

My Mother's Departure to Heaven

February 26th, 2024



My Mother's Departure to Heaven

Beloved Heart Dwellers, I want to share with you Chronicles of The Bride, some of the different things that we experienced, Ezekiel and I both, and before I get into that, I do want to share my mothers' departure for Heaven.

In December of two thousand eight, we got a call that she had only three months to live. Immediately, we made arrangements to join her. My mother had always been a bit sketchy about what would happen to her after death. She knew the soul was not flesh and blood, because she felt her husbands' soul depart from his body. She envisioned that departed loved ones and animals would be there too.

During the dwelling prayer time we shared together ten years before her passing, she saw her father walking towards her as a young man and behind him was her mother. She sensed her departed husbands' hand on her shoulder during this dwelling prayer time, and joy of all joys, her kitty, Muffins, sporting little wings, flew onto her shoulder and nestled up against her.

This was not any kind of necromancy or calling up the dead, this was a time of worship and prayer to our Lord Jesus, but God in His tender mercy, knew the state of my mothers' soul and understanding about eternity and He was beginning to prepare her for her last days on Earth. This experience changed her preconceived perceptions about death and the afterlife but did not totally convince her of what laid ahead.

So, arriving in Wisconsin where she was staying, her very first words to me were:

"Why has God done this to me?"

I could only answer her,

"Mom, He loves you very much, and you have accomplished all you came to do. Now it is time to go home."

Given radical changes in world events, she was apprehensive about what was to come. Her dream home in Wisconsin became a burden during the winters when it was necessary for her to pay a hundred dollars every time the driveway was plowed, at least six times a month. The taxes had shot up to eleven thousand a year and she was tired, so very tired of it all. In prayer I distinctly heard the Lord say,

"She is tired of suffering, and I am tired of seeing her suffer."

During one of our talks, she said,

"You know, I really do not mind dying, I am tired. I just do not know what to expect after that."

I had sent her extensive writings about our Heavenly experiences, but she was still understandably afraid, so we set out to reassure her that she had an eternity of joy to look forward to, complete with grasses and flowers, lakes, and streams, and loved ones and pets, everything that she loved would be there.

Each day my husband and I would sit with her and take her on a journey to Heaven through her imagination. Jesus always met us halfway with the real thing. She became acquainted with the gardens, fields, skies, and animals, but especially the River of Life, she especially loved the water.

After about two months her time was drawing near. I climbed into bed and cradled her in my arms and as I was doing so, I caught sight of Jesus on the other side of the bed. He extended His hand to her, and I saw in the spirit that she sat up, took hold of it, and left with Him. Jesus was preparing me in a vision for what was soon to come.

A few moments later as I lay beside her, my husband sat next to us on the bed and said,

“Linda! Look for the river! Remember the River of Life? Look for it!”

She had been there many times with my husband as he guided her on a tour of Heaven. She had not moved or spoken for two days, she only responded with her eyes. At that very moment she turned her head, opened her eyes, sat up in bed, and extended her right hand to where I had seen Jesus standing, and her vacant body fell back down on the pillows.

She was gone, finally free of her ninety-year occupation of a body that got progressively feebler and more burdensome. I was so happy for her; I just wanted to jump and shout and dance and celebrate her entrance into eternity. An hour later as I sat quietly with the Lord, I saw Jesus in the spirit walking towards me and besides Him was my beautiful mother, young, attractive, and full of life. She said only one thing to me:

“You were right.”

I suppose that all mothers have a little trouble believing their children, especially when such unique experiences as ours are shared with them, but she knew I would never lie or deceive her, but what if I were deceived, hearing from a familiar spirit, not trusting completely that what we experienced was the real thing? I believe she struggled until the last moment, questioning, ‘Is it really true’? When she looked and saw Jesus reaching over towards her, she knew it was true and was finally ready with all her heart to let go of that shriveled up body and enter Paradise with Him.

Later that night my husband saw her happy in Heaven, having a picnic with her mother and father under a tree by the River of Life and, oh yes, Muffins was right there by her side, rubbing up against her back-and-forth, purring, so happy to see his mom, reunited with him forever.

Heart Dwellers, I share this wonderful experience with you just to give you hope and perspective on what is possible on this Earth to have the knowledge of Heaven, that takes all the darkness out of a scary experience.

Death has truly lost its sting, even as it is written in the Scriptures. What we call death, for those who love God, is only a matter of a little spiritual housecleaning and stepping into an eternal vacation in Paradise.

And wait until you see your new home!