart with her, I was radically affected by these abrupt changes. Deep within I began to feel betrayed and abandoned: trust became impossible. Desperately I began to

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[redacted] /3
try to separate myself from her, to stake out a sphere of consistently positive experience where I could strive toward capability and independence, and build self-esteem. But I was like a cripple. In the course that followed it took every bit of energy and determination I had to free myself psychically from the realm of self-hatred. [redacted]

But my goal was never to abandon my mother! --only to find the means to overcome my own resentment and to grow my mind and heart so that I could really provide some of the strength and reassurance that our relationship needed. My mother wasn't stable because she couldn't love herself. No matter how she clung to me she couldn't change that. And because she couldn't love herself, she couldn't really love me: she couldn't let me go. Now at last I had learned a new and durable truth that could strengthen me internally and help me to learn how to love her. But she resisted learning this truth because she resisted knowing herself. Self-awareness--and self-forgiveness--are no doubt very, very painful for almost everyone. Painful enough, I think, to incite hysteria and persecution.

My mother picked me up at the airport at [redacted] and we drove back to [redacted]. As we were nearing her apartment she mentioned that she had lost several thousand dollars in some investment. It seemed like an odd comment for her to make, but since it didn't compute, I just ignored it.

Both of us went back to sleep for a couple of hours. Later, over our traditional cups of coffee, my mother mentioned that someone would be coming to pick us up to drive us to the [redacted]--who were neighbors and friends of hers--for our holiday dinner. Also, she said, she had a "surprise" planned for me. But this was not surprising. My mother, being [redacted] [redacted] had strings and strings of friends and would often take me out to meet one or two of them somewhere along the grapevine. Through her I would always meet interesting people in extraordinary circumstances--

in coffee shops, hospitals, offices, and on the street. My mother was strong and clever in her work, and well-liked by many people. So her comment didn't arouse much suspicion in me: this was the usual with my mother.

At [redacted] or so [redacted] came to the door. We got into the car and drove to a nearby parking lot. Standing in the middle of it was [redacted] [redacted] I had met her previously in the Unification Church and I was glad to see her. I thought my mother must have met her, befriended her, and planned this visit together; immediately, I assumed that this was the "surprise". I didn't know that [redacted] had been kidnapped and deprogrammed.

We circled her, picked her up, and drove off. We chatted in a friendly way, sharing experiences. She mentioned during the course of our conversation that she had some wonderful Bible quotes to show me, nothing unusual for a Unification Church member. I knew that [redacted] lived in [redacted] so I figured, as we crossed the state line, that there would be a big get-together at her house, and the [redacted] would be there.

[redacted] met me at the door with [redacted] and they all ushered me into the basement.

We all gathered around and then from behind me a person strode up, took my hand, and introduced himself as [redacted] Even this didn't throw me. But then the whole group sat down, and [redacted] said, [redacted] remember those Bible quotes I was talking about?" I knew immediately that I was going to have to face a dark and serious contest.

It was cacophony, like a den of demons; all kinds of angry and accusing voices sounded from every corner of the room. [redacted] let out a string of Bible quotes about false prophets, unity of the family, and the sole messiahship of Jesus Christ. [redacted] that is--informed me venomously that I was praying to Satan, trapped, and deceived, and that we would be

[redacted] 5
together a good long time (ie. whether I liked it or not) restoring that.
My mother pleaded with me, "Don't you know how much I love you?" And even
[redacted] piped in helpfully, "We're doing this for your own good."

For a few moments, wave after wave of black terror rolled over me. Here, in all the physical dimensions of time and space, in stark, graphic terms, was a picture of the psychic imprisonment I had had to fight for so long. My mother wouldn't let me go. She wouldn't let me make my own decisions. She couldn't trust me in freedom for fear of losing me. And now she was going to force me to stay with her, even if she had to make herself an accomplice to a serious crime. How much more could I scrape myself together and resist this kind of invasion?

I took many deep breaths, and deliberately slowed down my thinking. Nothing they said made sense, really; the comments were disorganized and without any ideological consistency whatsoever, so on that level they had no base to defeat me. But everything blended into one shrill, irrational statement: "We're not letting you go;" it made no difference to them that their reasons were disconnected and even downright contradictory. They were going to trap me by emotional force.

When their comments became really offensive, I got up, excused myself, and headed for the door. Immediately they were all on top of me, and I resisted--kicking and punching them, trying with all my might to wrench myself away.

[redacted]--who was really [redacted]--pinned me into the chair and restrained me there until he was sure I wouldn't resist again. So, they were planning to use physical force, too, if need be.

I had to fight down the terror again, and I knew that resistance would be useless. When the terror passed, I began to feel annoyed, really annoyed, that they were going to waste so much of my time, time that was needed for my mission in the Church. And I became impatient. They were talking about affidavits, rehabilitation centers, and press conferences that would be

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[redacted] /6

scheduled for me, dates with boys they would take me on, and restaurants they would take me to, businesses they would set up and college courses they would pay for. They tried deliberately to tempt me with fame, with pleasure, and with money. I didn't want to be around either for the business or the entertainment they had in mind, and I wanted to find a way to get away--fast. It came to me to pretend to be deprogrammed; that way they might relax their controls and I could find a way to escape sooner and more easily. I began agreeing with them.

Meanwhile, [redacted] had a big black doctor's bag with him and I wanted to know what was in it. I was afraid that he might try to use electro-chemical means to make me change my mind. If I had to face that, I wanted to get it over with. So I told everyone except him to leave. They all went upstairs, happily thinking that I trusted him and wanted to have a heart-to heart talk with him. Once we were alone I immediately asked him, "What's in your bag?" He began to pull out bundles of tapes and newspaper clippings--all testimonies of young people who had been "saved" by him. When I saw this, I wept with tears of laughter and relief inside myself; "Is that all?" I thought. He began to tell me that he kidnapped and deprogrammed members of every kind of "cult" whether it was religious or political, conservative or radical. When he discussed one experience with a Marxist, I could see clearly once again that there was no ideological consistency whatsoever in his motivation, for I am certainly anti-Marxist. I knew that his reasons would have to be individual and personal. I began to praise him, telling him that he must be a very concerned and courageous man to undertake such a dangerous and important crusade. He began to open up a little, and he told me the story of how [redacted]

[redacted]

I remember his tears, and they touched me. I knew that he wasn't really an evil man, just confused: [redacted] had a bad experience with one "cult." so he began to think that all "cults" were just as destructive as that one

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[redacted] /7

and that all young people in them were just as much harmed as [redacted]

[redacted] It was clearly a false generalization. In his mind there was no difference between Children of God, Unification Church, and Students for a Democratic Society. What he was doing could not be a matter of any of his own convictions about absolute truth or about the search for it. Fear left me completely at that point, but I was still so impatient to get back to my work. Especially, I didn't want to get involved in making any public or legal statements.

By that time the dinner was ready. I ate all the food and drank the wine they gave me, and agreed with everything they said. They talked quite a bit about the infiltrators, and deprogramming methods they were using, and the parents' organizations and rehabilitation centers they were going to set up, all designed to put a stop to the Unification Church. I could see that [redacted] was planning to manipulate parental hysteria to create significant problems for our Church.

When it was time to go to sleep, I was taken into a bedroom. My bed was in a corner, another bed for [redacted] was moved up against the window, and then another one was moved across the doorway for my mother. I put my dress under my pillow so that I could put it on over my nightgown. I knew that [redacted] would be leaving shortly after [redacted] so I decided to try to escape sometime before sunrise. During the night, [redacted] got up to go to the bathroom, and she forgot to push my mother's bed back against the doorway when she returned. I tiptoed through the room, squeezed by the bed, but just as I reached the doorway my mother awoke. Immediately I jumped into the bed with her saying, "Mom, I was having such terrible dreams! Can you help me go back to sleep?"

Shortly thereafter everyone awoke and the day began. While talking with my mother and [redacted] over breakfast, I managed to convince them even

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further that I was okay now, back to my "normal" state. I was able to make short trips around the house without being followed. I went into the bedroom and examined the front window; I released the storm window outside and closed the inside window. Then I sat down in the living room and played the piano for quite a while. I paused once and took a five dollar bill out of my mother's pocketbook. I played for a while longer, then got up, went into the bedroom, and jumped out the window.

I fled desperately, like a fugitive. Because of the terror that I felt, I did something that I knew clearly would destroy my chances: I went to a neighbor's house. Immediately the woman there told [redacted] to hold me, but he wouldn't. She called the [redacted]

I tried flagging down a car in the street, but the men got out with their hands in their pockets and just asked questions.

I ran on to a nursing home. I got the bill changed, with difficulty, at the front desk. From a phone booth, I tried to call [redacted] center, but it had moved and the number had been changed. While I was trying to connect with the information service, my mother caught up with me. She leaned all her weight against the glass door and tried to imprison me there. With great force I threw the door open, sending my mother back against a wall nearby and breaking her glasses. As I ran away I could see that the bridge of her nose had been cut and was bleeding. I cannot describe the agony of that moment. All the invisible, psychological blows we had dealt each other for years were now physical and undeniable. It seemed like a nightmare, and yet, that drop of blood from her eye was so real to me. She couldn't understand me at all, but I loved her so intensely. I felt so sorry for her standing there that I thought I would drop from the pain in my heart.

But I kept running. One of [redacted] was catching up to me. I stopped dead in my tracks, turned, and with furious grief and determination, put my fist in his face and promised to pound him into the pavement if he

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tried anything.

I came to a medical building and burst into a dentist's office. "Look," I said, and unfortunately I was nearly hysterical, "I'm [redacted] years old and I've been kidnapped and restrained against my will by my own parents! You've got to be a witness to this! Is there a telephone?" The people in the waiting room either tried to ignore me, or jeered at me, saying I was out of my mind. Someone in the office called the police.

When they arrived there was a big scene in the parking lot outside. My mother, [redacted] were all there. [redacted] was shouting about how Rev. Moon was plotting to overthrow the government, and [redacted] was snarling about how I didn't even care that my mother was dying. The police told me to get into the car. I refused, saying, "Bring a Unification Church member here as a witness or let me use the telephone. Then I'll do whatever you want." They insisted, and I repeated myself. It was a clear violation of my civil rights on the part of a law-enforcement agency. I could hardly believe it.

Everything had come to a standstill, but I felt the need to keep some action going. So I got into the police car, but, never having been in one or watched TV very much, I didn't know that I wouldn't be able to get out. They drove me to the [redacted] house, and told me to get out there. I refused again, saying, "You know very well that they're going to shut me up here against my will. Why are you denying my rights?" My mother came up to him, explaining that I had been a victim of a cult, and that they were applying a psychological procedure to me called "deprogramming," designed to restore my right mind and free will. During this process there would be some danger of a "relapse" during which I would "float" back into my "old" beliefs and violently resist any effort to correct my thinking. They decided to take me to [redacted]

[redacted]

That was okay with me. [redacted]

and I knew that I could easily get access to a telephone there. However, everything that had happened up until that point had been so frightening and bizarre that I wasn't sure a special deprogramming depot hadn't been set up at the hospital. I knew that I wouldn't be able to trust the hospital staff right away without testing them to see if they were part of the conspiracy, too. These experiences could easily have generated paranoia in me, but I resisted it.

While we were driving to the hospital I calmed down and started apologizing for my "relapse," promising now to be more cooperative. Because my mother and [redacted] were present during the admitting interview, I had to keep pretending. Once on the ward, I had access to a telephone and a "no visitors" privilege. Within [redacted] I had been able to explain my situation clearly and secure a release. Two church members came and escorted me off the hospital premises and everything, for the moment, was over.

For a long time after this happened, I wouldn't speak to my mother. When I did, she asked why. I couldn't believe that she couldn't understand that she had broken the little trust that I had. But I love her very much, and there is still enough time left for us to repair everything.

On a larger scale, these kidnappings absolutely must be stopped. Maybe [redacted] and his crew know how to slither through the loopholes of the law, but the nature of what they are doing is essentially and undeniably criminal. This nation was founded on religious freedom, and without doubt, if that precious cause is lost, so is America.

SIGNED: [redacted]

[redacted] being first duly sworn does depose and say that:

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REPORT FROM [redacted]

January 25, 1976

In the past [redacted] I have experienced a family tragedy which is now occurring all over this nation of America. The details of my story are shocking and outrageous for any conscientious person. I, personally, hope this testimony of my experience can truly influence the spirit of Christianity which has protected our country for 200 years and given us the human rights we need now so desperately to defend.

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I have been a member of the Unification Church since [redacted]. Based on a deepening understanding of the Bible, Divine Principle (and its application) and experience with God through prayer, I am always reaffirming my decision to remain with the Unification Church as a full time member. I truly desire to give my time and energy for its goals and activities.

Unfortunately, my parents have never been able to understand my motivation to join an international unification movement which they, in [redacted] had never heard of. Because we, as a family, were already victims of the "generation gap" and other personal misunderstandings, my seemingly stubbornness in refusing to leave the Unification Church upset my parents very much. They became hurt, angry and full of grief and resentment. The more I urged them to try to see God's will in my life as a Unification Church member, the more negative they became.

In [redacted] they viewed, along with millions of Americans nationwide, the now famous "NBC special" about Rev. Moon and the Unification Church.

My parents believed every lie and every false accusation made in that film. My mother was absolutely convinced I would even kill her and my father if Reverend Moon asked me to do so, i.e. they were convinced I was under mind-control and being brainwashed by communistic methods.

Defying their own logic and own parental heart for their daughter, they chose to believe I was brainwashed not to love them anymore. They now had the first part of their solution to understanding my motivation in joining the Unification Church.

In [redacted] suddenly became an overnight celebrity in the [redacted] area, as she began to appear in every newspaper and on TV and radio shows. She had been a member of the Unification Church for [redacted] and had been successfully "deprogrammed" by [redacted]. My parents called the [redacted] [redacted] and received the phone number of the [redacted] residence in [redacted]. They eventually met and my parents decided to hire [redacted] to "deprogram" me.

My parents are, besides being active members of their [redacted] church, very deep loving Christians. They have always truly led a Christian life, based on their sincere good hearts and beliefs in God and Jesus Christ. My father is a [redacted] and has [redacted]. [redacted] My mother later told me that my father almost collapsed in tears after he made the final arrangements for [redacted] services to be rendered. He was so hurt to think of what he was about to do to me -- and yet, they went ahead with their plans.

On [redacted] my parents called me from [redacted] to Barrytown, New York. This was the first time they had called me since I had been living there for [redacted]. Because I was in [redacted] the whole day on [redacted] I returned their call on [redacted] and we began to talk. They were so curious as to what I was doing in Barrytown and what kind of schedule I had. My mother even asked me if they had bars on the windows, like a prison. I was almost laughing because their charges were so ridiculous.

My mother began to cry and tell me how much she missed me, etc. and then they began to ask me repeatedly to come home. I refused and their pleas increased. My father told me my mother was emotionally down and really needed me and if I didn't come home they would come to New York to see me.

At this point in the conversation I knew something was strange and finally my mother blurted out that my father may have a brain tumor and that he had been ill for [redacted] with severe headaches.

The thought of my father dying suddenly of cancer scared me so deeply that I couldn't think clearly about anything except that I just had to go home.

Finally, on [redacted] I flew from [redacted] to [redacted]. Before I saw my parents at the airport I was met by 2 Unification Church members who had been requested to warn me about the possibility of being kidnapped by [redacted].

I told them I would call every evening during my [redacted] stay in [redacted] to reassure them that I was alright.

For [redacted] everything seemed fairly normal at home. The only thing was that my parents offered no resistance when I spoke, rather freely, about my activities and plans for the future. They never spoke negatively about the Unification Church and went out of their way to be really nice and giving to me. I did notice that there were no door knobs on the outside doors and that the locks had been changed. My mother passed it off by saying that they had them changed for security reasons to prevent burglary.

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On [redacted] my father drove me home from downtown after a morning of [redacted] My father was supposed to have brain tests on [redacted] so he was coming home early from work to rest.

As soon as we drove home my mother offered to take me [redacted]
[redacted]

When we returned, I walked in the house and smelled a cigarette, which is a foreign odor in my parents' home as no one smokes there. I saw [redacted] in the corner of the den and [redacted] on the other side of the room. Next my father appeared followed by a [redacted] monster.

I began to realize something was very strange and then I knew what was happening. They were about to attempt to forcibly deprogram me.

The word "deprogram" is the term used by [redacted] I would call it breaking down a person emotionally even if it meant driving them almost to the point of a nervous breakdown.

Once the victim is at the point of losing his mind, [redacted] begins to feed in lies and false information. Truly, he is employing techniques and tactics of Communism to brainwash the victims and turn their love for God and righteousness into bitter, vicious hate. And all of this is done with the permission of the parents and in the name of God and Democracy! However, this analysis has been composed as a result of the experience.

At that moment when I realized what was happening I was so shocked that I could only laugh and make very sarcastic jokes. However, on the inside of me I was almost paralyzed with fear. I struggled for at least [redacted] to grasp the fact my parents actually were doing this to me. How can I explain how crushed I was?

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[redacted]
In the midst of my emotional upheaval about my parents, I was forced to deal with the reality of [redacted] and all he represented to me. [redacted] [redacted] was there to assist in the deprogramming and [redacted] was [redacted] bodyguard.

If I ever was desperate for the love, mercy and guidance of Heavenly Father it was in that moment and my prayer was a very short but urgent plea which I spoke in the depths of my heart. I felt totally responsible for the situation I found myself in and knew even in that moment that I must fight and win all by myself. For me, it became a question of life and death and I was that serious.

However, on the outside I played a completely different role or at least attempted it and I think I was fairly successful. I tried to appear to them to be absolutely bored to death, completely passive and relaxed. I determined from the first few minutes that I would never allow them to see my heart or how I really felt. My strategy for the spiritual war to begin was always to be based on Divine Principle. I thought to myself, "I know Divine Principle is true absolutely and yet as a final test I must use it now to protect myself and if I win, which is certain if I am strictly obedient to Principle, then Divine Principle is from God and I am right in opposing [redacted] and especially in standing in seemingly opposition to my parents."

I knew that if I remained steadfast in my faith in God and always concentrated on Him and the truth, that I would be victorious. If I gave my 100 percent then God could also give his 100 percent and then His will would be accomplished.

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So I used the very simple principle of "no give and take relationship" with [REDACTED] as my weapon. In my heart, I felt absolutely that I was using my life in the Unification Church for God's purpose. Therefore if anyone opposed me they were representing something evil which stands in the way of God.

In the Unification Church we are learning that our lives are for God absolutely. We make the decision to sacrifice our own personal, usually selfish desires, temporarily, for the sake of God's purpose. Therefore, even though I am not such a good person, anyway symbolically my life is God's life. I want to explain this so that people can understand my feeling then and why I felt so desperately that I must stand in opposition even to my own parents. It is because I was fighting for righteousness and for God.

And yet it's not such an easy decision to make. It's very difficult and so extremely painful. This is because suddenly in this situation you are faced with your parents, who are obviously acting under a heavy emotional stress and really, beyond ration and logic. Also, there are total strangers in your home, who have complete power and control. All of the windows in the house have been nailed shut and the doors are all locked. It is impossible to get to the telephone and anyway, all the neighbors and police have been warned that if I should suddenly run out of my parents house that they must return me there immediately. There is no way to escape. I was completely surrounded by people who passionately hated my devotion to the Unification Church and were prepared to do anything to get me to admit that I was wrong.

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Later, [redacted] told me he would have just given in immediately. Perhaps that may sound the most reasonable. And yet, I knew it was not so simple because my life could not be so easily bargained for. How could I sell my soul to something which for me was not of God? And yet I must be honest - the temptation was exceedingly great, because it wasn't the Devil standing there asking for my heart but my own parents.

So I want to explain my story in two ways - 1) what happened in reality 2) what happened inside me and how I dealt with every situation.

I met [redacted] around [redacted] afternoon. He finally left [redacted] with his bodyguard the following [redacted] morning. For [redacted] I was forced to endure his verbal abuse, obscenities and spiritual harrassment - whenever he felt inclined to dish it out.

On the first day, I admit that I spoke and argued a little bit with [redacted] but it didn't take long for me to realize that it was useless and even stupid to try to reason with him or my parents.

In the beginning they showed me the "NBC Special" which I had not seen. [redacted] sat right next to me and spoke almost continuously twisting any particle of truth in the film into more lies and deceit. For me, the film and his commentary was so outrageous that it was absurd. I cannot remember saying anything to defend the false accusations. I felt, "Why should I be so ridiculous?"

After the film, he began his tirade which was almost non-stop for [redacted]

He has several different attacks.

First, he begins to accuse Rev. Moon of being the Anti-Christ and a false prophet. He uses the Bible, particularly in Matt. the 23rd, 24th and 25th chapters. My mother, a recently-turned Bible scholar, had already

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searched the scriptures for endless passages to read to me warning of the danger of being misled.

Interspersed among the Bible passages, [] would suddenly turn on me. Something like this, - after reading the words of Jesus Christ, he would turn on me and say in the next breath, "You God damned little bitch! What the hell are you doing selling yourself to Moon - that Satanist snake?" Then he would read again from the Bible; always back and forth, attacking me and hurting me so deeply with his wicked tongue.

I can't describe his voice, [] or his facial expressions. But let it be enough to know that it was absolutely evil.

The point is that if he was really, really seriously trying to point out an error in my reasoning, why couldn't he be logical? Why couldn't I voice my own opinion and views? If I spoke one word, he would twist it and spin it out of shape for hours. I refused to give him energy. It would be stupid and even suicidal.

Sometimes he would give me the Bible and tell me to read. I was more than happy to do this. I felt I could bring God's spirit into the room if I could read powerfully enough the "word of God". As I read, I felt that every word was coming that moment from God and that He was trying so desperately to express the true nature of His heart and not what they wanted to portray and interpret. Spiritually, I could feel the atmosphere change. It was like cleaning up the air of all the filth and garbage coming from [] My parents, [] and even [] really seemed to drink in this spirit. They liked very much for me to read the Bible and they would become very quiet and listen deeply. But then after [] [] would stop me and say, "Why don't you believe the Bible is true?" in his 4 letter colored language.

Can you understand how I felt? Why should I say, "Of course the Bible is true and is of God"? Even if I said that he would say, "You're lying to me now, you don't really believe it."

So I remained silent and so, so sad. I thought surely my parents, at least my father, will notice how stupid is his logic and interfere but they never seemed to notice. My father sat on a small 3 legged stool and held his head in his hands, almost weeping. He couldn't believe what he was doing to me. He visibly aged 20 years and turned whiter and whiter. Eventually [redacted] wouldn't allow him to stay in the room, as even [redacted] was worried about his health or of being sued.

Because of my external passive nature and expressions, [redacted] encouraged my parents to do anything to get me upset.

So my mother came to me on her knees and began crying to me, hysterically and sometimes even screaming. I watched her face, the beautiful face of my mother, became ugly as a shadow of evil passed over her whole countenance and then she wasn't my mother any more. She was so ugly and so wretched. She screamed repeatedly, [redacted] do you love me? Do you love me? Do you love me? Do you love me? Am I your true mother? Am I your real mother? Don't you love me? "My heart felt completely raw from being so ripped and hurt. But I couldn't respond to her. It was so unreal.

I was so angry at [redacted] for causing so much trouble in our home. I just couldn't give in to his techniques.

And yet, here was my mother screaming and crying and sobbing on her knees before me. Next she began yelling, "If Moon told you to hold a gun to my forehead and pull the trigger, would you do it? Will you kill your own mother because Moon said to? Are you going to murder me?"

I was shocked. How could she think I could do that to her or anyone? Would God kill his own children? Why would I ever be so deviated from goodness that I could murder "in the name of God"? I was so shocked I couldn't answer her.

Then they had my father to kneel before me. Here was my father, whom I came rushing home to be near to - who may be dying of cancer and who has always been the chief object of my love and respect. My mother said, "Ask her if she loves you." My father could not look me in the eyes and he muttered, "I know she loves me." But my mother insisted and insisted and finally I saw him change.

And then he looked at me abruptly and his face was clouded with the same evil look and he said, "Do you love me, [redacted] And then he repeated it over and over, louder and louder. Then they screamed and shouted and wailed in unison. I honestly couldn't believe it.

Meanwhile, during this whole scene, [redacted] was talking constantly, always accusing me of being no-good, rotten and of the devil, etc.

It was like being in a closet with a stereo, TV, and radio all turned to the highest volume and all going on at the same time.

[redacted] both left the room - they couldn't bear it. And yet, I never budged or shed 1 tear. Rather I prayed to God and asked how is it possible for such a horrible thing to be happening to me? And at the same time I wanted God to shut his eyes and not see or hear this evil and pain.

What was [redacted] trying to do? Simply to get me angry - really 'ready to kill' kind of anger and hate - or else very emotional and upset. He wanted me to cry, to use my tears for his evil purposes. Therefore, I determined never would I allow myself to cry and become vulnerable to his attack.

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After exhausting his Biblical assault, he asked me to explain why Divine Principle is true. He had my mother bring everything I had brought home with me from Barrytown that was used by the Unification Church. So he gave me my copy of the Divine Principle and asked me to explain it to him. I knew he could care less about hearing the truth from me or anything logical.

So just as he had explained the "truth" of his case by just reading from the Bible, so I decided I would only read Divine Principle to him. And so I opened the book to the introduction and prepared to read. But he never allowed me to speak one word of it.

He said, "Why must you use the book to defend your truth? Why can't you explain it? Oh, I guess because it's really a bunch of bullshit." Etc, etc. He was contradicting his own method of debate. I just stared at him and then after he screamed a while he grabbed the Divine Principle book from me and said, "You don't need this any more. It's of the devil and Satanist snake. I'll get rid of it for you."

So he proceeded to open the book and tear it page by page. The more he ripped it the more excited he became, the more saturated with evil and the more ugly things were coming out of his mouth. It took quite a while to rip up every page. It was definitely the most destructive thing I've ever witnessed, even [redacted] was crying, it was so tense.

During this experience, however, I had a deep revelation and understanding about Jesus Christ. I was thinking about how He must have felt when the Jewish people betrayed Him and eventually drove the nails into his body and crucified him. And then I thought of how even in such agony and pain, Jesus prayed to God and asked him to "forgive them, for they know not what they do." How great was his love - then I thought about my situation. How my parents, [redacted] and even [redacted] were persecuting

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me - persecuting Rev. Moon through me, in the Name of God and representing Christianity. And I knew I had heard Rev. Moon speak many times about how his desire is to bring unification to Christianity. I know Rev. Moon loves Christianity and then I knew how great is his love even for these people who are perscuting him right now in this room. And then I knew I must not be filled with hatred or bitterness or anger but I also must have a big enough heart to love them, even though they are in a sense trying to spiritually crucify me.

So again I didn't respond to his tactics. He was so worked up by this point, that he tore out the picture of Rev. Moon and began to scribble on it. He drew a beard, moustache, changed the hair, nose, ears, etc. just as a spoiled brat would do in a temper tantrum. He flung it in my face and reiterated his obsceneties, referring to Rev. Moon. Then he would take the picture wad it up, sit on it and then fling it in my face again.

To me it was just ludicrous! I must admit that my attitude towards my parents on the first day or second was not pure or good. I was so destroyed and crused to realize that the bond of trust between us was broken, that I wanted to hurt them back. So I sometimes, lashed out at them. Basically I was attempting to reach their heart or reasoning powers. I wanted them to realize what they were doing to me and to our relationship. But I couldn't reach them at all and eventually I lapsed into almost total silence.

Around [REDACTED] after the first day, [REDACTED] urged my parents and [REDACTED] to go to bed. Before my father left the room, I asked him, "Are you going to allow them to beat me?" and my father looked at me and said, [REDACTED] can do anything he wants. I will allow anything to happen which will prevent you from ever going back to the Unification Church."

With that statement, everyone left the room but [] and I. I was terrified!

But actually his purpose was only to harrass me in a more personal way verbally -- not physically. He began right off calling me "a dirty whore and a prostitute of the Satanist snake." He went on and on accusing me of the most vile things until []

Sometimes, to irritate me, he would forcibly rock my chair back and forth or stroke my arm. I never flinched or let him see how much I hated him for that so eventually he might stop it and go on to something else. Always, he sat not more than 2 feet away from me.

Finally he was exhausted and decided it was time to go to bed. My mother came in and told me that [] was going to sleep in my bed in my room. She pointed to my brother's bedroom and said I should sleep in there with her and with [] I rebelled completely and ran to my parents' room where I jumped into bed with my father.

A few hours later, [] who had slept a good 8 or 9 hours, woke me up and ordered me up. Behind her, in the doorway, was standing [] without his shirt on. He just stood there sneering with a cigzrette hanging out of his mouth. For [] went around the house with no shirt and always calling me a "cold bitch" under his breath.

I had cold chills. After I was up and dressed I knew I was going to cry. I had so much emotion pent up inside me. So I went to the living room and began to play the piano. I played and played with my whole heart for about an hour. I just had to release my emotions!

Finally, they stopped me and urged me to come and eat breakfast. By this time it was [] and [] soon appeared. I was perfectly calm, with a very carefree attitude. I decided to cook my speciality, omelettes, for [] and myself. He sat at the breakfast table and was amazed, I think, because I was talking about art in Europe and different sight-seeing

excursions I had experienced and I was in absolute control of the conversation and the breakfast. I prepared a beautiful plate for him and served him completely; he couldn't say anything.

I never let them see me pray at any time, especially before I ate. I knew he would attack me and say I was "meditating" or "praying to the devil". I always tried to be one step ahead of him, and always be protected from accusations.

Because I had regained my self control and composure so effectively, [redacted] told my parents that the Unification Church brainwashed me with music. He said that if I were allowed to hear any music on radio or TV that I would immediately be under mind control again. Therefore, it was absolutely forbidden for me to play the piano. [redacted]

[redacted] I couldn't believe they would even take away the most precious thing to me, my music.

My mother obeyed [redacted] so completely that during the "deprogramming" I naively picked up and played a music box and she took it immediately from me and out of the room and hid it. Later, it was [redacted] before they allowed me to play the piano or listen to the radio. My mother had even taken the plugs out and taped them up. When I asked and asked to please let me play the piano, my parents first had to telephone [redacted] and ask him if it was alright. How much he was controlling them and telling them everything to think and do. He always completely manipulated them.

In my mind, the whole session during the first [redacted] is blurred together. The schedule was usually the same - very late to bed and early to rise for me. However [redacted] never made an appearance before [redacted]

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He began to repeat all of his techniques over and over - each cycle taking [redacted] straight, non-stop. He always accused Rev. Moon and the Unification Church. He accused me or my friends in the Unification Church on a personal level to try to hurt me. He used the Bible and read lengthy passages to me. One night, really late, he read the following sentence at least 500 times - over and over and over and over.

Matt. 24:5 "For many will come in my name, saying, "I am the Christ", and they will lead many astray."

The biggest charge he tried to make was that I was under mind-control and being brainwashed at Barrytown. He always referred to Rev. Moon as "Moon" and to our church as "the cult".

He talked about Charles Manson and how he programmed his followers to kill. Then he compared Charles Manson to Rev. Moon. He played many tapes of how communists brainwash their victims. He had many, many articles about other "cults" such as Hare Krishna, Children of God, Divine Light Mission, etc. He also played many tapes of ex-Unification Church members who gave their testimony of how much they hated Rev. Moon and the Unification Church.

All of this talking went on for hours and hours at a stretch and always he used obscene language. Every once and awhile he would sit on Rev. Moon's picture again and throw it in my face.

Finally after [redacted] of his deprogramming tirade he began a new tactic. In the meantime, he always had a tape-recorder going, to record everything that happened. Tape after tape after tape - however my voice is not on one tape, except for the very beginning.

Because I never responded to any of his tactics, he began to attack me more and more personally. He said, "I know you really don't believe Divine Principle or even like the Unification Church. You're really not

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brainwashed. I know you are at Barrytown, because you are having an affair with the director of the training center, [redacted]

He then proceeded for about [redacted] to accuse me of the most vulgar and cruel things in a sexual way. I was sick with disgust at his lies and filth. Also about this time I began to feel so tired emotionally. I began to be afraid he would destroy my brain. I couldn't stand his constant picking at my thinking - I began to be afraid I would actually lose my mind.

On the [redacted] they finally opened a window for fresh air. For over [redacted] had smoked constantly, saturating the air with heavy smoke. It was sickening. I begged and pleaded for fresh air but they refused.

Also on the [redacted] began to tell me how my parents were going to take me to the mountains and lock me up in a cabin with [redacted] for [redacted] I began to panic because I could understand more and more how deadly serious they all were to destroy my heart and mind. By this time, I also knew that my father had a gun in the house.

Around [redacted] told me to go upstairs with him to the game room. He wanted to continue the "deprogramming" upstairs. I felt that perhaps the police were coming to rescue me and they were trying to hide me - so I dashed to the bathroom and wrote "HELP" on the mirror with soap.

Then they asked me to go upstairs. I sat down and refused to go. Therefore, [redacted] came over to me and picked me up and dragged me upstairs and threw me down on the couch. The whole time my mother was standing and watching allowing it to happen. I looked at her and screamed for help. She didn't blink an eye. I was scared. I was disgusted and so, so tired. [redacted] began to read from the "Song of Solomon" about "sweet kisses", referring

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to me and my illicit sexual relationships. I was sick. So, I looked at the clock and it was [redacted] I began to pray to God, inside. I told Him that after 1 hour, at [redacted] I was going to do something. I asked Him to please forgive my impure nature and to please help me know what to do.

From [redacted] I became more and more calm. God came to me and comforted my heart.

At [redacted] I placed my right hand on a Bible lying near me and pledged to God my life. I told him I believed absolutely in Divine Principle and the goodness of Rev. Moon. I promised never to betray the truth.

All this time, [redacted] was still reading from the Bible and making his cruel jokes. He never knew I was in the depths of prayer. I spoke for the first time and said coolly and calmly, "I'd like to see my mother."

[redacted] left the room and soon both my parents appeared. He had already told them not to believe anything I was about to say. I knew it but I was desperate to reach them. So I began to talk to them. I began to cry a little, fighting back every tear, but soon I was sobbing hysterically. I pleaded and pleaded with them to please make that awful man leave our house. I told them so many things from the depths of my heart, crying and crying. They didn't blink an eye and only began to accuse me of mistakes I made when I was even 13 years old. I couldn't believe it. I was begging them to listen to my heart, like I had never done in the [redacted] years I've been alive. They never saw my heart so clearly expressed. I gave them everything during that [redacted] But they only accused me of murdering them and not caring about them - not really.

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At this point, I was truly on the verge of losing my mind, I began to scream hysterically to my father to make [redacted] leave the house. I said, "If he doesn't shut up his mouth I'm going to kill myself." And the scary part was that I meant it. The spiritual torture, emotional anguish and pain was so great that the idea of slitting my wrists and seeing my blood gushing out was relief. I wanted to die to escape that horror and nightmare.

My father was half smiling. He thought I was breaking and soon would be "deprogrammed". He said, "Just listen to [redacted] for 5 minutes and then he'll leave."

I was in desperation. I had been listening for [redacted] to the most vile and vulgar language possible. I had not had even 1 moment of privacy (not even when I went to the restroom). I had been held in a locked and bolted house against my will with no human or American rights for [redacted] already and my father, half smiling told me to listen for 5 minutes.

In 5 minutes, I should according to them, be convinced by their methods that everything I knew to be true from logic and science and experience was really false. How absurd!

So I knew there was only 1 way to make them think I was deprogrammed. I resolved that even if it took [redacted] to escape, I would always be faithful to the truth of Divine Principle.

And yet, my dilemma was that I had resolved to God that I would not lie or deny the truth. So I didn't know what could be the magic words to convince [redacted] that I was deprogrammed. [redacted] came back into the room and began speaking to me and reading from a speech entitled "God" by [redacted]. He was tearing apart every other word. I was screaming and crying and

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trying to be logical but he only argued more viciously. Finally he said over and over, "Why did you join that cult? Why did you join that cult?"

Without thinking I said, "Because I thought I was following God." I was weeping and crying so deeply by this point for [REDACTED] Every tear felt like blood and I thought my insides were coming out. How can I describe such sadness?

When I spoke that sentence, [REDACTED] said I was thinking for myself. He said I was deprogrammed and freed from the mind control. I was amazed!! How could it be? Then I realized that that sentence came from God. God saved me completely because of the structure of the sentence. [REDACTED] thought I meant, "I thought I was following God but now I know I am not."

Then I began to cry even more deeply because I was so grateful to God for having helped me and protected me from having to lie and betray the truth so precious to me.

God came to me in His Spirit and I felt so, so close to Him. I was sad beyond description. I felt how sad it was for me to be misunderstood and how much more sad it was for God to have been misunderstood and betrayed by man for 6000 years.

[REDACTED] left the room immediately and my parents just sat and looked at me. My father kept saying over and over, "Isn't she beautiful? Isn't she beautiful?" I was crying so hard I knew my eyes were swollen and ugly and yet I knew he sensed God's presence with me. My mother also kept saying, "It's a miracle. A miracle from God."

It was a miracle, a small one, but it saved me and yet my parents thought I was "deprogrammed" but I knew I was saved from being "deprogrammed".

After that, began the rehabilitation process. I will not speak about the details of the next [REDACTED] It is enough to know that it was hell, I had no freedom and was constantly supervised. I convinced my parents that my only desire was to return to [REDACTED] school to pursue my [REDACTED] studies. They agreed to send me to [REDACTED] to visit my friends and former professor. I intended to leave [REDACTED] for New York and return to the Unification Church.

This is exactly what did happen. Eventually, I was able to return safely on the [REDACTED]

My father forced me to sign an affidavit swearing that if I returned to the Unification Church I would be not acting on my own free will. He said he would call the FBI and come and get me if ever I was "psychologically kidnapped". Because of this, I went to the FBI in New York city and explained my whole story to one of their agents. He reassured me that there was nothing the law or the FBI would do to prevent me from being a member of any church or religious organization.

My relationship with my parents and family and friends in [REDACTED] is completely destroyed. This is because I cannot trust them anymore. How sad it is to not be able to rely on the security of having parents you can trust and rely upon. I dare not go home anytime in the near future, at least. I've been panicked to even walk on a street by myself, in fear of being kidnapped by people working for my parents. They don't know where I am and I'm afraid to tell them.

I am sure they are in one sense completely disillusioned and depressed. They spent more than [redacted] to buy my life and they failed and lost my respect and trust. And yet, I have heard from sources that they are still convinced that I am under mind control and are trying to destroy the Unification Church - even writing letters to people, like Billy Graham.

Their pride won't let them even consider the possibility of being wrong. [redacted] is totally objective and neutral. He agrees totally that my parents are being completely irrational and abnormal with their possessive love for me.

And yet, I know this is not the essence of the problem. Rather my parents are being manipulated by [redacted] and the power he represents in this country. He is most definitely using Communist tactics to influence parents to kidnap their children from lives they are devoting to God and goodness. He is encouraging people all over this country (and world) to aid his cause while he cleans up with money, prestige and fame.

Worse than this, he is manipulating the minds of the American people and forcing them to do things which violate the law, the Constitution and basic human rights. He is breaking down the American sense of justice and righteousness. People are reading about this in newspapers and magazines all over the country, hearing about it on TV and radio and maintaining a passive attitude. This must be stopped. How can we so openly invite the Communists to come in to our country and take over?

During my [redacted] of captivity, I grew very close to God. I prayed daily for his guidance and truth. I read the entire New Testament and studied deeply the words of Jesus and St. Paul. I became deeply convinced of the wrong that had been done me and to hundreds of other young people

throughout the country. I resolved that if I ever could escape that I would truly devote my efforts to destroy this evil and drive it out of our country. America must be cleaned out and revitalized.

But this can happen in our 200th birthday year, only if we can humbly turn to God and receive His will. The selfishness, greed and evil which [REDACTED] and his associates represent must be put to an end. We can accomplish everything good and wonderful by relying upon God and the righteousness which He has instilled in each of us through his Son.

SIGNED: [REDACTED]

THE WONDERFUL WAY OF LIVING

Christian Life

"Be thou faithful . . .
and I will give thee
a crown of life."
—Jesus Christ Rev. 2:10

REPORTING WHAT GOD IS
DOING IN THE WORLD TODAY

NOVEMBER 1974

Volume 36
Number 7

Deprogramming sounds like a passage out of the *Gulag Archipelago*, but it has been going on in America, and poses a distinct threat to civil, personal and religious liberty.

BY JOHN McCANDLISH PHILLIPS

THE DEPROGRAMMER

One evening on his ABC-TV talk show earlier this year, Dick Cavett interviewed two sisters. By her own testimony, one had been in college, on dope and sleeping with male students with no objections from her parents. But when she committed her life to Jesus Christ, went off dope, left her bed partners and began to live a respectable life, her parents contacted the self-styled religious "deprogrammer," Ted Patrick, to "counter brainwash" their daughter from her so-called "fanaticism." Here is an in-depth report on this frightening attack on religious freedom in our day. —The Editors

You may have seen the headlines. They have broken out all across the country in the last twenty months in newspapers and magazines, telling of a strange new phenomenon called "deprogramming."

GROUP SEEKING TO 'DEPROGRAM' JESUS FREAKS, a 4-column banner in the *Los Angeles Times* announced.

PARENTS KIDNAPING THEIR 'JESUS FREAKS,' *The Washington Star-News* blazoned in a front-page report that ran 3½ columns.

LEGAL KIDNAPING was the terse line over a report in *Newsweek*, while *Time* topped one of its reports: OPEN SEASON ON SECTS.

Others carried headlines saying: WAR IS DECLARED ON JESUS FREAKS, SECT FEARS MORE KIDNAPINGS, 'DEPROGRAMMER' ORDERED TO FREE TWO WOMEN.

A sophisticated magazine boiled the matter down to these five words: SAVING YOUR CHILDREN FROM SALVATION.

From dozens of news reports it was clear that deprogramming had

arrived on the scene and that the "deprogrammer" was abroad in the land. All of them centered on the activities of a 43-year-old black man named Ted Patrick, the originator and organizer of the mysterious process called deprogramming.

He had, he said, logged over 300,000 miles in airline trips across the nation to carry out his mission, essentially that of a religious vigilante.

By all counts deprogramming rated as one of the top religion news stories of the year: Members of a wide variety of sects and groups were being kidnaped, as the headlines put it, and held against their will and pressured to renounce their religious beliefs.

CBS News sent a crew out to film as much of deprogramming in action as could be seen—most of it is carried out in locked and guarded rooms—and the result was so dramatic that the nationally televised CBS Evening News set a record with it. It gave deprogramming more time than it had ever before devoted to any one news subject—26½ minutes in three consecutive nights. The previous record holder—a report on the U.S.-Russian wheat deal—fell 10 minutes short of that.

What made deprogramming such a special subject for television news, which needs a lot of pictorial action, is that its first phases are usually all action.

What, then, is deprogramming? How is it carried out? Who are the objects of its extraordinary and sometimes violent procedures? What are the results?

Deprogramming is, basically, a three-step process.

The first step requires the bodily capturing of the individual to be deprogrammed. Sometimes that is done by a ruse—such as inviting him to dinner and grabbing him. But

usually a targeted individual is suddenly set upon, thrown to the ground, seized by force, pushed into a waiting two-door sedan, handcuffed if necessary, and driven off.

As much force and violence is applied as is necessary to subdue an individual who puts up a struggle.

Step two is the transporting of the seized individual to some pre-arranged site, often across state lines, sometimes halfway across the country. A two-door sedan is used because, when the captured person is held in the back seat, there is no way out.

The third step is the big one. The seized individual is sometimes taken to a house but far more often to a hotel or motel room, to be held prisoner while Patrick or his aides work him over psychologically and emotionally in what are called intense, marathon "counter-brainwashing" sessions.

Teams of deprogrammers come in day and night to talk with, to shout at, to badger and accuse the subject until he, or she, breaks down, recants his beliefs or renounces his way of living or both. Sessions run up to 20 hours in a day. The subject is worked on for as long as it takes—a day, several days, a week, two weeks.

In some cases the subject "breaks," in some cases he does not. A few subjects have got away by breaking out through bathroom windows, or jumping from second story windows.

A reporter in Pittsburgh who watched part of a session said, "This girl was clutching the Bible, staring ahead, and repeating, 'Praise the Lord' all the time. Patrick walked over and ripped the Bible out of her hands so hard that he almost threw her against the wall. He said, 'You don't serve God, you serve the devil.' The idea is to get them angry, to get them shouting."

It all sounds like a passage out of the *Gulag Archipelago*, but it has been going on in America. The methods employed pose a distinct threat to civil, personal and religious liberty if they continue to go largely unchecked, as, so far, they have gone.

What has allowed this extraordinary procedure to be carried out on so many individuals—Patrick claims to have conducted more than 140 such deprogrammings from Boston to San Diego and to have had an advisory role in 600 others—is that it is done under the cover of approval by at least one close relative of the subject, frequently a parent.

When a person is active in a religious group of which one of his close relatives disapproves, the latter now has recourse to strongarm measures of constraint and coercion. Patrick stands ready to come in and put deprogramming into effect to enforce upon the subject the will of the person who engages him.

He says he bills only for the expenses he incurs. With air fares, car rentals and motel bills, these can run fairly high

and need to be paid whether he finally succeeds in "breaking" the subject or not.

"Breaking" is Patrick's own term for what happens to the subject at the climax of a successful deprogramming.

The objects of deprogramming—until quite recently—have been young people, mostly in the late teens or early-to-middle twenties, members of an exceedingly diverse array of groups or movements. Patrick rarely makes a secret of his methods. As one reporter put it:

"Ted Patrick jokingly tells friends that he is a 'professional kidnaper.'"

"For almost two years he has been 'kidnaping' young people out of fundamentalist Christian and Eastern meditation sects at the request of, and with the aid of, parents.

"'Kidnaping is illegal,' he said, 'but the only one to press charges is the victim and after he's deprogrammed, he's on your side.'"

There is some demand for this service and, as a result, a network of deprogrammers now exists in this country that practices, with no small degree of skill, sudden and forcible abduction, followed by involuntary detention, followed by "counter-brainwashing" techniques calculated to wear the subject down to the point of abject acquiescence.

It does not take a great deal of imagination to see how such a process, if allowed to continue, could grow into a monstrous apparatus.

I first learned about deprogramming early in 1973 when suddenly first one member, then another, and later a third from my church, the New Testament Missionary Fellowship in New York City, were seized or narrowly escaped it.

One young man, 20 years old, was grabbed at dusk as he approached his apartment house. While he thrashed and shouted, he was picked up and stuffed part way into a waiting sedan. Fifteen witnesses, all sidewalk bystanders in supposedly blasé New York, chased after the car, shouting and waving. Since the young man was hanging half way out of a door, screaming for help, it made quite a scene. Policemen with drawn guns stopped the attempt, and the young man did not have to go through deprogramming, though he did have to have surgery for a mangled finger.

What he escaped is a process that, as *Time* magazine put it, is "something between a brainwashing and an inquisition."

Patricia Thorpe, a 22-year-old woman who was held for 10 days against her will but who withstood deprogramming until she managed to escape, said, "The first thing Patrick did was to take my Bible away from me. He told me that I had been brainwashed, that I was possessed with the devil. They would stand over me, hour after hour, telling me I was possessed with demons, I was brainwashed, that they would have to cast the

demons out of me, yelling and screaming at me."

A drug user from the age of 17, she said she had found release after making a decision for Christ at the Tony and Susan Alamo Foundation in Saugus, Calif., where, she said, she was "completely clean of narcotics, happy, and at peace for the first time in my life.

"The scene in the room was always awful," she said. "I would sit on the bed and they would all stand around, telling me how deceived I had been, how I'd been used and saying that my lifestyle was going to change right then and there.

"Ted Patrick told me I would not be released until I cooperated. There was a constant verbal barrage. They gave me no rest; they never let up. Groups of people kept coming. These sessions would last sometimes 12 to 14 hours a day. When I would cry and beg and pray for them to let me go they said I was chanting. Six to twelve of them at a time were standing over me, always telling me that I was possessed with the devil."

After her escape, she went back to the Alamo Foundation.

What deprogramming says it is and what it actually is, fail to match up on important points when the facts are compared to the assertions.

Near the end of 1972, when it first became known publicly, deprogramming presented itself as an evangelical answer to extremism in the Jesus people movement.

As one of the deprogrammers told a reporter for the *San Diego Union*, "we come in at the point where Satan has entered into the Jesus movement." The professed purpose was to put young people who had strayed back onto the main evangelical track.

Patrick apparently did have several evangelicals associated with him at the time, which seemed to give the pretense some credibility; as the months have passed that facade has been dropped. It wore too thin to be useful, and it was not long before Patrick was working with non-evangelical parents who were baffled and distressed at the unaccountable religious "fanaticism" of children who had been born again.

As a man I know remarked, "I'm certainly glad that there weren't any deprogrammers around 25 years ago, when I became the only one who was born again on either side of my family. I didn't have a lot of heavy persecution, but they certainly thought I had gone off the deep end, and they did not agree with the course my life took."

Altogether, Patrick says that he has targeted about 70 groups for the deprogramming treatment, everything from the Jesus people all the way to the Hare Krishna cult. It is an incredibly unhomogenous mix, but to Patrick they are all the same. He has said so in public again and again.

To do what it does, it is necessary for

"deprogramming" to lay down a strong propaganda line, as a means of justifying the actions it takes. That apparently explains why Patrick consistently compares all the groups on his list to some of the most extreme and dangerous and lawless elements in the country.

"He paints all the groups with the same brush," according to William F. Willoughby, religion news editor of the *Washington Star-News*. "But there are vast differences of practice and belief among these groups."

In an article, the editor told of "receiving frantic telephone calls from the Alamo Christian Foundation, reporting attempts to kidnap, or kidnappings, of first one, then another, and yet another of their youths. I asked Patrick why he was targeting the Alamo Foundation, of all groups. I knew the Alamos and had visited their center twice, gathering material for a book. On one occasion I stayed with them for more than a week. Patrick's charges against them simply didn't jibe with what I had found. The Alamo group is rigidly fundamentalist. It requires strict adherence to Christian practices and a rather spartan lifestyle. But I found nothing untoward about it.

"Patrick's answer to my query was to lump the Alamos with the Manson group and with Satanist cults."

That is standard procedure. In the case of Patricia Thorpe, it was her mother who had authorized the 10-day attempt at deprogramming. Patricia Thorpe, who had received Christ at the foundation, is Jewish.

Patrick does more than just to compare the targeted groups with things like the Manson clan; he says they are worse.

One reporter wrote the following exchange after an interview with Patrick: "These are not religious groups. These are more Satan groups than anything else," he said. "They're more of Satan, and they know they are of Satan. Because God does not lie and cheat and steal and even kill . . ."

" 'These are strong allegations,' I said.

" 'You haven't forgotten Manson,' Patrick countered sharply . . . 'All of these groups are exactly the same as Manson. Tony and Susan and all the rest of them are exactly like the Manson family. Only thing is: They're worse. They're more dangerous than Manson. He had a small family. But these groups have 500 or 600 people and they're better organized.' "

Patrick's claim to be merely an agent for distressed parents, which is crucial to his operation, unduly underplays his actual role.

Where parents are at odds with young people's beliefs or manner of life, and where bewilderment or antagonism already exists, he comes in and redefines parental antagonism along his own peculiar lines.

He poses as an expert on the nature and workings of the various groups, when in fact he knows next to nothing about many

of them. He bases his analysis mostly on his blanket elaboration of the Manson theme. By that assumption, the members of such groups are "zombies," they have been "hypnotized" by leaders who have mysterious powers, their own wills have been taken away, they are under a "spell."

In their own bafflement and anxiety, and in the absence of actual knowledge of what is what, relatives are quick to take up this line. They particularly leap at the "zombie" interpretation and parrot it when reporters ask them what prompted them to undertake the deprogramming of a son or daughter.

After he has redefined it, Patrick then activates parental antagonism by proposing his cure—physical seizing, detention, relentless accusation and interrogation. The mainspring of this action is Patrick, not the parents. It is *his* plan of action that they subscribe to and pay for. But if police arrive on the scene, everything is done to make the opposite appear to be the case. Patrick is only there *helping* a parent do these things. And the parent is only trying to save a young person who has got an overdose of religion.

The authorization of a relative is the key element in the whole deprogramming scheme. By it, Patrick has found a way of carrying out his work under a cloak of semi-legality.

When police or sheriffs come into the picture to ask what is going on, all the focus is put on the family relationship. In the pinch the deprogrammer has a way of melting away from the scene, leaving the relative to talk and explain that it is just a family affair.

When the deprogrammer struck my church, the targets were two young men, each 20, and a woman, 31 years old.

The first was deprogrammed, the second barely escaped, the third was thrown to the ground, forced into a car, handcuffed and driven to Pennsylvania, where local police got her out of captivity. Patrick was brought to trial for the first time in his deprogramming crusade in the second case, but a jury found him not guilty. The facts were not disputed in court, they were conceded, but the defense said the attempt to seize was justified in view of the father's state of mind.

At the time we found ourselves in a never-never land of giant accusations. We were, among other things, a "religious racket" that took *all* of the members' money (fact: the church teaches tithing), a front for subversive activities funded by a foreign power, and we planned, on Judgment Day, to fly to Bogota, Colombia, where we have missionaries.

The second two are sheer absurdities. In fact, our only final flight plan is the upward call of God in Christ Jesus at His appearing!

But we read in the *Christian Herald* this analysis of us by the mother of the boy who got away: "It is a religious front, but they are not Christians. There is a strong suspicion that millions of dollars

are poured into it and it is Communist-backed to get these kids and control their minds."

It is perhaps enough to say that we regard Communism as the most comprehensive and bloody tyranny ever to have extended its pall over so much of mankind. It is a false religion of the State, supplanting the worship of God, and it is the deadly enemy of Christians wherever it holds power.

In deprogramming's campaign to persuade the public that it is necessary, no accusation is too vile to be hurled, no calumny too large to be stated. Lately, Patrick has been using as the public basis of comparison for the groups he goes after not just the Manson clan but the Symbionese Liberation Army.

In disputes between relatives, deprogramming rests on the assumption that, whatever the issue, the older person is *always* right and the younger person is *always* wrong.

At what point does Ted Patrick think that a person reaches the age of exemption from deprogramming? At no point.

In an interview in New York, Patrick told reporter Jane Perlez, "Just because a person is 45 years old doesn't eliminate him from having a parent." And he has shown by recent actions that he means exactly what he says.

Last June 27, Ted Patrick stood before Judge Weinshienk in Denver District Court and was sentenced to 7 days in jail for the crime of falsely imprisoning two women. The full penalty imposed—one year in jail and \$1,000 fine—was suspended. But the judge told Patrick to stop seizing and holding for deprogramming persons 18 years old or older, even if their parents wanted him to.

Patrick's response to that was to go after a 19-year-old woman in Philadelphia—this time a member of a radical political group—exactly a month later, while his conviction was on appeal.

In the days between his conviction in Denver and the sentencing, Patrick went to the Akron, Ohio, area to carry on his crusade there. He rather likes the term "black lightning" that has been given him, because it describes the quick way he strikes.

Among his three targets there was a 38-year-old woman, who testified that she was held for one week against her will, much of it in her mother's house and part in a motel, while as many as 20 persons stood around her, some coming within a foot of her face to shout at her and mock her. She stood in faith through it all and came out extremely weary but unbroken.

In the Denver case, the objects of deprogramming were Dena Thomas, 21, and Kathy Markis, 23, both daughters of Greek Orthodox parents, who were seized in a parking lot, taken by car to a cabin near Eldorado Springs, then to Boulder and finally to San Diego, where, according to the *Denver Post*, they were held in a room in Patrick's home that

had bars on the windows. Their ordeal lasted a week and involved "constant accusing and drilling" and a lot of "yelling and screaming," they said.

The women had chosen not to live in their strict Greek Orthodox homes, a fact that distressed their parents.

Their friends went to the police and the F.B.I. for help, but "no one would do anything" about it, Sofia Rador said. "They just told us it was a family affair." She told the press:

"Greek tradition requires that young women live at home and obey their fathers until husbands are selected for them. Then they are to live in their husbands' homes and obey them. They also must strictly adhere to the beliefs of the Greek Orthodox Church. All you have to do is imagine a Greek village of 200 years ago. That's how we were living in the U.S.A."

In this case the dereliction of the two women was not that they had joined some odd little sect but that they had strayed away from the grandeur and protection of the Greek Orthodox Church. Patrick came in to enforce their parents' will and drive them back to its fold. He failed.

It has been part of the genius of deprogramming that it has managed to paralyze police action time after time by its practice of asserting family claims, and by asserting the claim of a *higher law* against the law.

The higher law is a law of *proclaimed necessity*. It is written by private parties, and is set over against the statutory law. It renders it null and void.

The plea is that it is only in behalf of parents who have errant children and therefore it should be excused from lawful restraints.

Thus, when a deprogramming target who had been seized and carried out of state managed to appeal to the F.B.I. office in Los Angeles, an agent there declined to act and told a reporter later, "A father can't kidnap his own child."

On the face of it, that sounds reasonable. And if it were just that simple, perhaps it would be. Certainly a child who is underage is subject to parental choice and parental control.

But when the "child" is 20 or 23 or 30 or 39, and when the parent's will is to be enforced by a group of professionals who are eager and ready to lock the young person up in a private prison and put him or her through a mental and psychological wringer for days, then it is no longer just that simple.

And when the method involves "breaking" the individual, serious dangers are involved. None of the deprogrammers has any standing in psychology, yet they make broad claims of expertise.

Patrick says that the religious groups mesmerize their members by hypnosis, and that he knows how to unmesmerize them. The Massillon, Ohio, *Independent* reported, "Patrick says that the leaders of such cults exercise a mental energy through their eyes and fingertips which can hypnotize and 'psychologically brainwash' its victims" in a few moments or less.

"Quite often a person in such a trance can be detected by sudden isolation, a 'zombie stare,' talking in tongues and chanting," Patrick told another reporter.

Given the picture of things he presents, only a technique as severe as deprogramming can work and, if in the process the law has to be gone beyond and the Bill of Rights ignored, so be it. The avowedly right ends of deprogramming are held to *justify* its use of wrong means.

Whatever the individual cases may be—and some of the groups attacked by deprogramming are ones that evangelical believers can only find to be spiritually wrong—this is an extremely dangerous assumption to allow, because it casts down and tramples basic rights and liberties of free citizens on a plea of emergency.

Once you do that, and breach the wall of rights that protects us all, there is no telling how far things may go.

Moreover, deprogramming can be a terrific blunder for a parent. Once a person has been held for 7 days in a violently accusatory process, it becomes just about impossible to return relationships to any normal state.

In Denver, when asked what their reaction to their parents was afterward, the young women said, "If they ever thought they were going to get us back, they really blew it."

Ted Patrick's intervention compounded a family difference into a disaster. That, too, is part of the tragedy of deprogramming in America.

On the whole, deprogramming looks as though it may be the old and devilish tactic of pushing an evil as the cure for another evil, real or imagined, since that sows confusion and allows precious rights to be undermined almost before anyone really notices what is going on. ☺

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MESSAGE RELAY

Date JUNE 30, 1976Transmit in ☒ Plaintext
☐ Code

Via Teletype the Attached

☐ Immediate☒ Urgent

Message

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From: Director, FBI

REC-71

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To: SACs

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ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED
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DATE 4/5/79 BY 2333 Gaj/gsh

To: RUEADWW/ ☐ The President☐ The Vice President☐ White House Situation Room☐ Attn:☐ Attn:RUEBWJA/ ☐ Attorney General☒ Deputy Attorney General☒ Attn: Analysis and Evaluation UnitRUEBWJA/ ☐ Assistant Attorney General, Civil Rights DivisionRUEBWJA/ ☒ Assistant Attorney General, Criminal Division☐ Attn: Internal Security Section☒ Attn: General Crimes Section ATTN: RUEABND/ ☐ Drug Enforcement AdministrationRUEANAT/ ☐ National Aeronautics & Space Adm.RUEBWJA/ ☐ Immigration and Naturalization ServiceRUEOIAA/ ☐ National Security Agency
(DIRNSA/NSOC (Attn: SOO))RUEBWJA/ ☐ U. S. Marshal's ServiceRUEBDUA/ ☐ Department of the Air Force (AFOSI)RUEBARE/ ☐ Naval Investigative ServiceRUEACSI/ ☐ Department of the ArmyRUEAUSA/ ☐ U. S. Postal Service (if Classified)
(Use RUEVDFB if Unclassified)RUEAIIA/ ☐ Director, CIARUEHSE/ ☒ U. S. Secret Service (PID)RUEBJGA/ ☐ Commandant, U. S. Coast GuardRUEHC/ ☐ Secretary of StateRUEKJCS/ ☐ Director, Defense Intelligence AgencyRUEBJGA/ ☐ Department of Transportation
Attn: Director of SecurityRHEGGTN/ ☐ Energy Research and Development
AdministrationRUEATRS/ ☐ Department of TreasuryRUEOGBA/ ☐ Federal Aviation Administration☐ Attn: U. S. CustomsOther than ☐☒ Department of TreasuryListed ☐☒ Attn: Bureau of Alcohol
Tobacco & Firearms

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Classification:

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OF UNIFICATION CHURCH, 723 SOUTH BROADWAY, TARRYTOWN, NEW YORK,
JUNE 20, 1976; EXPLOSIVES AND INCENDIARY DEVICES**

MAIL ROOM ☐TELETYPE UNIT ☒

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JUN 29 1976

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9:10PM NITEL JUNE 29, 1976 ACT (RELAYED 11:17G66)

TO: DIRECTOR, FBI

FROM: ADIC, NEW YORK (NR 174-NEW)

UNSUB: UNIFICATION CHURCH, 723 SOUTH BROADWAY,
TARRYTOWN, NEW YORK; SID: 00:NEW YORK.

JUNE 29, 1976,
ON 6-29-76, SERGEANT [REDACTED] TARRYTOWN, NEW

YORK, POLICE DEPARTMENT, ADVISED TWO INCENDIARY DEVICES
FOUND ON GROUNDS OF ABOVE PROPERTY ON JUNE 20, 1976. DEVICES,
WHICH CONSIST OF A JAR THREE-QUARTERS FILLED WITH LIQUID, A
PIECE OF CLOTH AND FIRECRACKER, FAILED TO IGNITE.

OFFER OF ASSISTANCE OF FBI LABORATORY AND IDENTIFICATION
DIVISION ACCEPTED BY LOCAL AUTHORITIES. U.S. SECRET SERVICE AND
BUREAU OF ALCOHOL, TOBACCO AND FIREARMS
ATT, WHITE PLAINS, NEW YORK ADVISED. **U.S. ATTORNEY BEING**

ADVISED. END.

~~ADMINISTRATIVE~~

~~U.S. SECRET SERVICE AGENT NOTIFIED IS JOSEPH GALLS.~~

~~MISS JUDY MASTERGROGAN, ATT, ADVISED. DETECTIVE SERGEANT~~

~~DANIEL PERRA, JR, TARRYTOWN, NEW YORK, POLICE DEPARTMENT, WILL~~

~~PERSONALLY TRANSPORT DEVICES TO FBI LABORATORY ON 7-6-76.~~

~~NEW YORK WILL ADVISE BY SEPARATE COMMUNICATION STA OF SERGEANT~~

~~PERRA AND SUBMIT TO 173.~~

~~END~~

~~TEL NO 000 TWO~~

~~012 NYE13 ACT FOR TWO TELS~~

(2)

b6
b7c

NYZ13

FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION
COMMUNICATIONS SECTION

JUN 29 1976

TELETYPE

NR222 NR PLAIN

9:18PM NITEL JUNE 29, 1976 AET (RELAYED 11:15GSG)

TO: DIRECTOR, FBI ~~BOMBING ATTEMPTED BOMBING~~

FROM: ADIC, NEW YORK (NR 174-NEW)

UNSUB: WITIFICATION CHURCH, 723 SOUTH BROADWAY,
TARRYTOWN, NEW YORK; EID; 00:NEW YORK.

ON 6-29-76, SERGEANT [REDACTED] TARRYTOWN, NEW YORK, POLICE DEPARTMENT, ADVISED TWO INCENDIARY DEVICES FOUND ON GROUNDS OF ABOVE PROPERTY ON 6-22-76. DEVICES, WHICH CONSIST OF A JAR THREE-QUARTERS FILLED WITH LIQUID, PIECE OF CLOTH AND FIRECRACKER, FAILED TO IGNITE. OFFER OF ASSISTANCE OF FBI LABORATORY AND IDENTIFICATION DIVISION ACCEPTED BY LOCAL AUTHORITIES. US SECRET SERVICE AND ATF, WHITE PLAINS, NEW YORK ADVISED.

ADMINISTRATIVE

ST-102

US SECRET SERVICE AGENT NOTIFIED IS [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] ATF, ADVISED. DETECTIVE SERGEANT [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] NA, TARRYTOWN, NEW YORK, POLICE DEPARTMENT, WILL

PERSONALLY TRANSPORT DEVICES TO FBI LABORATORY ON 7-6-76.

NEW YORK WILL ADVISE BY SEPARATE COMMUNICATION ETA OF SERGEANT

[REDACTED] AND SUBMIT FD-436.

END

PLS HOOD FOR TWO

JPZ NYFBI ACK FR FOR TWO TELS

Assoc. Dir.	
Dep.-A.D.-Adm.	
Dep.-A.D.-Inv.	
Asst. Dir.:	
Adm. Serv.	
Ext. Affairs	
Fin. & Pers.	
Gen. Inv.	
Ident.	
Inspection	
Intell.	<i>WLR</i>
Laboratory	
Legal Coun.	
Plan. & Eval.	
Rec. Mgmt.	
Spec. Inv.	
Training	
Telephone Rm.	
Director Sec'y	

ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED
HEREIN IS UNCLASSIFIED
DATE 4/5/79 BY 23338/ikm

7121

23 JUL 1 1976

0-7 to NY
to motion section
USA
231
6-30-76
1-VER
1-6-76
6-30-76

[Handwritten signatures and initials]

2006-02

b6
b7c

ADIC, New York

1/25/79

Director, FBI

1 - Mr. Keenan

a
UNIFICATION CHURCH OF
REVEREND MOON
NEW YORK, NEW YORK;
COPMAT
OO: NEW YORK

Departmental Attorney [redacted] Government Regulations and Labor Section, Criminal Division, advised that he has received information from two sources, one of whom he identified as [redacted]

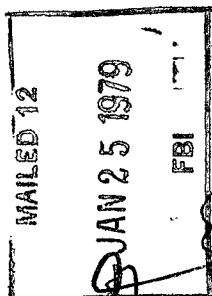
[redacted] telephone number [redacted] to the effect that the captioned organization may be operating an illegal duplicating operation there. Specifically, he said that the Unification Church has a videotape duplicating plant on the sixth floor of a hotel at 34th Street and 8th Avenue in Manhattan where copies of movies are being produced. His information indicates the operation may be easy to infiltrate, but that a search would be difficult due to the security consciousness of the unknown subjects and the presence of watchers in the lobby equipped with walkie-talkies.

New York is requested to initiate an investigation regarding the above, of which you may already be aware, and to advise the Bureau of initial results by LHM, original and one copy, within approximately thirty days, suitable for dissemination to the Department of Justice.

GHK:adm (4)
adm

NOTE: Above information furnished telephonically by [redacted] to SA George H. Keenan on 1/22/79, who requested an investigation by New York.

Assoc. Dir. _____
Dep. AD Adm. _____
Dep. AD Inv. _____
Asst. Dir.: _____
Adm. Servs. _____
Crim. Inv. _____
Ident. _____
Intell. _____
Laboratory _____
Legal Coun. _____
Plan. & Insp. _____
Rec. Mgnt. _____
Tech. Servs. _____
Training _____
Public Affs. Off. _____
Telephone Rm. _____
Director's Sec'y _____



MAIL ROOM ☒

EX-121

REC-20

BE-24
V-8

28-4471-1

26
JAN 25 1979

SHX

FBI/DOJ

b6
b7C
b7D

b6
b7C

FBI

TRANSMIT VIA:

☐ Teletype☐ Facsimile☒ AIRTEL

PRECEDENCE:

☐ Immediate☐ Priority☐ Routine

CLASSIFICATION:

☐ TOP SECRET☐ SECRET☐ CONFIDENTIAL☐ UNCLAS E F T O☐ UNCLAS

Date MAR 16 1979

TO: DIRECTOR, FBI

FROM: ADIC, NEW YORK (28-1796) (C) (#M-2)

SUBJECT: CHANGED
 UNIFICATION CHURCH OF AMERICA
 DOING BUSINESS AS
 FUTURE PRODUCTION INCORPORATED
 481 8th AVENUE
 NEW YORK, NEW YORK
 COPMAT (B)
 (OO:NY)

Title marked "Changed" to reflect correct name of Church and the name of their business.

Title was formally, Unification Church of Reverend MOON, New York, New York.

ReBulet to NY, dated 1/25/79.

Enclosed for the Bureau are an original and one copy of self-explanatory LHM as requested in referenced letter.

In view of the fact that captioned church and firm are not violating the Federal Copyright Statutes, this case is being closed by the New York Office.

2- Bureau (enc-2)
 1- New York

JMW:jp
 (4)

66 MAY 9 1979

REC-112

1-13

1-Criminal

att: [redacted]

GRSL 3/23/79

[Signature]

Transmitted

(Number)

(Time)

Per

b6
 b7C



UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE

FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION

New York, New York

In Reply, Please Refer to
File No.

MAY 16 1975

Unification Church of America,
Doing Business As,
Future Production, Incorporated,
481 8th Avenue,
New York, New York
Copyright Matter

On [redacted]
[redacted]
[redacted] was interviewed and provided
information regarding [redacted] the Unification Church
during [redacted] said that at that time he was
[redacted]
with (First name unknown) [redacted] who was in charge of [redacted]
[redacted] for the Unification Church. While at the
Unification Church, [redacted] observed among other video
equipment, ten video tape players, one television monitor,
one film chain device, and approximately 75 to 100 one half
inch video tapes.

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b7D

[redacted] asked if he could purchase copies of
current feature films from [redacted] was told that
it would be against the law, but that [redacted] could duplicate
copies if [redacted] provided the appropriate masters. The
cost would be \$20.00 per tape if [redacted] ordered 100 or more
tapes on a two hour format.

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[redacted]
[redacted]
On [redacted] an undercover Agent of the New
York Office entered the premises of the Unification Church
and met with [redacted] advised that [redacted]
[redacted] and that he, [redacted] was now in charge of
[redacted] at the Unification Church. [redacted]
also advised that the audio visual arm of the Unification Church
was called Future Productions Incorporated.

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b7C

28-4471-2
ENCLOSURE
ENCLOSURE

Unification Church of America

The undercover Agent asked [] if he could either purchase finished video tape feature films, or utilize [] and the video tape facilities at the Unification Church, to duplicate copies of feature films of which the undercover Agent would provide the masters.

[] said that he had never sold finished video tapes or performed duplicating work before, and that he in fact, had no finished product to sell. He said, however, that he would perform duplicating work for the undercover Agent but would require proof that the undercover Agent had permission from the appropriate copyright holders to reproduce their work.

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b7C

[] also said that based on moral grounds, he would refuse to do work on either R or X rated films. He also said that he knew of no work done by [] for any outside interests. [] pointed out that []

Following the termination of the meeting, no further contact was made with []



UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE
FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION

In Reply, Please Refer to
File No.

Boston, Massachusetts

February 9, 1976

0
7/2/76

[redacted]
Date of Birth [redacted]
SUN MYUNG MOON
UNIFICATION CHURCH
RELIGIOUS CULT

b6
b7c

Complainant

[redacted] Topsham,
Maine, telephone number [redacted] furnished the follow-
ing information:

Their daughter [redacted] who was born on
[redacted] left the family residence on [redacted]
and her whereabouts are not known. She is described as an
[redacted] tall, weighing [redacted] pounds, [redacted] hair
and [redacted] eyes. Her father is a [redacted] male and her mother
is a [redacted] woman. The missing child has [redacted]
features and she presents a mature appearance.

Subsequent to her disappearance, she was believed
to have been observed with members of the Sun Myung Moon
religious cult selling candy in the Portland, Maine, area.
The candy being sold had a stamp appearing on it of the
Unification Church, Bangor, Maine.

[redacted] has advised that on [redacted]
a telephone call was received at their residence from the
Runaway Center, Chicago, Illinois, telephone number
800-621-4000. The caller advised that their daughter
[redacted] was in good health and planned to attend the
Bible School of the Unification Church.

Sergeant [redacted] Topsham, Maine, Police
Department, advised that teletypes have been sent out advising
of [redacted] status as a Juvenile - Runaway.

2/1/76

7-

16496

ENCLOSURE

[REDACTED]
Date of Birth [REDACTED]
SUN MYUNG MOON
UNIFICATION CHURCH
RELIGIOUS CULT

b6
b7C

Chief Ronald Riendeau, Topsham, Maine, Police Department, advised that his department will enter this girl's status in the National Crime Information Center - Missing Person index.

This document contains neither recommendations nor conclusions of the FBI. It is the property of the FBI and is loaned to your agency; it and its contents are not to be distributed outside your agency.

UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT

Memorandum

TO : DIRECTOR, FBI

DATE: 2/9/76

FROM : SAC, BOSTON (100)(C)

SUBJECT

DOB

SUN MYUNG MOON

UNIFICATION CHURCH

RELIGIOUS CULT

KIDNAPING

Re Buairtel 2/25/75.

Enclosed are six copies of an LHM in the captioned matter.

An active investigation is being conducted by the Topsham, Me., Police Department, to locate [redacted] as a Juvenile - Runaway.

- 2 - Bureau (Encs.
1 - Boston
JVG/lam
(3)

ENCLOSURE

EX-111
MCT-29

REC-45

16496

FEB 12 1976

CH 41

1 DOT for Clev
1 DOT (YCS)
1 T
2/13/76
JVG/L



57 MAR 8 1976

Buy U.S. Savings Bonds Regularly on the Payroll Savings Plan

UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT

Memorandum

Director

TO : Federal Bureau of Investigation

DATE: January 16, 1979

PBH:ALH:AFN:ajw

FROM : Philip B. Heymann
Assistant Attorney General
Criminal Division

FEDERAL GOVERNMENT

SUBJECT: Possible Kidnapping Victim

Attached is a copy of a letter dated January 3, 1979, from Edward Broadbent, a member of the Canadian House of Commons, along with a copy of our reply.

As you will note, the letter contains an allegation that [redacted] was being beaten and confined against his will by members of the Unification Church. Under 18 U.S.C. 1201(b) there is a rebuttable presumption that a person so confined has been transported in interstate or foreign commerce.

Accordingly, it is requested that the Bureau locate and interview [redacted] to determine if there has been a violation of the Federal kidnapping statute. Please furnish the results of this investigation to the General Crimes Section of the Criminal Division.

Attachments

REC 20

DE-48

ST-140

ENCLOSURE

22 JAN 18 1979

62 FEB 28 1979



5010-110

Buy U.S. Savings Bonds Regularly on the Payroll Savings Plan

EXP. PROC.
37 JAN 18 1979

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b6
b7C

b6
b7C

Edward Broadbent, Esq. M.P.
Party Leader
Room 622-C
House of Commons
Ottawa, Ontario

Original

Dear Mr. Broadbent:

Your letter of January 3, 1979, on behalf of your constituent [redacted] has been referred to the Criminal Division.

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b7C

Because the information contained in your letter indicates a possible violation of the Federal kidnapping statute, we have requested the Federal Bureau of Investigation (FBI) to locate and interview [redacted]

b6
b7C

If you or [redacted] can furnish more specific data regarding [redacted] situation, the FBI's task will be considerably easier.

b6
b7C

Sincerely,

PHILIP B. HEYMANN
Assistant Attorney General
Criminal Division

By:

[redacted]
Deputy Assistant Attorney General

b6
b7C

7-17668-1

ENCLOSURE



HOUSE OF COMMONS
CHAMBRE DES COMMUNES
CANADA

P10

OFFICE OF THE LEADER
NEW DEMOCRATIC PARTY

BUREAU DU CHEF
NOUVEAU PARTI DÉMOCRATIQUE

O T T A W A
K1A 0A6

JAN 3 1979

Department of Justice
Office of Public Information
Suite 202
Constitution Avenue (between 9th & 10th Streets N.W.)
Washington, D. C. 20530
U.S.A.

To Whom It May Concern:

I am writing on behalf of a constituent, [redacted]
[redacted] who has asked for my assistance in her efforts to locate [redacted]

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b7C

[redacted] / CANADA became a member of the People's Unification Church approximately [redacted]
[redacted] The last contact he had with [redacted] was on [redacted]
[redacted] by telephone from [redacted] when he told her that he was
being beaten and held against his will by other members of the Unification
Church.

[redacted] is very concerned about the safety of [redacted] It would be
greatly appreciated if you could suggest any possible way she might be able
to locate him so that she can help him out of his present situation.

Yours sincerely,

*Edmund Brodeur / per [redacted]
in his absence*

7-17668-1

ENCLOSURE

Airtel

1/24/79

To: SAC, Springfield

1 - Mr. Shaffer

From: Director, FBI

UNIFICATION CHURCH;

KIDNAPING

- VICTIM

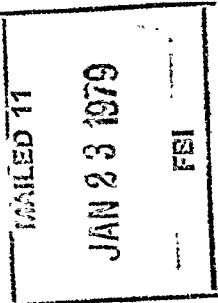
Enclosed is a copy of a Departmental letter dated 1/16/79 along with its enclosures which is self-explanatory.

Springfield promptly conduct the requested interview and thereafter initiate necessary investigation. SuLHM or more expedient communication depending upon the facts developed.

Enclosures (2)

DES/jap (4)

ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED
HEREIN IS UNCLASSIFIED
DATE 8-7-80 BY SP-5 RJA/b,a



REC 20

7-17668-2

Assoc. Dir. _____
Dep. AD Adm. _____
Dep. AD Inv. _____
Asst. Dir.:
Adm. Servs. _____
Crim. Inv. _____
Ident. _____
Intell. _____
Laboratory _____
Legal Coun. _____
Plan. & Insp. _____
Rec. Mgnt. _____
Tech. Servs. _____
Training _____
Public Affs. Off. _____
Telephone Rm. _____
Director's Sec'y _____

FEB 28 1979

MAIL ROOM ☒

FBI/DOJ

FBI

TRANSMIT VIA:

☐ Teletype
☐ Facsimile
☒ Airtel

PRECEDENCE:

☐ Immediate
☐ Priority
☐ Routine

CLASSIFICATION:

☐ TOP SECRET
☐ SECRET
☐ CONFIDENTIAL
☐ E F T O
☐ CLEAR

Date 2/6/79

TO: DIRECTOR, FBI
FROM: SAC, SPRINGFIELD (7-1002) RUC
SUBJECT: UNIFICATION CHURCH
[REDACTED] - VICTIM
KIDNAPPING (B)
OO: SL

Re Buairtel to SI, ⁷⁻¹⁷⁶⁶⁸⁻² 1/24/79.

Enclosed for SL Division is a copy of referenced airtel and a copy of departmental letter dated 1/16/79, along with its enclosures, which are self-explanatory. Also enclosed are nine (9) copies of an investigative insert reflecting investigation conducted by the SI Division at [REDACTED]. In addition, enclosed are xerox copies of Unification Church Application for a Solicitation Permit at [REDACTED], dated 7/1/78, and 9/8/78.

LEADS:ST. LOUIS DIVISION:AT ST. LOUIS, MO.:

Conduct investigation as requested in referenced Buairtel.

Interview [REDACTED]
[REDACTED] phone number [REDACTED] for any information he may have regarding victim in order that victim may be interviewed.

2 - Bureau
2 - St. Louis (Encl. 13)
1 - Springfield (7-1002)
FDB:ck
(5)

EX-114 REC-9 7-17668-3
FEB 12 1979
ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED
HEREIN IS UNCLASSIFIED

DATE 8-7-80 BY SP-5-RV/b

Approved: 57 MAR 6 1979

Transmitted _____ (Number) _____ (Time)

Per _____

SI 7-1002

AT NORMANDY, MO.:

Interview [redacted]
[redacted] phone [redacted] for any information he may
have which would lead to interview of victim.

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b7C

AT ST. ANN, MO.:

Interview Attorney [redacted]
(alleged city attorney for [redacted]) for any information
he may have concerning victim.

SL 0210 0522201

RR HQ KC

DE SL

R 211944Z FEB 79

FM ST. LOUIS (7-1544) (P)

TO DIRECTOR ROUTINE

KANSAS CITY ROUTINE

ET

UNCLAS

UNIFICATION CHURCH; [REDACTED] - VICTIM; KIDNAPPING (B);

OO: ST. LOUIS.

7-17668-2
BUREAU AIRTEL TO SPRINGFIELD JANUARY 24, 1979; SPRINGFIELD

AIRTEL TO BUREAU FEBRUARY 6, 1979; ST. LOUIS TELETYPE TO BUREAU

FEBRUARY 13, 1979; AND BUREAU TELETYPE TO ST. LOUIS FEBRUARY 16, 1979. (u)

FOR INFO KANSAS CITY, [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] CONTACTED EDWARD BROADBENT, MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT

PARTY LEADER, CANADIAN HOUSE OF COMMONS, REQUESTING ASSISTANCE IN

LOCATING [REDACTED] VICTIM. SHE ADVISED ON OCTOBER 23, 1978, SHE

RECEIVED A TELEPHONE CALL FROM VICTIM IN [REDACTED]

ADVISING HE WAS BEING BEATEN AND HELD AGAINST HIS WILL BY MEMBERS OF

UNIFICATION CHURCH (UC). BY LETTER JANUARY 3, 1979, [REDACTED]

ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED
HEREIN IS UNCLASSIFIED
DATE 8-7-80 BY SP-5-EM/6, u

66 MAR 12 1979

Assoc. Dir.	
Dep. AD Adm.	
Dep. AD Inv.	
Asst. Dir.:	
Adm. Serv.	
Crim. Inv.	
Ident.	
Intell.	
Laboratory	
Plan. & Insp.	
Rec. Mgmt.	
Tech. Serv.	
Training	
Public Affs. Off.	
Telephone Rm.	
Director's Sec'y	

b6
b7c

1-DO5 (CD)
2-23-79
DES/88

PAGE TWO SL 7-1544 UNCLAS

REQUESTED DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE ASSISTANCE IN THIS MATTER. DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE REQUESTED BUREAU TO INVESTIGATE UNDER TITLE 18, SECTION 1201(B), USC.

SPRINGFIELD INVESTIGATION AT [REDACTED] DETERMINED VICTIM'S NAME APPEARED ON AN APPLICATION FOR A SOLICITATION PERMIT. TEAM LEADER [REDACTED] (UC) AND [REDACTED] (UC) LISTED AS INDIVIDUALS TO BE CONTACTED REGARDING ANY PERMIT PROBLEMS.

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b7c

ST. LOUIS INVESTIGATION DETERMINED VICTIM WAS A MEMBER OF [REDACTED]

ON FEBRUARY 20, 1979, [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] ADVISED SHE KNEW VICTIM AND HE WAS FREE TO LEAVE AT ANY TIME [REDACTED] VICTIM WORKED ON [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] STREET CORNERS SINGLY AND IN PAIRS SELLING CANDY AND FLOWERS.

VICTIM [REDACTED] SHE ADVISED VICTIM NOW WITH [REDACTED] WORKING IN [REDACTED] HIS WHEREABOUTS SHOULD BE KNOWN TO [REDACTED]

TELEPHONE [REDACTED] SHE ADVISED [REDACTED] FORMER [REDACTED] [REDACTED] IS IN [REDACTED] REGION, ADDRESS UNKNOWN.

ON FEBRUARY 21, 1979, [REDACTED] (UC),

PAGE THREE SL 7-1544 UNCLAS

[REDACTED] ADVISED VICTIM UNKNOWN TO HIM
AND ADDRESS FOR [REDACTED] ONLY KNOWN TO UC HEADQUARTERS, 4 WEST
43RD STREET, NEW YORK, NEW YORK.

b6
b7c

NEIGHBORHOOD INVESTIGATION AT [REDACTED] NEGATIVE,
REGARDING POSSIBLE KIDNAPPING OR BEATINGS OVERHEARD OR OBSERVED.
OLIVETTE PD NO LISTING OF VICTIM REGARDING COMPLAINTS, ARRESTS,
BUILDING OCCUPANCY OR SOLICITATION PERMIT.

KANSAS CITY AT KANSAS CITY, WILL CONTACT [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] TO DETERMINE LOCATION OF VICTIM.

WILL INTERVIEW VICTIM REGARDING ALLEGATION OF BEATING,
KIDNAPPING, AND HELD AGAINST HIS WILL. NO PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION OF
VICTIM AVAILABLE.

ADMINISTRATIVE: REFERENCED BUREAU AIRTEL AND TELETYPE REQUESTED
RESULTS OF INVESTIGATION TO ME FURNISHED BY TELETYPE AND LHM.

BT

SL0014 0450117

RR HQ

DE SL

R 132330Z FEB 79

FM ST. LOUIS (7-1544) (P)

TO DIRECTOR ROUTINE

UNCLAS

UNIFICATION CHURCH; [REDACTED] - VICTIM; KIDNAPPING (B);

OO: ST. LOUIS.

REBUAIRTEL TO SPRINGFIELD, JANUARY 24, 1979; SPRINGFIELD
AIRTEL TO DIRECTOR, FEBRUARY 6, 1979.

ON FEBRUARY 13, 1979, ATTEMPTS TO LOCATE [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] UNIFICATION
CHURCH, [REDACTED], MET WITH
POLITE BUT NEGATIVE RESULTS. [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] INDICATED
VICTIM IS REPORTEDLY WORKING FOR [REDACTED] IN [REDACTED]

ATTEMPT TO LOCATE [REDACTED] UNIFICATION
CHURCH CENTER, [REDACTED] NEGATIVE, HOWEVER,

ASSISTANT [REDACTED] INTERVIEWED BUT FURNISHED NO POSITIVE

6 FEB 23 1979

ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED
HEREIN IS UNCLASSIFIED
DATE 8-7-80 BY SP-5-2016-20

Assoc. Dir.	
Dep. AD Adm.	
Dep. AD Inv.	
Asst. Dir.:	
Adm. Serv.	
Crim. Inv.	
Ident.	
Intell.	
Laboratory	
Legal Coun.	
Plan. & Insp.	
Rec. Mgnt.	
Tech. Serv.	
Training	
Public Affs. Off.	
Telephone Rm.	
Director's Sec'y	

b6
b7c

tel to SL
DES/ [REDACTED]
57 MAY 6 1979 116/79

PAGE TWO SL 7-1544 UNCLAS

INFORMATION. [] ADVISED SHE WOULD FURNISH [] INFOR-
MATION REGARDING FBI CONTACT AND THAT HE WOULD CONTACT FBI,
ST. LOUIS, MO.

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b7c

ON THE AFTERNOON OF FEBRUARY 13, 1979, [] OFFICE
OF LEGAL COUNSEL, UNIFICATION CHURCH, NEW YORK, TELEPHONICALLY
CONTACTED CASE AGENT FURNISHING TELEPHONE NO. [] AND
ADVISED THAT THE MATTER HAS BEEN REFERRED TO []
GENERAL COUNSEL, CIVIL RIGHTS SECTION FOR UNIFICATION CHURCH,
TELEPHONE [] WITH A REQUEST TO BE CONTACTED REGARDING
THIS MATTER. [] STATED THAT ASSISTANT ATTORNEY GENERAL BEN-
JAMIN CIVITETTI HAS MADE A RULING IN THESE CASES AND THE FBI MAY
BE OVER-STEPPING THEIR BOUNDARIES REGARDING RELIGIOUS FREEDOM IN
INVESTIGATING THIS MATTER.

// ST. LOUIS DIVISION HOLDING FURTHER INVESTIGATION, AWAITING
BUREAU INSTRUCTIONS IN CAPTIONED MATTER. //

BT

DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE
FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION
COMMUNICATION MESSAGE FORM

PAGE 1 OF 2		CLASSIFICATION UNCLAS		PRECEDENCE PRIORITY	
DATE 2/16/79					
<p>FM DIRECTOR FBI</p> <p>TO FBI ST. LOUIS PRIORITY</p> <p>BT</p> <p>UNCLAS</p> <p>UNIFICATION CHURCH; [REDACTED] - VICTIM; KIDNAPING;</p> <p>00: ST. LOUIS.</p> <p>RE ST. LOUIS TELETYPE TO THE BUREAU DATED FEBRUARY 14, 1979.</p> <p>THIS MATTER HAS BEEN DISCUSSED WITH THE CRIMINAL DIVISION OF THE DEPARTMENT. REPRESENTATIVES OF THE UNIFICATION CHURCH APPARENTLY ARE MAKING REFERENCE TO A QUOTE OF ASSISTANT ATTORNEY GENERAL BENJAMIN CIVILETTI IN THE NEW YORK TIMES ON JANUARY 17, 1979, IN WHICH CIVILETTI STATED THAT IT WAS THE DEPARTMENT'S EXPERIENCE THAT MEMBERS OF RELIGIOUS SECTS ARE APPARENTLY COMPETENT CONSENTING ADULTS. THIS QUOTE BY NO MEANS, HOWEVER, WAS INTENDED TO DILUTE THE DEPARTMENT'S POSITION THAT WHEN SPECIFIC ALLEGATIONS OF ABDUCTION OR FORCED CONFINEMENT ARE</p>					
DO NOT TYPE MESSAGE BELOW THIS LINE					
APPROVED BY [Signature]	DRAFTED BY DES/JAP [P]	DATE 2/16/79	ROOM 5096/6	TELE EXT. 4296	

1 - MR. SHAFFER

6 FEB 23 1979

57 MAR 15 1979

0402ZC
FEB 1 1979

ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED
HEREIN IS UNCLASSIFIED
DATE 8-7-80 BY Sp-5-RA/bia

DO NOT FILE WITHOUT COMMUNICATIONS STAMP

FBI/DOJ

b6
b7c

DO NOT TYPE PAST THIS LINE

2

CONTINUATION SHEET

PAGE TWO DE HQ 0100 UNCLAS

PRESENT INVOLVING RELIGIOUS GROUPS INVESTIGATION WILL BE
INSTITUTED TO DETERMINE VALIDITY OF THE ALLEGATIONS.

ST. LOUIS IS REQUESTED TO CONTINUE WITH EFFORTS TO LOCATE
AND INTERVIEW THE VICTIM IN THIS MATTER RELATIVE TO THE
QUESTION OF ABDUCTION AND/OR FORCED CONFINEMENT.

SHOULD FURTHER DIFFICULTIES BE ENCOUNTERED IN SECURING THE
COOPERATION OF THE UNIFICATION CHURCH TO PRODUCE THE VICTIM
FOR INTERVIEW, FBIHQ IS TO BE ADVISED IMMEDIATELY.

INSURE THAT THE ABOVE REQUESTED INVESTIGATION IS CONDUCTED
PROMPTLY AND FURNISHED TO FBIHQ BY TELETYPE.

BT

✠

COPIES TO BE MADE

KC0002 0791735Z

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DE KC

O 201730Z MAR 79

20 MAR 79 17 42z

RECEIVED
FEDERAL BUREAU
OF INVESTIGATION
COMMUNICATIONS SECTION

M KANSAS CITY (7-1902) RUC

TO DIRECTOR (IMMEDIATE)

ST. LOUIS (7-1544) (IMMEDIATE)

SPRINGFIELD (IMMEDIATE)

BT

UNCLAS

"CHANGED" UNIFICATION CHURCH

[REDACTED] - VICTIM KIDNAPPING (B) OO: ST. LOUIS

TITLE IS MARKED "CHANGED" TO CORRECT SPELLING OF
VICTIM'S LAST NAME AS DETERMINED THROUGH INVESTIGATION
BY KANSAS CITY DIVISION.

RE ST. LOUIS TELETYPE TO KANSAS CITY, 2/21/79.

ON 3/20/79, CONTACT WAS ESTABLISHED WITH [REDACTED]

AT [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] ADVISES THAT HE HAS BEEN WITH

UNIFICATION CHURCH [REDACTED] AND IS FULLY SATISFIED

WITH HIS LIFE. HE ADVISED THAT HE HAS NEVER BEEN BEATEN

OR HELD AGAINST HIS WILL, AND THAT HE NEVER TOLD [REDACTED]

Assoc. Dir.	
Dep. AD Adm.	
Dep. AD Inv.	
Asst. Dir.:	
Adm. Serv.	
Crim. Inv.	
Ident.	
Intell.	
Laboratory	
Legal Coun.	
Plan. & Insp.	
Rec. Mgnt.	
Tech. Servs.	
Training	
Public Affs. Off.	
Telephone Rm.	
Director's Sec'y	

b6
b7c

62 APR 20 1979

ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED
HEREIN IS UNCLASSIFIED
DATE 8-7-80 BY SP-5-EP/bia

PAGE TWO KC 7-1902 UNCLAS

[] ANYTHING OF THAT NATURE. HE RECENTLY VISITED []

[] IN [] TO REASSURE HER THAT HE

IS ALL RIGHT. HE PRODUCED PLANE TICKETS SHOWING RETURN

TRIP FROM [] TO [] TO [] ON [] *IK*

HE BELIEVES [] HAS BEEN INFLUENCED BY FAMILY,

FRIENDS, AND "MISLEADING MEDIA COVERAGE" OF UNIFICATION

CHURCH ACTIVITIES. HE WAS ADVISED THAT IF HE WISHED TO

LEAVE IMMEDIATELY, OR AT ANY FUTURE DATE, HE COULD DO

SO UNDER FBI PROTECTION. HE STATED THAT HE HAD NO IN-

TENTIONS OF LEAVING HIS "BROTHERS AND SISTERS OF THE

UNIFICATION CHURCH", AND THAT HE WOULD DO WHATEVER HE

COULD TO REASSURE HIS MOTHER OF HIS VOLUNTARINESS.

INASMUCH AS IT APPEARS THAT THERE IS NO FEDERAL
VIOLATION INDICATED, KANSAS CITY IS CONDUCTING NO
FURTHER INVESTIGATION.

BT

b6
b7c

8-14-80



ULSTER COUNTY SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT

Golden Hill, Kingston, New York

Thomas F. Mayone
Sheriff
Henry P. Breitenbach
Under Sheriff

LOCAL & STATE

TELEPHONE

Administration (914)	338-3640
Road Division	338-3640
Jail Division	338-3644
Civil Division	338-3643
Pistol Permit	338-7774
Juvenile Division	338-1020

August 9, 1980

Director
Federal Bureau of Investigation
U. S. Department of Justice
Washington, D. C. 20535

UNKNOWN SUBJECT(S), 00814017
UNIFICATION CHURCH - VICTIM;
SUSPICIOUS FIRE

Re: Suspicious Fire #893
Att: F. B. I. Lab.

Dear Sir:

During early morning hours of August 8, 1980, someone is believed to have started a fire to a vacant building belonging to the Unification Church.

Investigation led to believe that the building was intentionally set a fire destroying entire building.

I am submitting the following evidence gathered at the scene of the fire:

1. Jar containing charred glass and dirt samples.
2. Jar containing charred wood samples.
3. Metal Container with charred wood samples.

It would be appreciated if you would conduct a general chemical examination to determine if there is a presence of flammable matter.

This evidence, which should be returned to us, has not been examined by any other expert.

V-56

DE-39

Very truly yours,

[Redacted Signature]

DETECTIVE
ULSTER CO. SHERIFF'S DEPT.

6 AUG 18 1980

EP/mak

44-38861-1000

312

SEARCHED

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b7C

rs



RECEIVED

AUG 14 9 50 AM '80

EVIDENCE
CONTROL
CENTER

RECEIVED
AUG 14 3 23 PM '80

ANALYSIS

CERTIFIED

P16 6633879

MAIL

RECEIVED
AUG 22 4 01 PM '80
EVIDENCE CONTROL
CENTER

O-4a (Rev. 8-13-79)

FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION
WASHINGTON, D. C. 20535

DATE: September 8, 1980

TO: Sheriff of Ulster County
Golden Hill
Kingston, New York 12401

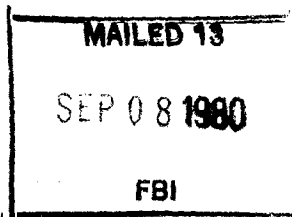
Re: UNKNOWN SUSPECT(S);
UNIFICATION CHURCH - VICTIM;
SUSPICIOUS FIRE

Attention: Mr.
Detective

b6
b7C

Invoice of Contents

Q1-Q3



☒ Return to
Room 3287
FBI File # 95-238577
Case # 00814017 S SQ

☒ Mail Room: 1B327, TL 152
(registered mail)

☐ PSM - Supply Unit, 1B353
(not registered)

Shipping #

Shipping Method

717266

(4)

FBI/DOJ

REPORT
of theFEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION
WASHINGTON, D. C. 20535

To: Sheriff of Ulster County
Golden Hill
Kingston, New York 12401

September 8, 1980

Attention: Mr. [REDACTED]
Detective

FBI FILE NO.

95-238577

LAB. NO.

00814017 S SQ

b6
b7C

Re: UNKNOWN SUSPECT(S);
UNIFICATION CHURCH - VICTIM;
SUSPICIOUS FIRE

YOUR NO.

LOCAL & STATE

Examination requested by:

Addressee

Reference:

Letter dated August 9, 1980

Examination requested:

Chemical Analyses

Specimens:

- Q1 Jar containing charred glass and dirt
- Q2 Jar containing charred wood
- Q3 Paint can containing charred wood

Result of examination:

No accelerants were detected in the specimens Q1 through Q3 questioned material.

Specimens Q1 through Q3 will be returned separately via registered mail.

This examination has been made with the understanding that the evidence is connected with an official investigation of a criminal matter and that the Laboratory report will be used for official purposes only, related to the investigation or a subsequent criminal prosecution. Authorization cannot be granted for the use of the Laboratory report in connection with a civil proceeding.

CEP:plb*

(4)

MAIL ROOM ☒

FBI/DOJ

RECORDED
8/19/80
plb*

FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION
UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE

8/14/80

Laboratory Work Sheet

To: Sheriff of Ulster County
Golden Hill
Kingston, New York 12401

b6
b7C

Attention: Mr. [REDACTED]
Detective

FBI FILE NO. 95-238577 21

LAB. NO. 00814017 S SQ

Re: UNKNOWN SUSPECT(S);
UNIFICATION CHURCH - VICTIM;
SUSPICIOUS FIRE

YOUR NO.

Examination by [REDACTED]
cel
9/4/80

Examination requested by: Addressee

Reference: Letter dated August 9, 1980

Examination requested: Chemical Analyses

Specimens received:

Specimens:

- Q1 Jar containing charred glass and dirt
- Q2 Jar containing charred wood
- Q3 Paint can containing charred wood

Result of examination;
No accelerants were detected in the specimens.
Q1 through Q3 questioned material.
Specimens Q1 through Q3 will be
returned separately via registered mail.

RECORDED
8/19/80
plb*

FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION
UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE

8/14/80

Laboratory Work Sheet

To: **Sheriff of Ulster County**
Golden Hill
Kingston, New York 12401

Attention: Mr.
Detective

Re:

UNKNOWN SUSPECT(S);
UNIFICATION CHURCH - VICTIM;
SUSPICIOUS FIRE

FBI FILE NO. **95-238577**

LAB. NO. **00814017 S SQ**

YOUR NO.

Examination by:

Examination requested by: **Addressee**

Reference: **Letter dated August 9, 1980**

Examination requested: **Chemical Analyses**

Specimens received:

Specimens:

- Q1 Jar containing charred glass and dirt**
- Q2 Jar containing charred wood**
- Q3 Paint can containing charred wood**

*Q1 → Q3
returned
to cmr.
CJP
9/8/80*

b6
b7C

FILE #.....05-238577.....
CONTENTS: LAB WORKSHEET ITEMS

DO NOT STAMP OR HANDLE AS ENCLOSURE

152✓

008141017 S SQ + LAB. ITEMS

00814017 S SQ CCP 8/15/80

95-238577

Rec'd 8x12x11" package sealed with brown plastic
tape, brown paper, yellow rope-like string from
UC. - ltr from Ulster County S.O., New York - registered

PIb 6633879 - FBI used tape on outside - box inside sealed
with duct tape and cord tape (no group ident. on cord tape)
- styrofoam + paper packaging around large paint can (Q3)
and two small jars (Q1) (Q2), initialed, labeled

00814017

Q1 - Jar contng. charred wood and stones
coated w/ mud. [redacted]

b7E

[redacted] See charts.

Q2 - Jar contng. chunks of very charred wood.

[redacted] See

charts.

Q3 - Lg. paint can contng. 3 large chunks
of wood, very charred on exterior
portions. [redacted]

See charts

CCP
9/4/80

UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT

Memorandum

TO : Director
Federal Bureau of Investigation

DATE: June 16, 1975

FROM : *John C. Keeney*
Acting Assistant Attorney General
Criminal Division
SUBJECT: Unification Church

Eyo On June 11, 1975 Departmental attorneys [redacted] and [redacted] met with [redacted] (retired) and his wife, [redacted] concerning their daughter's association with the Unification Church headed by the Rev. Sun Myung Moon. During the discussion [redacted] stated that Rabbi Maurice Davis of 252 Soundview Avenue, White Plains, New York had recently stated to him that he, Rabbi Davis, and [redacted] had received telephonic threats of bodily harm. According to [redacted] Mr. Davis stated that these threats were made because Rabbi Davis is forming a yet unnamed group of concerned parents of children in various so-called cults.

Since these facts indicate a possible violation of 18 USC 875, interstate threats, it is requested that the FBI interview Rabbi Davis and forward the results to the Criminal Division.

Your cooperation in this matter is appreciated.

b6
b7C

EXP. PROC.
31 JUN 17 1975

REC-107

MCT-12

3 JUN 17 1975

CH 39



5010-110

Buy U.S. Savings Bonds Regularly on the Payroll Savings Plan

Airtel

6/19/75

To: SAC, New York

From: Director, FBI

1 Mr. Gow

REC-100

59887

MCT-12

UNSUBS;
UNIFICATION CHURCH;
RABBI MAURICE DAVIS - VICTIM
EXTORTION
OO: NY

CH/B9

Enclosed for New York are two Xerox copies of a Departmental memorandum dated 6/10/75, regarding the Unification Church.

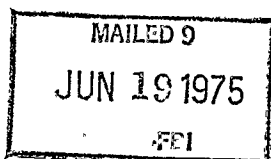
Refer to enclosed Departmental memorandum and conduct requested investigation. Upon completion of initial interview of victim, submit suitable for dissemination to the Department. If facts indicate a violation within our jurisdiction, institute appropriate investigation.

Enclosures - 2

WDG/brb (4)

NOTE: This is a possible Extortion matter wherein the Department of Justice advised they are in receipt of information which indicates that Rabbi Maurice Davis, White Plains, New York, has received telephonic threats of bodily harm. The threats were allegedly made by unsubs associated with the Unification Church because the Rabbi is forming a yet unnamed group of concerned parents of children in various so-called cults. The Department has requested that the Rabbi be interviewed as the above information indicates a possible violation of the Extortion Statute, Section 875. This is to instruct New York as set forth above.

Assoc. Dir. _____
Dep. AD Adm. _____
Dep. AD Inv. _____
Asst. Dir.:
Admin. _____
Comp. Syst. _____
Ext. Affairs _____
Files & Com. _____
Gen. Inv. _____
Ident. _____
Inspection _____
Intell. _____
Laboratory _____
Plan. & Eval. _____
Spec. Inv. _____
Training _____
Legal Coun. _____
Telephone Rm. _____
Director Sec'y _____



MAIL ROOM ☐

TELETYPE UNIT ☐

FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION
FOI/PA
DELETED PAGE INFORMATION SHEET
FOI/PA# 1198986-0

Total Deleted Page(s) = 3
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Page 14 ~ b6; b7C;
Page 15 ~ b6; b7C;

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OCT 13 1978
AS

Bufile No.

9-61832

LC No.

B- 37106

Date of Ref

qirtels 7-10-76 & 8-9-76

Examiner

Noted by

No. of Photos

195

Photos of latent prints

6 FPS

FOI#

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b7C

aka

- Victim;

Extortion - Conspiracy

Acting SAC, Richmond (9-1857)
OO: Richmond

9- 61832

2 FIML-Lch

7-618
FBI
LABORATORY

LC#B-37106

b6
b7C

Mr. [REDACTED]

No. 1. your stupid agent
me and [REDACTED] These suckers were
thing.

I told them I was the
the letter, but [REDACTED] helped me
there isn't anything you can do
If it was, you would have been
said: "You are a bunch of stupid

Typewritten letter beginning
"MR. [REDACTED] WELL, YOUR
STUPID..." signed "[REDACTED]"

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b7C

9-61838

D 760811072 Q4

Q4

QC



LABORATORY

LC#G-37726 N

DOJ/FBI

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*side
needed*

9-61832
D 760811072 Q3 QC

FBI

LABORATORY

Envelope postmarked "RICHMOND
VA AUG-3' 76" with Typewritten
address "MR. [REDACTED]
FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION
P.O. BOX-12325 RICHMOND, VA 23241"

b6

b7C

760715045 Q2 QC

FBI

LABORATORY

LC#B-37106 N

FBI#

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b7C

1/18/1

no Agreement
is to infuse you of certain
within my seat, I do not like
Government as a

Sheet of paper bearing
hand printed message beginning
"MR. AND..."

b6
b7C

Saturday, 8:30 a.m.—10:30 a.m. 12:30 p.m.—3:30 p.m.; and

(C Cell men may have two visits a month on weekdays only, the same hours. Those in the Receiving Unit must have been in the institution thirty days.)

Southampton Correctional Farm — Sunday, 10:00 a.m. — 3:00 p.m.

State Industrial Farm for Women — Sunday, 9:30 a.m. — 12 Noon, & 1:00

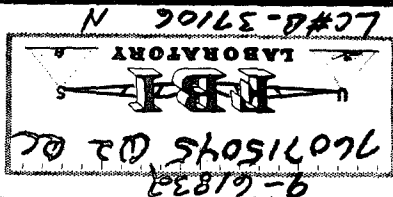
(No visitors on holidays; those in the ~~quarantine~~ *quarantine* are not permitted visit

Virginia State Farm — Saturday, Sunday, 9:00 a.m. — 4:00 p.m.; those in the

on weekdays between 9:00 a.m. — 11:00 a.m. & 1:00 — 3:00 p.m.

NOTE: The Code of Virginia provides penalties for a six month jail sentence a prisoner to escape; and forbids any person to deliver or try to deliver any article without the permission of the person in charge.

5/1/71



Sheet of paper bearing
hand printed message beginning
"MR. AND..."

b6
b7C

