

The White Dove

Mitsuko

“The White Dove” is a love story which started from what happened on December 3, 1987. It was my encounter with God, but not just one person’s experience. “The White Dove,” I believe, is the revelation of the love of God for all people and for all creation.

Five and a half years prior to the event, my husband was transferred to New Jersey, and our family moved with him from Japan.

Until just before leaving for the United States, I had been busy working as a high school teacher in Japan. So I anticipated that my life in the States would be more relaxing. However, in less than three months I happened to meet a teacher who asked me to help Japanese students of a nearby public elementary school. Those students were having a hard time understanding English, and I started working as a volunteer teacher for them.

There were quite a few Japanese students who could not easily adjust to their new environment, suddenly thrown into an American public school. One of them cried fiercely all day, one hid in her school locker, and another did not know how to express himself other than with anger and violence. Yet by learning some basic English, they gradually started adapting to their new situation.

I also got involved in special classes for disabled Japanese children and became close to a mother of an autistic boy. She was Emi, a Christian woman.

“I am starting a Bible study at home. Will you come?”

Choosing one particular belief was not something I

avored, whether it was religion or ideology, and I had never accepted any invitation to religious or political gatherings. (Actually, unable to refuse, I tried to attend a religious gathering twice. The first time my son started frantically crying at the moment I put my hand on the doorknob of the meeting place, and the second time the same thing happened with my daughter. They cried so profusely that I could not enter both times.)

Choosing one absolute, I firmly believed, would hinder my search for “freedom.” What I truly wanted was “freedom.” It was not the kind of freedom to do whatever I wanted, but rather the freedom I would be able to find even if I could not do anything as I wished. Even if I did not travel anywhere in the world but stayed in the same small room, there should be new discoveries. Without doing anything at all, there should be a joy to be found.

Throughout my life I wanted to be free from any kind of prejudice. Freedom, I thought, should not be taken away just because we were man or woman, wife or husband, mother or father. In retrospect, however, this way of thinking itself limited my freedom. Anyhow I truly wanted to be free from all prejudices.

I believed such freedom should exist, but I did not know where to look for it nor expect to find it. I assumed life was to accept things as they were without expecting much. As long as I could live just as I was, it was good enough for me.

Still, how I wished to meet someone who had the “eye” to change my way of thinking and show me where to find freedom! In retrospect I became a volunteer teacher in the States not just because I could not ignore helpless children in trouble, but also because I had the desire deep in my heart to meet that someone who had the “eye.” This must have been

why I was so ardent in all things.

In March 1987, invited by Emi, I attended a Bible study for the first time in my life.

In those days I had several close friends with whom I would often meet for lunch, especially three Americans and one Japanese. Then one American friend started working after her divorce, another moved to a neighboring town, the other who was an elementary school teacher quit the job to concentrate on her writing, and the Japanese friend went back to Japan. Suddenly I was left alone. That was when the invitation to the Bible study came. Moreover, Emi said, "I'll serve Japanese food for lunch." Being enticed by Japanese food, I attended the Bible study.

Two weeks after this, I attended my second Bible study, and after lunch there was an announcement:

"Next month we will have Mr. Fujio from Japan. He is a great tea master."

Hearing it, I was curious, "What does tea ceremony have to do with Christianity?" I always thought that the world of tea ceremony might have some relevance to what I was searching for. Unable to restrain my curiosity, I joined the next gathering. The tea master came together with Pastor Peter Shimada.

In the Bible study the master did not mention a word about the tea ceremony. I was disappointed and decided not to attend the Bible study anymore though enticed by Japanese food. Then Emi turned to me and said, "Pastor Shimada will be speaking next month. I hope you will come." I had a hard time declining her invitation because she had treated me to Japanese lunch three times already. So I went there with a firm determination that it would be my last.

In the Bible study, which was supposed to be my final

one, Pastor Peter shared an astounding story:

In order to become a full-time evangelist I quit my job. My wife and I used up all our savings, and we needed 200 dollars for food and rent by the following week. Otherwise we would be homeless. Believing that God would surely take care of our daily bread, I prayed:

“Dear God, please provide us with 200 dollars by next week. Otherwise I will quit Your ministry.”

Then, I received two letters from two of my American friends whom I had not seen for a long time. Both letters had a similar message: “When I was praying this morning, you came to my mind. I hear that you got married and now have a baby. Please use this for your needs.” Enclosed in one envelope was a 150-dollar check, and in the other a 50-dollar check. I received a total of 200 dollars, the exact amount I had prayed for.

Do you call this a miracle? If this is called a miracle, I have experienced hundreds of miracles in my life.

Why not try God?

Could such a thing really happen?! First of all, how could a pastor say, “Try God”?! I had been taught by my grandmother, “Do not try God or Buddha, or you will be punished.” Pastor Peter who spoke the story was not at all like a fanatic but rather an intelligent man, speaking it in all sincerity, so I was more than surprised. Before coming to the States, I had watched a TV program about weird psychics who said and did mysterious things, but I could tell “Try God” was totally different, and it moved my heart.

It was one or two weeks after that Bible study. My family planned to go cherry picking at an orchard in Upstate

New York with our Japanese and American family friends. It was a cloudy morning, and the weather on that day might not be good, but we decided to head out anyway. Shortly after we got on the freeway, it started pouring heavily. It was such a tremendous downpour that we could not see anything ahead and had to drive at a snail's pace. I was let down.

At that moment Pastor Peter's words came to my mind: "Try God."

I thought I would give it a try. I had never done anything so irrational in my life, though.

"God, are You there? If You are, please stop the rain just for an hour, at least while we pick cherries."

Then amazingly the rain gradually eased, and when we came before cherry trees, the blue sky opened up and the bright sun came out.

We picked a basketful of fresh cherries, ate as many as we wanted, and after paying fees headed back to the cars. At the very moment we started the car engines, it began pouring again.

Wow! The rain actually stopped only while we were picking cherries! But this must be a coincidence since the weather in Upstate New York was fickle. Thinking so, I erased it from my mind.

On our way home, we got together at a restaurant. There our friends asked us to take them fishing next.

The following weekend we went boat fishing from a port in southern New Jersey. The season for flounders had just started.

Although I had little knowledge about fishing, I was good at it and usually caught many fish. However, I had never had luck to catch even a single flounder. Since I was

leaving for Japan in the next spring, this could be my last chance, and I was eager for a flounder.

Still I caught none. There was not much time left on the boat, and I was about to give up. Then suddenly I remembered the words, “Try God.” I prayed in my heart:

“God, are You there? If You are, please let me catch just one flounder.”

Right at that moment even before finishing my sentence, I felt a strong pull. There came a large flounder. I was stunned because it happened at the exact moment I prayed. Yet I tried not to think about it, saying to myself, “I had the best bait. This is a mere coincidence.”

The gong clanged as a signal that the fishing excursion was over. The boat started heading back to the port. However, suddenly the boat stopped, and we were given another fifteen minutes to fish. Dropping my line, I decided to try God once again.

“Dear God, are You there?” This time I prayed with reverence. “I may be asking too much because I asked You for just one flounder, but if You are there, would You please let me catch one more?”

The moment I said my last word, once again I felt a fierce tug. At the end of the line was an even larger flounder.

I could no longer be excited at the two flounders. As I stared at them flouncing in the cool box, my heart got heavy.

Was it really a coincidence? It happened too consecutively to be a mere coincidence. Does God exist? Even after I returned home, whatever I did, this thought kept haunting me.

“Is there God? He cannot be.” From here I started wondering, “He may be,” and finally came to think, “He must be.” There must be some inexplicable power beyond

human intellect which people call God. The more I thought about it, the more I was convinced of the existence of God.

From then to November, during the half year, I attended the Bible study twice a month regularly. Yet as much as possible I avoided speaking with Pastor Peter. I was scared. I was deadly frightened. Should I speak with him, something might happen. “Something” which should never take place would happen.

It was in late October 1987. I was getting more involved in helping students in trouble as a volunteer teacher. Two Japanese mothers came and asked me to help their children. One was a fourteen-year-old boy with severe atopic dermatitis, and the other was a thirteen-year-old girl who had suddenly stopped attending school. Both students went to the same Japanese school in New York as my son. Unfortunately there was not much I could do for them because I was merely a volunteer member at a public elementary school.

I accompanied the boy to the clinic. The doctor saw the monstrous condition of his atopy and said, “I cannot care for him as my patient. Please take him to a psychiatrist.” As for the girl I even had no chance to meet her. I was totally at a loss. My heart ached, not knowing what to do for them.

Then one of the Christian mothers who knew their situations said to me, “Pastor Shimada is coming to the prayer meeting tomorrow. Let’s ask him to pray for them.”

“Mitsuko, do you have their pictures?” They wanted their pictures for prayer. I only had a picture of the boy taken with my family. They said, “Tomorrow before the prayer meeting we’ll stop by your house to pick it up.”

The next morning a few of them came over to my house. At the entrance, I handed them the picture, and was about to

go back into the house, when one of them spoke out, “Since you are the one asked to help them, shouldn’t you come?”

Pardon me? I felt uncomfortable, but anyhow it was not possible, for I had three different meetings on that day. When I went back into my house, however, I received phone calls one after another to cancel all the three appointments, to my surprise. So, just in order to say “Thank you” to Pastor Peter for praying, I went to the prayer meeting toward the end of it.

After the meeting, my favorite okonomiyaki (a kind of Japanese pizza) was going to be served for lunch, so I did not leave but stayed there. I talked to Pastor Peter because I had a question to ask him:

“I believe that God exists. But just as there are many countries in the world with different cultures, traditions and customs, I think there can be many gods.”

“Yes, there are many who speak of the truth such as Buddha and Muhammad. But nothing is more dynamic than the love of Christ,” replied Pastor Peter.

The word “dynamic love” touched my heart.

Instead of saying, “The truth is only in Christ,” or “Christ is the only God,” he spoke of dynamic love. It did not offend me but made me want to know more about such love. I was quite surprised at myself feeling that way.

After having okonomiyaki, one woman raised a question, “Pastor Peter Shimada, what is ‘speaking in tongues’?” Another woman immediately followed, “Please tell us also about the Holy Spirit.” I had never heard of these terms.

Pastor Peter told us how he had experienced the fullness of the Holy Spirit:

In the States, I met an elderly woman, Evelyn. She was

evangelizing in the slums of Philadelphia, where gunshots were often heard. I was scared, but she was not afraid of anything and said to me, “Doesn’t the Bible say that no danger comes near to those who believe in the Lord?” She had something that I did not have.

After some contemplation, I came to the conclusion that she was filled with the Holy Spirit, while I was not. So I desperately prayed to be filled with the Holy Spirit, but no matter how hard I prayed, I could not experience it.

One day I found a Christian tract left on the floor of my room. Picking it up, I saw the words “by faith.” Yes, this is it! I decided to believe that I was already filled with the Holy Spirit. In order to be alone, I went into the bathroom and opened my mouth. Then I started speaking in tongues very smoothly.

Speaking in tongues is one of the manifestations of the Holy Spirit as written in the Bible.

His story greatly moved me, because it clearly indicated the existence of a world unknown to me. I was filled with a yearning to know this unknown world.

It was three days after that, on Saturday. When I went to pick up my daughter at the Japanese school (supplementary Japanese school held only on Saturdays), there happened to be a used-book sale. I dropped by because I wanted to read Japanese books. Only three books were left on a table, and someone grabbed two of them, leaving me one in the middle. It was the Japanese translation of “Prison to Praise” by Merlin Carothers.

The following day I started reading it. And how astonished I was! The book was all about the Holy Spirit and

speaking in tongues. Being filled with the Holy Spirit, Chaplain Carothers' life changed dramatically. Amazing things kept happening through his prayer: A longtime nicotine addict was healed, a woman met her parents after long years of separation, and so on.

What especially amazed me was the episode of a soldier who was heavily addicted to nicotine and had a habit of smoking three packs of cigarettes a day. After being prayed by the chaplain just once, he became unable to smoke a single cigarette.

If the Holy Spirit had such an amazing power, I too wanted to be filled with the Holy Spirit. Around me there were not only the boy with atopy and the girl with school phobia but also many children who needed help. I might be able to help them. I was dead serious.

On November 29, 1987, I was determined to pray. It was the very first prayer in my life. I sat upright on the floor and prayed:

“God, there are many children in trouble around me. If there is such a thing as the Holy Spirit and if it can help them, would You please fill me with the Holy Spirit?”

In the book it was written that some shed tears and others became very hot. Expecting something to happen to me, I waited, but nothing happened. Probably due to my tension I felt tired from waiting, and my body slowly collapsed on the floor. Nothing else.

Four days later, on December 3, 1987, I was supposed to go shopping with two of my Japanese friends, but both of them forgot the appointment as if by prearrangement. So I was alone at home. Then a phone call came from Carol, my

American friend. She asked me out for a walk. On that day, I declined her invitation because I did not feel like going out. In my six years' stay in the States, it was the first and last time I declined an invitation from my friend in such a way.

Carol was a busy woman working in Manhattan, but took a day off and called me. She must have had something important to talk to me about.

“How about lunch then? Can you come at eleven?”

I again gave her an unusual response, saying, “I’ll make it at eleven thirty.”

“Okay. See you then.”

Shortly before eleven o’clock Pastor Peter called me. If I had made my lunch appointment at eleven, I would not have taken this call.

I was startled, for I had never received a phone call from a pastor.

“I hear something has happened to you,” he said.

“No, nothing . . . Oh, you mean I recently bought the book ‘Prison to Praise’? It was really a coincidence because that was the only one book left for me at a used-book sale.”

What Pastor Peter said next truly surprised me:

“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, sure,” hesitantly I said.

At first he prayed in Japanese, though I do not remember a word of it. For the last few minutes (which felt like twenty minutes but may have been less than a minute), he prayed in tongues.

I had never heard anyone speaking in tongues before. I felt it was not mere mumbling but “language.” Although I did not understand the meaning, it sounded as if someone

were talking to me and at the same time I were talking to someone. It was indeed a mysterious “language.”

When the prayer was over, he abruptly asked me:

“What did you feel?”

I was so shocked by the unexpected question that I was literally at a loss for words. It was the first phone call from a pastor, the first prayer I received, and the first speaking in tongues I ever heard. Then such an abrupt question was thrown at me.

Since he was kind enough to pray for me, I wanted to give him some response, yet I could only say:

“I thought it was beautiful. It sounded familiar.”

“Is that so?” Bang! He immediately hung up the phone. How blunt! Later I learned that he was well known for being blunt on the phone.

The sound of his hanging up the phone made me think. “I wish I could have said something nicer.” In fact, I felt I somehow understood the meaning of his tongues, but could not articulate it in words.

It was time to leave for Carol’s house. I hurriedly got ready to go out. I walked down the stairs to the foyer, went out of the front door, locked it, and started walking on the porch to get in my car. It was just then.

“Whew!” With a whooshing sound, from somewhere, probably from the sky, something flew toward me and powerfully hit me on the right upper side of my head. Being struck I fell down onto the porch.

I did not know what had happened. As I got up, a thought sprang up from deep inside of me: White Dove. Rather than a thought it was a voice. White Dove, White Dove, White Dove . . . The voice echoed faster than my

heartbeat and did not go away.

What is this? For a while I was in a daze. Coming back to my senses, I realized that I should hurry to Carol's house.

As driving, I found myself passing her house which was only five minutes away. I was astonished at how panicked I was. I kept on hearing the voice: White Dove, White Dove, White Dove . . . When Carol opened the door and said "Hi," it stopped.

Susan, another close friend of ours, was also there, and we enjoyed our lunch. The voice disappeared and it was our usual time together. What was slightly different from other times was that I felt I knew their pain and anxiety. As we talked, I had a strange feeling that something was at work.

I was scheduled to attend a parent-teacher conference at the public school in the late afternoon, so I left Carol's house earlier to go home. As soon as I stepped on the porch of my house, the voice, White Dove, returned. It was so overwhelming that I was flustered. If the voice continued like this, I was afraid it would be impossible to attend the conference conducted in English, for I would not be able to concentrate.

I called Emi and asked for Pastor Peter's phone number. I could not tell her why I needed to talk to him.

I dialed his number, and he answered the phone.

"Pastor Shimada, what is White Dove? It does not leave me," I abruptly said. He gasped in surprise on the other end, and there was a moment of silence.

This silence made me feel embarrassed. I regretted saying something so bizarre. Then he said, "The white dove is the Holy Spirit. It means that the Holy Spirit has descended upon you."

This was the very answer to my prayer of four days

before, “Please fill me with the Holy Spirit if it has the power to help the children.” However, it was not until months later that I realized so.

On the phone Pastor Peter told me about the dove of the Holy Spirit:

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

And when Jesus was baptized, he went up immediately from the water, and behold, the heavens were opened and he saw the Spirit of God descending like a dove, and alighting on him.

(Matthew 3:16 RSV)

“The Holy Spirit has descended upon you.” Hearing it, I was filled with indescribable joy, though not knowing what it exactly meant. It was the joy I had never experienced before.

While on the phone, I felt I clearly knew the meaning of Pastor Peter’s prayer in tongues of that morning:

I was born anew by the White Dove.

The foundation of my faith is the White Dove.

I did not know then that this was called interpretation, but it was my first step into the mysterious world of God far beyond my imagination, for I discovered that God does exist and that He speaks to us.

Through the White Dove, I encountered God who sent me the White Dove. And my journey to know God began. It was also the journey to know “love.” It has been twenty-six years since the White Dove incident, and my journey of “love” is still continuing.

It was on the night of December 3, the day of the White Dove.

I was so happy that I wanted to thank God. When I closed my eyes, to my amazement I saw in my eyes the vast universe full of stars.

From somewhere afar in the dark outer space, a white light came toward me. The bright white light flew toward me in the shape of a dove. The whiteness of the light was whiter than anything that I had ever seen. It was so purely white that it looked transparent or sparkling in silvery white. As soon as it came in front of me, it dispersed like fireworks lighting up the area, and dissipated. Then another one flew over. A dove of the white light continued coming and dispersing without a sound. This happened for two consecutive nights. (On the third night, I saw what looked like a town somewhere on earth.)

One year later, I recollected that I had also heard a resounding voice in the universe. The voice repeated endlessly while the white light in the shape of a dove flew toward me:

Receive eternal life.

Receive eternal life.

Right after the incident I asked my Christian friends, “What does eternal life mean?” I probably did not understand their answers, and soon completely forgot about this voice. It was a year later that I remembered the voice and prayed to the Lord, “What is eternal life?”

On the same day, I found in my mailbox the invitation to a Christmas service at a nearby church, together with their newsletter. On the front page of the newsletter was the title in

large print, “What Is Eternal Life?” In it I found the Bible verse quoted:

And this is eternal life, that they know thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent.

(John 17:3 RSV)

The White Dove must have been sent from the world of eternal life so that all creation may receive this life. God surely desires us to know Him, the only true God, and Jesus Christ.

Through the White Dove, I discovered that the invisible world exists and that it is more real and tangible than the visible world. It is just as written in the Bible:

By faith we understand that the world was created by the word of God, so that what is seen was made out of things which do not appear.

(Hebrews 11:3 RSV)

However, even though I came to believe that the spiritual world exists and that everything begins and ends in God, it took me some more time to believe that Jesus Christ is the only God. I was unable to admit that there is only one God. As for me, acknowledging Jesus Christ as the only God was the same as throwing away my life altogether.

I was afraid that it would overthrow everything—my thoughts, accomplishments, possessions and desires up to then. I sensed that the things I loved and was proud of would be taken away. I was terrified by a premonition that my life would be fundamentally changed, which felt as if my death were coming near.

To believe in the only one God, Jesus Christ, is in fact to receive the true life and know the meaning of life. I did not

understand it then, however, and I was just terrified.

The White Dove became the turning point of my life.

From the day of the White Dove, I started writing journals. I could not help but write. More than anything, my joy was so great that I wanted to write down everything that happened. And I craved to know more about the invisible world. What is the White Dove? Who sent it to me? Why did it come? I had to find out.

Was the God I met Jesus Christ? It was the most crucial question. I did not want Pastor Peter or my Christian friends to influence me to conclude that it was Christ. I wanted to ponder by myself. Coincidentally I was scheduled to leave for Japan on January 17 to stay there for one and a half months. The trip was for my son to take the entrance exam for high school in Japan. I thought it would be a good opportunity for me to think alone.

Upon returning to Japan, I purchased many books on religious and spiritual matters, and read them day and night. Strangely after the White Dove I did not need to sleep long, so I had plenty of time. I read books and wrote my thoughts down, then read again. I repeated it day after day.

On February 4, 1988 (which was February 3 in the States), exactly two months after the White Dove, the most critical incident next to the White Dove happened.

Probably because I spent days reading books and thinking about whether or not Jesus Christ was the only God, I received the same interpretation repeatedly: “Why are you wavering? See what you ought to see.”

On the morning of February 4, I heard a voice, “Live.” I was so frightened that I defended myself by saying, “I am already living! Why now are You telling me to live?” Day after day I was totally immersed in reading the Bible and

books, writing journals without doing anything else. So this voice was enough for me to get disgusted.

I felt God had forsaken me saying, “If you do not understand, live on your own. Do as you like.” What a cold-hearted God! Fine, I will do whatever I want from now on. In large paper bags I put all the books piled high up on the table, including the Bible, and decided to throw them out for recycling.

Throwing them all away, I felt refreshed. Then I realized that since coming back to Japan I had not enjoyed eating sushi even once or bought any clothes. I went to Daiei Supermarket, which was about fifteen minutes’ walk from my house. In the complex, there were a variety of stores and restaurants including a sushi place and nice clothing shops. I bought a set of white sweater and skirt, the kind not found in the United States.

I could have left there then, but just out of habit I stopped by a bookstore. In the section of religious books I was enticed by the title of one book, “Spiritual Departure.” It was written by Takako Takahashi. The title “Spiritual Departure” sounded as if it were just for me. Thinking that it would be my last book, I purchased it.

At home as I was leafing through the book, the word “live” caught my eyes. I must have been still in pain by the word, “Live,” spoken that morning.

There I found one Bible scripture. To be more precise, it was a strange feeling as if the verse found me.

It is no longer I who live, but Christ who lives in me.

(Galatians 2:20 RSV)

This verse brought the pivotal point of my life. I

understood! I finally understood that Christ lives in me. I had been told, “You can live as you like, but you will see it is Christ that lives in you.”

What I ought to see was Jesus Christ who lives in me. God’s message was “It is no longer you who live. Know and rejoice in the fact that Christ lives in you.”

This was my encounter with Jesus Christ.

On December 3, 1987 I encountered God and on February 4, 1988 encountered Christ. I realized that the encounter with God was indeed my encounter with Christ. The White Dove was my encounter with Jesus Christ!

Since then, my journey to know the desire of Christ and respond to His will has begun. I wholeheartedly desire to share the joy of this journey with all people and all creation.

March 16, 2014

This article was supposed to be finished here, but in the last proofreading (June 27, 2014), I realized two important things were missing.

One is about the first Bible scripture given to me by the Lord, and the other is about healing.

One early morning about a month after the White Dove, I felt someone shaking my shoulders to wake me up. I then heard a voice, “Read the Bible.” In surprise I thought, “The Bible? It’s so thick,” and questioned, “Where in the Bible?” The voice replied, “John.” “Where in John?” Then in my eyes I saw three Arabic numbers “316.”

I opened the Bible right away and read chapters and verses of 3, 1 and 6 in every combination in the book of John, but I could not find it.

The puzzle of 316 in John was solved six months later.

In a prayer meeting I asked, “Where in the Bible can I find that God loves us all, even those who do not believe in Him?” Two people gave me the same answer simultaneously, “It must be John chapter 3 verse 16.” John 3:16. That was it!

For God so loved the world that he gave his only Son,
that whoever believes in him should not perish but
have eternal life. (John 3:16 RSV)

I realized that the desire of God is in this verse. Since He showed me this scripture out of the entire Bible, His will must be summed up in it. I believe this is the desire of God who sent the White Dove. His desire is nothing but love. We are on the joyful journey to know the love of Christ, proclaim His love, and pray for all creation to be filled with His love.

The other is about healing.

Healing happened first to me. Struck by the White Dove on the porch, I fell down. When I stood up, a thought “I am forgiven” pierced my whole being. It was the first and the biggest healing that took place in me, for the forgiveness of Christ is salvation and healing.

After a while, I heard in prayer, “I will take away your sorrows and pains hidden deep inside of you.” Unable to stop my tears I wept bitterly. I must have received deep inner healing. And also my back became warm as if a large heating pad were placed on it. A couple of days later when this warmth vanished, my backache of twenty years was gone.

Healing happened next to my daughter.

They will lay their hands on the sick, and they will
recover. (Mark 16:18 RSV)

This scripture was written in the book I purchased at a used-book sale.

About three weeks after the White Dove, late at night my daughter came to the living room, looking for me. She was holding her cheek and crying, “Mommy, my tooth aches!” She had pus forming on her gums like several small balls. They were as large as the tip of a little finger. It was already midnight, and I was at a loss what to do.

Then I remembered the words in the book, “They will lay their hands on the sick, and they will recover,” and so I laid my hand on my daughter’s cheek. Within a few seconds, she fell asleep, and the next morning she was already healed.

What happened several days later surprised me even more.

My daughter once again came running to me saying, “Mommy, my tooth aches again!” I quickly applied my left hand on her cheek. Then she said, “No, Mommy, not with this hand, but with the other hot hand!”

The other night, though she was crying in pain, she knew it was the right hand that I used. When I placed my right hand on where the pain was, it was healed instantly once again.

This time I took her to the dentist. The pus was completely healed already, and the doctor was astonished saying, “I wonder why she did not have a high fever with such suppuration.”

Healing then occurred to my son, to my friends, and to the people I had not met before.

I came to know that the healing of Christ happens, and that it happens because it is the very will of God. Having been healed, we come to believe in the One who has healed us, and we are further changed to worship Him.

If we lay our hands on people, they will be healed. Even if we do not lay our hands, they will still be healed. Just standing near a person, I witnessed him being healed. I simply felt sorry for him, but the Lord must have heard it as my prayer. Healing is the very will of God.

The boy with terrible atopy was healed completely. Now he is working and doing well.

As for the girl with school phobia, I suddenly felt like meeting her and asked her out for lunch, which happened to be on the 41st day from the White Dove. At the restaurant in the middle of our conversation I extended my hand to her saying, “My hand gets warm when I pray to God.” When she took my hand, I felt a powerful current flowing from my hand to hers. Instantly she was almost blown away from her chair. It must have been the healing of the Lord, for her school phobia ended.

Several years later, I had a chance to see her in Japan. She was attending college and told me joyfully, “I’ve never been absent from school ever since that day.”

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