

Visions of Heaven, Hell and the Cross

(Lorne Fox)

Lorne Fox (1911 – 1988)

- After being dramatically healed in Edmonton, Canada, under the ministry of Charles Price, Lorne Fox began his own evangelistic meetings.
- In 1934, he was ordained in the Assemblies of God, becoming a member of the General Council.
- When the Healing Revival began in 1947, he started meetings and his own magazine. He became associated with the Voice of Healing and spoke in several meetings led by William Branham.
- He later travelled overseas seeing regular healings, including Finland & Hong Kong. Some of his most significant meetings were in Africa from 1959 to 1963.
- He wrote several books, including the account of these visions around 1950.

One afternoon, while in prayer alone, the power of God came upon me, and the scenes of the room where I prayed faded from my view.

To some of you, this may seem strange, but you will understand more clearly if I remind you that in Acts 10, it states that Peter . . . "*fell into a trance!*"

The Cross

The vision began for me . . . I found myself praying with my head bowed to the grass of the earth. There was a slight breath of wind blowing upon me; farther away in the distance, I could hear the mournful wail of a sobbing wind. Finally, I raised my head, and upon so doing, I saw a Cross reared high upon the crest of a hill above me. The entire hilltop was enshrouded, veiled, with a twilight, or semi-darkness. Atop that lonely, windswept hill, I saw the Saviour hanging upon His cross.

Instinctively, I desired to draw nearer to the cross, but I felt utterly unworthy within my heart. Feeling that I dared not stand upright upon my feet in His presence, I moved forward, crawling on my hands and knees, nearer . . . nearer . . . nearer the cross.

I moved forward until my body was bowed beneath the left cross beam, and I could hear the dripping of Divine drops of blood, from the nail-pierced hands and feet of my beloved Lord! And the drops of blood from his left hand, fell

upon me, as I knelt to the left side of the cross. Somehow, I sensed there must be a special purpose in this amazing experience. Each drop of His blood, as it touched me, gave an unutterable feeling of total cleansing and purification!

After some time, I voluntarily found myself moving back from under the cross . . . perhaps fifteen or twenty yards away from it, still moving upon my hands and knees. And as I raised myself upright on my knees, fully expecting to see my Lord upon the cross, I was surprised to find that He no longer hung upon that cross, but, rather, stood now at its base. The heavy twilight half veiled the clarity of His face at that moment. He spoke to me . . . telling me that a journey had been prepared for me . . . there must be no fear, for I would be guided on the entire journey ... an angel had been appointed to be my guide . . . and when the journey was ended, the Master promised that He would be waiting for me again, at the cross!

The Journey

It was then that I became aware of someone approaching me, and then standing by my side . . . As I turned to look ... there he was . . . a being, clad in snowy white raiment, and his face aglow with the light of love and purity. He gently touched me on the arm, bidding me to arise and go with Him, repeating the Master's promise . . . "You have nothing to fear, for the Master has bidden me to accompany you on the entire journey." As I looked into the face of the angel, a warm surge of companionship swept through my being. I felt as though I had always known him.

As the angel touched me and beckoned me to turn, I faced back to the cross once more, and lo, from the right side of the cross there appeared, as it were, a band of light . . . all the colours of the rainbow were in that band of light. It stretched, with a majestic circular sweep, upward, until it was lost in a maze of golden light as it entered the heavens. Somehow I realized this rainbow of light, represented the path of life, which begins for the child of God at the Cross, and ends one day at the Father's throne in glory!

Together, the angel and I walked to this rainbow path of light, and at the angel's indication, I stepped up, upon it. In an instant, the colours of the rainbow were gone! I was standing on a highway, sweeping ever upward toward that maze of golden light. I knew that up there, somewhere were the portals of heaven!

As we walked together up this highway, I found it to be a place of busy activity. We were not alone. Multitudes of the Lord's redeemed were moving along with us as well . . . all moving toward the glory above! The arms of all on that highway, were laden with treasures . . . trophies to lay at Jesus' feet some glad day!

We moved rapidly now, passing one after the other as we traveled. Looking back, I recognized some of these people whom I know on this earth today . . . some I did not know. Some stepped up and walked beside me at times, but always, we continued to press onward and upward. The trophies, held within the arms of the many walking this highway, the angel told me, represent the precious souls that had been won for our matchless Lord!

Hell

A bit later, as we climbed upward, I was surprised to look over the far side of the highway, and to discover that everything out there was covered with a twilight, which deepened ultimately, into total blackness. When I started to question my angel-guide, he led me by a firm hand to that side of the highway. I stood, gazing down into such awful blackness, the like of which I had never seen.

Then it happened! As I watched, like a wave of the sea, there arose a surge of humanity. They rose from out the darkness. I could see only their heads, shoulders, and up-stretched hands. They all faced the highway's edge on which I stood. Their poor hands were extended to us in a sea of faces! Those nearest, I could see plainly, but gradually into the distance, and below, they faded into the utter darkness. I saw white faces, black faces, oriental faces, olive skinned faces. They were all there, of all races and nations.

The angel of the Lord reached up and touched my ears. As he did so, my ears were opened to hear the cries of those multitudes. It was an agonizing cry, which tore at my heartstrings. "Won't someone tell us of Jesus? Won't someone save us, help us, tell us of Jesus?" As they cried out, it seemed that every up-raised hand, every upturned face, was turned only in my direction. Then the angel spoke, "Son, you are beholding in similitude, those souls which will be lost to the Kingdom of Heaven, unless you are faithful in carrying the message of salvation to them. When you become weary in well doing, remember this scene. When the many problems ahead would discourage you in your work, the memory of this sight will return to your heart and it will spur you on to finish the Master's work for you!

It was at this point that my angel-messenger informed me that I must leave this highway for a short time in order to be shown the fate of lost souls. It was at this point that I left the highway in vision to glimpse the horror, the stark terror of hell!

With the urging of the angel by my side, I finally stepped off this highway of light on which I stood, into the twilight. I began to sink down — down — down and the twilight near the highway deepened into shades of purple, and then utter blackness. That blackness became so thick, it seemed as if one could cut it with a knife!

After a long moment, when I felt as though I could no longer bear the darkness or the sensation of sinking, I closed my eyes tightly, as though that could shut it out! I became aware of the fact that the sensation of sinking had ceased, and when I opened my eyes, I found indeed that the scene had changed.

I was standing in the corner of a large, dimly lit room. Across the room, on a bed lay a sick man ... dying. His loved ones were gathered around the bedside, weeping. The man was in a horrible death struggle. Finally, with a loud outcry, his body shook convulsively, and then relaxed ... *The man was dead!* How his loved ones grieved and wept! For some time I watched this sad sight, and then I was startled as I witnessed the soul of that physically dead man, arise from the mortal remains upon the bed. That soul looked much like the body of clay that lay upon the bed, except that it was younger in appearance. Unmistakably I could recognize that particular soul as belonging to the body of clay. The soul moved across the room, and stepped out through an open window. I was astonished for the physical remains still laid upon the bed. Loved ones weeping around the bed, were not aware at all of this transition.

In obedience to the angel's beckoning, I moved across the room to that open window through which the soul of that unconverted man had passed, and in obedience, I, too, stepped out of that window, to find myself again in darkness . . . that same sickening sensation of sinking downward had come upon me again!

At first, everything was clothed in total darkness, and then, after a time there began to be faint, weird, fantastic lights and shadows, like as of a flickering fire light which gradually became brighter. At this point, the atmosphere, which had been warm, became stifling, finally almost unbearable, and then the descent ceased for a few moments. The lost soul of that man

was just below us. By now it was possible to discern that some weird creature, which arose from the lower regions, joined him.

It was a demon, sent from hell to take that soul, if necessary by force, on the remainder of its downward journey. The descent began once again! Far below us, things now began to take on definite form. There appeared a huge orb or sphere, which was bathed in flames of liquid fire. At closer proximity, the sphere was so large that it was impossible to begin to see around it. This had been the source of the mysterious firelight.

Finally the descent ceased, as we came close against this vast orb. I saw evidence of a fierce struggle for just a moment, between the lost soul and that demon, and suddenly, with a wild shriek, that soul was plummeted headlong into the wall of fire, which covered this huge sphere. Everything was silent, save for the licking of the flames covering the orb.

Then I experienced a strange sensation. The angel placed his hand over my eyes with the words, "Be not afraid." I felt suddenly as though I was being plummeted through space at a great speed. Then the motion ceased, and when the angel removed his hand from my eyes, I found that I was on the inside of a different realm. I heard the voices of lost souls uplifted in cries, shrieks, and curses. Somehow, I knew fully that those were the realms we speak of here on earth as Hell!

I discovered, as the angel led me through the regions of the lost, that this place is divided, as it were, into vast sections. The angel led me into a vast open arena. The ceiling and walls were ornate, beautiful, if that is possible, in a hideous sort of manner. The floor was paved with blackest ebony.

In the centre of this vast place stood a huge black throne, trimmed in jade green. At first glimpse, I beheld that the throne was empty. Ornate black steps led down from its crest. At the bottom of the steps, I saw someone standing, his back to me. He, too, was clad in garments of black (the royal colour of hell!), which flowed from his shoulders into a long, slinky train. The angel prodded me to walk toward the black throne. As we approached, that strange personality turned to face us. His face was dark and at first glance, handsome. Clear-cut features, defined well, and the regal bearing he assumed, presented him as a most striking personality. Let me tell you, friend, Satan is real, and he does not always pose as a writhing demon. He can come as an angel of light, in his many arts of deception! As I came nearer, I thought his eyes were most interesting, until, as I watched, they became flames of hatred,

with the fire of hell reflected in them. The angel at my side, whispered, Behold son, the Prince of Darkness!"

And that Prince spoke. "How dare you enter my realm? You shall not leave humanly alive! I shall smite you with my hand, and pronounce a curse upon you with my lips!" A diabolic laugh almost curdled the blood in my veins! And then he spoke again. "To see the people of earth suffer is my food; to see them mangled and bleeding is my drink. My hour is at hand when once more I shall strike the earth with a curse, but you shall not go back to tell what you have seen and heard!" And in that awful moment, the Prince of Darkness raised his right hand in a threatening gesture and walked toward me! I felt all the strength going from my being. I was about to collapse. The hatred in those cruel eyes pierced me, and made me recoil with a feeling of nausea. But, only for a moment for the angel of the Lord intervened! Without warning the Prince of Darkness came closer. As quickly as the twinkling of an eye the angel of the Lord stepped in front of me. He stood directly in the path of the oncoming enemy! In a flash, the Angel of the Lord raised both of his hands outward, from his side. In that instant, from his being, there fell, directly in the path of the oncoming Prince of Darkness, the perfect form of a *cross*. I could see the shadow of that cross! As the Evil One came within the tip of the shadow of the cross, he recoiled, and fell back to the ebony floor, and uttered a blasphemous curse, with the words "the cross ... the cross again!" The angel of the Lord looked down upon Satan and exclaimed. "Oh Prince of Darkness, the cross, the cross that sealed your doom, because of the Son of God who hung upon it. That cross is your doom, now, and it shall forever be your judgment."

Turning to me, the Angel of the Lord spoke quietly, with assurance. "Turn son, and walk to your right. Do not fear I will be behind you." In obedience I turned to walk across that vast arena floor with the angel behind me, and now, miracle of miracles, I could see that he still walked with his arms uplifted, and from behind him now, fell the shadow of the cross again, as we left the presence of his Satanic majesty!

I saw the greatest dancing party ever witnessed. On and on it went with never a stop! Drawing closer, I witnessed features that were convulsed, contorted, twisted with terror and weariness. How they longed to stop, but still it continued. Something invisible, sinister, dragged them on in an eternal dance which they could never stop. I do not hesitate to add that the modern dance hall is one of the devil's biggest trap doors to hell!

In another place, gambling held sway. Every device, I am sure that has ever been used on earth, and some that have not, are to be found in hell. There were vast mountains of gold and silver, gems and money. I saw the grasping hands of the greedy, and those that had lusted for money, while on earth. They reached out to grasp these elusive riches, only to be stung, burned fiercely as they touched them. They would recoil with oaths and curses, and then, as though impelled by some unseen force they would try and try again and again. That is the horror of hell. The awful repetition, the endlessness of it all!

I saw the proud there! The multitudes who, on earth, had been too proud to serve the Lord. Eternally, it seemed, they preened their pride, but loathed it, but the same compelling force demanded that they go on and on.

I saw a profession of religion there. No worship of God, rather, the worship of self, and of false spirits. *I heard the music of hell!* It was a thousand fold more terrifying than a funeral dirge. It ate into the marrow of the bones! The angel of the Lord pointed out these were the people, who, on earth had followed some form or other of religion, but who had completely denied the power of the living Gospel of Christ so the worship of self and of evil spirits went on and on.

I saw fear in hell such as I had never witnessed on earth. I have seen tragedy strike during the years of my ministry on earth. I have seen faces blanched with terror. But I saw this thing magnified one thousand-fold in the corridors of hell. I heard anguished cries of fear! I saw the terrorized souls of the lost trying, desperately, to lose themselves in the shadows, but to no avail. They were always running from some enemy that did not pursue. The angel stated that these multitudes were the people who, on earth, had been *too fearful* to acknowledge Christ as their Saviour and Lord! Now, in the region of the doomed, their fears, magnified one thousand fold, came back constantly to mock them, to torture them, stretching the cords of their emotions on a shuddering rack from which there was no escape!

Many were the scenes, which these mortal eyes beheld, until I felt as though I could bear no more. Always the comforting presence of the Lord's angel was a mountain of strength to me, or I am certain that I too, would have been terror-stricken! I wish I had the power of speech or adequate vocabulary to depict these scenes to you.

Heaven

After this sad experience of the visit to the regions of the lost, the messenger of the Lord returned me to the Highway of Life, and we resumed the journey upward, toward the glorious maze of golden light!

At closer proximity, that heavenly light enveloped everything, and then, I began to glimpse the pearly gates of Heaven! And oh, my friends, *the gates were open wide!!* Hallelujah!

As we moved along, the roadway seemed to almost vanish in the golden light, and then I found myself standing by the shores of a river! That river flowed between the pearly gates and me. And the angel spoke again saying "This is the River of Life, and the redeemed of the Lord, on leaving their earthly vessel (body), must first pass through this river before entering the gates to the Kingdom. These waters cleanse away all traces of earthliness and mortality, both of which can never dwell permanently within the immortal kingdom." The angel further instructed me that this River from out of the heart of the throne of God, passes down through the city, and flows outside the portals of pearl in its course. He further told me that I should not pass through the river, since my work in the earthly kingdom was not yet finished and that I had to return to the earthly kingdom for a season to fulfil that ministry. Then, as the angel touched me, I found myself passing *over* the River, rather than going through it.

When my feet touched yonder shore, a wave of joy spread through my entire being! This was the golden strand of Heaven, of which we so often sang and spoke on earth. And I was standing there! And this was *home!* My heavenly home! Possibly that meant more to me than it would mean to the ordinary individual.

And now, in my vision, I stood within the portal of the pearly gates! Those portals are made of purest pearl! They appeared absolutely luminous in the light of the heavenly atmosphere!

Are you a lover of beautiful music? My friend, wait until you have heard the music of that Celestial Land! Never has earth ever heard any music that would compare with the melodic harmonies of glory! You may have heard the orchestras of earth, and the majestic symphonies; you may thrill to the blended voices of a great choir; you may be enraptured at the husky, deep throated voice of the mighty pipe organ, but on earth, we have nothing to

compare with the melody of Heaven! Up there, you will hear the music of thousands of golden harps, played by the glassy sea! You will hear the angels sing! I heard them! The music and singing of the glory world spilled over the Jasper walls into my poor heart, till I thought I could not bear it!

The angel of the Lord, saw that I was completely spellbound, and he whispered to me, "You too, shall play for the King!"

Had we time and space, I would love to describe the musical instruments of the heavenly Kingdom to you. I saw some of them. They are so totally different from man's designs, producing harmonies that are indeed "out of this world!"

As I listened to the singing something, which I consider to be a miracle, took place! Suddenly I was not just listening I was part of that music, and it was part of me. My whole being was alive with harmony and song. How can I explain it? Here on earth, we listen to music. We hear it. Over there, I discovered that the whole being becomes part of the heavenly harmony.

The streets of that heavenly land are paved with purest gold! Our most refined gold of earth does not compare with the beauty, the richness of the pure gold in the streets of Glory. The atmosphere of the place is a symphony of harmonic colour.

I was thrilled with the great number of angels. What were they like? Do angels have wings? I saw no angels having wings. At the entrance to Glory, the Pearly Gates, I saw some unusual Beings, clothed in garments of a golden or amber colour. From back of their shoulders, long filmy trains trailed, which had the appearance of wings. The angels, clad in white, shining garments had no wings!

I discovered, too, the redeemed of the Lord have no wings. The Lord Himself has no wings. He had none when He appeared to His disciples after the resurrection. We will not have any either; since at the moment of translation, we shall receive bodies — incorruptible — like His. If we have no wings, how do we transport ourselves from one place to another in the Kingdom? My friend, believe me, when I tell you, that with our incorruptible bodies, when we want to transport ourselves from one position to another, the desire, earnestly expressed, will be all that is necessary in order for the deed to be accomplished!

In this vision, I also learned why there is no trouble, no misunderstanding in Heaven! Shall I tell you? Nothing is hidden, up there. There are no secrets. I discovered, in that short time I mingled with the angels, and with the redeemed, that then all thoughts are understood. Thoughts are just as words spoken. I repeat nothing is hidden. That is why we have wars on earth. That is why misunderstandings creep into our churches here on earth. That is why families are often broken. That is why erstwhile friends can become enemies. Too many things are hidden. There are too many secrets. In Heaven's kingdom, nothing is hidden. All is as an open book!

In this connection, friends often ask me about the language of Heaven. Let me assure you that they do not speak English, French, German, Spanish, or Scandinavian. They do not speak any known language. Heaven has its own heavenly tongue! During my short experience, I found that I could speak and be understood to perfection. It was not necessary to learn the Heavenly language. There is no language of earth to compare with the harmonic beauty of that UP THERE! When the angel of the Lord touched my lips, just as we entered the Pearly Gates, it seemed but the natural thing to speak and understand that heavenly tongue! Travelling as we have, around much of the world, I have heard many earthly languages. I have been often intrigued by the babble of tongues and languages around the world. I must admit, however, that none can compare with the language of Heaven!

You must understand, of course, that, in the brief time that this vision lasted, I saw only a small part of the heavenly Kingdom. Yet, from the small part I beheld, it was evident that pure happiness reigned everywhere, with constant worship and praise in the hearts of all, to the Lamb of God!

In the distance, the majestic Highway of Life, swept upward to its highest point. I tried to gaze upon that highest point, from which emanated all the light, which floods the entire Kingdom. My mortal eyes could not bear the sight, and I bowed my head, as the angel said, "That, son, is the throne of God and of the Lamb." Friend, there is no darkness up there, no sun to shine, no moon to give her light, no stars to twinkle for the Lamb of God is the Eternal Light, and as the Word of God states *"there is no night there!"*

Shortly after we had entered the pearly portals, I observed towers, minarets, and domes, which obviously crowned many magnificent structures. They towered high above the green turf, which was closer to us. These, the angel told me, were the mansions that the Master had promised that He had gone to prepare. And, the angel further informed me that the mansions were

almost completed for all of God's children. Hallelujah!

Upon inquiry, however, I discovered that none of the Lord's redeemed actually dwell YET in the mansions. Where are they? That is another beautiful portion of this experience.

The angel of the Lord directed me to follow, as he left the central Highway of Life. We walked along the winding roadway, into a magnificent garden.

Soon we were in the midst of trees, shrubs and flowers. Everything was alive with colour! Friends, I have seen the gay coloured flowers of the far north, and the exquisite flowers of the far south, but nothing can compare with the colour of the flowers that bloom in that Eternal Land!

These flowers know nothing of decay. Their colours never lose brilliancy. Since having this vision, I sometimes feel sorry for my friends who do not enjoy colours. Heaven is filled with colour! Up there I found that God is extravagant in love for colour. You will find a complete absence of anything black in the Kingdom of Heaven. (I discovered that black is the royal colour of hell!).

I was walking now, in the paradise garden within the heart of the kingdom of heaven! And it was there that I met many friends and loved ones, whom I recognized. Long since they have left this earthly life behind. They have gone on before us, and all those who loved Jesus are up there! My own little mother came to me, with her hands extended in welcome. In the vision, I saw her and spoke to her! She was perfect, young, and radiant, as are all within those portals. In this mighty Garden, I found a host of the Lord's redeemed moving around in and out of structures, which I can only speak of as pavilions, which were beautiful beyond words! These pavilions, in the heart of Paradise Garden, represent the present dwelling place of the Lord's redeemed until we have been summoned to higher service. I will refer to this again shortly.

Moving along, we approached the crest of a very gentle slope. Among those who passed by, and whom I was privileged to meet in this vision, was Lazarus. The same Lazarus whom the Master raised from the dead, outside Bethany of Judea!

We came to the crest of the gentle slope, and looking over, and down, as far as my eyes could see amidst the amazing greensward, I also beheld great pillars and colonnades, and they were literally studded with scintillating,

bright shining gems and jewels, which sparkled in the Heavenly atmosphere.

Among the pillars and colonnades were tables, clad with snowy white linens, and fringed at the tips with crimson. Somehow, instinctively, those crimson fringes spoke to me of the Blood of Jesus! On these tables were goblets and containers, filled with the fruits and wine of the Kingdom. As I looked, the Angel said reverently, "Son, you are beholding a glimpse of the completed preparation for the Marriage Supper of the Lamb. All is in readiness. We only await the summons of the King to His Church."

We move to a deeply solemnizing thought in this moment!

Looking beyond this scene to my right I beheld in the vision, two great bronzed doors. They were closed. I was about to ask the angel the meaning of these vast, bronze doors, when he said, "The King will sit upon His Judgment Seat. After all His redeemed have partaken of the fruit and wine of the Kingdom, these doors will be opened. All of the Lord's own will follow him through those doors. Only the redeemed shall enter. Not even the angels will be allowed free access at that time. The King will sit upon His Judgment Seat and the books will be opened, and the deeds of the Lord's children, while they were on earth, as His professing followers, will be openly read and discussed in the presence of all the Body of Christ. Each deed, each motive, and each ambition will be laid bare."

Someone has said there will be no tears in Heaven. There is one time when *there will be tears in Heaven*. THIS IS THE TIME. There will be tears of abject mortification and humiliation as our motives and purposes in service for Christ while on earth are fully laid bare. There will be no distinction. From the humblest layman, to the greatest worker for the Lord, all will be revealed! Many tears will flow in that hour, but the King Himself will come down from his Judgment Seat, and as the Word says, "*He will wipe away all tears!*"

There, at His seat of Judgment, the redeemed of all ages will be assigned to their permanent dwelling places, or mansions, in the Kingdom of God. Upon entering the Kingdom of Heaven, I had noticed that His Kingdom is built, level upon level, sphere upon sphere. According to our rewards at the Judgment Seat of our Lord, we shall be assigned to, and dwell in the mansions, in one sphere or the other of the Kingdom.

Time and space will not permit us to describe this more fully. Perhaps in a later book we may be able to do this. Be assured, that if we all could

understand and grasp the true portent and meaning of this truth here and now, we would all stop and examine our hearts and our works in His Name. Since having this experience, I have been arrested many times in my steps, and caused to re-examine my service to Christ. And that hour is nearer than most of us realize!

Heaven, as we call it, is a place of much activity, in addition to our worship of the King. Our activity, our service in Heaven will be largely based on the motives behind our service while here on the earth! Let us think well on these things!

After a time, during which other interesting experiences were mine, "up there," my eyes became heavy, then my body became heavy. This puzzled me, since I was "in Heaven." Then the Angel reminded me that I was still mortal and human, and that in this state of mortality I could no longer bear the atmosphere of the immortal. I must return to the earthly kingdom. I entreated the angel — "May I not stay here, now that I am here?" To which he rejoined, "Have you forgotten those in Earth's Kingdom, who will be lost unless you, with others, bring the message of redemption to them? You have much work to accomplish in a short period of earthly time. It will only be for a season, then you will be reunited forever, in this Kingdom. Be of good courage!"

The angel's words comforted my heart and then he spoke again, saying, "Close your eyes." I obeyed. The cool touch of the angel's hand covered my eyes for a long moment, as I felt myself being transported it seemed, at an unbelievable speed, through space. When the motion ceased, the angel removed his hand from my eyes, and said very quietly, "Open your eyes."

Back at the Cross

On opening my eyes, in just a flash of a glance, I looked and then dropped my head. I was no longer inside the pearly portals of heaven. I was back at the cross where this experience had first begun.

In that quick, flashing glance, I glimpsed the Master, standing at His cross, as He had promised me. I felt too unworthy to look, hence I dropped my head. In that fleeting glimpse, I saw the Cross and the Master bathed in the golden light of heaven's atmosphere. He was looking at me, and His gaze impelled me to slowly lift my head. There was Divine Love in that impelling look! I felt it surge through me!

Slowly, I lifted my head, and beheld first, his sandaled feet, and then the lower portion of His robe. It was white and glistening and it was studded with tiny, bright pinpointed gems that shone like gold and silver. As I looked, that garment with its shining, tiny gems suddenly seemed to become the whole Universe. I was standing on the edge of the world; looking out into the vast space we call the Universe! It spoke to me of Eternity and is He not eternal? Looking up further, I saw the broad golden band around His waist and then the upper part of his garments, white as snow.

Then His Face! It was a strong face, ageless, expressing eternity! His hair was golden in the light that shone down upon Him. His hair and beard were not long and black as artists so often portray, but close cut. A smile played upon His lips and in that moment in His smile, I once again saw the pearly gates, heard the angels sing, saw the streets of gold, and the mansions. The music of heaven was once again in my soul and all of this was in my Master's smile.

His eyes! What words of man can explain them? His eyes met mine, and for a moment His Divine Love emanated from them, into mine. Then His look changed! He was analyzing me, reading me like a book. He saw the good things, which seemed so pitifully few. He saw the small mean things and He looked carefully at them all. Then suddenly His eyes were full of love and a glorious Truth flooded my soul, a Truth that has caused me to shed many, many tears since that experience. In that moment I was aware that My Master knew all about me. He knew everything that there was to know, but He loved me just the same! Wonderful Jesus. Oh, friend it is true. He knows all about you too, and He loves you just the same!

Then He spoke to me. Some of that which He said, I am not at liberty to quote or write, however. He did give me a commission to give to the people. I hesitate to quote Him, in first Person, but except I do, this commission will lose much of its power and personal appeal to you. Therefore, I do so, with a feeling of deepest reverence in my soul:

"Go forth and tell the people that the last hour of mercy is upon them. Carry this message, and faint not, for the time is short. Wherever the message is given, I will be in the midst, and there shall be light, for I am the Light of the World. You, with many others, have been called to give this last hour message. Therefore, go quickly, and warn the people to seek Me quickly, for `Behold I come quickly, even as a thief cometh in the night!'"