

Clairvoyant Dreams and the Inner Voice

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Something out there is watching over us. The act of listening to your inner voice is not something you need to turn on - it is always on. But we must learn to recognize the instinctive signal from which we get critical information. It is faint, so we must amplify it and differentiate it from the rest of the data we process daily. Sometimes, the voice carries urgent warnings, often following a threatening dream.

The following is an example of these twin events: a clairvoyant dream followed by an urgent warning voice moments before an accident occurred.

While I was traveling on a witnessing mission with the International One World Crusade (IOWC), the spirit world was very active. I had a frightening dream about an upcoming accident, and two weeks later, it happened exactly as I had seen.

The Dream

December 10, 1983

In this dream, our five-member team sat in our van, ready to leave for our next destination. Suddenly, an enormous machine, like a forklift, attached itself to our van and lifted it upward. I heard the loud clang as it grabbed our van and the rattling noise as it carried us higher.

Eventually, the machine placed the van on top of a lofty mountain peak. During this process, Annie, one of our sisters, was screaming, "No! No! I don't want to go! I want to get off here." Then, the machine pushed us off the mountain!

The driver in my dream was Hiromi, one of the Japanese team leaders. I was in the front passenger seat, guiding her to drive on the smooth, icy surface and avoid large gaps. We navigated down the mountain toward an enormous lake nestled between three mountains.

As we approached the lake, a line of rocks appeared, forming a straight path into the water. I directed Hiromi to head for the rocks, hoping they could help us reduce speed and avoid a crash. She followed my instructions perfectly, and we made it safely through.

The Accident

Two weeks later, on January 1, 1984, our group divided into three teams. It was New Year's Day, and we had just celebrated a church holiday called God's Day, one of the Unification Church's most significant holidays. After loading materials into three vans, we prepared to leave.

Interestingly, Annie - the sister who didn't want to come in my dream - had persuaded her guest to stay for the seven-day workshop, and she decided to stay too. She persuaded her guest to stay, too. We unloaded her suitcases from the van and left.

In my van, there were four others: Hiromi, Takumi, Dennis (a spiritually open individual), and Maloney

(a tall, thin African American sister). After breaking my fast, I was in high spirits and eager for the journey. Brothers and sisters came out to see us off as we began the drive toward Portland, Oregon.

That evening, we stopped in a motel parking lot to sleep in our vans and save money. Everything was fine until the next day when we changed drivers.

The Warning Voice

As the journey continued, strange signs began to emerge. Maloney complained about the lack of sleep and eating tuna sandwiches for every meal. Dennis was reading *The Tibetan Book of the Dead* aloud, creating a spooky atmosphere.

After a few hours of driving, we stopped at a gas station. Voices inside my head begged me to change vans, but I resisted. I couldn't place someone else in harm's way.

Later, we stopped again for a restroom break. The inner voice's warnings became even stronger, practically pleading with me to switch vehicles. Yet, I stayed in my seat, determined to oversee my team.

I did, however, switch places with the Japanese sister so she could sit next to Hiromi, the driver, and speak in Japanese. I moved to the middle seat behind the driver to keep watch.

The Accident

It was dark and rainy when it happened. I had dozed off but remained vaguely aware of my surroundings. Suddenly, I felt the van tumbling and rolling off the road.

In the dreamlike state between waking and sleeping, I thought, If I make this last tumble, I'll be fine. Sure enough, the van landed upright after one final rollover.

When I opened my eyes, the van was on its side. Help seemed to arrive almost instantly, as though they had been waiting for the accident to happen. I vividly remember the love and care I experienced. It felt as if God Himself was reaching out to me through every person who helped - the police, paramedics, and strangers.

Instead of worrying about my injuries, I was overwhelmed with gratitude for the kindness and efficiency of this blessed country, America.

Reflection

After the ambulances transported us to the nearest hospital and doctors checked us for internal injuries, we were released. We resumed our journey to Portland, this time traveling in two vans instead of three.

No one complained. We were simply grateful to be alive.

It's worth noting that if Annie had joined us, as she had in my dream, she might not have survived or could have been severely injured. The clairvoyant dream and the persistent warnings of the inner voice had foretold and protected us in ways I am still trying to fully understand.

This story is a testament to the guidance available through dreams and the inner voice, reminding us to remain attuned to these subtle yet powerful signals in our lives.

My whole life revolved around dreams, the inner voice, and Synchronicity. They played a major role in guiding me to meet the Reverend Sun Myung Moon and the Unification movement in ways hard to explain.