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Miss Young Oon Kim's Testimony Given at Sacramento 8-24-63

It may not be fair for me to tell of me without hearing your backgrounds, but I have been asked to do so. People often ask me again and again about my background, so before I start lecturing on the great message, I think I will have to introduce myself. Would that be agreeable with you?

I was born in Korea and brought up in a family which had nothing to do with Christianity. There was no Christian influence in my family or in my school. I went to public school for my grade school, primary education. Then also it was government school, the high school. When I was 16 years old, without any influence from outside, I suddenly felt a question within myself. That was, what is the purpose of my life? What should I do in this world? For what should I live? Then I thought again, where am I from at all? Where am I going? What will happen after I die? Then I thought it was foolish to think those things suddenly. Then I went back to study. In a few weeks the same question arose, and I pondered upon all these again. For what should I live at all, for what?

That time I was living in my sister's home with my sister, and it was a very wealthy family. I looked at my wealthy brother in law every day who was really enjoying accumulating wealth. But deep in his heart there was only greed and only pride. I didn't see in him deep, true happiness and joy and love to other people. I didn't see those things. So in spite of his kindness to me, I felt in my heart a despising or repulsed. I felt repulsed against him. Often when I saw him being contemptuous towards our relatives and tenants and servants, I felt rather antagonistic and thought, I will never live in order to accumulate wealth. That cannot be the purpose of my life.

Then I looked at young people who used to go to college and came back in the summertime for vacation. I lived in a small local town, so those young people studied in Japan and came back in the summertime. Oh, their arrogant attitude and lazy attitude disgusted me, and I thought the plain uneducated or less educated people were more honest and sincere and warm hearted, whereas those people who have some education are so arrogant and lazy. What does education do to man? Money doesn't raise one's personality, and education doesn't necessarily make one good. Well this of course is the experience in a small environment. You must understand this. Anyway, to my eyes, those things appeared that way. So I thought it is foolish to waste all my life to acquire knowledge for the sake of knowledge.

I had about a 70 year old grandmother. I often watched her life. She looked back upon her long past and she couldn't recall the happy part, but only the sad part. And the future, uncertain, fear, and uncertainty waiting, which I could detect in her. There was no joy. She had no good teeth to enjoy food. She had a weak body. Living was a burden for her. Well if long life is such a thing, well then why should I live long? Why should I want a long life, which is one of five blessings in our country? Long life is not a blessing. I should die young. I had to die young.

Well, if I don't want wealth, if I don't want lots of education, if I do not want long life, then for what should I live? Well, in our country marriage life is not quite exactly as it is here. I don't know even here. There couples live with a sense of obligation, rather than exciting love, which I could see every day. So

marriage, it was only my 16 years old, wasn't very attractive to me. Why should one bind himself to a family and suffer that way. Oh, I couldn't understand it. So that is not a question that I should consider.

Then I was lost. Then for what should I live? Without purpose I did not know what to do. Then I shook my head and said, why should I think about those things which I could not solve? So I went back to study.

Then in a few weeks the same question just drove me out. There was a beautiful hill behind our house. I didn't want to see people. I ran out to the hill and sat down in a quiet place and pondered upon -then I shouted saying, "If there is a God in the universe, please appear to me." If there is no God and there is no better answer, well, nothing appeared so I came back. In a few weeks the same question drove me to the same hillside, and I cried and shouted saying the same thing. If there is no God, no answer, then I might commit suicide. There is no meaning in this life. In this way, crying and shouting, about six or seven months passed.

One early evening I was sitting in a quiet place in the front yard. There was no one around met thinking the same question when suddenly I heard a voice which came from above, but was not a human voice but very distinctive audible voice. It said "He loves you he loves you the Bible tells you so". So distinctive. I tried to recall where I heard it. I had heard it somewhere. I recalled it was a chorus of children singing it "Jesus Loves Met Jesus Loves Me". Where I heard this at all? I heard this somewhere. I found out It was a hymn wh1ch was sung 1n the Sunday school which I attended about two or three months when I was 10 or 11 years old. That was all I attended. I didn't like the church Sunday School very much so I quit and never thought of Sunday school again. Suddenly this voice came. Strange I felt somewhat good but I didn't feel like going back to that church. So I went back to study. It was strange. Within a few weeks the same voice woke me up from my other work. Then I felt something very good and I missed the atmosphere in which this hymn was sung and yet I didn't want to go back. In a few weeks the same voice woke me up again from other thought. Then I thought why am I so stubborn? I must go to a church and see what they offer.

So to avoid any friends, to see any friends, I choose a small Japanese church. I didn't want to meet Korean friends. So I sneaked into a Japanese church. It was Wednesday prayer meeting, and it was a very small group, probably about six of them or less. The minister started singing hymn which was a very new hymn. I followed in a quiet voice two or three lines. Then I heard another voice which said, "It was not *you* who have been seeking me, but I who have been seeking *you*". It was a short sentence. "It was not *you*, but I who have been seeking *you*, those valleys, those hillsides, those lonely places which *you* have been wandering." Then tears just gushed. I couldn't sing any more. I felt so closeness to someone who had been seeking me. The next early morning, early morning, I went to the same hillside which I used to go, and sat down in a quiet place. In early morning, of course it was quiet. I prayed, well, I talked as I liked. Then at the end of my talk I added saying, "I pray this in the name of Jesus Christ", which I picked up the previous night in the church from the minister. This I continued every morning month after month, year after year.

Then that 30 minutes, 40 minutes of prayer was not enough for me, so I found out that Korean church opened the doors for private prayers, because our people do not have rooms in house, so church opens doors at night for private prayer. So I found that. Then I sneaked into the other church. I belonged to Japanese church, and sneaked into Korean church for prayer at night, because Japanese church does not pray too much and does not open doors at night. So I went to this Korean church about ten o'clock at

night with a blanket. There is no carpet, no rug, bare floor. Our country is very cold in winter. Wintertime, summertime I went there and prayed kneeling down on the bare floor. I did not know what I prayed. I prayed anyway. I was just driven to do this. So month after month I did this.

It was one night at one o'clock, it was wintertime, and I saw in my prayer a huge cross in front of me, and Jesus was hanging on that cross. I saw myself kneeling at the foot of the cross. I begged for forgiveness. I asked for forgiveness of my sins. Well, I was very pure morally. I didn't do anything wrong, but I felt so helpless, so miserable in front of this cross. I cried and cried and cried asking for forgiveness, saying, "I did not know that you suffered for me. I did not know that you suffered for me. After several hours of prayer, I got up and went home about five o'clock on the morning. Then I slept for a few hours before the day's work. When I went back the next day, even the same trees looked different. The houses, and the birds, and the flowers, plants, even the sun, the same sun seemed to talk to me, and the entire creation was made for me. I had never thought it. God had created the entire creation for me. Now the entire creation is talking to me and I am talking to them, and without any special effort. My life was completely changed, and yet I did not tell anybody about this inner change. I just didn't want to tell. I didn't want to tell. But I overheard my family talk that she is an entirely different girl they said. She became a different girl. So I believe when Pentecostal Christians say that I am born again. I believe that experience because of my experience.

Then, I am making my story very short; it was Easter Eve, several months later. I felt that I must see the resurrected Lord. I have seen the crucified Lord, and now I want to see the resurrected Lord, and I want to be resurrected with him. This strong idea, this idea drove me out to the church. I prayed asking for resurrection. At one o'clock, often God reveals things at one o'clock, He reveals things to me at one o'clock, the resurrected Christ appeared to me and Magdalene Mary appeared, and she was going to touch the robe of the Lord. The Lord said to her, "Don't touch me, and go to my brethren and tell them that I am risen." You remember that Easter scene. That whole scene appeared to me and just poured into me. I just couldn't pray any longer. I stood up and sang the hymn of resurrection, "He is Risen, He is Risen." I just couldn't, the whole body, I sang this hymn I don't know maybe dozens of times, just repeated and repeated. From then I thought it is my mission to proclaim the resurrected Lord to the whole world, no matter what kind of work I do, whether farming, or clerical, or housework or whatever I do. It is my mission to tell people that our Lord has risen.

After I graduated from high school, I worked in a bank, a small bank. In daytime, in this office, I heard a voice. The voice said, "Do not work with dead numerals, but work with human lives." Then I realized how dead work *it* is adding, reducing, all those things when you treat somebody else's money every day. Bookkeeping, it is very dead work. I thought I must quit this job.

Then I thought I might become a school teacher, in which I can deal with human lives. So I went to Seoul, our capital, to take some teacher's training courses. I took a training course and took the government examination and became a school teacher. I was assigned to a countryside school, where I taught second grade, 80 pupils. Our classes are very big. So you don't teach from the first grade to the sixth grade there, no. You teach only second grade. So it may be better education. Do you understand what I mean? One teacher has to teach several grades here. There, only one year, only one grade. Now 70 boys and 10 girls. This was really fun. I really enjoyed this. I loved teaching, and I put myself into it. Everybody said, other teachers said that I was a very good teacher because I was in them and they were in me. So I really enjoyed teaching.

Then after a year God said to me again, "Do something for eternity!" Then I realized that anybody can teach alphabet and mathematics. Why should I devote my life to such commonplace work? So by this time I had very unusual spiritual experience with a group, not just individually. This group was a very spiritual group. This group was composed of Presbyterians and Methodists, and whenever this group meets, somebody would go into trance and bring message directly. Somebody would hear voices. Somebody would see visions and there was healing power. We knew what was going on in San Francisco being in Sacramento. Through spirit we were all told. It was a fantastic group. Through those gifts we were told that there will be great thing coming on this earth, great thing, and great changes coming on this earth. For this I am preparing you folks, outpouring my spirit. That was the essence of the message through all those gifts. So I had very unusual experiences with this group, and I was quite familiar with various types of spiritual gifts.

I was familiar with Swedenborg's "The Heaven and its Wonders", and "The Divine Wisdom and the Divine Love", and "The Divine Providence". Through those books I knew very much about spirit world plus my spiritual experiences, so I felt that I was a most rich person. This was enough for me to live on. Now when I heard from God that you must do something for eternity, I immediately understood that this means that I must teach the Word of God to people. Because through those books I found that in Paradise they are still teaching, talking, discussing the Words of God. That was the only eternal literature on earth. Wonderful, then I must quit this job.

So I went to Japan to study theology from high standing University seminary. This seminary was in a big university, it was a Methodist seminary. I took a few years of art course, and then seminary started. In studying in the seminary, I found that it was fascinating to pursue academically how the great church leaders interpreted and explained the word of God in the past and the present, and the history of the church, and history of doctrine systematic theology, New Testament and Old Testament. It was fascinating academically. But I found spiritually the atmosphere of the seminary was completely dead. I continued my private prayer. My private prayer or my inner spiritual life and my academic study couldn't be reconciled. I couldn't find any harmony or any connection there. I thought, "What am I going to do with this study? This does not help my spiritual life. How can I save or help others' spiritual life with this study?" This seminary was quite liberal. Do you know liberal theology? There it's just studying the grammatical and historical, and there is no spiritual life. I noticed my fellow students suffering from the same thing. They came with high great visions. Now the visions were all gone. I asked God, "Why should I study? Why do I need to study?"

God spoke to me this way, "You must know the weapon of your enemy." What? The weapon of my enemy? Then am I going to stand against Christian leaders someday? It seemed ridiculous. Anyway it is good the source of sermons of the ministers. It is good to know. I know where sermons come from. I know how to make sermons, because that is the training of the seminary. I studied very hard and very well.

Then after I graduated from this seminary, I was invited by a woman's bible college where they train Deaconesses in North Korea. I went there and taught for two years. I preached from my own experiences. I taught what I studied in the seminary. The two things did not go together, so they-liked my sermons, but I couldn't reconcile. I couldn't reconcile. No one knew about spirit world. No one knew about spiritual experiences as I did, but I couldn't connect with my teachings.

Well, then American Japanese war had already started, and during the wartime our country. At that time our country was under Japanese domination. Particularly during the wartime we had a very very hard time. There wasn't enough food, and the pressure of the Japanese government was so great, that any leader of any field had a hard time, particularly church leaders were watched, or how do I say, they suspected the church leaders very much, because it is the Christian leaders who fought against the Japanese government for the independence of our country. So the church appeared to them as a refuge for patriots. So we Christian leaders had a most difficult time during the wartime. In other words, it was a completely dark age for us. There was no hope, and life was extremely difficult. We desperately prayed and prayed about what we should do at this time.

God said to us, "In this war Japan will be defeated, and Korea will be liberated from Japan." But judging from the situation, judging from the news from the Japanese government, we could not see these things. At that time even all our radios were confiscated by the Japanese government, so we couldn't hear any news from our side. But God said, "Do not worry. Your country will be liberated." We couldn't see when the day will come. Finally the promised day came in 1945 and we were told that our country was liberated from Japan, and the Japanese all went back to Japan.

In one week the Russians came into the North and the American GIs just flooded into the South and the land was divided. I was in North Korea. What is this? This is worse than before. We prayed and prayed, and God said, "Your true liberation will come later." This is not your true liberation." And I was urged by God to go to South quickly. Don't stay in this Communist territory.

So I fled to South as a refugee. Then I was teaching in a university, in a woman's university, which is one of the oldest and largest woman's universities in the Orient, Christian university. In this university I taught New Testament, Church History and Comparative Religions. I enjoyed teaching here again. Preaching to three thousand young women is a very exciting experience. Then I met a Canadian missionary at the university. This mission university, Christian university and American and Canadian missionaries worked together. The Canadian Missionary Society offered me a scholarship to study in Canada.

I accepted it and went to Toronto in 1948. I attended another art school, the last year of art school, and then I took post graduate course in the seminary in the university at Toronto. It was also very liberal theology. I am repeating the same studies here. So, and the spiritual atmosphere was completely dead one. So I went to Swedenborgian church, sometimes I went to Pentecostal church. It was United Church of Canada which offered the scholarship. The leaders in that group didn't like me, because I was not very faithful to the United Church of Canada. Because there was nothing in it, I just hunted and hunted different groups looking for something spiritual, but I couldn't find it. It was a two year scholarship. I was already to go.

Then suddenly I heard the news of the Korean War. When I heard that news about ten o'clock in the morning in my bedroom on the radio, I was so shocked by this news. I have never seen war in my life. Here that small country, many huge tanks smashed down from North Korea. Nothing would be left. When I thought of all the destruction and shooting people, bombing in Seoul, I was so shocked in my bedroom. I couldn't talk, couldn't move. My whole body seemed numb. In that moment suddenly I heard another voice. It said, "I will preserve my remnants. I will protect and preserve my remnants." Remnants, you can find the word in Isaiah. When all the Jews were captured into Babylon in exile, only a handful of

low people were left in Jerusalem. God promised with them, "I will raise a mighty nation of these remnants." Remnants mean the leftover of insignificant people.

When I heard the voice, "I will preserve my remnants", it was clear to me that no matter how many people were sacrificed or killed, God will still hide, protect and preserve the seeds of the good, the seeds of the righteous. So I summed up my courage and started praying, "Father, please protect the seeds of the righteous, the seeds of the good, by whom reestablish the church and the country." I didn't pray for my family because it was hopeless for them to survive, so I only prayed for the remnants of God. So my scholarship was extended for another year because of war.

After three years I was all packed, and I was already to go home. Then the missionary society changed my plans and said you must go to Germany, another war torn country to see how the Germans reconstruct. If you go home now, you will be so disheartened. You will have no idea how to start, where to start, because the country is completely devastated. Well, I was most grateful for this offer. It was a special offer.

I went to Germany all by myself. I had several reasons for going to Germany. Not only to see their reconstruction work, but to attend several international Christian conferences were which called ecumenical movement in Stuttgart and Berlin. Then I had two other big meetings in Switzerland. So I spent nearly six months, yes, about six months in Germany, Switzerland attending those international conferences. Then I went to England and peeked in some seminaries in Cambridge University. After six months I was so tired so I went back to Korea.

During this trip in Europe, I had a chance to talk to the topmost Christian leaders in Europe and also from other countries at those international conferences. We talked freely. We discussed freely the problems of the church today. That is why the church or Christians have no power to reach the people on the street. Why cannot the church ever attract the young people? Why church attendance is going down in Europe in big Cathedrals big old church? On Sunday there were only a handful of people. The churches were completely empty. It is heartbreaking. A German minister said to me, "In this conference," he said to us, "We German Christians are three wheeled Christians. That means when a baby is born he will be carried by baby carriage to the priest for baptism and receiving the name. That is one wheel. When he marries he comes by a taxi to be blessed, second wheel. When he dies he comes in a hearse third wheel." They come only three times in their life. Maybe some come on Easter and Christmas. American Christians do also. So German Christians are three wheeled Christians. So priests are paid by the government both Lutheran and Catholic priests so they don't need to work hard and people have to pay religious tax anyway. So it is a most lonely atmosphere. Where are the people? Where are the Christians? So my entire impression of European trip was this lonely feeling. Where are the people of God? Where are God's people? I felt like crying. This is supposed to be the older church and the church in Asia is supposed to be the younger church. What do I learn from the older church?

Anyway I went back to Korea in 1952 in February. At that time the shooting was completely over, but millions of refugees flooded down to southern Pusan, where our university also came down. We called it our university in exile, because our campus was taken by the army. They stuck many many tents on the ground and teach, so nobody took off their overcoat during wintertime. It was just ground, no floor. Students all have overcoats. In that way we attended the studies. The very next thing after I arrived, acute diarrhea started. I do not know what the cause was, sudden change of food or sudden change of climate. I don't know what. This really bothered me. No medicine helped me at all. I used all kinds of medicines,

which helped only a few days, and finally it turned to chronic diarrhea. Then my bronchitis started. I coughed and coughed and coughed, very miserable but this problem was over in a few months. This diarrhea continued and continued. This diarrhea continued.

Meanwhile our university went back to Seoul to our old campus. Our president gave me a small room on the campus because I was so weak. Lectured on hour or two hours and lie most of the day all of the day. In this way I barely carried on my work but finally I couldn't carry on anymore. I lived on injections sugar and water but I couldn't stand anymore.

So I couldn't stand anymore. The university put me into a hospital. Missionary group put me into a hospital. When I came back from the hospital it all came back. Diarrhea started again. Then finally kidney trouble nephritis set in. My face swelled. I couldn't go to the toilet any longer. I had to lie down back is aching. I couldn't lie down anymore. I couldn't sit up, no energy. I was so miserable. This time I couldn't pray more than 15 minutes. If I prayed 10 minutes that was maximum. I used to pray for hours but I completely lost the power of prayer. Physically I couldn't sit up to pray. I couldn't concentrate anymore any longer. Finally I had to resign but the university wouldn't accept my resignation.

Now this time, it was also one o'clock midnight, I heard a voice. The voice said, "This is spiritual crisis." This is the voice, "This is spiritual crisis." I woke up and asked what do mean by spiritual crisis? No answer. Yet I couldn't do anything. I was in bed. It was about November when the doctor said he couldn't find any functional organic trouble at all, I do not know what the cause was, but I was suffering. Physically there was no hope for me to revive, recover. Physically I was just skin and bones. I didn't eat normal food for a long time. Spiritually I wasn't ready to die. Something I had to accomplish. I did not know what it was. .My mission is not fulfilled. I did not know what my mission was.

When I came back to Korea I found that Korean churches were full of people. Sunday morning they had two 'services, because the churches were so full. All the churches were full with refugees, but when I heard the sermon I found exactly the same thing. In other words, this is not enough. People are desperate. Therefore, they go to church. In European church they don't go to church. In Korea the churches are full. So externally there is a great difference, but spiritually I didn't see any difference. I found in myself that my spiritual life was progressing so fast in my early stages of spiritual life or Christian life. Now I never progress. I never advance any farther no matter how hard I try or work for the church in serving others and in service, and praying, and preaching the words of God, teaching. Well, I was completely devoted to God, committed myself completely to God. Yet I found my spiritual life was not progressing. This is most sad and unbearable thing. Spiritually I don't grow. I don't grow any farther. From this light I saw the churches which were full of people but I didn't see any enlightening, spiritual help at all. Then all of a sudden it was a spiritual crisis. I couldn't understand all this. I couldn't understand. Yet I didn't have even enough energy to struggle along

Now at this time a friend of mine who was not very close to me, a lady came to me one day and said, "I found a small group in town, in city, in which a young man, who has received a special revelation in the past twenty years from God, he is now revealing, unfolding his revelation; a new truth. According to this new truth, God has already started a new dispensation on earth, and the New Testament Age is now over. Because of this new dispensation, God is outpouring His spirit to people on earth. You must come and listen to this man's revelation, and see if this is truth from God or not." I thought I knew everything. Why should I learn anymore? I have experienced all kinds of things. This I felt outwardly, but deep inside, somebody has received revelation from God. I was rather jealous. Who knows more about God than I do?

Who received more than I do? I was jealous in heart. Externally I knew everything. Then the word revelation struck me. I knew revelation was something from God.

So the lady invited me very strongly. I accepted. But I said how can I go? I cannot move from one room to the other room. She said we will carry you, never mind. Once I promised, the same night stomach cramp came. I sat up all night. Have you experienced stomach cramp? Oh, you just have no imagine. Acute pain comes back again and again. The next morning the ambulance came and took me to the hospital. I stayed in the hospital for another three weeks.

After three weeks I came back. Diarrhea started again. Kidney trouble started all again. The same lady came back and said you must come. You must come. Well, I had no hope. Therefore, I better go. Whether I die on the street or not I will go. So I went taking my medicine with me, I went. Now I started hearing from two o'clock in the afternoon I heard the message. The first part was very much like what Swedenborg said in his book, particularly in his "Divine Love and Divine Wisdom." It was very much like. So I asked him, the Leader, "Have you read Swedenborg's book?" He said, "No, I have never read it, but I saw him several times in the spirit world."

Who is this, to meet Swedenborg so easily? Then he said after he detected in me how much I admired Swedenborg, he said, "Swedenborg is not in high position as you think, and what Swedenborg said is mistaken, 80% is mistaken." What? I thought Swedenborg was absolutely correct and right. If Swedenborg was mistaken, then the foundation of my faith is shaking. I was rather displeased with this statement, but I was curious to know more about this. Then he continued and continued the lecture. It was very different from what I had been studying and teaching, so I told him, "I just can't take anymore. Therefore, please tell me the source of this revelation, how you have received this revelation. Unless you tell me this, I cannot continue. I cannot take it. It is so different."

Then he told his members to give me their testimonies, how they had received what kind of experience they had. One by one, very educated college girls, college boys, uneducated woman and uneducated man, young man, old man all came and told me their experiences. Their experiences were authentic wonderful experiences in the light of my knowledge of Swedenborg and my own spiritual experiences. I just couldn't deny. Then the leader also explained very briefly how he received this. By the end of the second day, I became very humble and I was more open-minded. I told him to continue the lecture. I am ready to hear more. The third morning when I got up, my diarrhea stopped, my kidney was cleared up, my swelling all gone and I felt so light inside. You know when you have diarrhea day after day, you feel so dull. Now I felt so light inside and had a real appetite. I ate fish, pork and spicy pickle of our country, very spicy, rice. Digestion was 100 % good. I couldn't understand. So I asked the leader, "I didn't even ask for healing. How did this happen to me?"

He smiled and said, "It is not strange at all. In this new dispensation, God's power is more, 100% more mightier than in the New Testament Age. Now, although you are reluctant, you are open to this new dispensation, and God's mighty power started working in your spirit, which affected your body. It is nothing. You stay here and see what kind of things happen in this group."

Anyhow I was more than happy, more than grateful. My mother was still alive. She was so happy after two years and ten months of suffering I was healed. Since then I was healed, since then. It was 1954, the last part of December. At that time it was a small group. It was '54. Now it is '63, nine years ago. For nine years this group has grown so much. Now more than five thousand mission fields like this Sacramento

group are open under our church since 1960. Until 1960 our group met so much persecution and opposition from the existing church, big church, Methodist, Presbyterian, Holiness church. Now since 1960, our group is expanding and no one can oppose or beat down us any longer. Over five thousand mission fields have been opened since 1960 in three years, and over a thousand churches have been built in South Korea alone. Now in our group, in Seoul or in local group, people would go into trance, not many people but some people would go into trance and bring message for the whole congregation. Many, many people hear voices, clairvoyant and clairaudient and so many healings are going on. In other words, all kinds of diseases, heart trouble, digestion, nervous trouble, tumor, cancer, bone trouble, arthritis, hemorrhoids, T. B., what else do you have? All are healed in this group, with prayer or without prayer. The vibration of our group at our meetings is so high, healing work is nothing. So often people will come and tell I don't know when my arthritis is healed. I am now completely free. I don't know when my bone straightened up. It is now gone. Of course if somebody wants to be prayed for, we pray, but our leader would say, leave them alone. They will be healed. Now mental cases or high blood pressure, these are nothing. Speaking in tongues. Yes, at the beginning almost everybody spoke in tongues. But later, quietly, they just communicated with Jesus walking on the street, conversing with somebody else. You don't need to burn candle and meditate for hours to communicate, no, no. Not in our group. Now I finished my testimony.