

# Vision of Praise

November 2009

From the editor

On December 3rd 2009, the 22nd anniversary of the *White Dove* incident Mitsuko shared about the *White Dove* story in the *Church of the Wind*.

We confirmed that now the *White Dove* took off with healing on its wings to the end of the world.

In this Christmas, we would like to share a little part from the *White Dove* story as a Christmas gift to you. We simply believe that reading "The *White Dove*" itself will also bring the healing to you and your family during this Holiday season.

Let us share Chapter five "December the Third" from *The White Dove* volume 1 written by Mitsuko to share God's greatest plan.

May your life also be born anew by *White Dove*, the Holy Spirit!

---

## White Dove

December the Third

Mitsuko

It was December 3, 1987.

I was to return to Japan after my son's graduation from junior high school on January 15 of the New Year to prepare for his high-school entrance examinations in Japan. On that day I was making myself available for souvenir shopping till the evening. Just a week before, my daughter's piano teacher had promised to take me to shopping, and I was waiting for her phone call in the morning. In the afternoon, a mother of my son's friend was supposed to take me somewhere else.

I was usually too busy to do such shopping, and finally having the day for myself, I would be happy spending the day either shopping or staying home. My day totally depended on my friends.

Incredibly, however, both of them forgot the appointments with me simultaneously as if they had arranged so. The piano teacher, who had been living in the States for fourteen years and was very reliable, did not even realize that she had forgotten our appointment. The other friend, who had been in the States for four years, remembered it several days later and apologized to me on the phone saying, “I have not even once forgotten appointments before.” They were just not the kind of people who would forget such things.

As for me, since I did not receive any calls from them, I was making myself comfortable at home with my extra time. Then the phone rang. It was from Carol, my American friend.

“Mitsuko, let’s go for a morning walk.” She was a career woman actively engaged in her job in Manhattan. She would walk in the winter chill wearing a down jacket. She was a health conscious person, and often invited me to go for a walk with her. Since she took a day off, she must have had something important to tell me, but I responded:

“I don’t feel like going out for a walk today.”

It was quite unusual for me. It was in fact the first time I declined her invitation.

“How about lunch then? Would you come over?”

“Sure. Thank you.”

“Can you come at eleven?”

“It’s a little too early. Let’s make it at eleven thirty.”

“Okay. See you then.”

It was a brief phone conversation. I did not know why I especially delayed the time from eleven to eleven thirty. It was only by chance.

A while later, another phone rang. If I had made my lunch appointment at eleven, I would not have taken this call.

“Mitsuko? This is Peter.”

What?! I was startled. It was a call from the least expected person at the least expected time.

“I hear something has happened to you.”

“What do you mean? Nothing has happened to me.”

This pastor, who had never talked to me on the phone before, was of few words and blunt. While saying “nothing,” I began to understand the reason why he called. I did tell Emi that I happened to buy a book, “Prison to Praise,” at a used-book sale in the Japanese Weekend School last Saturday.

“Are you talking about the book I bought on the Holy Spirit and speaking in tongues? It really was a coincidence.”

“Mitsuko, there is no such thing as a coincidence in this world. Everything is guided by God.”

I did not know what to say.

He then asked me, “May I pray for you?”

“Well, yes,” hesitantly I said.

I could not find a reason to refuse his offer. Since he kindly offered to pray for me, I decided to listen to him.

First, he prayed in Japanese, but I do not remember what he said. For the last few minutes, which felt like ten minutes, but may have been less than a minute, he prayed in tongues.

I had never heard anyone speaking in tongues so clearly before, but I recognized it as soon as I heard it, for I had read about it in Chaplain Carothers’ book.

How beautiful it sounded, truly beautiful! Although I had no idea what he was speaking and I was not accustomed to it, I was moved by its beautiful sound for sure. When the prayer was over, he abruptly asked me:

“What did you feel?”

What did I feel? I did not know what to say. Being at a loss for words, I could only say in haste, “I thought it beautiful. It sounded familiar.”

“Is that right? Good-bye, then.” Bang!

Pastor Peter is well known for his bluntness. He abruptly called me and abruptly hung up the phone.

The sound of his slamming the receiver, however, made me think. He was kind enough to pray even in tongues for me. I should have said something better or perhaps a little differently.

I was embarrassed and ashamed, but I felt I actually understood something, though I could not describe it in words. I felt bad for not being able to articulate it in words, because I did feel that I understood something.

Suddenly I remembered my appointment and looked at a clock. It was eleven twenty-five, just the time to leave, because Carol’s house was five minutes away. I wrapped oden (the Japanese casserole dish), and was ready to go out.

I lived in a two-family house. The landlord occupied the first floor and a half of the second floor, and my family rented the other half of the second floor and the third floor. It was a very old house. We liked it because the rent was exceptionally inexpensive, the landlord’s family were nice and our children got along well with theirs.

In order to visit Carol, I went down the stairs and came to the foyer. I opened the front door, went out, closed and locked it. I stood on a narrow porch, about two meters (about six feet) in width and three meters (about ten feet) in length, from where I would go down the brick stairs and walk to the car. Turning away from the door, I faced the street. And it was the very moment when I began to walk a few steps on the porch.

“Whew!” With a sharp sound, something hit my head, and I fell down on to the porch. The upper right hand side of my head hurt, being struck. I did not know what had happened, nor could think of anything. As I got up, a thought sprang up from deep inside of my heart and came out through my mouth: *White Dove*.

The words sprang out with a power one after another without stopping, faster than my heartbeat: *White Dove, White Dove, White Dove, White Dove . . .*

What in the world is this? Why did I fall down? What was that sound? Where did it come from? What is *White Dove*? Although the echoing voice, *White Dove*, overflowed without stopping and did not go away, I came back to myself and realized that I should hurry to my friend’s house. It was not I who said the word, *White Dove*, but rather I felt that my inner thought emerged out of my mouth like a voice.

I was driving and found myself passing Carol’s house which was only five minutes away, and in a fluster drove back to her house. It was a wonder that I did not have a car accident. While driving, I kept on hearing the voice. When Carol opened the door and said, “Hi,” it stopped. I no longer heard the voice and could enjoy lunch as usual.

Susan, another close friend of mine and my English conversational teacher, was also there. While having lunch, I wondered from time to time what had happened to me on the porch. We were busy talking, and I could maintain almost my usual self while I was there.

What was slightly different from other times was that I felt I could see more clearly why Carol had taken a day off. I could also feel Susan’s anxiety close to my skin. I felt as if their problems were my own affairs. I wondered, “What is going on?”

My American friends would call me, “Dr. Mitsuko,” because they came to talk with me about their problems when they wanted to. They must have felt comfortable talking to a person outside of their Jewish community. When called Dr. Mitsuko, I smiled awkwardly, for I knew that I was a quack. On that day, however, I felt like a real doctor. It was strange, wasn’t it?

Since I was scheduled to attend a parent-teacher conference at the public school in the afternoon, I left Carol’s house to get there in time. When I stepped on the porch of my house, the thought or rather the voice, *White Dove*, returned.

*White Dove, White Dove, White Dove, White Dove . . .*

I was so overwhelmed by the voice that I could not think of anything, much less attend the conference which would be conducted in English. I did not know what to do, and phoned Emi.

“Could you give me Pastor Peter’s phone number? I’ve got to talk to him.”

That was all I could say.

I dialed his number. He was there.

“Pastor Shimada, what is *White Dove*? It does not leave me.”

He gasped in surprise on the other end, and there was a moment of silence. I suddenly felt ashamed to have said something silly or perhaps absurd. It was not at all like me to phone someone with such nonsense. Then he said:

“A white dove is the Holy Spirit. It means that the Holy Spirit has descended upon you.”

Now, it was my turn to become silent.

“You can find the dove in the Bible. Please read it,” he

said.

I said, “Yes,” but did not know where in the Bible I should read.

He continued, “It says that when Jesus was baptized in the Jordan River, the heavens were opened and the Holy Spirit descended upon Him like a dove.”

I wanted to tell him one more thing, since I came to understand what he had spoken in tongues on his last call, or at least I thought I understood it.

I said, “Your tongues were saying, ‘I was born anew by the White Dove. The foundation of my faith is the White Dove.’”

Since I did not know then that this was called *interpretation*, it was such a mystery to me. It was like simultaneous interpretation. I understood while listening, but it took me time to put it into a known language. I needed time to interpret tongues into Japanese the first and the second times, but from the third time on I was able to interpret most of them into Japanese simultaneously.

This *interpretation* was actually longer:

*I was born anew by the White Dove.*

*I thank You, Lord.*

*The foundation of my faith is the White Dove.*

*I praise You, Lord.*

At the same time, I felt it also said:

*Be born anew by the White Dove.*

This morning, when I determined to write my testimony of the *White Dove*, I realized that this interpretation in fact was the confession of my innermost soul. Since the prayer in

tongues came through Pastor Peter, I supposed it to be about him. If it was also about me, I imagined that I was simply told to be born anew. However, I have come to realize that it was the Holy Spirit poured into me which spoke on my behalf.

On the day of the *White Dove*, I thought God was telling me to be born anew, because I did not know Jesus Christ as my Savior. In truth, however, I have come to believe that I was born anew when the *White Dove* knocked me down.

“I was born anew by the White Dove. The foundation of my faith is the White Dove.” The Holy Spirit in me spoke of me on my behalf. Right at that moment, I was already born anew and was given faith. I was so excited with such a small discovery that I began to write this long testimony. In that sense, today is also my new beginning of the *White Dove*.

Having finished speaking with Pastor Peter on the phone, I hurried to the public school. I was then a totally different person from ten minutes before, being filled with joy. Every cell of my body seemed to be shouting for joy. My whole body was flying in delight. The trees, the grasses, the sky, the clouds and even the air were rejoicing in my eyes. “The Holy Spirit has descended upon you.” I did not know whether Pastor Peter’s words brought out my inner joy or joy already inside of me overflowed, but I sensed that a tremendous change had taken place inside of me. I was filled with jubilation which was irreplaceable with anything else.

And as soon as I came home from the public school, I phoned Emi and asked her to tell me where in the Bible I could read about a white dove.

She said, “It does not say a white dove, but says a dove



of the Holy Spirit.” She told me the passage which described how Jesus was baptized.

In those days Jesus came from Nazareth of Galilee and was baptized by John in the Jordan. And when he came up out of the water, immediately he saw the heavens opened and the Spirit descending upon him like a dove; and a voice came from heaven, “Thou art my beloved Son; with thee I am well pleased.”

The Spirit immediately drove him out into the wilderness. And he was in the wilderness forty days, tempted by Satan; and he was with the wild beasts; and the angels ministered to him. (Mark 1:9-13)

I quoted here longer than the passage about a dove, for I wanted to include Satan’s temptations against Jesus after His baptism, about which I will write in a later chapter.

When I learned those verses in the Bible from Emi, only the words, “the heavens opened and the Spirit descending upon him like a dove,” stayed in my ears. The *White Dove* which came to me also descended from somewhere above. There was no one on the porch or on the front street. Not even a single dog was seen.

Right in front of our house, there was a huge maple tree, which was taller than our house. I often wondered if the *White Dove* had come from high above the tree and through the leaves. After the incident, I would often look up at the sky high above this giant tree. The night sky was exceptionally beautiful. I did not know the name, but I noticed an especially bright star near the moon. I named it, “My Star,” and whenever gazing at it, I thought of eternity.

While looking up at the sky and praying, I had a mysterious sensation that heaven and earth were united as

one, and that I was also being united with heaven. I felt as if heaven were responding to me. I was deeply moved to think that heaven would respond to someone as small as a tiny speck like me. It was probably because over the sky I sensed the existence of the One who created heaven and earth along with His love and prayer.

Having learned of a dove of the Holy Spirit, I was so jubilant that I felt like floating in the air as if I were in love. I was excited like a girl having just fallen in love, without anguish. I was overwhelmed with joy as if the boy I loved not only accepted me, but also told me that it was he who loved me more. Hooray! Oh, how happy I was! The air was dancing in joy, and I was one with the joy, which I could almost touch with my hands.

July 24, 2009

***Kohitsuji no Mure Christian Church***  
3-25 Yoko-cho, Ashiya, Hyogo 659-0034 Japan  
URL:<https://kohitsuji.com/english>