

A profound spiritual experience at Chung Pyung

Ali Mahjoub
October 23, 2021



My rock that I brought from the site of the Palace before it was built.

My Rock of blood and tears

I went to Chung Pyung 4 or 5 times but my visits were short, except a visit was 21 days. I melted in with the programs and had no thoughts of myself. I always felt good in every visit but nothing so special apart from the excitement of being there.

I had more powerful spiritual experiences while I was in Cain's world than in Chung Pyung. But one powerful thing I experienced, I believe during the brothers' 7-day workshop. On this particular workshop, I caught the flu and was a bit sick. On the last day of the workshop, there was a plan by Chung Pyung to visit the site where the palace would be built.

I was talking with a group of brothers on how to get there on foot, and one of the brothers was so excited, trying to encourage us to go to the site, and said "who can say I was there at the site before the palace was built". It's amazing how God talks to us through people's words and statements! And this brother's statement made me change my mind and I decided to walk to the site, and alone followed behind the crowd up the hill. There were bushes and little trees along the path.

I remember, every now and then I stopped and touched the trees kiss the branches, and told the trees to remember me. As I was walking and climbing the hill, I was coughing blood and felt as though I am carrying my ancestors on my back. Weak and almost exhausted, I felt this is so important, I must get my ancestor up there. Finally, I made it and joined the crowd of almost 100 people.

There was someone who was giving a tour and explaining the building plan. "This is where the gate will be, this is where the front of the palace will be", etc. That day was a rainy day, so it was very muddy and pools of muddy water everywhere. As I stood watching and listening to the tour guide, suddenly I hear a voice inside me ordering me to bow down to the muddy ground. I resisted at first and tried to ignore the voice and thought maybe it was just a thought.

The voice came back again and ordered me to bow. I had a history of the inner voice, I realized that the voice I hear is a true voice that I can trust. I obeyed and bowed down on the muddy wet ground. The voice came again and ordered me to bow again, but bow completely flat on the muddy pool, and I did as I was told. I lay flat, face included. People around me, including Rev. Michael Jenkins, were so shocked and in almost disgust like I was possessed by a bad spirit (you know what I mean) as I stood near them dripping in muddy water.

From what I got, this experience is something from the Old Testament age, repenting in sackcloth and ashes. I shared this experience with some brothers and sisters, one of them said something like this.. "This a time of rejoicing, it shouldn't be a time of repentance." Well it may be so. But what I did felt genuinely appropriate. Through me, I felt my ancestors offered their sincere repentance in humility. I will never forget that day. In fact, I brought a rock from where the gate was to be built. I am thinking to mount it on a plaque and hang it near my prayer altar.

God bless you all!