

Friendship with God

March 16-17, 2008

I can feel the Spirit of God rest on me... as if to say, "Enough time in the realm of the mind, now come to the Spirit."

I'm still sitting in the lobby, the same chair as yesterday. Wisdom and Revelation are back beside me. For the first time, I recognize a new door. This one isn't easy to see, its back around the end of the check in counter and down a small hallway to the left of the elevators.

I walk over to the wooden door. It looks very much like the solid wood doors labeled with the continents, but this door is labeled:

"Private"
"Authorized Personnel Only"

I try the handle and I notice that the door is locked. It's then that I remember the key given to me by the healing evangelist's angel. I take out the paper from under my left arm and open it up, the headline reads:

"TOM ZAWACKI, FRIEND of GOD"

The byline says "Saint John" and the article printed below is the whole of chapter 15. I fold the paper up and effortlessly slip it into the lock, instantly the door opens.

The room is bright and it takes my eyes a few minutes to adjust to it. When I do, I notice two nice, over stuffed leather chairs angled toward one another. There's a small round table between them with two steaming mugs of coffee at the ready.

I stand wondering what to do the next. Is it right to enter? Just then Wisdom whispers in my ear, "You have the key, access is granted, enter in."

I enter in, the door closes behind me, and I sit down. Jesus sits in the other chair, leans in and looks at me. Deep in His eyes are... something like two

video screens, playing rapid images of... well... everything, from the beginning of time until now and from now until... until. He's making known to me everything he has learned from the Father. It's vastly beyond my intellect or anything that my mind could possibly comprehend, but it is all going into my spirit and easily.

The images stop and I look at Jesus. He truly is beautiful beyond description. Combined with his mercy and love, I'm melting, swooning... He reaches out with his right hand and touches my left arm – I'm strengthened.

Looking at him, I can't – could bare to – look away. I say, "This is the top floor isn't it?" and He says, "Yes, it is."

"Friendship with the world is hatred for me, do not love the world. You can love the world or you can love me, you cannot love both. You'll have to choose".

"I choose you Lord."

He smiles and says, "It will cost you everything."

I smile back and say, "Everything is nothing compared to being here with you."

Jesus picks up his coffee, sits back in his chair, sips and says... "Ah, this is good. Here try some." Then he extends his cup to me.

I take his cup in my hands and I can feel the power of life on it. Without hesitation I bring His cup to my lips, I sip, and then I drink. I can feel the warmth of Love flow throughout my being.

I sit back feeling completely satisfied, the peace is extraordinary. No fears, no anxieties, not a care. We sit quietly for a long time, it's awesome.

Finally breaking the silence Jesus says, "I have new assignments for you, the adventure has only begun."

With that, the vision fades but I'm left with the understanding that I have many more divine appointments awaiting me in the Lobby and beyond.

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I'm still in this side room off the lobby with Jesus. The place that he stated was "the top floor" – Friendship with God. Yesterday it seemed like we were the only two people in this small room. Today the room looks different.

I notice a couple of people dressed like cooks or waiters walking behind us. so I turn around and see a white and silver working commercial restaurant kitchen. It's buzzing with activity.

I look at Jesus with a quizzical look on my face as if to say, "What's going on?" and he answers, "The best food is prepared in this place, once you've eaten here, you'll never be satisfied with anything thing else, ever again."

I seem to understand that fruit from the Tree of Life is prepared in this place, and I can eat all I want! My pastor's heart wants to use this place to prepare food/sermons for my people in this kitchen, so they can eat what's here as well.

Jesus says to me, "No. You can eat here as much as you want. You can even tell others what you've eaten in this place, but there is only one way for them to eat what's here: they need their own key to get in."

Jesus motions and two, no, three attendants rush over. At first, they look like the cooks dressed in white, but now they look more like medical personnel. One stands behind me and two on either side. They begin removing things from me, small painful things that have wounded me and distracted me; small fishhooks from my face, a large spike like thorn in my chest and small darts resembling arrows from my back.

As they're removed, I can feel fears, insecurities and disappointment leaving me. Hmm... so much of my mind is still set on the things of Earth.

This is so funny. My chair morphs into a beauty spa type recliner and these same attendants are giving me a beauty treatment. There's some skin cream applied to my face, something like cucumber slices on my eyes while others are attending my hands and my feet. An extreme makeover of the heavenly kind!

At first, I think this is about and for me, but I quickly understand that I'm being prepared in this place of preparation for Him. With this thought today's vision ends.