

## Meeting Grace

March 14, 2008

Back in November of 2002, I had a dream/vision where I was in an entry way to an apartment building. The door was locked and the only call button with a label was marked Rome. I awoke, looked at the clock and it said, 5:01 and then changed to 5:02. The obvious implication was Romans 5:1-2. I awoke this morning at 5:01 sat there a few seconds and saw that it was 5:02. It reminded me of that earlier experience. Verse 2 of Romans 5 from the Amplified Bible stuck out to me this morning...

*“Through Him also we have [our] access (entrance, introduction) by faith into this grace (state of God's favor) in which we [firmly and safely] stand. And let us rejoice and exult in our hope of experiencing and enjoying the glory of God.”*

So, if I understand this verse correctly... by faith I have access to, and now stand in God's grace and favor, so that I might experience and enjoy Him. Sounds a lot like this past month's worth of experiences.

*Heavenly Father, my Father, I love you, I need you, I desire and want you – with all my heart. Let's experience and enjoy one another today.*

I can feel the hand of the Lord in mine. I can see myself as a little boy, maybe five years old, walking down the street holding Daddy's hand. I'm wearing a little suit with a jacket or overcoat. It's fairly restrictive as I reach up my little right hand to grasp his. My attire makes me wonder if we're headed to church or maybe to school?

To my delight, we're not, we're entering the park and even before we can get to the playground, I hear Dad say, "Go!" I let go of his hand and run into a pile of freshly fallen leaves. As I hit the leaves, I spin and roll and twirl with arms and smile at full extension.

A button, unable to bear the strain, pops off my over coat. I can feel my shirt tails escape and the leaves rush up my back against my skin. In the back ground I can hear Dad laughing with delight! His laughter gets louder

and louder and louder until the leaves explode from His presence – He jumped into the leaves with me! Woohoo!!

Rolling... laughter... wrestling... throwing leaves... Wow, I love my Dad!

Excited, but exhausted, I spot an ice cream vendor and decide I need a break - an ice cream break! Walking toward the vendor I notice that I am a mess. A disheveled pile of dirt, leaves, mud. With clothes that may never be the same again. Dad doesn't care one bit and neither do I. There is ice cream to be had!

The vanilla cone is sweet and refreshing and cold, almost too much for my little hands to grasp. I have as much of it on my face and clothes as I do in my mouth, but who cares! I'm sitting under a tree eating ice cream with my Dad, it doesn't get much better than this.

Oh, if only this moment could last forever...

I feel the pull of adult responsibilities tugging at me - on my heart, on my attention...

I hear the sounds of war in the distance...

I can see someone waiting for me in the hotel lobby, more than one...

I see the guest book at the hotel lobby counter, it's filled with names and times and dates, my appointments...

And I'm there... hmmm... no longer the boy in the park, but the man in the lobby.

Standing by the counter with my back to the door, I hear a voice behind me say, "You can go back there anytime you want." I turn and see another beautiful young woman. This one is short, maybe 5'1" or 5'2" with short brown hair and a very tender voice.

Her white gloved hand is extended to me. In it is a key with a white diamond shaped tag. On the tag, marked in red, are the numbers 502. I take the key from her, "Thank you."

"This gives you access to the fifth floor and opens room 502." She says.

"You're Grace, right?"

She nods her head slightly and says, "Yes."

"Humility told me that it was you who sealed off the stairway entrance to the second floor. Why?"

"There are things on the second that you're not yet ready to see. If you had entered the second floor your mind would have been engaged, your intellect titillated and you would have been distracted. You would have never left. It's why you almost fell. Your mind is strong, but it's also your Achilles Heel. If not for Humility's firm grip, you would have indeed fallen and much would have been lost."

Her words are convicting and once again I am moved to repent. I close my eyes and pray.

When I open my eyes, I'm startled to see Grace dressed like a New York City Fire Fighter. She says to me, "I put out the fires." With a flash of light this vision ends.