

Visions of
HEAVEN, HELL AND THE CROSS
Related by Lorne Fox

One day, the Spirit of the Lord fell upon me, and for three and one-half hours, I was lost to the ordinary things of this world. The Master rolled back the curtains of mortal time, and I experienced visions, which were of Heaven, of Hell, of the Cross, and of the Christ Himself!

Tens of thousands of people have heard this story from the lips of your evangelist at home and abroad in the great healing campaigns . . . A number of publications have been granted permission to publish portions of this experience, both in English, and in various foreign languages.

As I share this with you, friend, there bursts from my heart, a song of praise and gratitude to the Matchless Man of Galilee, for His amazing grace, and boundless love that sought, found, and redeemed me when I was a lost sinner. He offers to all, the gift of Eternal Life, and a sure promise of an ever-lasting home. "Inside the Pearly Gates of Heaven!"

The Promise

In the Bible we read of a heavenly country ... "a land of pure delight, where saints immortal reign!" . . . The inspired Word of God must be our one and only authority. There are many glorious passages of Scripture portraying for us, on the canvas of His Word, the wonders of an eternal land "beyond the river." It is not a figment of the imagination, nor is it the wild dream of a fevered brain. It is truth! It is reality, the Bible affirms the actuality of Heaven, and because God has said it, we believe it!

I have often been inspired while watching the faces of vast multitudes of people in our campaigns, light up with heaven's own inspiration, as they sing:

"In the sweet by and by,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore!"

Regardless of the earthly language in which it is sung, the living hope is just as real to every blood-washed heart. Our campaigns and crusades have taken us to many foreign lands. Wherever hearts are open to Him, He is the same living Jesus, regardless of race, nationality or color! And wherever Christ lives in the hearts of men, He brings a living hope of eternity. And that ultimate hope is Heaven!

First, let me take you to two magnificent passages of Scripture. The first is found in Revelation 22:1-5, the second, in the Gospel of John 14:1-3. We shall join both of these passages together, asking you to remember that the passage from John 14 represents our Master's own words:

And he showed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb. In the midst of the street of it, and on either side of the river was there the tree of Life, which bears twelve manner of fruit, and yielded her fruit every month: and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations. And there shall be no more curse: but the Throne of God and the Lamb shall be in it: and His servants shall serve Him. And. they shall see His face and His Name shall be in their foreheads. And there shall be no night there: and they need no candles, neither light of the sun: for the Lord God giveth them light, and they shall reign forever and ever!

Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in Me. In my Father's

house are many mansions, if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also!

The Bible, in these passages, and in others, tells us frankly that there is a place called Heaven! Many honest people today are troubled by another question which we are sure has an answer from the Word of God. Will we know each other in Heaven? If all traits and marks of recognition by which we are known here on earth are obliterated in Heaven, would not that Eternal Land lose much of its joy for us? Again, I invite you to read with me from the Word of God, in I Corinthians 13, beginning at verse nine:

For we know in part, and we prophesy in part, but when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be clone away. When I was a child, I spoke as a place your feet upon the Solid Rock, and give to you, a living promise of Eternal Life!

Did you know that Heaven is an indestructible land? There will be no atom or hydrogen bombs there. There will be no boom of the big guns, no roar of cannon. You will never hear the tramping of the homeless or the weary. My Bible tells me that there will be nothing to hurt or to destroy. There will not be any sorrow or heartache there . . . no pain or disease . . . no twisted limbs or crippled bodies . . . no death! My Bible tells me that Heaven will be a place of perfect peace, happiness and eternal life!

The Vision

One afternoon, while in prayer alone, the power of God came upon me, and the scenes of the room where I prayed faded from my view. To some of you, this may seem strange, but you will understand more clearly, if I

remind you that in Acts 10, it states that Peter . . . *"fell into a trance!"*

The vision began for me . . . I found myself praying with my head bowed to the grass of the earth. There was a slight breath of wind blowing upon me; farther away in the distance, I could hear the mournful wail of a sobbing wind. Finally, I raised my head, and upon so doing, I saw a Cross reared high upon the crest of a hill above me. The entire hilltop was enshrouded, veiled, with a twilight, or semi-darkness. Atop that lonely, windswept hill, I saw the Savior hanging upon His cross. Instinctively, I desired to draw nearer to the cross, but I felt utterly unworthy within my heart. Feeling that I dared not stand upright upon my feet in His presence, I moved for-ward, crawling on my hands and knees, nearer . . . nearer . . . nearer the cross. I moved forward until my body was bowed beneath the left cross beam, and I could hear the dripping of Divine drops of blood, from the nail-pierced hands and feet of my beloved Lord! And the drops of blood from his left hand, fell upon me, as I knelt to the left side of the cross. Some-how, I sensed there must be a special purpose in this amazing experience. Each drop of His blood, as it touched me, gave an unutterable feeling of total cleansing and purification!

After some time, I voluntarily found myself moving back from under the cross . . . perhaps fifteen or twenty yards away from it, still moving upon my hands and knees. And as I raised myself upright on my knees, fully expecting to see my Lord upon the cross, I was surprised to find that He no longer hung upon that cross, but, rather, stood now at its base. The heavy twilight half veiled the clarity of His face at that moment. He spoke to me . . . telling me that a journey had been prepared for me . . . there must be no fear, for I would be guided on the entire journey ... an angel had been appointed to be my guide . . . and when the journey was ended,

the Master promised that He would be waiting for me again, at the cross!

It was then that I became aware of someone approaching me, and then standing by my side . . . As I turned to look . . . there he was . . . a being, clad in snowy white raiment, and his face aglow with the light of love and purity. He gently touched me on the arm, bidding me to arise and go with Him, repeating the Master's promise . . . "You have nothing to fear, for the Master has bidden me to accompany you on the entire journey." As I looked into the face of the angel, a warm surge of companionship swept through my being. I felt as though I had always known him.

As the angel touched me and beckoned me to turn, I faced back to the cross once more, and lo, from the right side of the cross there appeared, as it were, a band of light . . . all the colors of the rainbow were in that band of light. It stretched, with a majestic circular sweep, upward, until it was lost in a maze of golden light as it entered the heavens. Somehow I realized this rainbow of light, represented the path of life, which begins for the child of God at the Cross, and ends one day at the Father's throne in glory!

Together, the angel and I walked to this rainbow path of light, and at the angel's indication, I stepped up, upon it. In an instant, the colors of the rainbow were gone! I was standing on a highway, sweeping ever upward toward that maze of golden light. I knew that up there, somewhere were the portals of heaven! As we walked together up this highway, I found it to be a place of busy activity. We were not alone. Multitudes of the Lord's redeemed were moving along with us as well . . . all moving toward the glory above! The arms of all on that highway, were laden with treasures . . . trophies to lay at Jesus' feet some glad day! We moved rapidly now, passing one after the other as we traveled. Looking back, I recognized some of these people whom I know on this earth today . . . some I did not know. Some stepped up and walked beside me at times, but always, we

continued to press onward and upward. The trophies, held within the arms of the many walking this highway, the angel told me, represent the precious souls that had been won for our matchless Lord!

A bit later, as we climbed upward, I was surprised to look over the far side of the highway, and to discover that everything out there was covered with a twilight, which deepened ultimately, into total blackness. When I started to question my angel-guide, he led me by a firm hand to that side of the highway. I stood, gazing down into such awful blackness, the like of which I had never seen.

Then it happened! As I watched, like a wave of the sea, there arose a surge of humanity. They rose from out the darkness. I could see only their heads, shoulders, and up-stretched hands. They all faced the highway's edge on which I stood. Their poor hands were extended to us in a sea of faces! Those nearest, I could see plainly, but gradually into the distance, and below, they faded into the utter darkness. I saw white faces, black faces, oriental faces, olive skinned faces. They were all there, of all races and nations. The angel of the Lord reached up and touched my ears. As he did so, my ears were opened to hear the cries of those multitudes. It was an agonizing cry, which tore at my heartstrings. "Won't someone tell us of Jesus? Won't someone save us, help us, tell us of Jesus?" As they cried out, it seemed that every up-raised hand, every upturned face, was turned only in my direction. Then the angel spoke, "Son, you are beholding in similitude, those souls which will be lost to the Kingdom of Heaven, unless you are faithful in carrying the message of salvation to them. When you become weary in well doing, remember this scene. When the many problems ahead would discourage you in your work, the memory of this sight will return to your heart and it will spur you on to finish the Master's

work for you!" *How very true that has been! I am not indispensable to the Lord's work . . . None of us are.* Salvation is not hinged upon the shoulders of any one man — except Christ Himself. We all have a place of service, and of winning others to Christ. If we fail in our place of service, souls will be lost eternally, because we did not do His work, or walk in His will.

Until the time of this vision, I had had little or no interest in preaching the gospel, personally, in foreign fields. The vision changed the picture entirely — for there I saw them from many races and nationalities. Since then, too, the Lord has miraculously opened a door of service to us, which is almost worldwide. Recent years of service have taken us to minister in many foreign lands, and some of the greatest reaping of the golden harvest of souls for the Kingdom, has been witnessed in these foreign lands.

To this day, more times than not, when a burden of intercession for souls comes upon me in prayer, the scene of this vision comes back to me most vividly! I do not see the actual vision again, but the reality of it is stamped indelibly on my mind! It was at this point that my angel-messenger informed me that I must leave this highway for a short time in order to be shown the fate of lost souls. It was at this point that I left the highway in vision to glimpse the horror, the stark terror of hell!

Bible Truth

I believe the Word of God! Skeptics and unbelievers may ridicule, but the Bible remains the only true authority we have in this dark world. Enemies of the Bible have tried every way in their power to do away with the Word of God. Modernists have lent their support. But, Bible truth stands firmly in spite of tempest, storm, or attack! Hallelujah!

My Bible tells me there is a place called heaven! On the canvas of God's Word, the Holy Spirit has painted in glowing colors of truth, the delightful picture of a

beautiful land, which shall be the eternal dwelling place of every born-again child of God . . . for all who have been washed from their sins in the precious blood of Christ! But, the same Bible, which tells us of the loveliness of Heaven, faithfully portrays, too, an eternal abode called Hell!

The same Bible, which tells us that Heaven is eternal, tells us, too, that Hell is everlasting. If you are going to consistently believe that there is a heaven, and that it is to last forever, by the same token, you are forced to believe there is a literal hell which shall last forever!

In Revelation 20:10 and 15: and in Chapter 21:8, I would bring these words to your attention:

And the devil that deceived them was cast into the lake of fire and brimstone, where the beast and false prophet are, and shall be tormented day and night forever and ever, . . . AND WHOSOEVER WAS NOT FOUND WRITTEN IN THE BOOK OF LIFE, was cast into the lake of fire . . . But the fearful, and unbelieving, and the abominable, and murderers, and whoremongers, and sorcerers, and idolaters, and all liars shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone!

Is there a *Hell*? My Bible tells me in this passage, and elsewhere that there most certainly IS and I believe it! It is my purpose to keep this narrative so simple that all who read it will understand. The word "hell" is understood by all, and for this reason we choose to use this word, rather than other terms, which, while correct scripturally, would not be understood by some who read these lines. Hence, I choose to use the well-understood word, "Hell." *Even the Lord Jesus said, "How shall ye escape the damnation of hell?"*

So *who will be in hell?* I simply refer you once again to the Bible text:

WHOSOEVER WAS NOT FOUND WRITTEN IN THE BOOK OF LIFE!

On the brighter side, may I remind you of our Lord's wonderful proposition to man? In substance it is this: If ye confess Me before men, I will confess you before My Father which is in Heaven; but if ye deny Me before men, I will also deny you before My Father which is in Heaven.

I can hear someone saying, "But, Mr. Fox, I live a good life! I am one of those refined individuals. I belong to church. I give to church work and to charities. I attend Sunday school faithfully. I live up to the teaching of the Golden Rule."

That is lovely . . . but did you know that the Lord Jesus has a special message just for you? In the days of the long ago, a group of self-righteous people — religionists, came to the Master, and, speaking as we would speak they said, "Look, look at those people over yonder. They are terrible sinners. They deserve judgment ... will you not condemn them?" Do you recall the reply of the Master, in Luke chapter thirteen? He did not go to those who were being condemned by their fellowmen, and consign them to the pit of hell. Instead, He turned to the self-righteous accusers, and said, *"I tell you, that except YE repent, YE shall ALL likewise perish!"*

No exceptions, my friends! According to the Bible . . . all have sinned and have come short of the glory of God, for the Bible also states that the Scripture hath concluded ALL under sin.

You may join every church in your city and still lose your soul. Simply reading the Bible will not save you. Merely living a good life, attempting to live up to the teachings of the Golden Rule *will not* save you. There is only one means of salvation.

Man is broken both spiritually and physically. We are in

dire need of a Physician who is able to heal both soul and body. What shall we do? To whom may we turn?

"What can wash away my sin? Nothing but the blood of Jesus!"

What can make me whole again? Nothing but the blood of Jesus!"

My Bible states that *only the Blood of Jesus Christ, God's son, can cleanse me from all sin!* Human argument or contest will not change God's plan and order. The Master said, "Except a man be *born again*, he shall not enter the Kingdom of God." You and I can never change God's plan of redemption! There is one door, and only one, one way and only one.

Jesus said, "I am the way, the truth and the life; no man cometh unto the Father but by Me." There you have it! There is NO spiritual birth without the blood of Christ applied, by faith to our hearts.

"But," you say, "the Bible also says that God is love, and I cannot understand a God of love who would delight in millions of souls, lost, burning in the torment of hell!" To be frank with you, friend, the Bible teaches that God is love, and He certainly does not enjoy the prospect of souls being tortured in an eternal hell. In fact, one day long ago, God, the Father was so desperately concerned that He was willing to part with Heaven's best . . . that which was dearest to His own Father-heart, He gave to this world. From the Ivory Palaces of celestial glory, He sent His only begotten Son, the Lord Jesus Christ, to our sin-cursed world. He came to live among men, and to die upon a cross for our redemption from the thralldom of sin. From the fullness of His divine heart of love, He gave to us the best Heaven could offer . . . and His name is called *Jesus!*

In order to be faithful to the message, I must warn you that if you do not accept the means, which God has provided for you in order to save you, then, even a God of love in heaven cannot do more for you. The decision rests now, in *your* hands . . . It is a fortunate thing for us all, that He is a God of love, or we would already find ourselves in the place of eternal perdition!

The greatness of God's love is beyond our human power to understand! It is the sweetest story ever told and the more we tell it, the more we love to tell it! It is bound up in the priceless promise of His Word:

For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should NOT perish but have everlasting life!

Will you not believe it? Will you not receive it in your own heart? The Holy Spirit will help you. You can pray with the man of old, who said to Jesus - "Lord, I believe, help Thou mine unbelief!" Even as Christ was there to help that needy man, so, if you call upon Him this moment, He will be at your side to reveal Himself to you!

Regions of the Lost

Let us again resume the journey! With the urging of the angel by my side, I finally stepped off this highway of light on which I stood, into the twilight. I began to sink down — down — down and the twilight near the highway deepened into shades of purple, and then utter blackness. That blackness became so thick, it seemed as if one could cut it with a knife! After a long moment, when I felt as though I could no longer bear the darkness or the sensation of sinking, I closed my eyes tightly, as though that could shut it out! I became aware of the fact that the sensation of sinking had ceased, and when I opened my eyes, I found indeed that the scene had

changed. I was standing in the corner of a large, dimly lit room. Across the room, on a bed lay a sick man . . . dying. His loved ones were gathered around the bedside, weeping. The man was in a horrible death struggle. Finally, with a loud outcry, his body shook convulsively, and then relaxed . . . *The man was dead!* How his loved ones grieved and wept! For some time I watched this sad sight, and then I was startled as I witnessed the soul of that physically dead man, arise from the mortal remains upon the bed. That soul looked much like the body of clay that lay upon the bed, except that it was younger in appearance. Unmistakably I could recognize that particular soul as belonging to the body of clay. The soul moved across the room, and stepped out through an open window. I was astonished for the physical remains still laid upon the bed. Loved ones weeping around the bed, were not aware at all of this transition.

In obedience to the angel's beckoning, I moved across the room to that open window through which the soul of that unconverted man had passed, and in obedience, I, too, stepped out of that window, to find myself again in darkness . . . that same sickening sensation of sinking downward had come upon me again!

At first, everything was clothed in total darkness, and then, after a time there began to be faint, weird, fantastic lights and shadows, like as of a flickering fire light which gradually became brighter. At this point, the atmosphere, which had been warm, became stifling, finally almost unbearable, and then the descent ceased for a few moments. The lost soul of that man was just below us. By now it was possible to discern that some weird creature, which arose from the lower regions, joined him. It was a demon, sent from hell to take that soul, if necessary, by force, on the remainder of its downward journey. The descent began once again! Far below us, things

now began to take on definite form. There appeared a huge orb or sphere, which was bathed in flames of liquid fire. At closer proximity, the sphere was so large that it was impossible to begin to see around it. This had been the source of the mysterious firelight.

Finally the descent ceased, as we came close against this vast orb. I saw evidence of a fierce struggle for just a moment, between the lost soul and that demon, and suddenly, with a wild shriek, that soul was plummeted headlong into the wall of fire, which covered this huge sphere. Everything was silent, save for the licking of the flames covering the orb. Then I experienced a strange sensation. The angel placed his hand over my eyes with the words, "Be not afraid." I felt suddenly as though I was being plummeted through space at a great speed. Then the motion ceased, and when the angel removed his hand from my eyes, I found that I was on the inside of a different realm. I heard the voices of lost souls uplifted in cries, shrieks, and curses. Somehow, I knew fully that those were the realms we speak of here on earth as Hell! Let me pause to add this remark . . . I believe in literal hell fire, because the Bible states it to be a fact. I do not ask you to simply accept my word for it . . . *Read your Bible!* For a second reason, I believe in literal hell fire, because I have caught one horrible glimpse of it in spirit, and that sight is stamped forever on my heart!

Not only are the souls of the lost tormented by literal fire, (as they indeed are), but they are haunted, tortured by the sins, vices, and iniquities which took them there. I discovered, as the angel led me through the regions of the lost, that this place is divided, as it were, into vast sections.

The Prince of Darkness

The angel led me into a vast open arena. The ceiling and walls were ornate, beautiful, if that is possible, in a hideous sort of manner. The floor was paved with blackest ebony. In the center of this vast place stood a

huge black throne, trimmed in jade green. At first glimpse, I beheld that the throne was empty. Ornate black steps led down from its crest. At the bottom of the steps, I saw someone standing, his back to me. He, too, was clad in garments of black (the royal color of hell!), which flowed from his shoulders into a long, slinky train. The angel prodded me to walk toward the black throne. As we approached, that strange personality turned to face us.

His face was dark and at first glance, handsome. Clear-cut features, defined well, and the regal bearing he assumed, presented him as a most striking personality. Let me tell you, friend, Satan is real, and he does not always pose as a writhing demon. He can come as an angel of light, in his many arts of deception! As I came nearer, I thought his eyes were most interesting, until, as I watched, they became flames of hatred, with the fire of hell reflected in them. The angel at my side, whispered, "Behold son, the Prince of Darkness!"

And that Prince spoke. "How dare you enter my realm? You shall not leave humanly alive! I shall smite you with my hand, and pronounce a curse upon you with my lips!" A diabolic laugh almost curdled the blood in my veins! And then he spoke again. "To see the people of earth suffer is my food; to see them mangled and bleeding is my drink. My hour is at hand when once more I shall strike the earth with a curse, but you shall not go back to tell what you have seen and heard!" And in that awful moment, the Prince of Darkness raised his right hand in a threatening gesture and walked toward me! I felt all the strength going from my being. I was about to collapse. The hatred in those cruel eyes pierced me, and made me recoil with a feeling of nausea. But, only for a moment for the angel of the Lord intervened!

Without warning the Prince of Darkness came closer. As quickly as the twinkling of an eye the

angel of the Lord stepped in front of me. He stood directly in the path of the oncoming enemy! In a flash, the Angel of the Lord raised both of his hands outward, from his side. In that instant, from his being, there fell, directly in the path of the oncoming Prince of Darkness, the perfect form of a cross. I could see the shadow of that cross! As the Evil One came within the tip of the shadow of the cross, he recoiled, and fell back to the ebony floor, and uttered a blasphemous curse, with the words "the cross ... the cross again!"

The angel of the Lord looked down upon Satan and exclaimed. "Oh Prince of Darkness, the cross, the cross that sealed your doom, because of the Son of God who hung upon it. That cross is your doom, now, and it shall forever be your judgment."

Turning to me, the Angel of the Lord spoke quietly, with assurance. "Turn son, and walk to your right. Do not fear I will be behind you." In obedience I turned to walk across that vast arena floor with the angel behind me, and now, miracle of miracles, I could see that he still walked with his arms uplifted, and from behind him now, fell the shadow of the cross again, as we left the presence of his Satanic majesty!

Oh, thank God for the cross of Jesus! Praise God for the precious blood of Christ, which was shed on that cross! Through that blood we have salvation and complete deliverance from all of the bondages of Satan. Yes! Yes!! Satan was defeated at Calvary! The Lion of the Tribe of Judah has triumphed! He has overcome! He will overcome forever, and ever! Satan's power is broken! Hallelujah!

"Beneath the Cross of Jesus,
I fain would take my stand!"

Not only do the fires of hell torment the souls of the lost day and night, but they are tormented, too, by the sins and iniquities which took them there, the things which kept them from acknowledging Christ as Lord and Savior. Hell is *divided*! I saw the greatest dancing party

ever witnessed. On and on it went with never a stop! Drawing closer, I witnessed features that were convulsed, contorted, twisted with terror and weariness. How they longed to stop, but still it continued. Something invisible, sinister, dragged them on in an eternal dance which they could never stop. I do not hesitate to add that the modern dance hall is one of the devil's biggest trap doors to hell!

In another place, gambling held sway. Every device, I am sure that has ever been used on earth, and some that have not, are to be found in hell. There were vast mountains of gold and silver, gems and money. I saw the grasping hands of the greedy, and those that had lusted for money, while on earth. They reached out to grasp these elusive riches, only to be stung, burned fiercely as they touched them. They would recoil with oaths and curses, and then, as though impelled by some unseen force they would try and try again and again. That is the horror of hell. The awful repetition, the endlessness of it all!

I saw the proud there! The multitudes who, on earth, had been too proud to serve the Lord. Eternally, it seemed, they preened their pride, but loathed it, but the same compelling force demanded that they go on and on.

I saw a profession of religion there. No worship of God, rather, the worship of self, and of false spirits.

I heard the music of hell! It was a thousand fold more terrifying than a funeral dirge. It ate into the marrow of the bones! The angel of the Lord pointed out these were the people, who, on earth had followed some form or other of religion, but who had completely denied the power of the living Gospel of Christ so the worship of self and of evil spirits went on and on.

I saw fear in hell such as I had never witnessed on earth. I have seen tragedy strike during the years of my ministry on earth. I have

seen faces blanched with terror. But I saw this thing magnified one thousand fold in the corridors of hell. I heard anguished cries of fear! I saw the terrorized souls of the lost trying, desperately, to lose themselves in the shadows, but to no avail. They were always running from some enemy that did not pursue. The angel stated that these multitudes were the people who, on earth, had been *too fearful* to acknowledge Christ as their Savior and Lord! Now, in the region of the doomed, their fears, magnified one thousand fold, came back constantly to mock them, to torture them, stretching the cords of their emotions on a shuddering rack from which there was no escape!

Many were the scenes, which these mortal eyes beheld, until I felt as though I could bear no more. Always the comforting presence of the Lord's angel was a mountain of strength to me, or I am certain that I too, would have been terror stricken! I wish I had the power of speech or adequate vocabulary to depict these scenes to you. To sum it up, hell is one thousand times more horrible than words could ever portray in human language!

God Himself knows the horror of hell. That is why, in His matchless love He gave His Son to save us from the pit of damnation. How shall you escape the damnation of hell, as the Bible says, my friend, except it be through the mercy, love, and cleansing blood of Jesus Christ, the eternal Son of God. *I have seen Hell!* I entreat you not to ridicule, laugh, or scoff! Redemption is yours through Christ, if in humility you will accept Him in your heart. He waits to write your name down in the Lamb's Book of Life!

Inside The Pearly Portals

After this sad experience of the visit to the regions of the lost, the messenger of the Lord returned me to the Highway of Life, and we resumed the journey upward, toward the glorious maze of golden light! At closer

proximity, that heavenly light enveloped everything, and then, I began to glimpse the pearly gates of Heaven! And oh, my friends, *the gates were open wide!!* Hallelujah!

As we moved along, the roadway seemed to almost vanish in the golden light, and then I found myself standing by the shores of a river! That river flowed between the pearly gates and me. And the angel spoke again saying "This is the River of Life, and the redeemed of the Lord, on leaving their earthly vessel (body), must first pass through this river before entering the gates to the Kingdom. These waters cleanse away all traces of earthliness and mortality, both of which can never dwell permanently within the immortal kingdom." The angel further instructed me that this River from out of the heart of the throne of God, passes down through the city, and flows outside the portals of pearl in its course. He further told me that I should not pass through the river, since my work in the earthly kingdom was not yet finished and that I had to return to the earthly kingdom for a season to fulfill that ministry. Then, as the angel touched me, I found myself passing *over* the River, rather than going through it.

When my feet touched yonder shore, a wave of joy spread through my entire being! This was the golden strand of Heaven, of which we so often sang and spoke on earth. And I was standing there! And this was *home!* My heavenly home! Possibly that meant more to me than it would mean to the ordinary individual. Why? Here on earth, we have traveled constantly all over North America, and to many foreign lands, even to the Islands of the Sea! Everywhere we have gone, home has been very temporary to me! A few days or a few weeks at the most and then we pack up and move on again.

When we move into our living quarters, we make it a point to get settled immediately, for if we

did not do so, we would be unsettled all the time. At the close of a campaign our landlord comes to our house or apartment and says, "What time will you be leaving, and turning in your key, Mr. Fox!" Thank God, in the Kingdom of Heaven, the rent will never be due and no landlord will come around on Monday morning and urge us to hurry and move to make room for someone else! There is plenty of room in heaven, *"fifty miles of elbow room,"* as the song tells us! Praise God! And heaven is the eternal home of every blood-washed child of God! And now, in my vision, I stood within the portal of the pearly gates! Those portals are made of purest pearl! They appeared absolutely luminous in the light of the heavenly atmosphere!

Are you a lover of beautiful music? My friend, wait until you have heard the music of that Celestial Land! Never has earth ever heard any music that would compare with the melodic harmonies of glory! You may have heard the orchestras of earth, and the majestic symphonies; you may thrill to the blended voices of a great choir; you may be enraptured at the husky, deep-throated voice of the mighty pipe organ, but on earth, we have nothing to compare with the melody of Heaven! Up there, you will hear the music of thousands of golden harps, played by the glassy sea! You will hear the angels sing! I heard them! The music and singing of the glory world spilled over the Jasper walls into my poor heart, till I thought I could not bear it! The angel of the Lord, saw that I was completely spellbound, and he whispered to me, "You too, shall play for the King!"

Had we time and space, I would love to describe the musical instruments of the heavenly Kingdom to you. I saw some of them. They are so totally different from man's designs, producing harmonies that are indeed "out of this world!" As I listened to the singing something, which I consider to be a miracle, took place! Suddenly I was not just listening I was part of that music, and it was part of me. My whole being was alive with harmony and song. How can I explain it? Here on earth, we listen

to music. We hear it. Over there, I discovered that the whole being becomes part of the heavenly harmony. It will not matter whether or not you were talented on earth, or whether you could play on instruments, or sing with the voice of an opera star! In Heaven, we will all be part of heaven's *harmony* joining with heaven's hosts to give praise, honor, and glory to the Lamb of God! I know some dear, sincere people on earth, who do not believe in music in church. In heaven, such people will be due for a great surprise. It will prove, of course, to be a joyful one, as they not only hear the heavenly choirs, and the instruments of eternal glory, but they, too, will become part of it!

Up The Golden Streets

The streets of that heavenly land are paved with purest gold! Our most refined gold of earth does not compare with the beauty, the richness of the pure gold in the streets of Glory. The atmosphere of the place is a symphony of harmonic color. When our first parents — Adam and Eve — sinned in the Garden of Eden, something was lost from the vision of man which will never be fully restored until Paradise is fully restored to man. I believe that we not only lost the color and beauty of the atmosphere around us when man fell into sin, but from our vision we also lost the power to freely witness the activity of the spiritual world. Only on rare occasions does the Lord permit the veil to be lifted and some of his followers are privileged to glimpse, literally, the activities of that spiritual world! Many of us sense these things, but not too many mortal eyes are privileged to glimpse "beyond the veil" and see the activities of angels, ministering spirits, and the life inside the Eternal realms of Endless Day! One day soon, when Jesus comes,

this will all be changed, when Jesus comes for His blood-washed church!

I was thrilled with the great number of angels. What were they like? Do angels have wings? I saw no angels having wings. At the entrance to Glory — the Pearly Gates, I saw some unusual Beings, clothed in garments of a golden or amber color. From back of their shoulders, long filmy trains trailed, which had the appearance of wings. The angels, clad in white, shining garments had no wings! I discovered, too, the redeemed of the Lord have no wings. The Lord Himself has no wings. He had none when He appeared to His disciples after the resurrection. We will not have any either; since at the moment of translation, we shall receive bodies — incorruptible — like His.

If we have no wings, how do we transport ourselves from one place to another in the Kingdom? My friend, believe me, when I tell you, that with our incorruptible bodies, when we want to transport ourselves from one position to another, the desire, earnestly expressed, will be all that is necessary in order for the deed to be accomplished!

In this vision, I also learned why there is no trouble, no misunderstanding in Heaven! Shall I tell you? Nothing is hidden, up there. There are no secrets. I discovered, in that short time I mingled with the angels, and with the redeemed, that then all thoughts are understood. Thoughts are just as words spoken. I repeat nothing is hidden. That is why we have wars on earth. That is why misunderstandings creep into our churches here on earth. That is why families are often broken. That is why erstwhile friends can become enemies. Too many things are hidden. There are too many secrets. In Heaven's kingdom, nothing is hidden. All is as an open book!

In this connection, friends often ask me about the language of Heaven. Let me assure you that they do not speak English, French, German, Spanish, or Scandinavian. They do not speak any known language.

Heaven has its own heavenly tongue! During my short experience, I found that I could speak and be understood to perfection. It was not necessary to learn the Heavenly language. There is no language of earth to compare with the harmonic beauty of that UP THERE! When the angel of the Lord touched my lips, just as we entered the Pearly Gates, it seemed but the natural thing to speak and understand that heavenly tongue! Traveling as we have, around much of the world, I have heard many earthly languages. I have been often intrigued by the babble of tongues and languages around the world. I must admit, however, that none can compare with the language of Heaven! You must understand, of course, that, in the brief time that this vision lasted, I saw only a small part of the heavenly Kingdom. Yet, from the small part I beheld, it was evident that pure happiness reigned everywhere, with constant worship and praise in the hearts of all, to the Lamb of God! In the distance, the majestic Highway of Life, swept upward to its highest point. I tried to gaze upon that highest point, from which emanated all the light, which floods the entire Kingdom. My mortal eyes could not bear the sight, and I bowed my head, as the angel said, "That, son, is the throne of God and of the Lamb."

Friend, there is no darkness up there, no sun to shine, no moon to give her light, no stars to twinkle for the Lamb of God is the Eternal Light, and as the Word of God states "*there is no night there!*"

Shortly after we had entered the pearly portals, I observed towers, minarets, and domes, which obviously crowned many magnificent structures. They towered high above the green turf, which was closer to us. These, the angel told me, were the mansions that the Master had promised that He had gone to prepare. And, the angel further

informed me that the mansions were almost completed for all of God's children. Hallelujah! Upon inquiry, however, I discovered that none of the Lord's redeemed actually dwell YET in the mansions. Where are they? That is another beautiful portion of this experience.

The Paradise Garden

The angel of the Lord directed me to follow, as he left the central Highway of Life. We walked along the winding roadway, into a magnificent garden. Soon we were in the midst of trees, shrubs and flowers. Everything was alive with color! Friends, I have seen the gay colored flowers of the far north, and the exquisite flowers of the far south, but nothing can compare with the color of the flowers that bloom in that Eternal Land! These flowers know nothing of decay. Their colors never lose brilliancy. Since having this vision, I sometimes feel sorry for my friends who do not enjoy colors. Heaven is filled with color! Up there I found that God is extravagant in love for color. You will find a complete absence of anything black in the Kingdom of Heaven. (I discovered that black is the royal color of hell!).

I was walking now, in the paradise garden within the heart of the kingdom of heaven! And it was there that I met many friends and loved ones, whom I recognized. Long since they have left this earthly life behind. They have gone on before us, and all those who loved Jesus are up there! My own little mother came to me, with her hands extended in welcome. In the vision, I saw her and spoke to her! She was perfect, young, and radiant, as are all within those portals.

In this mighty Garden, I found a host of the Lord's redeemed moving around in and out of structures, which I can only speak of as pavilions, which were beautiful beyond words! These pavilions, in the heart of Paradise Garden, represent the present dwelling place of the Lord's redeemed until we have been summoned to higher service. I will refer to this again shortly. Moving along, we

approached the crest of a very gentle slope. Among those who passed by, and whom I was privileged to meet in this vision, was Lazarus. The same Lazarus whom the Master raised from the dead, outside Bethany of Judea!

We came to the crest of the gentle slope, and looking over, and down, as far as my eyes could see amidst the amazing greensward, I also beheld great pillars and colonnades, and they were literally studded with scintillating, bright shining gems and jewels, which sparkled in the Heavenly atmosphere. Among the pillars and colonnades were tables, clad with snowy white linens, and fringed at the tips with crimson. Somehow, instinctively, those crimson fringes spoke to me of the Blood of Jesus! On these tables were goblets and containers, filled with the fruits and wine of the Kingdom. As I looked, the Angel said reverently, "Son, you are beholding a glimpse of the completed preparation for the Marriage Supper of the Lamb. All is in readiness. We only await the summons of the King to His Church. They shall partake together here in the Kingdom anew, even as He once promised His disciples." Hallelujah! Jesus is coming soon!

We move to a deeply solemnizing thought in this moment! Looking beyond this scene to my right I beheld in the vision, two great bronzed doors. They were closed. When I was about to ask the angel the meaning of these vast, bronze doors, when he said, "The King will sit upon His Judgment Seat. After all His redeemed have partaken of the fruit and wine of the Kingdom, these doors will be opened. All of the Lord's own will follow him through those doors. Only the redeemed shall enter. Not even the angels will be allowed free access at that time. The King will sit upon His Judgment Seat and the books will be opened, and the deeds of the Lord's children, while they were on earth, as His professing followers, will be openly read and

discussed in the presence of all the Body of Christ. Each deed, each motive, and each ambition will be laid bare."

Someone has said there will be no tears in Heaven. There is one time when *there will be tears in Heaven*. THIS IS THE TIME. There will be tears of abject mortification and humiliation as our motives and purposes in service for Christ while on earth are fully laid bare. There will be no distinction. From the humblest layman, to the greatest worker for the Lord, all will be revealed! Many tears will flow in that hour, but the King Himself will come down from his Judgment Seat, and as the Word says, "*He will wipe away all tears!*"

There, at His seat of Judgment, the redeemed of all ages will be assigned to their permanent dwelling places, or mansions, in the Kingdom of God. Upon entering the Kingdom of Heaven, I had noticed that His Kingdom is built, level upon level, sphere upon sphere. According to our rewards at the Judgment Seat of our Lord, we shall be assigned to, and dwell in the mansions, in one sphere or the other of the Kingdom. Time and space will not permit us to describe this more fully. Perhaps in a later book we may be able to do this. Be assured, that if we all could understand and grasp the true portent and meaning of this truth here and now, we would all stop and examine our hearts and our works in His Name.

Since having this experience, I have been arrested many times in my steps, and caused to re-examine my service to Christ. And that hour is nearer than most of us realize! Heaven, as we call it, is a place of much activity, in addition to our worship of the King. Our activity, our service in Heaven will be largely based on the motives behind our service while here on the earth! Let us think well on these things!

After a time, during which other interesting experiences were mine, "up there," my eyes became heavy, then my body became heavy. This puzzled me, since I was "in Heaven." Then the Angel reminded me that I was still

mortal and human, and that in this state of mortality I could no longer bear the atmosphere of the immortal. I must return to the earthly kingdom. I entreated the angel — "May I not stay here, now that I am here?"

To which he rejoined, "Have you forgotten those in Earth's Kingdom, who will be lost unless you, with others, bring the message of redemption to them? You have much work to accomplish in a short period of earthly time. It will only be for a season, then you will be reunited forever, in this Kingdom. Be of good courage!"

The angel's words comforted my heart and then he spoke again, saying, "Close your eyes." I obeyed. The cool touch of the angel's hand covered my eyes for a long moment, as I felt myself being transported it seemed, at an unbelievable speed, through space. When the motion ceased, the angel removed his hand from my eyes, and said very quietly, "Open *your* eyes."

At The Cross

On opening my eyes, in just a flash of a glance, I looked and then dropped my head. I was no longer inside the pearly portals of heaven. I was back at the cross where this experience had first begun. In that quick, flashing glance, I glimpsed the Master, standing at His cross, as He had promised me. I felt too unworthy to look, hence I dropped my head. In that fleeting glimpse, I saw the Cross and the Master bathed in the golden light of heaven's atmosphere. He was looking at me, and His gaze impelled me to slowly lift my head. There was Divine Love in that impelling look! I felt it surge through me! Slowly, I lifted my head, and beheld first, his sandaled feet, and then the lower portion of His robe. It was white and glistening and it was studded with tiny, bright pinpointed gems that shone like gold and silver. As I

looked, that garment with its shining, tiny gems, suddenly seemed to become the whole Universe. I was standing on the edge of the world; looking out into the vast space we call the Universe! It spoke to me of Eternity and is He not eternal? Looking up further, I saw the broad golden band around His waist and then the upper part of his garments, white as snow. Then His Face! It was a strong face, ageless, expressing eternity! His hair was golden in the light that shone down upon Him. His hair and beard were not long and black as artists so often portray, but close cut. A smile played upon His lips and in that moment in His smile, I once again saw the pearly gates, heard the angels sing, saw the streets of gold, and the mansions. The music of heaven was once again in my soul and all of this was in my Master's smile.

His eyes! What words of man can explain them? His eyes met mine, and for a moment His Divine Love emanated from them, into mine. Then His look changed! He was analyzing me, reading me like a book. He saw the good things, which seemed so pitifully few. He saw the small mean things and He looked carefully at them all. Then suddenly His eyes were full of love and a glorious Truth flooded my soul, a Truth that has caused me to shed many, many tears since that experience. In that moment I was aware that My Master knew all about me. He knew everything that there was to know, but He loved me just the same! Wonderful Jesus. Oh, friend it is true. He knows all about you too, and He loves you just the same!

Then He spoke to me. Some of that which He said, I am not at liberty to quote or write, however. He did give me a commission to give to the people. I hesitate to quote Him, in first Person, but except I do, this commission will lose much of its power and personal appeal to you. Therefore, I do so, with a feeling of deepest reverence in my soul:

"God forth and tell the people that the last hour of mercy is upon them. Carry this message, and faint

not, for the time is short. Wherever the message is given, I will be in the midst, and there shall be light, for I am the Light of the World. You, with many others, have been called to give this last hour message. Therefore, go quickly, and warn the people to seek Me quickly, for Behold I come quickly, even as a thief cometh in the night!"

This then is the commission, which I believe the Lord has given to me, to give to you. These are the last days of revival! Jesus is coming soon, very soon! And He said, "Except a man be born again, he shall not enter the Kingdom of God." From the depths of my heart, I ask you, what will you do with Jesus? To enter His Kingdom, there is only one way. Of that way, He said, "*I am the Way, the truth and the life; no man cometh unto the Father but by me.*" Only His divine blood can cleanse you from all your sin. Ask him to do it this moment, and the Man of the Seamless white robe will stand beside you. You will hear His word of forgiveness. He will break all the fetters that bind you He will heal your sin-stricken soul. He will heal your broken body. Friends, God is with us. I entreat that you bow your heart before Him, asking God to be merciful to you, a sinner, praying in the inspired words of the hymn:

*"Just as I am and waiting not,
To rid my soul of one dark blot;
To Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot,
Oh! Lamb of God, I come!"*

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