

My vision after Easter when we were praying for Yankee Stadium

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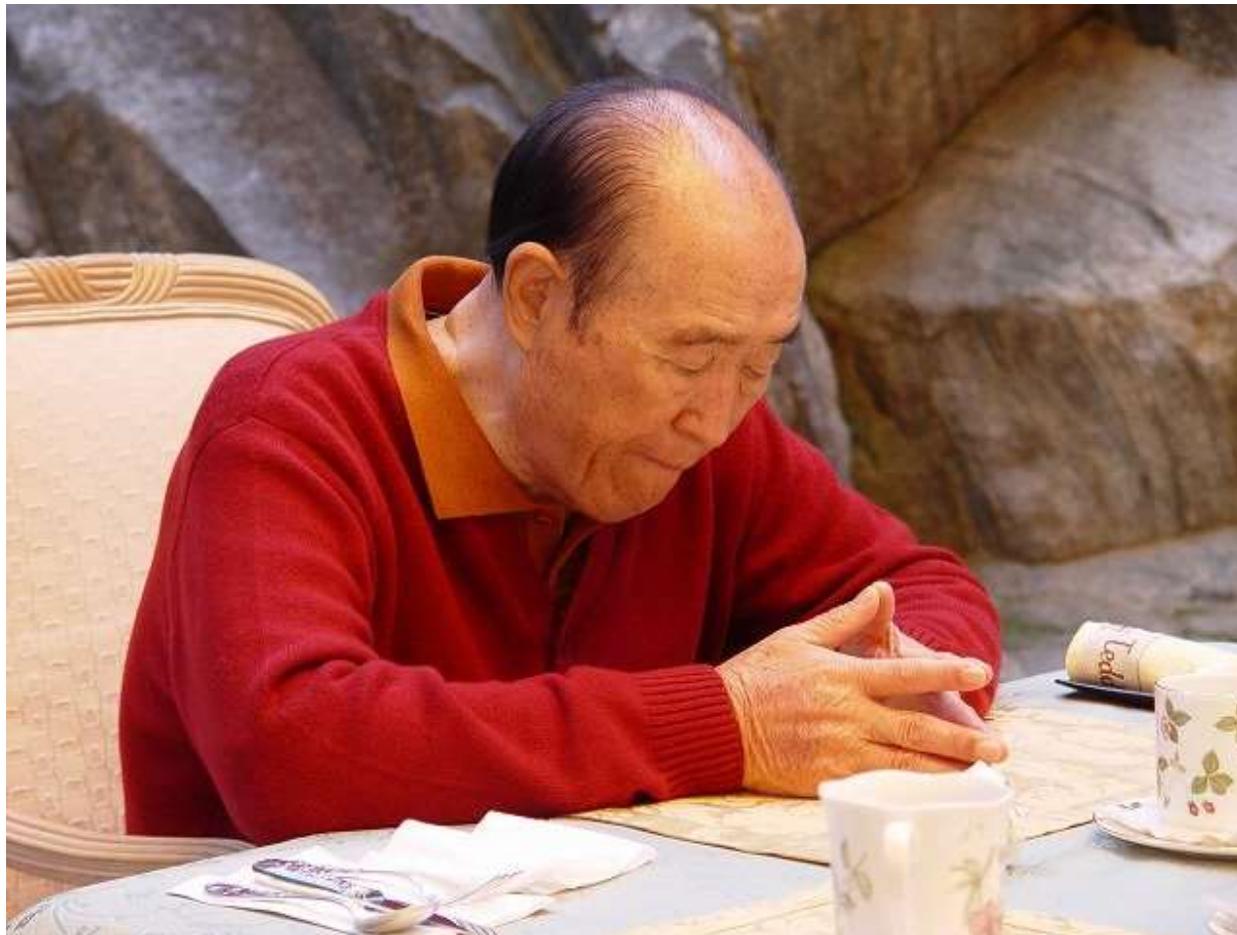


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I had a vision after Easter when we were praying for Yankee Stadium. As I prayed I saw Yankee Stadium. It was full and the sun was shining. Then someone shot Reverend Moon in the right shoulder. It wasn't a bad hit, but when I saw his blood I began crying. I can't remember all of the next part but I kept saying, "He can't die. They can't hurt him."

I went up above Yankee Stadium and through something like a hot yellow potato and out the top and into all pastel colors and then only yellow and white light and it was warm and I was beside Heavenly Father's face and saw an enormous tear run down His cheek and He said, "They can't hurt him. They can't hurt my son, they mustn't hurt him."

The big tear covered me and I went back down through the colors and the hot potato, and in the stadium the people were all crying. Rev. Moon had gotten up and, still bleeding, he was talking to them. The tear of God and the tears of the people and my tears all mixed up together and when we were all wet the weather was suddenly cold and it all turned to blue ice. Then all the people there were made clean, washed by all the tears and as they got blue from the ice-tears they got happy and began smiling and they were really reborn and Heavenly Father began to smile too. (I could see His face -- the cheek -- through the hole left in the potato thing by His giant tear.) I knew Rev. Moon was O.K.

Then the people went out of the stadium shouting to the whole country that they had been wrong about us and that they had to come and listen to Rev. Moon, that they had been changed, washed clean and given new life, new hope, and in this part the sunshine of God's smile was following them all over the map of America.

Maybe I should have written this before, but because of the part about Rev. Moon I didn't want to say anything. For a long time every time I thought of that part I burst out crying. I felt like Heavenly Father was so worried. We made conditions here and I wrote my husband, but asked him not to tell anyone. For 24 hours surrounding Yankee Stadium I couldn't do anything. We did a prayer vigil and everyone cried and promised anything if only he could be safe and the event successful. I just kept hearing in my ears. "They can't hurt him; they mustn't hurt him," and repeating it.