

## A very spiritually active July 4th in Nicaragua

Greg Breland  
August 1976



*Managua, Nicaragua*

I had an experience that I would like to share:

On Friday, July 2nd I caught a terrible influenza cold, a flu-type thing that we call "grippe." It was also the birthday of my sister here so I had to keep going. In my evening class at the University I sneezed a lot but we learned "You Are My Sunshine." (That day I had also taught my 6th grade class at the German School "You Are My Sunshine.")

Anyway, we went out to eat, etc. The next day I did a lot of washing slowly. Well, on Sunday, I had the grippe pretty badly, but we had Sunday service then ate out with one of our contacts, came home to find another contact here and later another friend came over. Quite a lively time we've been having spiritually since Yankee Stadium. That was the first time so many had happened to be there at the same time.

This friend had also come over on Saturday. We always sing, pray and read 'rom the Spanish Divine Principle, get inspired, and begin to speak from inspiration to give life to the Divine Principle not just present dry Divine Principle. We need some oil. Because of my cold I found it very difficult to breathe so our Japanese brother took over and spoke quite a lot. This was so wonderful because he can share his incredibly deep and beautiful understanding of God's heart.

As you know, Sunday was July 4th. Here it was a very spiritually active and alive day. As the day became evening, my breathing became more and more difficult. When I prayed I felt God's heart aching to reach into the hearts of the people that have recently been coming. I could understand that God has put all of His hope into these people and He wants to jump into them and start washing!! and scrubbing their veins and arteries clean -- as we've been scrubbing New York City streets.

After prayer I realized I had to do something because even deep contact with God did not alleviate my breathing. Because we live right behind the Baptist Hospital, the Japanese brother and I walked over and called up my doctor and he told me what medicines to buy. My temperature was up to 38.4 (normal is 37).

I had brought just \$15 worth and it cost a little more so they gave me a discount and would have charged less if I had needed money to get home. I almost couldn't eat, and when I lay down to go to sleep the already laborious breathing became almost impossible. I knew already that I would not be able to sleep that night, so I began to think about so many different things. It was July 4th, the 200th birthday of the U.S., such an important day to have such an experience.

I thought about the crucifixion and how to go beyond the crucifixion. I thought about Reverend Moon

when he was beaten by the police and then thrown out into the snow to die. He could not die. He was Heavenly Father's only hope to establish the Kingdom of Heaven. He had to live and fulfill even if he only had half a body because of torture. We have to know, too, how to go beyond the crucifixion and really become someone that God needs, not just another person who believes in God, etc., but who really cannot do anything to help.

I began to think about Jesus and I felt God asking me a question: Do you want to live or die? I felt completely alone, facing a long night of July 4th, hoping for rebirth. I felt as though I would die but I knew God would not let me die.

The medicine I took didn't help at all. I made hot water and put Vick's into it and breathed that, believing that it would relieve my breathing, but nothing, absolutely nothing. I went into the dining room and sat down with my head on the table because the breathing was easier than lying down. I thought about so much in those hours. Mostly I thought about Jesus and Yankee Stadium. I wanted to experience the rain and crucifixion, to feel what Jesus felt on the cross. I remembered Mr. Sudo's talk about how difficult it was for Jesus to breathe on the cross. I knew that I was going to go through something similar.

I dozed off a little but at 1:30 I woke up and when I tried to rest again I couldn't. I knew that this was going to be my cross. I really almost couldn't breathe at all. I only knew that I had to accept it and stand it for Jesus and for America and to be part of Yankee Stadium. I was grateful that Heavenly Father was allowing me to undergo this experience. I felt calm and determined to stay alive. I wanted only to be reborn, to die and be reborn into my body to end the long struggle of uniting spirit and body and to become a true child and be really able to use my body for God. I felt as though God was giving birth to me, that I had to help breathing and that this would be a sufficient condition for our Father to see that not just I but all of America wants rebirth.

I remember while praying for Yankee Stadium it came so clearly that God was asking the U.S. if it would serve as His model for the Kingdom of Heaven. That if only the people in America-and our family in America from all over the world-would really unite under God's heart then God would believe that America can be His champion.

I really believe that God has given rebirth to the U.S. and that He-for the first time-is really confident that He can finally see His world coming because of Reverend Moon's love and such hard work. I know we ourselves didn't do it. We could feel and see how seriously Reverend and Mrs. Moon work and how they pour out everything. We have to do it, that's all. We cannot allow all that they have done to vanish through our faithlessness or selfishness or shortsightedness. We just can't!

The debt we owe to Heavenly Father we can finally glimpse through them. We are the most blessed people in all of human history. All spirit world, physical world, and all our descendants are counting on us to pick up our individual crosses and really follow, really wash away the sins of our past, really forget and not look back to the terror and sin of the past. We cannot forget this even for one second. That second crushes Father's heart into a million pieces.

We must pick up our individual crosses and realize that only we can indemnify our ancestors' evil. Only we can come face to face with the situations under which they fell victim to Satan and reverse them. No one else can do it. It is we or Reverend Moon and he already has too much to do. Let's do it together, now!