

My dream about God's sorrowful heart

Ali Mahjoub
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I had this dream the night after I had an accident with IOWC missionaries group, traveling to our next destination, Seattle WA.

I dreamed I was in a large spacious building, when, suddenly, I was confronted with a hologram of a human face chasing me and saying: "COME BACK, COME BACK." I was running for my life. I looked again to see whose face it was, and saw the face of my Uncle Taib! He was calling me, saying, "MY SON, MY SON." I tried to run away, but it was too late. I was caught in his arms!

The scene changed, and I found myself in the arms of very old man who I felt was God. For some reason, he seemed to have lost me a long, long time ago, and he was so happy that he had found me. He held me in his arms and continued to say: "MY SON, MY SON."

There was an awesome feeling of joy and relief, and he cried as he pulled me to his chest. I was on the other side, squealing like a little boy, "IT'S OK. IT'S OK. I AM HERE. I AM HERE," as if I were

telling this man not to worry. I wouldn't go away.

The dream continued until I felt I was sinking deep inside this old man, God, and, finally, I disappeared inside him, as He was saying: "EHH, MY SON, EHH, MY SON." And I was saying: "I AM HERE, I AM HERE. IT'S OK. I AM HERE."

The old man was so old, he could have been from the beginning of time. He seemed to be blind and almost losing hope, He had been waiting for so very long! He was so happy and relieved and rejoicing that He finally find me.