

Van Accident: A Dream and Inner Voices

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A van accident, not the one in this testimony

January 1984 was a very difficult month for me. While on another mission with IOWC, there were many things happening in our movement. We were in Los Angeles at the time. The spirit world was very active and I received a frightening dream about an upcoming accident that happened exactly the way I saw it in the dream. It is as follows.

Dec. 10, 1983. In this dream, our five-member team was sitting in our van ready to leave for our next destination when, suddenly, a big machine like a forklift attached itself to our van and began to lift it upward. I could hear it clang as it grabbed our van, and I heard a rattling noise. After a while, the machine seemed to reach its final destination. It placed the van on top of a high mountain peak. While this was going on, Annie, one of our sisters, was screaming, saying "No! No! I don't want to go! I want to get off here." The machine pushed us off the mountain! In the dream, the driver was a Japanese sister whose name was Hiromi; she was one of the Japanese team leaders. I was in the front passenger seat, telling her to drive on the smooth icy surfaces and avoid any big gaps. I guided her until we got to the bottom of the mountain and headed straight into a big lake that was nestled between three mountains. As we got close to the lake, a line of rocks appeared. They formed a straight line that went down into the lake. I told Hiromi to drive straight for the rocks, hoping that we could use them to reduce speed and avoid a crash. She followed all my instructions and drove through the rocks, and we were safe! End of the dream.

The Accident

About two weeks after I had this dream, our group was divided into three teams. It was Jan. 1, 1984, New Year's Day, we celebrated God's Day. At the same time a 7-day workshop was planned to start the following day. Now, here is the miracle.. We had loaded our materials into three vans and were getting to leave, when, suddenly, Annie, the girl who wanted to get out of the van in my dream, had changed her mind and decided to stay for the seven-day workshop. She persuaded her guest to stay for the workshop and he agreed to do so. We unloaded her suitcases from my van and headed to our next destination,

Portland, Oregon. Our team commander, Gary Fleisher, left for an emergency leaders' meeting in New York with Father, who has just returned to the United States after a long speaking tour in South Korea when he heard about his son, Heung Jin, had a car accident on Dec. 23, 1984, when a tractor trailer collided with his car. In my van, there were four others: Hiromi, Takumi, Dennis, a spiritually open guy, and Maloney, a tall, thin African-American girl. I was in high spirits after breaking my fast. I had offered to partake in a three-day fast before the New Year as part of my New Year's resolution and as an offering to God for Heung Jin's speedy recovery. We were all excited about the trip, and when it was time for us to leave, brothers and sisters came out to say goodbye, and off we went..

Later, in the evening, we stopped in a motel parking lot and slept in our vans to save money. Everything was fine until the next day when we changed drivers. I began to sense signs of danger! There were other strange things going on. Maloney was complaining about the lack of sleep she was getting and about eating tuna sandwiches for breakfast, lunch, and dinner. I was fighting with the Japanese members who wouldn't let me eat what I wanted after I finished my fast. For the sake of my health, they wanted to restrict me to soft food and yogurt, but I REALLY wanted a juicy hamburger. Dennis was mumbling to himself and reading the Tibetan Book of the Dead! The whole atmosphere was weird and spooky!

After driving for a few hours, we stopped at a gas station for some gas. I was overwhelmed with the voices withing me, that were begging me to change vans. I wouldn't, however, because I was the leader of the team, I couldn't place another person in harm. We drove for another three or four hours and, again, we stopped to use the bathrooms and get some gas. The voices were again begging me to change vans. This time, however, the voices were so strong, they really worried me. I went to the other vans to see whether I could find an empty seat. I struggled with the idea of asking someone else to take my seat, but my conscience wouldn't allow it. So, in spite of all the warnings, I went back to my seat. We continued our journey. I changed seats with the Japanese sister so she could sit next the driver and talk to her in Japanese. I moved to the middle seat behind the driver, keeping watch on the road. Dennis, who was in the seat behind me, was still reading his book and telling us creepy stories he had just read about dead people.

As time passed, it began to get darker and rainier. After a while, things got quiet, and I found myself fighting to stay awake. Soon, I was asleep. Not long after I fell asleep, the accident happened. The interesting thing about it was, while I was in a deep sleep, I was also sensing what was happening and following the accident as it happened. I felt my body flying around inside the van like a piece of cloth as the van tumbled and rolled off the road. In my mind, I said to myself: "If I make this last tumble, I am going to be fine." And, sure enough, it was the last rollover! I don't know how long we were there before help came, but I know most of us woke up when the ambulance and police arrived. Help seemed to have come very quickly. It was as if they were waiting for the accident to happen. The van was sitting on its side. I don't recall how they got us out. I only woke up when the paramedics were placing me in the ambulance, can recall vividly the love I experienced at that time. It was as if God himself was reaching out to me through every person who helped - the police, paramedics and the ordinary people. After the ambulances took us to the nearest hospital and we were checked for internal injuries, we were released. We resumed our journey to Portland. After another six or seven hours, we finally arrived at the center in Portland about 11:30 p.m. We were tired and dismayed by our accident when we heard about Heung Jin's death. It was an unimaginably dark moment! We were in a state of shock. After a while, we prayed for Heung Jin's ascension. The miracle of this accident is that none of us were hurt beside scratches here and there. Also, had Annie not stayed at the workshop and came with us, she would have died or severely injured in this accident. I truly believe Heung Jin saved us from that accident.

The End.