

Room 405
March 12, 2008

I'm still in the white place, the one without definition or dimension. Jesus is with me. We're walking together, hand in hand, my right in his left.

This feels good, so very good and peaceful. As we walk, I see wings forming behind my shoulder, large, back grey and white Eagles wings.

Isaiah 40:28-31

- ²⁸ Do you not know?
Have you not heard?
The LORD is the everlasting God,
the Creator of the ends of the earth.
He will not grow tired or weary,
and his understanding no one can fathom.*
- ²⁹ He gives strength to the weary
and increases the power of the weak.*
- ³⁰ Even youths grow tired and weary,
and young men stumble and fall;*
- ³¹ but those who hope in the LORD
will renew their strength.
They will soar on wings like eagles;
they will run and not grow weary,
they will walk and not be faint.*

After a few steps we take flight and it's exhilarating! The dimensionless white gives way to the breathtaking beauty of God creation. I see majestic trees and stunning mountain ranges. We go higher and I see lakes, rivers and oceans. Odd that I don't see cities or people.

We go higher still and the stars come alive. We're flying under a canopy of tiny, twinkling, and streaking white lights. In an instant, we leave Earth's atmosphere and at high speed we soar through our solar system, weaving in and out around planets - their rings and their moons.

Sometimes we fly side by side and sometimes Jesus leads and I follow. He spins, I spin, he rolls, I roll, he slaloms, I slalom. Jesus is happy, he's having fun and his joy makes me happy. I don't care where we go, I'll go anywhere with Him.

He is delighted to share his creation with me. We stop on a planet, Mars, I think. He shows me the land, picks it up in His hands, rubs it between his fingers and says, "Men will be here too, soon." After a few minutes we loop around and pass through Saturn, then head straight for the Sun. While inside the Sun Jesus says to me, "Men do not understand what's in here. They do not understand what I have provided for them. Everything needed for Life is in the Son.

With the end of his sentence everything changes and I'm back in the Lobby. I feel overwhelmed by the presence of God and the adventure we just had. And I begin to worship.

"Lord, thank you, thank you for this time together. I love being with you, I love looking at you and going to the ends of the earth and beyond with you. Thank you Jesus for your kindness to me and your love for me. I love you, I love you, I love you!"

The presence of God radiates from me when I worship Him and anyone nearby can't help but join in and worship Him too. It doesn't take long for the entire room to be filled with worship! One half of the room is shouting declarations of God's goodness to the other side, and the other side shout back!

"Our God is Awesome!"

"Yes, and He's amazing too!"

"And Glorious!"

"And Wonderful!"

"There is none like our God!"

“And never will be!”

“He is Love!”

“Yes!”

“And He is Truth!”

“Yes, Yes!”

“He is our God!”

“He IS our God!”

“To our God belongs all glory, all honor, all power and all praise!”

“Yes! All glory, all honor, all power and all praise!”

“All Glory!”

“All Glory!”

“All Honor!”

“All honor!”

“All power!”

“All power!”

“And all praise!!”

Again, and again and again this is sung until the room erupts in a shout of praise that seems to last forever. Everyone is dancing, everyone is singing, and everyone is shouting. Complete – uninhibited – unreserved – unashamed – passionate adoration for our God and King, Jesus!

Eventually, after quite a long while, this spontaneous eruption of praise simmers down and Favor walks up to me. Still appearing as a bellhop, he says, "There's an invitation waiting for you at the front desk."

I approach the desk and the clerk hands me a small, square white envelope with minute touches of gold as trim. As soon as I take hold of the envelope, it transforms in my hands and becomes a leather pouch secured with two thin leather straps.

The thought occurs to me, "Am I permitted to open this invitation?" Wisdom once again visible at my side says, "Yes, this is for you, this is for now, you may open it."

I open the pouch and remove a large hand-crafted document. The parchment looks old and not quite like paper, more like a thin leather or a thick handmade coarse paper. Though I can't read the language, I understand that I am being invited to a meeting on the 4th floor. Room 405.

Isaiah 40:5

*"And the glory of the Lord will be revealed,
and all mankind together will see it.
For the mouth of the Lord has spoken."*

The fear of the Lord hits me, and I drop to my knees trembling.

With my knees bowed down and my face buried in my hands, I realize that I have been transported to room 405. The Glory of the Lord is blazing in the room and the Lord is fearsome, terrifying to look at. Even with my eyes closed and face buried I can still see him, it's impossible to hide.

He's much brighter than the sun. I see him on a large horse ablaze with white and purple fire. His eyes, oh, His eyes they see everything, he knows ALL things!

Oh God, Oh God, have mercy on me a sinner.

He looks like a warrior ready for battle. As I look at him with eyes closed, and face buried, I can see him morph first into a First Nations Warrior in full regalia and then in to The Ancient Asian Samurai I have seen before, then back into himself.

No words are spoken and I'm transported back to the Lobby. I'm sitting in the overstuffed chair by the fireplace. I'm overwhelmed and undone by what I've just experienced. I feel the presence of heavenly beings surround me, imparting. I recognize Love's tender touch and the comforting presence of Wisdom and Revelation.

Understanding comes; the Glory of God is being revealed to the First Nations people and to Asia for everyone to see.

Wow, today I experienced the Joy of the Lord, the terrifying Fear of the Lord, and his extravagant, extremely passionate love for these two people groups. I am undone.