

I had a dream about Hak Ja Han - Mother Moon

John Hitchler
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Photo date and location unknown

I have been struggling about talking about this dream. It is as real as if it were true. Why was I struggling? Because I didn't know if everyone who reads this will appreciate it. This is a dream, a personal relationship I had with Hak Ja Han Moon that came to me. I shared it with a sister from Uganda, Esther AK - she convinced me to share it - so here goes, bear with me it's long;

Friday May 31st I had a dream about Hak Ja Han - Mother Moon

In light of the event coming June 22 here in Las Vegas, where Mother will be speaking at the MGM Grand Ball Room, "Peace starts with me".

My dream as follows;

I took with me my wife, a friend of ours, a mutual friend, and two friends I have worked with regarding real estate.

We seated ourselves, started chatting small talk, admiring the number of people that were there. Then Mother came on the stage, we started singing songs, in the process, Dr. Rev Yang came to me and ask if we all would follow him down toward the steps that led up to the stage. Not knowing what was going on, nervous, the others were murmuring asking me what was going on, of course I didn't know either. Mother walked up to the podium, waiting for the clapping and the cheering to stop. There were 1,000's of people there. Finally everyone sat down eagerly waiting for Mother to speak. As she began by thanking everyone for coming, it's nice being back to the Shinning City, everyone clapped and yelled with enthusiasm – all sat down again.

Mother said she would like to have a brother come out with his guest and tell us a little about his guest. Before we did, Mother said I love this brother, Father loves him, periodically Father would ask about him. Very good heart, his name is John Hitchler. Mother looked at me with a smile, in a humble position,

slowly moving her hand across the front of her as if saying come. Nervously, legs were weak I walked onto the stage going toward Mother with my guest behind me. When I got to Mother I bowed and mumbled, I love you Mother. Mother took my hand and pulled me to her side and publicly said, "I have an aid who monitors Facebook posts and in particular, your postings John, she was instructed to bring your posts to me and then read it to me. I enjoy John's writing because of the heart that is expressed. Thank you John, I bowed again than she asked if I would tell everyone about your guest.

I went over to where they were standing and introduced my wife,- Shuming, told everyone how dedicated and hard working she was, the kind of mother Shuming was. Very wise use of money. Her childhood life in Taiwan was very poor which has caused her to be selective and protective. Next to Shuming is a close friend of ours, Vicky who is from Taiwan same as Shuming is from, spoke of Vicky about how much unconditional love she has. Her husband was in the hospital for 6 months before he passed, he had to have both legs amputated, a variety of operations – Vicky was with her husband every day and every night sleeping in his hospital room, nurturing him.

Only time she left was to go home, take a shower and quickly come back. I respect Vicky wholeheartedly. Next to Vicky is a friend from Cambodia. Her name is Mala, Mala worked in the rice fields for 3 years 12 hours a days, 365 days a year under the Pol Pot regime. Mala said she had no tomorrow, same every day, rain or shine, sick or not sick. It was a must to stay away from the guards. Mala I love and respect so much. Mala's heart flows like a slow river. Very deep. Next is Petrone, I have known Petrone for 4 +/- years, she is from Jamaica, single mother of two beautiful little kids. Petrone is a Christian who has a deep love for Jesus. Before any decision she has to make, she goes home and prays about it. "If it's God's will....." I have a close deep relationship with Petrone. Next is Raejohne, I met Raejohn through Petrone. When we were 1st working together I immediately felt a connection to her and actually hoped that it would take a while to find her a home.

Raejohne's personality is also like a slow moving river. Very deep. Raejohne is also a single mother. Any time my phone would ring, if Raejohn's name was on it I had to answer right away. Her personality is exceptional. Once I finished, I ask Mother if I could quickly mention two of my spiritual daughters, and one who I have come close to that I consider to be a spiritual daughter; one lives in Chicago, Daisy Joy Elizabeth K.– Beautiful sister, married and has 8 children. Mother, Daisy is a light that shines 24 hours a day. I met Daisy witnessing in Manhattan in early to mid-1980's; Mother, the other one is Charlotte Blount. Charlotte lives in Mobile Alabama, has 3 children. I knew Charlotte before I joined in 1975. She joined right behind me. Charlotte is so dedicated to you and Father. She has made it a habit to read Fathers words every day. The third one is a sister in Uganda. Her name is Esther AK. Beautiful spirit Mother. I hope you will get an opportunity to personally meet them one of these days.

Mother came up and walked in front of each, took each of their hands, cupped them with hers, looked each one of them into their eyes and smiled. Mother came back to the podium and thanked me for allowing all us to meet each one of these beautiful sisters and daughters of Heavenly Parent. Mother took my hand , pulled it slowly toward her, lowering me down so she could give me a kiss on the forehead. She thanked me and said a short prayer in Korean.

Then she spoke to the audience and said, while looking at me, John I want you to leave, go to your computer and post your experience here so the world can know your story. My spirit was frozen there by Mother, but my body along with my other guest were walking toward the exit while the audience was clapping. Mother whispered to my spirit, you must go now John, we were frozen in eye contact for an hour in a second, I wanted to hug Mother but couldn't, just smiled and poof, there I was in my body.

This dream was so vivid. It was in color, the stage was so beautiful with soft pastel colors that were highlighted by the positions of the lights. Streamers of transparent decorative silk drooping in the background. Mother wore a beautiful traditional Korean Dress. Sun Jin Nim was dressed in pure white, stood behind and a little off to the side of Mother completely motionless.

A dream of mixed emotions. Very little of this dream was edited. The profoundness of this dream allowed me to consciously relive it as I was writing it.