

A dream cherished photo stored in Heaven

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A dream of a photo with Father Moon, which I believe is stored in Heaven, which I titled "Water of Life"

It is interesting how God and the spiritual world work. A few months before we received news informing us to prepare for the blessing, which would be in Korea in January 1989, I had a powerful dream. The dream depicted an important event that would occur shortly. The following is the dream.

I dreamed I entered a large office building and I saw a staircase going down. As I approached the last step, suddenly, to my right, a huge ballroom with wide open doors appeared. I walked in and saw it was packed with people worshipping together in many different ways. There were so many groups praying in unison, but differently. Some bowed like Muslims; others knelt like Catholics; some were standing; and others held their worship service like Hindus. Also, some people stood in a circle; some were facing East, some West, and others facing North. I was amazed by how huge the ballroom was. It seemed to open to an endless outdoor space. I was a little confused as to how I should pray, so I said a little prayer and walked out of the ballroom. As I exited, I noticed another room and heard people laughing and talking. The doors were wide open, and, because I was curious, I entered.

Inside, I saw a group of about 100 Unification Church leaders meeting with the Rev. Moon. At the far end of the room was Bo Hi Pak, a colonel in the Korean Army and one of Moon's closest disciples and his translator. He was sitting at a small round table with a huge book in front of him that looked like a registry book. Moon was standing next to Pak, holding a round tray with a large ancient Asian teapot - the like of which I had never seen. The teapot had a special and significant drink in it, which Moon distributed to everyone. It was called something like "Juice" or "Water of Life." While this was transpiring, I thought how could they do this?

How could they let Father Moon do the work while the leaders, particularly Colonel Pak, just sat there and did nothing? While I was standing in the back observing everything, Father Moon made a joke, and with a big smile, walked fast towards a group of men who were standing close to me. His right hand was in the air as if he were going to smack someone. As he approached rather quickly, I wished his hand would land on me. To my amazement, he headed straight towards me, and placed his hand on me! With heartfelt love and emotion, I wrapped myself around him, hugging and kissing him and crying. I didn't want to let him go! Father Moon, likewise, was holding me tight and not letting me go either. We held each other tightly for a long time and it soon became apparent that we were both getting a little tired and needed to sit down. We found ourselves surrounded by church members. Because neither of us wanted to let the other go, and since we were still embracing each other, we moved over to a wall about 50 feet away. As we walked to the wall still holding each other tightly, I felt warm tears pouring out of Moon's eyes and running all over my arms. We got to the wall, put our backs against it, slid down it, and sat, still in the same embrace. All the members gathered around us, cheering and clapping. Father Moon's photographer (possibly Ken Owens), came and took an official photo of us. The End. I truly believe that this photo is stored in Heaven!