

Journey to the Third Heaven

11/13/1992

A little over thirty years ago, I had a NDE ("near death experience") or else something akin to one. A NDE occurs when a person dies and their soul leaves their body, but later returns and they revive. However, at the time this happened to me, I was alone, so I don't know for sure if I died or not. All I can say is, before going through the "Tunnel" I was terrified and absolutely sure I was dying. Actually, my confusion is very similar to what Paul felt after a having a similar experience... 2 Corinthians 12:1-4;

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² I know a man in Christ who 14 years ago was caught up to the third heaven. Whether it was in the body or out of the body I do not know—God knows.

³ And I know that this man—

whether in the body or apart from the body I do not know, but God knows —⁴ was caught up to paradise..."

Before the NDE

To better understand the NDE, it will help to know a little bit about my spiritual orientation beforehand. My father was an agnostic who often said religion caused more wars and suffering than anything else. My mother, a Presbyterian, insisted her children attend Sunday School. This was fun until the day came when the teacher told us we were "saved", but people of other religions weren't. I asked, "Won't God accept them if they're good?" She answered, "No." It didn't matter. People of other religions weren't "saved", and would go to Hell. That why we should "save" them.

This confused me. How could an honest God say He loved all of us, and then condemn good people all over the world to eternal Hell just because they followed a different religion? After that, I lost interest, and going to Sunday school became a weekly ordeal to endure. I had no inclination to read the Bible, and didn't do so until just about the time I became a teen-ager.

At that time, the Bible beckoned me. I intuitively knew there was something important in it. So, I started at the beginning—Genesis. Parts weren't believable, but I kept reading, hoping I'd understand in time. When I got to the book of Joshua, I came to a page where God's angel told the Israelites to kill everyone in Jericho. The animals, too! I put the book down and vowed never to pick it up again. And so it went (with one brief exception) for almost thirty years.

My spirituality gradually evolved into a recognition there was a mystical, sacred, living Presence dwelling in Nature. Eventually, I started attending a local interfaith "peace" church. It was there, on Sunday, November 10, 1992, where the prelude to the NDE occurred. My younger brother Jon and I met as we walked from the parking lot to the church. Our relationship was strained, like an impenetrable barrier separated us. An idea popped into my mind. I said, "Jon, if there's anything I ever did to cause this wall between us, please tell me so I can apologize for it."

That was a simple enough idea, but it worked. Healing happened. We felt so good about it we decided to meet Monday night at my place and see if we'd missed anything. Jon arrived, and we sat down and talked. It was soon apparent what happened Sunday was enough—the barrier was down. As soon as I saw this, I knew something I'd wanted to do for a long time was possible—I could reach my brother! I could now share some pearls of wisdom I'd learned with him, but only if done in a manner in which he could receive them. There couldn't be the slightest hint of superiority, or the doorway might close forever. Oh, was I careful. Once he had what I had to offer he'd always have it, and I'd have done the best I could for him. He could take it or leave it, but he'd have it if he ever needed it.

Then, the strangest thing I'd ever experienced until that moment occurred. As I was talking, a spirit entered the room. He may have come right through the wall behind my brother and to his right, or else he simply materialized there. The spirit was translucent, but I could clearly distinguish the outline of his facial features. He was a man of many years, yet vital and vigorous, with a long full beard. I was utterly stunned. To my amazement, although my attention was riveted upon the visitor, words of wisdom continued to gush out of my mouth towards Jon.

The visitor moved behind Jon and looked straight into my eyes. His eyes were so deep that forever was in them. And then, inside, I laughed. My "precious" words of wisdom directed to my brother were also going toward this Being, and I knew at that moment there was nothing I could ever possibly say He didn't already know! I could feel his eyes penetrate inside me, into my heart, as he examined this mortal. He caught me at just the right moment, at a time I was being selfless—a temporary state of unconditional love. Then he left. Jon didn't see a thing.

I couldn't believe what had happened, so I put it out of my mind. But, two days later on Wednesday, the grand finale came. That morning, I was painting wooden screens and storm windows in my neighbors' garage. I went home at noon for lunch. After eating, I sat back in my chair and reminisced contentedly about the healing with Jon the previous Sunday...

THE NDE

As I sat there, a glow descended upon my head and shoulders. It felt warm—uplifting/joyful/transcendent. Although I was awake, my eyes were closed. Had they been open, I may have reacted differently. As it was, I'd been thinking of the healing with Jon, when all of a sudden I was bathed in this wonderful glow.

The thought crossed my mind I'd somehow created the phenomena. I'd taken some self growth seminars, so I thought maybe this was a new level. I said to myself, "Gee, I'm going to do this more often!" But, I had no idea of what I did to cause it. I was confused. Then, from a distance but drawing nearer, I heard music; soft, tinkly, like a bell choir and harps, coming from above me.

Then, a Voice said, "I'm pleased with you." I began to feel uneasy. The glow felt wonderful, the music was sweet, and the Voice said something nice, but God was supposed to say things like that to Jesus, not me! I started to panic. My eyes were still closed. I don't know about you, but when mine are closed I see a deep dark brownish black. If a light is nearby, maybe yellow, orange, or red. But now, something entirely different filled my mind's eye; a solid background in a bright, vibrant, green.

Superimposed on it was a pattern of round red orbs in groups of four, in square formation. Each group was evenly spaced in rows and columns that went from here to...my mind stretched out trying to comprehend infinity. I felt a sharp, excruciating pain explode in my forehead, like the front of my brain was tearing apart, wide open. I was terrified, sure I was dying right then and there. Then, an inner Voice spoke—what I call my guardian angel. I've heard him a few times, but not often. Whenever I've listened to what he said, it's saved my life. And when I didn't listen to him that one time, I learned a very painful lesson. This time he said, "Let it be. Let it happen."

I did what he said. I surrendered to the experience, and focused on breathing. The red balls and green background vanished, replaced by an intricate paisley pattern in metallic tints of carmine, turquoise, and silver. Despite my discomfort, I couldn't help but appreciate the beauty of what I saw. Then I sensed something enormous, powerful, coming towards me...then it was like a light switch turned off and all was pitch dark. Next, I saw a point of light... which expanded rapidly, scrolling outwards, ...becoming...the mouth of a cave (or tunnel) viewed from inside looking out. The sky outside was deep black/blue, like outer space.

2 Corinthians 12:1-4, Paul;

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I saw the silhouetted form of a man at the entrance. Behind him, from outside the cave, Light of the most indescribable beauty streamed in. Human words can't describe the depth of its beauty—pale gold, shot through with all the colors of the rainbow, and more. But color was the least of its beauty.

Ezekiel 1:28;

**Like the appearance of a rainbow in the clouds on a rainy day,
so was the radiance around him.**

This was the appearance of the likeness of the glory of the LORD.”

I was vaguely aware the man was motioning for me to come forward. Vaguely, because I was enraptured by the Light.

Daniel 7:13, cont.;

...“He approached the Ancient of Days and was led into his presence.”

I came forward. The Light emanated from inside a “cloud” or galaxy of stars, like the Milky Way. Something like the slender funnel of a tornado (or “black hole”) emerged from within the cloud of stars (or appeared to—I had no point of reference to establish depth perception). The “tornado” reached down, and shot into my heart. The moment that happened, everything exploded into brightly colored sparks.

Isaiah 11:2; **The Spirit of the LORD will rest on him—
the Spirit of wisdom and of understanding,
the Spirit of counsel and of power,
the Spirit of knowledge and of the fear of the LORD—...”**

2 Corinthians 12:1-4, Paul; 4, cont.;

...He heard inexpressible things, things that man is not permitted to tell.”

[Until now.]

The next thing I can remember, I was standing in a field of long, tall grass. Standing to my left was a man with a beard, who looked about thirty years old. The man, the field, and everything in it, was being bathed, flooded, with the same Light I'd seen earlier. Haloes of rainbow hues formed above the man's head, and then travelled in ripples down the length of his body, one after another.

I looked down at my torso, and saw the bands of Light traveling down me as well. It was "heaven". Imagine how the intense heat of the blazing sun at high noon on a cloudless summer day feels. Now, replace the heat with pure unconditional LOVE and COMPASSION, and turn the volume up—that's how it felt. Ecstasy. The thought formed in my mind; "This must be God Consciousness."

It felt so wonderful, my attention was drawn to it like a moth to a flame, which isn't a bad analogy. As I looked up and my gaze drew nearer the source, the intensity of the LOVE increased so rapidly that in a split second of utter terror I knew I'd be crushed, annihilated under the weight and intensity of the LOVE. I couldn't look upon God and live. Neither my mortal nor spirit forms could handle something of that magnitude. The next instant I found myself back home sitting in my chair, trembling like a leaf in the wind. The whole experience took place over about one and a half hours, but I recall only about twenty minutes of it.

To the best of my understanding, the revelations that began coming afterwards and all the things I've written of a spiritual nature have come from the angelic entity that was added to me at that time. I'm still me, Bob the house painter, doing my best to be a proper servant. The angel part? He's a dedicated servant, too. Very dedicated! All glory goes to God!