

**Heaven  
and Hell  
(Visited)**



Robert Adams

# Heaven and Hell (Visited)

What will it be like where you're going?

REDEMPTION  PRESS

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Published by Redemption Press, PO Box 427, Enumclaw, WA 98022

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ISBN 13: 978-1-63232-078-0

Library of Congress Catalog Card Number: 2005903526

# Dedication



**D**edicated to my wife, Beth; My children, Scott, Jan, Brad and Todd; My son in heaven, Josh; And to Courtney. (Who's that? You'll see!)



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# Introduction



**T**his is a fictional story about a man who is given a tour of heaven and hell by two angels. All of the people, places and events, both sad and glad, are real people, places and events in the author's life. All of the people and names of people in heaven are also actual people that the author believes are there today. The only exception to that are the four fictional people named at the judgement seats of Christ.

With respect to life in heaven and hell, some of what is said is true or implied from the Bible. All material relating to 'how to get to heaven' is true and the Biblical scriptures to validate it are

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given. Throughout the book, to emphasize what is being said is Biblical and true, the scripture is given in quotes after the paragraph, as is shown after the following paragraph.

While Jesus and the Bible tell us quite a lot about hell, there is not much said about heaven. Therefore, the author has in addition to Biblical references, used his imagination to tell things that he thinks it might be like. But no matter what anyone thinks, imagines, or hopes might be waiting for them in heaven, life there will be even more wonderful than anything our finite minds can conceive. Like the following scripture that refers to God-given wisdom, I'm sure heaven will be like that for those that love Him.

“EYE HATH NOT SEEN, NOR EAR HEARD,  
NEITHER HAVE ENTERED INTO THE  
HEART OF MAN, THE THINGS WHICH GOD  
HATH CREATED FOR THEM THAT LOVE  
HIM.”

(I CORINTHIANS 2:9)

## CHAPTER 1

# Angels in the Cornfield



**A**s I stepped from the sliding glass doors to the concrete patio, the coolness of the fall day made my jacket feel like a good friend. I was taking my occasional trip to the “farmer’s field,” as the children called it, to observe some wild deer, I hoped. A sudden gust of wind caused the dry leaves to scurry to and fro in a game of tag. The wind was also causing some funny results in a frisbee toss at the side of the house as the air was punctured with staccato comments from my children. “Did you see that?” Laughter, “Wow, did you see that?” More laughter.

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As I reached the top of my back yard, which rose about 20 feet above my patio, I was greeted by the barks of my neighbor's hound dog, Spotty. They were, in this case, more like a threat than a greeting, as I had no food to offer. Spotty was a Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde who loved me when I was feeding him during my neighbor's absence, and who ignored or threatened me at other times. As his bark was threatening today, I carefully avoided the brown half-moon of dirt that marked where he had walked, bound by his chain and an old chain link fence that ran across the back of the property behind his dog house. I walked by with a "Spotty, you're a rascal."

I walked into the farmer's field, which was where the farmer's corn had been this year. Only three- or four-inch stalks remained as markers where seven-foot stalks had been two weeks ago.

After about a hundred yards, the land began rising. A quarter of a mile away, I could see the end and corner of the field which housed the tree that was my vantage point for watching the deer.

The woods quickly closed in on both sides of the field as I walked along a sort of road which was where the farmer's tractor and implements normally traversed the field. Halfway up the field, a power line bolted out of the woods to my left, ran across the field and disappeared into the

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woods on the right. I found myself walking with my eyes scanning the top of one of the power line towers for an owl that I had seen from time to time, searching for a mouse meal, but it was not there today.

I soon reached the end and far side of the field. My deer-observing tree was at the edge of the woods, near the corner of the field. A barbed-wire fence disappeared about six inches inside the tree where the tree, over many years, had grown around it. I stepped on the barbed-wire with one foot and stood up to where I could reach a low limb. Each time I climbed up the tree, I always felt consoled that only the birds and squirrels were spectators to a forty-six year old man climbing a tree like an eight year old, shaky but excited.

At about fifteen feet above the ground, one large branch provided a perfect sitting spot while another limb about two feet lower provided a foot rest. From my perch, I looked back down into the valley. New York Interstate Highway 17 strolled hand-in-hand with the Susquehanna river, back and forth, down through the valley for about six miles, finally making a slow left turn and disappearing behind a mountain near Owego, New York.

As I looked down toward the corner of the field where the deer normally entered, there was a deer head already protruding out into the field.

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The deer moved slowly out into the field, intermittently feeding and then looking around from right to left. Then a second deer slowly moved out into the field. It was small and was probably that spring's fawn, while the first deer was most likely its mother. The small deer was carefully feeding and leaving all the possible danger sensing to the first one.

After they had traversed about 100 feet into the field, the mother deer swung quickly around and was facing the opening where they had just entered the field. The deer stomped the ground with one of her front hooves and snorted a warning whistle, rear tail straight up in the air. She then bolted for the woods on the side of the field, followed by the younger deer, its tail bobbing, upright and from side to side like a metronome.

My attention turned toward the opening to see what had scared the deer. A bright flash of light caught my eye. It was like sunlight reflecting from a mirror. As I observed it further, I saw it had a gold color to it. Even though it was being broken up as it shined through the trees, I could not look directly at it. At first it was still, but then it moved toward the field. My heart started beating faster and I was thinking it might be some extraterrestrial being or phenomena.

The light reached the edge of the woods and then moved out into the field about six or seven

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feet above the ground. It moved out about fifteen or twenty yards and then stopped. As I shielded the light from my eyes with my hand, I could see it wasn't something floating, but rather a figure robed in white with the brilliance emanating from where the head should be. Now my heart was really racing.

As I continued to shield the intense light from my eyes, I noticed more movement from the edge of the woods. Two men, also in white robes were walking toward the bright light and its brilliance illuminated them. They stopped about ten feet from the bright light, both of them still looking at it. They both turned simultaneously and looked directly toward me. I knew I was no longer an undetected observer.

They started walking toward me. After covering about a third of the distance, they both reached down and lifted their robes slightly with their hands and stepped up a step into thin air like they were going up an invisible stairway. As their robes dropped to their sides again, I realized they were slowly floating up through the air, directly toward me, like they were riding on an escalator.

Although I was apprehensive about what was taking place, the excitement of it seemed to far outweigh the fear. As the two men got closer, I noticed there was little expression in either of

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their faces. When they were about twenty feet from me and floating at my height, they stopped.

Both of them then smiled and one spoke. "Fear not, we are angels from heaven. I am your angel. My name is John and this is your wife's angel, Andrew. We have been instructed by our Master," and they motioned toward the bright light still standing in the same place, "to take you to heaven. Are you afraid?"

"A little," I said, an obvious understatement, and their smiles broadened.

"Well, there's nothing to be afraid of," the one named Andrew spoke for the first time. "You will be perfectly safe all the time and with one of us most of the time."

"Does this mean I'm dying?" I asked gingerly.

"Oh no," said Andrew smiling. "You will be returned here when your purpose for being there is complete."

"And what is that?" I asked hesitantly.

"We will explain it to you on our way to your destination in heaven," Andrew answered and they both grinned assuringly.

"Now, let us take your arms!" they said, floating toward me. As they both grabbed an arm, I felt myself strangely floating up and my weight was no longer on the tree limb.



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Then the three of us floated out over the field. I could only feel a light grasp on either arm and this floating above the ground was more exciting than anything I had ever experienced.

We stopped about fifty feet from the tree and about twenty feet up in the air, facing the bright light. The bright light began to rise, first slowly and then more rapidly. About twenty more men in white robes drifted out over the field from the woods and followed up after the bright light.

“They are other angels and that was Jesus,” said John, confirming my suspicions before I ever voiced them. “Now, let us go, too.”

We turned toward the valley and I noticed for the first time a huge circular beam of light like a tunnel that reached down across the field; down to the river in the valley. It went down at a slope parallel to the ground. It then seemed to turn and go up the valley toward Binghamton, New York. We floated toward the mouth of the “light tunnel,” which was about a hundred feet away. The opening was about ten feet in diameter and as we entered it, the angels released my arms.

“You can float in here by yourself,” John said, “and you can move in any direction you like by merely thinking about it.”

From inside the “light tunnel,” it was transparent, like looking out through glass or plexiglass. The air inside felt warm and comforting.

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As Andrew started floating down through the tunnel, John said, "Go ahead and follow him." As soon as I thought about it, I, too, began floating down through the tunnel and John followed me.

This was really exciting! We passed over the top of the power line, about twenty feet above the highest line and approached the end of the field at a speed I estimated to be about thirty miles per hour, like coasting on a bicycle downhill. I could see that we were heading over the backyard of my house.

As we broke over the trees, I was amazed at what I saw at my house. We came to a stop about a hundred feet over my backyard. Scott, my ten year old, was building some roads in the sand pile for his four-year-old brother, Brad and Jan, my eight year old daughter, was pushing her one year old brother, Todd, in the swing. This was normal enough, but what was abnormal was: standing, watching them were three men dressed in robes like John and Andrew, and one dressed in a white, sleeveless, mock turtleneck shirt, white pants and white shoes. Two were standing a few feet from the sandbox and two were standing a few feet from the swing. All of the robes had hoods, but like John and Andrew's hoods, they were draped over their backs.

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“Hi, y’all!” Andrew yelled and I wondered if he had picked up my wife’s southern accent after being her angel for years.

The men looked up, smiled and waved, as if they hadn’t realized we were there until John had yelled. The children had obviously heard nothing as they went on with their play.

“Those are the angels assigned to your children,” John commented. “Only one of them was needed, but they all came as they apparently had nothing else to do and we love to visit down here.”

Jesus said concerning children, “...IN HEAVEN THEIR ANGELS DO ALWAYS BEHOLD THE FACE OF MY FATHER WHICH IS IN HEAVEN.”

(MATTHEW 18:10)

“The Lord, being all knowing, only sends us to watch over our assignments when we’re needed. Sometimes we don’t see you for weeks at a time. I do seem to get more work than Andrew though with you climbing trees, driving your car and trying to keep up with your kids on their bikes and skateboards,” John said smiling and was joined in the smiling by Andrew.

John continued, “Their angels will watch over them until they reach the age of accountability and then again if they become born again Christians. The reason they are here now is to keep

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your children from being influenced by him,” pointing to the street.

For the first time I saw sitting on the curb, the ugliest creature I'd ever seen. Its face was disfigured with scar-like tissue. It had an immense nose and tiny eyes. Its complexion was almost white in contrast to its entirely black outfit.

“That is a demon,” said Andrew, “one of the fallen angels that are a part of the army of Satan. As a child reaches the age of accountability, they lose their angelic protection. If he rejects the things of God, the demon can then gain access to his thoughts and in some cases, where the person is seeking supernatural experiences, he can even be indwelt by the demon. Although few people actually become indwelt by demons, they are oppressed by demons and may choose to reject the things of God and follow Satan, who is in a constant fight with God for human souls. Even Christians can be oppressed by demons, but not possessed, as their body at salvation becomes the home of the Holy Spirit or Holy Ghost as He is called in the King James Bible.”

“WHAT? KNOW YE NOT THAT YOUR BODY  
IS THE TEMPLE OF THE HOLY GHOST  
WHICH IS IN YOU...”

(I CORINTHIANS 6:19)

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My thoughts switched from the thing sitting in the street to the thought that I wished my wife would come out of the house that I might see her.

John must have read my mind for he said, “Don’t worry. You’ll see her again soon. Come, it’s time to go.”

We started moving again through the tunnel, down toward the valley, over the Tioga Terrace community where I lived. We moved slowly at first, then faster, and then slowly again as we approached a right angle turn in the tunnel over the Susquehanna River.

We drifted slowly around the corner and then started going faster and faster, over the river and up the valley toward Binghamton, New York. We passed high over Tri-Cities airport, and continued toward the center of Binghamton. Breaking away from the river, we were now over Highway 17, proceeding east. Looking back over the river, I could see Enjoie Golf Course, which had given me many distraught moments, but it was picturesque from up here. I was completely enjoying it, pun intended, for the first time.

Up ahead of us, this heavenly transit system made a wide sweeping left turn, and proceeded north over Interstate, Route 81. Although side tunnels had run in occasionally like right and left turns, I could now see at the northern end

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of Binghamton, a branch of the tunnel that went up into the sky.

We went around the sweeping left turn which ended above Broome County Community College, and then we started slowing down. About two miles to the north of the college and over Interstate 81, John slowed ahead of me and floated up into the mouth of the tunnel which looked like it went straight up. Without even thinking about it, I followed right behind him and Andrew behind me, up into the tunnel.

Once inside the tunnel, I could see that it didn't go straight up, but went up at about a forty-five degree angle. We started accelerating up the tunnel and the earth was moving away below us now, very rapidly.

A jet plane was landing at Broome County Airport and I wondered if someone looked out of the window, could they see this strange procession of three persons flying into the sky?

Andrew, behind me, broke the silence with, "No, they can't see us!"

I thought, "They can read my thoughts." And John said, "Yes, we can!" They both laughed. "The thoughts of the people we're assigned to come out just like words to us except their mouths don't move. However, we can't hear evil or hateful thoughts."

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The Broome County Airport now appeared as only a small “X” below us caused by the crossing of the two runways.

John broke the silence with, “Uh-oh, here comes a nuisance.”

“Yep!” said Andrew. “See over there, Bob? It’s a covey of demons. They can’t touch us in here, so don’t be afraid. They do some pretty terrifying things, like tearing out their eyeballs or scratching off half of their face, so keep your eyes straight ahead up the tunnel.”

I couldn’t help but watch as they got closer, however, as the group of demons flew closer. I could see their white outstretched hands reaching toward us and their white faces growing larger. They all had long hair streaming out behind them with balding on the top of their heads. As they got closer they opened their mouths and howled. I say mouths, but they were really just openings in their heads with no lips. I was beginning to feel a little queasy, so before they could put on their horror show, I decided it was time I looked straight ahead up the tunnel like I had been told. Out of the corner of my eyes, I could see the tunnel was surrounded by these things.

“This increased demon activity was causing some problems for the angels under the Archangel Michael in the transporting of the spirits

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of the dead-in-Christ to heaven,” said John, “so, God placed this passageway and thousands more like it, here on earth. Although they can’t harm us, they can be a great nuisance.”

“It is impenetrable to demons,” John finished, “but we can go through the sides, anytime we want.”

John continued, “The first cloud cover you see ahead is at about the maximum altitude for this kind of demon, and only Satan, the king of the demons, can get all the way to heaven to talk with God. We will soon have them outdistanced. In the meantime, keep looking straight ahead as they sense there is something different about you and they’re really putting on quite a show today. One of them is tearing off the head of one of the others who is screaming violently. Even though it’s all an illusion by them, I don’t think the scene would agree with you.”

As the screaming, moaning and groaning alone had me terrified, I wasn’t about to look for a visual perspective.

We zoomed through the first layer of clouds and the screaming noises started to fade. Andrew said, “They’re as high as they can go; we’re leaving them behind.”

I looked back and could see their hideous faces peering up through openings in the cloud



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cover, becoming smaller and smaller as we seemed to be moving faster than ever.

We went through two more layers of clouds before breaking out above all the clouds. We started slowing up and ahead of us I could see what looked like the end of the tunnel. It was, and as we reached the end of it, John just floated out into space. I slowed to almost a stop. I moved slowly out of the mouth of the tunnel and floated gently down until my feet touched a large platform about one hundred feet in diameter and down 7 or 8 inches below the output level of the tunnel. One end of the platform was connected to the end of the tunnel and the platform was transparent like the tunnel. Still the platform was only about 20 feet wide and there were no railings. It was like you would expect it to look standing on the wing of a jet liner. It would have been better if the platform wasn't transparent.

My feeling of weight was beginning to come back when John said, "From here on out, you'll have to hold my hand."

As he took my hand, I could feel my sensation of weight disappearing and again I floated up into the air.

"Let's hurry on!" exclaimed John and we floated out over the edge of the platform and started floating over the billowing white clouds below. We were accelerating until we were mov-

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ing very fast, but yet there seemed to be only a gentle breeze in my face.

After a few minutes, we broke out over the cloud cover and I could see the earth far, far below. I actually felt like I might fall and I grabbed Andrew's wrist with my free hand. John and Andrew both laughed and John said, "You can hold my wrist instead of my hand, too, if it will make you feel any better."

I did, but I still didn't feel much better.

They both sensed it and said simultaneously, "Keep your eyes upward!" They both smiled. I kept my viewing ahead, but the best that happened was that the fear subsided to apprehension.

"You'll be O.K. as soon as we start straight up again," said Andrew, "and it won't be long now."

About a minute later, John said, "We're going up now."

I looked back down and I could see the ground was no longer moving under us and some elliptical form, probably a race track, was rapidly growing smaller and smaller.

Ahead of us, I could see a circular object that we seemed to be heading for. As we approached it, I could see it was very much like the platform at the output of the tunnel, but much larger, and a large egg-shaped object was sitting on it.

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As we approached it, we slowed up and my feet finally came to rest on the platform and my sense of having weight returned to me as soon as I released my hold on Andrew and John. When I tried to take a step, it felt like I weighed twice as much as before.

“For the remainder of the trip, you’ll be riding in that,” said John, pointing to the egg-shaped object sitting on the platform. I walked over to it, still feeling like the gravitational pull had doubled, which made walking difficult. I was shuffling my feet rather than lifting them up.

The vehicle was about seven feet high in the center and about 10 feet long. It looked like a huge transparent glass egg, but when John touched it, a door opened on the side. Although it was transparent before, when the door opened, there was a red leather chair inside with a metal bar in front of the chair like an amusement park ride.

John pointed to the chair and said, “You will sit here for the rest of the trip. And though you don’t need it, you can hold onto the bar to make you feel more comfortable.” They both smiled.

As I sat in the seat, the door closed, leaving no evidence of where the door actually was. On the outside I could see John and Andrew talking, but I couldn’t hear them. They walked about twenty feet away and kneeled down as if

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they were praying and stayed in that position for about thirty seconds. They then arose and walked a few more feet away from me and started looking up. Finally, John started pointing and as I looked in the direction he was pointing, I could see a small object coming toward us.

The object was round and as it came closer, I could see that it was powder blue in color. It came closer and closer, until it stopped and hovered about fifty feet above the platform. It looked like a gigantic, blue balloon about thirty feet in diameter.

The balloon then started to move again, drifting toward the little capsule that I was in. It drifted slowly over me and then descended until the bottom of the balloon touched the top of my enclosure. As it touched, I heard a swooshing sound, like large amounts of air rushing through an opening. When I looked from my capsule back to John and Andrew standing on the platform, I noticed the balloon above me was apparently lifting the capsule from the platform and up into the air.

I could see John's mouth open, and as if he was with me in the capsule, I could now hear his voice. "We must go back another way, but we'll see you in about 20 minutes. Don't be afraid, and enjoy yourself. On your way, you'll be passing by the moon, and if you'd like a closer look, all

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you have to do is think, 'Yes,' and you'll get a real close look."

The capsule was now moving away from the platform quite rapidly and as I looked back I could see John and Andrew walking toward the center of the platform waving and rapidly becoming smaller and smaller.

Behind them, I began to see the entire outline of the earth. It looked like a giant blue and white basketball. The astronauts were right, it was indescribable.

Looking ahead, I could see the moon, and it looked like I was heading directly toward it. I couldn't believe how fast the moon was growing in size. I realized I would be there in minutes. Using some high school math, I calculated that a five minute trip to the moon meant I was traveling over twenty thousand miles an hour. I couldn't believe two things. One, that I was here, and two, that I could even think at this time of solving a mathematical problem! I guess I was laughing inside but still too much in awe to be laughing on the outside.

I couldn't believe as I looked out into space how black it seemed, yet dotted often by bright stars and the ever growing moon.

In about five minutes, the earth was like a small marble, far behind me. In front of me, the

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moon loomed as a gigantic ball, pock-marked with craters and irregular shaped mountains and valleys. The capsule turned and started flying away from the moon, when I remembered what they had told me and I thought, "Yes, I would like to see it up close!" The capsule turned back toward the moon's surface and started descending. Within the next minute, I was descending toward a piece of land that looked like a mountain peak. I was slowing up and as I got closer to the peak or crest of that mountain, I slowed up even more.

Finally, I came to a complete stop about ten feet above the peak. The lunar landscape was almost white. I had imagined it would be more gray. It seemed to shine brightly. As I was thinking about how bright it was, my capsule began to grow darker until it was like a set of dark sunglasses.

I began to move again, down the slope of the crater. I was still about ten feet from the surface of the moon and slowly picking up speed. Occasionally, the surface would have a rock between two or three feet in diameter and many small pebbles about the size of gravel.

I drifted down until I reached the bottom of the crater, and then drifted out over a flat plain. Ahead of me, I could see an object on the ground that was different than anything around it. As I got closer, I recognized it. It was the feet of one

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of the lunar excursion modules, standing as a quiet monument of the bravery of the American astronauts.

Much to my surprise, my apprehension had left me minutes ago, and I was really beginning to enjoy myself.

My excitement was building as I came to rest twenty feet above the module and about twenty feet to one side of it. It was hard to believe, I was seeing firsthand, what I had seen on television.

Standing nearby was an American flag, tilted about twenty degrees. Nearby were some other objects stuck in the ground which were unrecognizable to me. I figured they were some of the tools that were used here for different scientific experiments. About one hundred feet away from the module's feet stood a small camera on a tripod. I imagined that it was probably the television camera.

For about thirty or forty feet around the module, there were no footprints, probably due to the takeoff blast. Beyond that distance, the ground was covered in all directions with rippled footprints.

This must be the spot where Neil Armstrong first set foot on the moon. My educated guess was based on the fact that there were no "moon buggy" tracks. Neil had been a year ahead of me

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at Purdue University, but I never knew him. In the class yearbook, the only picture of him was with his fraternity. A young blonde boy with his hands folded on his lap. He certainly didn't look like the type to become the first man on the moon.

I remembered how excited I was when I heard the words, "The Eagle has landed!" But that was just a fraction of the excitement I felt now.

My capsule began to move again across the lunar surface, and I was also rising slowly upward as I thought, "I've got to get going."

I rose to about one hundred feet and, keeping this distance, began to tour over the moon's surface. Every time a mountain or large crater came up, the capsule kept its height going up one slope and coming down the other side. Aside from the rocks, the surface was barren, and aside from the color, or lack of color, it looked like a desert.

After a few minutes of touring, the capsule began to rise again. As we were rising, I could see the second lunar landing site. There was the moon buggy, another module base, and another camera and tripod. The moon buggy tracks went off into the distance in all directions.

The capsule started rising very rapidly, and the moon surface was rapidly shrinking below.



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As I ascended, the capsule turned facing the moon, and I was afforded a view of backing away from the moon. The moon started shrinking in size. I looked around to the back of the capsule, but I could see nothing but stars. In a few minutes, the moon was the size of a basketball. In just a few seconds more, it was the size of a ping-pong ball. Then, the capsule began to turn slowly around.

Ahead of me, amongst the stars, I could see an inverted cone of light. It looked like a giant ice cream cone, upside down. I got closer and closer, until the large part or bottom of the cone was under me and as far as I could see to the right and left. The point of the cone was still ahead of me and the sides of the cone of light were below me coming to a point ahead of me. Soon, I was flying over the point of the inverted cone. It looked like some giant had bit the end off. This created what looked like, the mouth of a giant volcano, several miles wide.

I jumped when a voice inside the capsule said, "We are going down now," and we descended into the mouth of the cone-like volcano of light.

Below me were patches of white, which looked like clouds. Everything else was green except a tiny, gold cube in the very center of the

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green and white. I seemed to be heading directly toward the gold cube.

The tiny, gold cube was growing tremendously larger, and soon it took up the horizon in both directions and as far as I could see across. As I got closer to the top of the cube, I could not see the bottom of the side that I was approaching. (It was no wonder, as I learned later that the bottom was fifteen hundred miles down.) My capsule kept descending down the side of the cube.

Soon, I was heading toward a bank of fluffy white clouds. I descended into the cloud layer and could see nothing. In a few seconds however, I broke through the bottom of the clouds and everything below was a brilliant green color.

As I descended toward the green, I moved farther and farther away from the gold wall. Behind me, the gold wall stretched out of sight up into the sky and as far as I could see to the left and right. Ahead of me, I began to see trees and mountains forming.

There was something strange about what I saw, but at first I couldn't put my finger on it. I finally decided what it was. Although the sky above was completely overcast with clouds, my capsule and the ground below was bathed in bright sunlight but the trees and bushes below me were not casting any shadows. The light source seemed to be coming from all directions.

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“THE CITY [THE HOLY CITY, WHERE CHRISTIANS WILL DWELL FOR AN ETERNITY] DOES NOT NEED THE SUN OR THE MOON TO SHINE ON IT, FOR THE GLORY OF GOD GIVES IT LIGHT, ...”

(REVELATION 21:23)(NIV)

As I descended lower, passing over a mountaintop, I came down into a wide, flat valley between two parallel mountain ranges. At first, I could not see any people, but as I neared the ground, I could see what looked like two persons walking in my direction.

My capsule landed softly in the grass. The capsule side opened and the large, blue balloon that had been attached to the top of my capsule drifted upward at first, and then raced off parallel to the ground. It was heading toward the mountaintop I had just passed over, and toward the gold wall that was still visible from the mountaintop to the sky.

I stepped out of the capsule and onto the ground. A fresh fragrance, like honeysuckle, was in the air.

The two figures walked toward me. I stood by the capsule, nervously tapping the side of it with my knuckles.

## Heaven and Hell (Visited)

As the figures got closer and closer my heart gave a jump, and then a sigh of relief, if a heart can give a sigh of relief. I saw it was John and Andrew.

“How was your trip?” asked Andrew.

“Tremendous,” I exclaimed, “but where are we now?”

“Heaven, surely you’ve heard of it,” John said and Andrew smiled. “Actually, it’s just a temporary heaven until the second coming of Christ, but what you’ll see here will be like the new heaven. It’s sort of a preview for you.”

“What was that huge, gold cube I saw?” I asked.

“You’re right about it being huge. That was the City of Gold. It is 1500 miles wide and 1500 miles high. It will be moved to earth during the 1000-year reign of Christ. At the end of the 1000 years, a new heaven and a new earth will be made by God,” Andrew and John alternated, each taking a sentence, “and the ‘City of Gold’ will return to heaven and remain forever.”

“...AND HE MEASURED THE CITY WITH A REED, TWELVE THOUSAND FURLONGS. THE LENGTH AND THE BREADTH AND THE HEIGHT OF IT ARE EQUAL.”

(REVELATION 21:16)

(Editor’s note: A furlong is 660 feet; 12,000 furlongs is exactly 1500 miles.)

## Angels in the Cornfield

“Come now, let us go to the City of Gold,” John said with Andrew nodding approval.

We walked toward the mountain range that I had just flown over and you could see the city in the background rising above the mountains. As we walked, John and Andrew explained to me what was going to happen in the next few days.

“We don’t know why you were chosen for this, but you will be allowed to see how people live in heaven and hell. You will see things past and things to come. Then you will be sent back to earth to report these things and to tell people headed for hell how they can change their destination to heaven.

Your report will also be a message of encouragement and hope to those who have lost loved ones and to those who know that heaven is their eventual home as their name is written in the ‘Lamb’s Book of Life.’ While their names cannot be erased, the Lord is sad that most do nothing with the spiritual gifts they have been given so they can be a ‘light unto the world’ and glorify God and Christ.” Andrew commented.

“Most do not use the power of the Holy Spirit that has been given to them. The power to glorify God, to live for God and Christ, and build up the body of Christ, the church, is wasted,” John continued.

## Heaven and Hell (Visited)

“WHETHER THEREFORE YE EAT OR DRINK, OR WHATSOEVER YE DO, DO ALL TO THE GLORY OF GOD.”

(I CORINTHIANS 10:31)

“God doesn’t want Christians to do good things to please Him, because He is already pleased with them. He wants people to do good things because they love Him,” Andrew now continued.

“IF YE LOVE ME, KEEP MY COMMANDMENTS.”

(JOHN 14:15)

It’s hoped that your message will activate the Christians to start using their gifts and developing their love relationship with the Father and the Son.

As we approached the base of the mountain, we stopped at what looked like a large round piece of white marble about six inches thick and twelve feet in diameter. It had four T-shaped objects about four feet high sticking out of it.

“Step up on this,” Andrew said, “and we will ride the rest of the way.”

All three of us had no more than stepped up on it when it began to rise and move forward. No one had to tell me what the T-shaped objects were for, as I quickly grabbed one with both hands.

## Angels in the Cornfield

We moved up the mountainside, about ten feet above the ground, then over the top and down the other side. As we started down the other side, we turned toward the City of Gold. It just looked like a wall of gold from sky to ground and as far as you could see from the right to the left. We turned more and more until we were moving straight toward the wall. I could see we were heading toward a small white rectangle at the bottom of the wall.

As the white rectangle grew, I could see what looked like a dirt road coming out from the white rectangle directly toward us. The road then forked and one road went to the right and one to the left. They both disappeared over the mountains behind us.

As we got to the fork in the road, the marble disk came to a halt and lowered to the ground. The road not only looked like a dirt road, it was a dirt road. The thought ran through my mind, I really didn't expect any dirt roads in heaven and I noticed the angels didn't comment on my thought. Couldn't they read thoughts here in heaven, I wondered?

We stepped off the marble disk and onto the road.

As we walked along the road toward the white rectangle, I noticed two peculiar things. Puffs of dust were coming up from my feet, but my

## Heaven and Hell (Visited)

clothes and shoes were not getting dirty; and John and Andrew, whose robes were dragging on the road, were not raising any dust. I stopped and kicked up a large cloud of dust, but when it settled, there was no dirt on my pants or shoes.

As we got closer to the white rectangle in the wall, I could see for the first time that the white rectangle was a large white door or gate. We walked toward it in silence.

As we got to the door or gate, I saw it was about fifteen feet high and ten feet in width. It had a beautiful white finish with pale blue and pale pink hues throughout. It was beautiful. It looked like a solid, huge pearl, and Andrew confirmed my observations.

“They are solid pearl doors,” Andrew broke the silence. “Have you ever seen a pearl that big?”

“AND THE TWELVE GATES WERE TWELVE PEARLS; EVERY SEVERAL GATE WAS OF ONE PEARL.”

(REVELATION 21:21)

As I said, “No, I can’t believe it,” the door swung open.