From the editor

Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brothers to dwell together in unity. (Psalm 133:1 NAS)

In this issue we would like to share with you a wonderful life story “Live in Unity” of Hisanori Ito, a staff worker of Kohitsuji no Mure Church. “Live in Unity” is his father’s last word. You will be touched by the love of Jesus Christ, who has united him and his father in Christ.

May the love of Christ who reconciled them to God be done also in you, your family and all people!

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Live in Unity

Hisanori Ito

Today let me share with you how my father met Christ and returned to heaven. My father was born as the first boy in a farming family. From his childhood he helped the rice farm. Having no choice but to inherit the farm, he felt his life suffocating. He sought salvation in Buddhism and became a fervent Buddhist.

His only pleasure was reading, and he went to the library whenever he had free time. One day in the library, his eyes were captured by one book. The title was “From Buddhism to Christ.” It was not “to Christianity” but “to Christ.” Was it not a religion? He became curious about Christ and devoured the book.

The author of the book was the eldest son of the chief priest of a Buddhist temple. However, he met Christ. Not only that, he received God’s calling and became a pastor. The word of Christ written in the book grabbed my father’s heart:

I am the way, the truth, and the life.
No one comes to the Father except through Me. (John 14:6 NKJ)

My father wanted to know the truth. He had been taught that he would be saved by chanting the name of Amida Buddha, but he did not really know where Amida Buddha was, nor did he have peace of heart. It was then that he met the word of Christ, “I am the way, the truth, and the life.” It struck him. He came to the realization that here is the truth!

My father realized that God so loved him that He sent His only Son and crucified Him on the cross! Knowing this, he also converted from Buddhism to Christ. All his doubts were dispelled by one book. He was absolutely convinced that Christ is indeed the way for the salvation.

Soon after that, he attended a Christian gathering held nearby. It was November 25, 1960. A Christian missionary led him to confess that Christ is the Savior who died and was risen for him. In the meantime, an awful accident took place at home. I was a one-year-old baby. Scissors hung on a wall fell on me and stabbed my right eye.

I lost my right eye. People said to my father, “Such a horrible accident happened because you believed in a foreign God. That is a curse of heaven. Your ancestors are angry.” However, my father did not waver at all and said, “This accident is nothing but a proof that Christ is the true God.” He saw some connection between the sacrifice of his son’s eye and the sacrifice of God’s Son on the cross. My father always told me, “Your right eye was sacrificed for my faith. You are the one to take over my faith.”

Every morning at 6 o’clock like an alarm clock he told me, “Get up!” and made me read the Bible. As a small child, I tried to read, rubbing my drowsy eyes. Every night, he read me a story of a great man of faith. When I entered elementary school, he started morning and evening family service, in which he at least spoke for half an hour.

My father’s morning routine was to stream praise songs through the loudspeaker set outside the house for half an hour. In the evening he preached Christ on the street with a portable speaker. I was made to hand out tracts at his side. I was embarrassed when my classmates passed. My father was firmly convinced that it was what it meant to love the Lord with all his heart and strength. As for me, I just hated it.
“I will never become a Christian,” I swore to myself. I wished to have been born in ordinary home like other children. As a child, I would often look up at the starry sky and shed tears. I cried to God in anger, “Why was I born here?” My heart was numb, and I did not feel myself alive.

Having been forced to read the Bible, I rebelled against it intellectually, but the Scripture must have been deeply rooted in me. It was when I was fifteen. I faced a troublesome situation in my club activities at school. Then My heart was suddenly caught by Christ’s intercessory prayer on the cross.

“Father, forgive them; for they do not know what they are doing.” (Luke 23:34)

This is Jesus’ prayer for the ones who crucified Him. They crucified Him out of anger and jealousy, but He said, “They do not know what they are doing.” I also did not know what I was doing. I felt as if standing in front of Jesus crucified at Golgotha. Right there I prostrated myself and confessed to believe in Christ. On November 10, 1974, I was baptized in the cold river water. God’s mysterious warmth wrapped me, and I was given the desire to work for the Lord.

I went to seminary and started mission work in my hometown, but I gave it up when my first baby died of incurable disease. My second baby suffered from severe atopic dermatitis. My wife and I sought her healing in various churches, but in vain. In 1992 we met the Kohitsuji no Mure Church.

The Kohitsuji no Mure Church stands on the vision, “The love of Christ alone is sufficient,” and “Everything is completed in praise.” I believe this is the most biblical faith. All we have to do is to praise God who loves us as we are. In this church our baby’s atopic dermatitis was completely healed. I also received deep inner healing and started working for God again in Kohitsuji no Mure. My father always thought that we had to do something to receive God’s blessing, but he told me, “You were led to a good church.”

In 1999 my father had bowel cancer, and his time to leave this world was approaching. Three days before his last breath, I visited him with my wife and two daughters.

I stroked his thin back, without exchanging any words with him. All of a sudden he said, “I’ve given you a hard time.” From my childhood, what my father pushed on me was the faith in the scary God who would bless me if I did good and punish me if I did wrong. It was far from the unconditional love and forgiveness of Christ. Then in my father’s hospital room from nowhere I heard a resounding voice, “Kyrie eleison, Kyrie eleison … (Lord, have mercy.)”

Where did the voice come from? I found it was resounding from my father’s innermost. It was strange, for my father was very strict in his own way of righteous life, and it seemed he had nothing to do with the prayer of “Kyrie eleison.” Then I heard one more voice. “Do you blame him? Do you say his life caused the family a lot of trouble? In My eyes he is perfect.”

God prepared the cross of Christ to forgive and redeem my father just as he was. That was why at his last moment his soul was praying, “Kyrie eleison.” My father must have realized that he was only a sinner before the Lord. At the same time the Lord saw my father’s love for God. His neighborhood ostracized him as a mad man. Yet, he put his total trust in God, and his faith was unchanged. My father’s motto was this:

You shall love the Lord your God with all your heart and with all your soul and with all your might. (Deuteronomy 6:5)

I only knew my father superficially. I could not understand him, and I saw him as a mad man like other people. However, Christ also knew my heart. He knew both my father’s sorrow and my sorrow, and He saw not only my father but also me as perfect. “In My eyes he is perfect.” With this word, I believe the Lord wanted to give absolute healing and reconciliation to my father and me.

We have been given the praise “Manten,” in which we sing, “You are My love, imago Dei. You are perfect as you are.” Manten means perfect. What He sees in each of us is the image of God given at the time of the Creation. Regardless of our character and way of life, the Lord unconditionally loves us. In His merciful eyes, we are perfect. Nothing could separate my father from the love of Christ. Likewise, nothing could separate me from the Lord’s love. In His redeeming love, now I can say everything was good.
My father on his deathbed looked covered with the resurrection light. His last message for us was very simple: “You all, live in unity.”

When I heard it, Psalm 133 came to my heart:

*Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brothers to dwell together in unity.* (Psalm 133:1)

To dwell together in Hebrew literally means to sit together. Now is the time for us to sit together in worship. My father and I, who could never get along, now become one in worship. “Behold, how good it is!” The original Hebrew word for “good” is “towb,” which also means “beautiful.” We sit together and worship as one. This is the most beautiful thing. When we worship God as one, here is the true unity. The ultimate healing is the unity and reconciliation of those in heaven and those on earth.

On November 5, 1999 my father returned to heaven a little before his sixty-fifth birthday. I was vaguely aware of the dream that my father had when he was still alive. He wanted to convey Christ together with me. I believe his dream has now come true. I on the earth worship together with my father in heaven. In the worship where heaven and earth become one, the unity of “hinēh mah towb” shall be fulfilled upon all creation.

I believe one person’s healing does not just end there. When you are healed, the healing will also cover all the others connected to you. They eagerly wait to receive Christ’s healing. In this worship your pain, sorrow, regret and anger that seem never to be healed also receive healing, thanks to the cross of Christ.

Towards the end of his life my father got cancer and suffered from the thought that his life was not supposed to be like this, but I believe that in his last moment he re-encountered the risen Lord. On his deathbed he was covered with light and filled with peace. I used to hold grudge against my father, thinking my life wasn’t supposed to be like this. However, the healing for me in this Cosmic Worship is to be able to say it was good to be born as the son of my father. Now is the time for us to receive the healing of the Lord together with the ones in heaven.

Lord Jesus Christ, Your salvation and healing is already done on all creation in heaven and earth. May the completed healing be revealed now. All created, come before Jesus. You were healed. May glory be to God the Father, Jesus Christ the Son, and the Holy Spirit forever and ever. Amen.

From the worship in the Church of the Wind on December 9, 2018

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**Join Our English Worship Services!**

You can join our online live worship with English translation on our website.

**URL:** [https://www.kohitsuji.com/english/movies](https://www.kohitsuji.com/english/movies)

Worship videos are also available on our website. **URL:** [https://www.kohitsuji.com/english](https://www.kohitsuji.com/english)

Go to “What’s New” and select “Past Worship Services.”
To love and to be loved

Mituko

One of the Pharisees asked him to eat with him, and he went into the Pharisee's house, and took his place at table. And behold, a woman of the city, who was a sinner, when she learned that he was at table in the Pharisee's house, brought an alabaster flask of ointment, and standing behind him at his feet, weeping, she began to wet his feet with her tears, and wiped them with the hair of her head, and kissed his feet, and anointed them with the ointment.

(Luke 7:36-38 RSV)

In our Monday service yesterday, I spoke about love. We sang the praise, “Mary Magdalene.”

Therefore I tell you, her sins, which are many, are forgiven, for she loved much; but he who is forgiven little, loves little. (Luke 7:47 RSV)

I was deeply moved by this passage. In my terms, forgiveness of sins and healing are all to remove obstacles that blocks us from reaching Christ’s love.

To reach Christ’s love means to know Christ’s love truly, and at the same time to be able to love Him as He desires.

When I can truly love the Lord Jesus Christ, I have reached His love. And when I truly love Him, I am truly loved. In Christ, to love and to be loved are one.

Therefore I tell you, her sins, which are many, are forgiven, for she loved much; but he who is forgiven little, loves little.” (Luke 7:47 RSV)

from “The White Dove I”

Kohitsuji no Mure Hawaii Retreat 2019

We will have the retreat for the first time in the Big Island in this February. Let us praise and pray for healing of the earth from the Big Island.

Date: February 22-24, 2019
Place: Grand Naniloa Hotel Hilo

For further information, please contact us at:
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