

What I Imagine...

My First Day in the Present Heaven

Written by Joel Thomas

*As I take my very last breath on Earth it is blows my **mind**...
Outside of myself, I look at my lifeless body for the very first **time**...
Feeling more than **fine**... Feeling more fully **alive**...
Feeling the greatest of all **highs**...
Wishing I could comfort those **behind**, easing their worried and troubled **minds**.*

*I then encounter a heavenly being ushering me out of this present **world**,
Leading me as we travel like I never have **before**.*

*We break through the barriers of time and **space**...
We approach this very real heavenly **place**...
I'm met with the deepest sense of its amazing **grace**...
My internal struggles vanishing beyond all **trace**.*

*The most beautiful and enchanting city on the **horizon**...
Drawing me like a tractor beam with it's glorious light **shining**.*

*I cannot only see but feel the warmth of its all-encompassing love penetrating my
soul **deeper**... Lifting my spirits **higher**... Stretching my imagination **wider**...
Satisfying my desires **further**. It's beckoning me **closer**.*

*As I approach the walls with multiple pearlescent gates on all **sides**...
It's clear to me that they aren't primarily protecting what exists **inside**...
They mark the boundaries of a glory like no other you could ever **find**.*

*Only now is it within my **comprehension**...
Previously a precipice beyond my minds **ascension**...
An existence, at times, I doubted with feelings of great **tension**...
Yet in other moments longed for, in faith, with great **anticipation**.*

*Inside a great book my name is written as though I have never seen it **before**...
In the most definitive sense of who I truly am at the **core**.*

*You see the ink is in **red**... It's fully alive, not static or **dead**...
As my name is called out, the blood of Jesus is what is **said**...
My faults and failures not permitted to rear their ugly **head**...
As I discover my life truly is hidden in Christ... **the end**.*

*As I pass through the gate, a crowd of people **surround**...
The most amazing of welcoming committees that could ever be **found**.*

*First, a long-awaited embrace with my dad who I lost way too **soon**...
My grandparents, other family members, a mentor, a dear friend **too**...
Then, unprepared, I come face to face with a child we never **knew**...
Lost in the **womb**... Now, right in front of me in beautiful, full **bloom**.*

I recognize them all so **clearly**... yet at the same time, don't at all **really**...
Their full restoration and **healing**... resembling the One all creation's **revealing**.

We journey on a very real **road**...

A street so lucid it can only be compared to the purest of refined **gold**...
We approach the River of Life, dancing as it refracts the light it cannot **hold**...
Like the most perfect of crystals or diamonds that are bought and **sold**.

Sitting at the rivers edge, the Tree of Life drips with healing **ability**...
Using one of its leaves, all pain and sorrow are washed from my **reality**.

Tossed in the river it's carried far away from **me**...
Never again to be **seen**... Once and for all completely **free**...
A liberation, of which, I only use to **dream**...
We then head to the source of the river **upstream**...
A Throne only fit for the King of all **Kings!**

It is the center of all **things**...
On it sits the One who rules all **things**...
Perfectly sustaining all **things**...
To Him, no doubt, is due all **things**.

Incomprehensibly in the midst of the multitudes, the Lord Jesus Christ, Himself,
takes me into His **embrace**...

His fierce, warrior strength redefining my idea of **safe**...
His tender touch wipes away the very last tear my eyes will ever **make**.

Then He shows me a table of grandeur set for THE consummate **celebration**...
A wedding feast of unmatched joy and **redemption**...
He leads me to the place designated with my own personal **reservation**...
Beyond the most creative of bride's **imagination**.

In Heaven, just one day has passed **by**...
A thousand years for those living in THIS space and **time**...
Trust me when I say, you need not **cry**...
Heaven will wait for you to join us in this **paradise**.

Don't be caught off guard, it will come **soon**...
God's mercy delays a judgment that indeed does **loom**...
But at His table there is plenty of **room**...
So bring as many as possible with **you**.

There is no one too far, no one too lost and no one too **broken**...
To experience the realities of Heaven and the One whose nail pierced hands stretch
His arms wide **open**.