

My Undying Love and Faith for Father - Water of Life (Dream): An Ardent Vision

Ali Mahjoub
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Sun Myung Moon and Bo Hi Pak

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 another dream that I called Water of Life. The dream depicted an important event that would occur in the near future. The following is the dream:

I dreamed I entered a large office building and 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. There were so many groups. They were 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, 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 outdoor space that was endless. 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 stood in the back observing everything, 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! 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, 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. Moon's photographer came and took an official photo of us. The End.

I truly believe that this photo is stored in Heaven!