

## What People Are Saying about Dr. Gary Wood and *I Saw the Glories of Heaven*

What a privilege it is to be close with the Wood family and honor the legacy of Dr. Gary Wood. There is definitely a Holy Ghost connection of love and friendship with our families. My husband Pete and I were blessed to be ordained in 2006 and become pastors of Pipeline to Jesus Church under the apostleship of Dr. Gary Wood. We were the first of many churches to be licensed by Dr. Gary Wood Ministries.

My husband went home to be with the Lord, June 2, 2007. It was at that time that the value of his apostleship became even more apparent. Gary walked alongside me, encouraging me to continue steadfast with the ministry. He went beyond being our apostle, he was a true brother. He was an advisor to Pipeline to Jesus Church and helped us continue to know that we are more than conquerors.

I will be forever grateful to the time we shared together. There will always be a special place in my heart and the Pipeline to Jesus Family. What a blessing it is to receive and continue sharing Gary's testimony as we realize the confidence and eternal hope that we have as the body of Christ.

—*Pastor Annette Damico*

Pipeline To Jesus Church, New Berlin, WI

Thanks for being such a great brother and disciple of Christ. From the time I was six years old, all I can ever remember was you wanting to be is a preacher. When we played in the yard and garage in Dallas, Texas, we played church while the other kids played school. You would be the preacher and I would play the piano. Thanks for staying true to your dream and to Christ. Thank you for all your help, support & prayers.

—*Sue Patterson*

Gary Wood was a friend for over nineteen years. I had plenty of opportunities to observe him both as a pastor and traveling minister. I preached for Gary when he forfeited his own check to see that I was properly covered. He showed unusual integrity, and of course, a very effective anointing. Any pastor would have felt honored to have Gary Wood as a guest minister in his church.

—*Dr. Gerald Davis*

Overflowing Cup Ministries International, Inc.  
Teaching Seminars Overseas—Evangelism—  
Special Engagements  
New Caney, TX

One Easter several years ago, our church had the privilege of starting a revival with Rev. Gary Wood and family. For a pastor to allow someone else to take his pulpit on Easter, the greatest day to impact his community, requires real trust in another's ministry. The revival was a life changing experience for many. I can say that Rev. Gary Wood was a man of integrity. His ministry would strengthen your faith in heaven. In one of the services, he prayed for people's backs, in an unusual way...I have received numerous reports of sustained healings from that service! Rev. Gary Wood was also asked to minister at our annual Men's Resurrection Breakfast, attended by ten other churches, and at this breakfast nearly thirty men committed their lives to Jesus Christ!

We have a medical doctor that attends our church. He read the X-rays that Rev. Gary Wood had with him of his accident. He was astounded that Gary lived, because of the broken vertebrae...one of which causes certain death. I have found that Rev. Gary Wood's life after death experience to be one of the most "scriptural" in detail.

—*Pastor Jonathan Mitchell*

Centerburg Church of God, Centerburg, OH

Gary had a tremendous testimony. He had a horrible automobile accident many years ago. He had a mid-face injury with laryngeal injuries, which means his vocal cords and voice box was completely shattered. He was given no hope to ever talk again by the doctors. God touched Gary, and He healed him. Not only did he preach the Word of God, he also sang. Angel, his daughter, is an equal testimony to God's grace and mercy. I know they will bless your heart.

—*Dr. Paul Osteen*  
Lakewood Church, Houston, Texas

Thank you for your friendship and being a father in the faith. You and your family are precious to us.

—*Pastor Jesse DiMartino*  
Sarasota, FL

At a time that our lives were totally open to a move of God from heaven, you were sent.

—*Pastor Jack & Dee Cashman*  
York, PA

It was 1977 that I met Gary and his precious family at a Business Men's Holy Spirit meeting. I was impressed with his teaching and boldness. After the meeting, I asked Gary to teach a Bible study in our home. He said, "Well, maybe one time," and that one time lasted almost twenty years. His family became our family. He became our spiritual son, along with his family. We love them all dearly.

—*Mama Faerl & Mr. Scooter*  
Houston, TX

It is hard to even put into words how much your friendship and fellowship meant to us. You encouraged us through some dark days, and you blessed our congregation with your generous and loving ministry. You have made heaven more real to our hearts. We will be eternally grateful that God allowed our paths to cross with you and your precious family. Joy just flows like a river when we were together. We have been through some amazing experiences together. Just one continuous celebration! Bottom line, it's all about Him!

—*Pastors Al & Ruthjoy Capozzi*  
Bloomsburg, PA

Your ministry was a tremendous blessing to King's Cathedral. Thank you so much for investing in our cathedrals in Maui and Oahu. I trust the Lord will continue to use you powerfully.

—*Rev. Brian Reynolds*  
Administrative Pastor  
Kahului, Maui, HA

You have our respect and admiration in this wonderful journey with the Lord. Your faithfulness in Christ has been an enriched blessing to us, and we honor you and all that you represent. It takes a special person to work as hard as you do for the kingdom of God. Thanks for being such a great example to all of us in ministry.

—*Pastors Simon and Mary Whatley*  
Gleaner Full Gospel Church, Alvin, Texas

I SAW THE GLORIES OF  
HEAVEN



I SAW THE GLORIES OF  
HEAVEN

A STORY OF HEALING,  
HOPE, AND LIFE AFTER DEATH

DR. GARY L. WOOD

  
WHITAKER  
HOUSE

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**I SAW THE GLORIES OF HEAVEN:  
A Story of Healing, Hope, and Life after Death**  
(Originally published as *A Place Called Heaven*)

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# DEDICATION

*In Memory of:*

*Adopted parents Jessie James Wood and Mary Ruby Wood*

*Natural parents Nelson and Joyce Dobbins*

*(all parents are in heaven)*

*To my wife, Deena, who has loyally stood by me*

*To my children, Angel and David*

*To my wife's parents, Mr. & Mrs. Ken Kennedy*



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## PREFACE

**H**ow can I project my testimony in a few words? My sudden death in a car accident at eighteen escorted me into a place called heaven. My closest friend, who had died in a tragic accident, was the one chosen to show me around in heaven. Just as I was beginning to make a permanent adjustment, my friend put his hand gently on my shoulder and said, “Gary, you have to go back. She is using that name, Jesus.”

My baby sister had been with me in that car accident and I knew instinctively that she was calling me back by using that name. My thoughts were confirmed. After my heavenly tour, things did not look so good in the natural realm. I badly needed plastic surgery and my teeth were to become like stars; they come out at night. I had no vocal cords. Imagine the nurse’s startled face when she greeted me, and I answered her back. I have an X-ray that shows that I have no vocal cords, yet I talk and sing.

I sum up a place called heaven with these words. There is a heaven to gain and a hell to shun. Judgment is simply what we have done with Jesus in this life. This is the final battle. We are in the final quest. What is unseen is more real than what is seen.

—*Dr. Gary Wood, Th.D.*  
Grace Theological Seminary



## A NOTE FROM THE AUTHOR

**B**ecause I believe that experiences are a dime a dozen, unless they line up with the Word of God, I ask that you would bow your head and pray, asking God to speak to your heart and to confirm the truths of my story. When you read of someone's experience or testimony, you should always test it with the Holy Scriptures. I have been faithful to write and record all that the Lord has shown and told me. You should read this book along with your Bible. (Many of the Scriptures are out of *The Living Bible*.) May Jesus use this book to bring Him glory.



# 1

## A PLACE CALLED HEAVEN

**T**his book is about a place called heaven, a place that I long for to this very day, a place where I did not want to leave. The Lord had a different plan. He sent me back so that I would tell everyone the glorious wonders that await the children of God. Being in heaven was the most awesome experience of my life and I want to share this incredible story with you. I also want to share one of the most difficult situations I have ever been faced with and that was the day my natural mother called to tell me that my younger half-brother, David, had been killed in a drug raid, and she wanted me to preach at his funeral. Most preachers have reverent things to say about the deceased, but I could not think of anything reverent to say about David.

David was a member of the motorcycle gang Hell's Angels. Not only did he abuse himself with drugs and alcohol, he abused anyone who got in his way. The day that he was killed, he had beaten our mother to the point of breaking her leg. My brother was not a nice person. The drug raid resulted in gun shots, and when the smoke finally cleared, the police found his body on the floor, dead, not from a gunshot wound, but from a drug overdose. I loved my brother; even so, I believed he had gone to hell.

Losing a loved one is never easy, but if you know that they had asked Jesus into their heart, you can take comfort in knowing that

they are in heaven with Jesus. On the other hand, if there is uncertainty, the reality of my knowing that David had chosen to live his life apart from Jesus, and there was no doubt of eternal hell, the sorrow was unbearable. Many people deal with the loss of a loved one who was not saved by dismissing the realization of hell all together. I've heard people say, "I don't believe in a God who would send people to hell." I don't either! God does not send people to hell. You send yourself. You are going to live for eternity. That is a fact. It is your choice, before you leave this earth, whether you will live it in heaven or hell. Jesus warns us of hell two hundred and forty-four times in the Bible. If you were driving down the road and saw two hundred and forty-four warning signs stating that the road ahead was out, would you continue driving in the same direction? Of course not, but you may be living your life, ignoring the warning signs. Maybe you are thinking, "I've never done drugs, beaten my mother; nor have I killed anyone. That is the kind of people who go to hell. I'm a good ol' boy (or gal) compared to them. I've filled out my membership card at the church, been baptized in water, or sprinkled by a priest."

Well, friend, I am here to tell you that you can be baptized in water until you know every fish by their first name, or sign your name on every church membership in the state, and it is no more effective than shaking a donkey's tail or signing your name on a barn door, unless you have accepted Jesus Christ into your life as your personal Savior. You see, there is no *soul sleeping* or no *purgatory* where you can *hang out* until you find your way to heaven. I know that there are people who believe that you do not have to be saved to go to heaven. Some even claim to have been to heaven, and they say that heaven awaits everyone, no matter how we live our lives and that we don't need Jesus to get there. But that is not what Jesus said. Jesus said, "*Unless you are born again, you can never get into the Kingdom of God*" (John 3:3). This new birth experience is transition from the kingdom of darkness into the *kingdom of light*.

It is turning from the ways of the flesh and sin, to the ways of God. We are told of this in Romans, “*Don’t copy the behavior and customs of this world, but be a new and different person with a fresh newness in all you do and think*” (Romans 12:2). In Ephesians, the Bible says, “*Live no longer as the unsaved do, for they are blinded and confused*” (Ephesians 4:17).

I have come to recognize that the most profound thought that can ever occupy a person’s mind is heaven and how to get there, and the simplest truth you can ever grasp is that Jesus loves you. He will put your sins behind His back as far as the east is from the west, and what is so exciting, is He promises He will never leave us or forsake us. He gives us the power of the Holy Spirit to overcome the enemy, and He provides for us an eternal abode in heaven—and I’ve been there!

I was born on March 1, 1949, in Dallas, Texas. Gary Lynn Dobbins was my given name at birth. Both my mother and father were alcoholics and abusive to me and my little sister, Sue. The Lord Jesus had His hand on our lives. While we were still so small and helpless, my parents decided that their lives would be simpler without the burden of raising Sue and I, so they left us on the porch steps of my maternal grandparents’ house. Their name was Wood. My grandparents showed us the kind of love that Christ has for us by adopting us as their own children. Jesus said, “*No, I will not abandon you or leave you as orphans in the storm—I will come to you,*” (John 14:18). God never leaves you. You may walk away from Him, turn your back on Him, but He will not walk away and leave you. I looked up the word *adoption* and found that it meant “being placed as a son into a family, with all the rights and privileges of one bearing the father’s name.” I can identify with the apostle Paul when he said, “*We should not be like cringing, fearful slaves, but we should behave like God’s very own children, adopted into the very bosom of his family, and calling to him, ‘Father, Father’*” (Romans 8:15). Some translations say “Abba Father” which is a

very intimate phrase in the Greek language which means Daddy, Daddy or Papa, Papa.

Our family attended Hillcrest Baptist Church on a regular basis. It was there that I heard for the first time, *“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”* (John 3:16 KJV). I remember responding to a message my pastor was preaching and walking down the aisle and receiving Jesus Christ as my personal Savior. It was at that moment in which I was adopted into the family of God. *“But to all who receive him, he gave the right to become children of God”* (John 1:12). All they needed to do was to trust Him to save them. So you see, once you have asked Jesus into your heart, you are instantaneously adopted into the family of God, with all the rights and privileges of a son. *“His unchanging plan has always been to adopt us into his own family by sending Jesus Christ to die for us. And he did this because he wanted to”* (Ephesians 1:5).

On a recent trip to the Holy Land, I learned that a natural born Jewish son can be excommunicated and lose his inheritance, but an adopted child can never lose his inheritance. It is the same with our heavenly Father. Once you have been adopted into the family of God, your name is written in the Lamb’s Book of Life, never to be erased. I am so thankful for a heavenly Father who will never abandon us. (See 2 Corinthians 4:9.)

Due to economic reasons, my family moved from Dallas, Texas, to Farmington, New Mexico. It was there I met a boy named John who became my best friend and would play a very important role in my life.

At a very young age I began to feel the call of God upon my life. I used to *play* church. I would make pews out of the dining room chairs, and my little sister, Sue, and John would stand up and sing “The Old Rugged Cross” from pretend hymnals, then I would preach. I would high step across the floor, pound on my

pulpit, which I had made from a TV tray, just like the hell-fire and brimstone preachers I would hear on Sunday mornings.

As I entered into my high school years, the feeling that God had a call upon my life began to deepen. The Lord blessed me tremendously with the ability to sing His praises, and for three years in a row I won Outstanding Soloist in the state of New Mexico, through all-state competition. It was in my senior year of high school when I was shaken by the devastating news that John had been killed in an automobile accident. I grieved terribly for the loss of my friend. Visions of the accident haunted my dreams for months afterwards.

In 1966, I was a freshman at Wayland Baptist College. I was home for the Christmas holidays. Sue and I had borrowed my grandfather's car and were on our way home from visiting friends. We were just one mile from home and "Silent Night" rang in the air as we sang, when suddenly, her songs of joy turned into a scream of terror.

I turned to see what the matter was. There was an explosion, then a sharp, instant pain seared across my face. There was a brilliant light that engulfed me, and I remember being free from all pain. I slipped out of my body. It was like slipping out of my clothing. I was above the car now; it was as if the top of the car had been removed. I could see my body; I could hear Sue crying. My life passed before my very eyes. I had heard that is what happens. I had never given it much thought. Then again, I was only eighteen years old and had not thought too much about my death. I certainly never thought I would die young. There I was, looking down at my body, seeing my life go by like a rerun. Everything, in just an instant, flashed before me. I had no fear, and there was no sorrow or confusion. I truly believed that I would never return from this experience. I was in a swirling, funnel-shaped cloud that grew wider and wider and brighter and brighter. As I began to ascend up through this tunnel of light, I felt such a tranquil feeling

of peace wash over me, wave after glorious wave. At the end of this brilliant tunnel was a pathway. I could see down the path a very bright, yet not blinding light. I was moving and it was like the moving sidewalks in an airport. All around me I could hear angels singing: “Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive glory, power, wisdom, and dominion be Thine forever, O Lord, amen and amen.” Oh, the glory of it! You have never heard anything so beautiful and awesome until you hear the angels singing! Those angelic choruses reverberated off the walls of my soul. It still gives me goose bumps when I think how incredibly beautiful the songs were that I heard the angels sing. I look forward to the glorious day described in the book of Revelation when millions of angels and untold millions of the redeemed will stand before the throne of almighty God, and in unity, sing worship and praise to our Lord Jesus.

*After this I beheld, and, lo, a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, stood before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands; And cried with a loud voice, saying Salvation to our God which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb. And all the angels stood around about the throne, and about the elders and the four beasts, and fell before the throne on their faces, and worshiped God.*

(Revelation 7:9–11 κϿν)

I saw the clouds open up wide. I then began walking on a green, lush carpet of grass that covered the hillside. Looking down, I noticed that the grass came all the way through my feet and that there were no indentions where I had just walked. From the hill, I viewed the outer portion of a magnificent city. There was a wonderful wall made of jasper that surrounded the city. The names of the twelve apostles were inscribed on the foundations. There were twelve pearl gates in the wall, and above each gate the names of the twelve tribes of Israel were engraved. The Bible gives us the

dimensions of that city. It is 2.7 billion cubic miles in circumference, 2,250,000 square miles at its base of perimeter, and 780,000 stories high. Can you imagine the dimensions and magnitude of this place called heaven? It has enough rooms to accommodate 100 billion people. That is more than have ever lived on the planet earth at any one time. Jesus said, *“In my Father’s house are many mansions”* (John 14:2 KJV).

In front of me was a very beautiful gate made of solid pearl that was studded with sapphires, rubies, diamonds, and many other precious gems. It was the most excellent work of art I have ever seen. The wall was so high that I could not see the top of it. It seemed to go on forever. A giant angel was holding a sword while standing guard at the gate. He was at least forty feet tall. His hair was spun gold. Rays of dazzling, soft lights flowed from this magnificent being. Another angel came through the gate, and he was checking the pages of a book that he was carrying. He then nodded to the giant angel, confirming that I may enter into the city. Suddenly, there in front of me stood my best friend, John. His eyes sparkled with life as we embraced. People have asked me if we will know one another in heaven. I knew my friend John. The Bible says in Mathew 8:11 that we will sit down with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. How will we sit down with them if we do not know who they are? The car accident that had taken John’s life was so violent that his head had been decapitated. In heaven he is whole. If someone is blind here on earth, when they die, and if they go to heaven, they will be able to see. It is the same if someone is missing arms or legs, when they get to heaven they will be whole and complete. *“When we die and leave these bodies—we will have wonderful new bodies”* (2 Corinthians 5:1), and *“These earthly bodies make us groan and sigh, but we wouldn’t like to think of dying and having no bodies at all. We want to slip into our new bodies so that these dying bodies will, as it were, be swallowed up by everlasting life”* (verse 4), and *“Now we look forward with confidence to our heavenly*

*bodies, realizing that every moment we spend in these earthly bodies is time spent away from our eternal home in heaven with Jesus” (verse 6). I later learned that we are all assigned a loved one, who is already in heaven, to acquaint us to this place called heaven, and John was the one assigned to me.*

Yes, what a glorious scene, maybe it’s that mother you have missed so much or that baby you lost, your dear father who you laid in the grave, that beloved wife who died of cancer, whoever that loved one may be, if they died in Christ, they will be there to meet you in heaven! John told me he had many wonderful things to show me.

John took me into a very large building that looked like a library. The walls were solid gold and sparkled with a dazzling display of light that loomed up high to a crystal, domed ceiling. I saw hundreds and hundreds of volumes of books. Each book had a cover of beautifully carved gold with a single letter of the alphabet engraved on the outside. Many angels were there reading the contents of the books. John explained to me that these books contain a record of every person’s life that has ever been born, throughout all history. Everything we do here on earth is recorded in these books—good or bad—everything. I watched as an angel opened one of the books, and with a cloth, wiped the pages. As he did this, the page turned red and the writing vanished from the pages, leaving only a name. I asked what that meant and was told the red represents the cleansing from the blood of Jesus, your Savior. Names were transferred from these books to the Lamb’s Book of Life and sins were erased and remembered against you no more. The Lamb’s Book of Life is for those who have received everlasting life by asking Jesus to save them. Have you? Other books were shown to me that contained prayer requests, spiritual growth in the Lord, and a record of the number of souls that one had led to Christ. The books were all very detailed, as everything we do is known to God.

John pulled a book from one of the shelves with my initials on the outside. It was the Lamb's Book of Life. He laid it open on a table and found my name recorded in the book. Next to my name were the words, "Paid in full by the precious red blood of Jesus." I praise God for what He did for me on Calvary. Because of His precious blood, I had a right to be in heaven!

We left the library, and I was taken to a grand auditorium. Everyone was clothed in glowing robes, and as I entered into the arena, I found I was clothed in a robe also. Looking up, I saw a beautiful, spiral staircase winding up loftily into the heights of the atmosphere. A beautiful, crystal clear river of water flowed directly in front of me. My eyes followed the river that flowed from the throne of God! It was an awesome sight to see the source of the river that was the throne of almighty God! Around the throne were the twenty-four elders with crowns upon their heads. A beautiful rainbow of colors encircled the throne. There were seven golden lamps with fire, signifying the presence of the Holy Spirit. John told me to drink of the water. Tasting the water, I found it to be very sweet. John then guided me into the water. Stepping in, I discovered it was only ankle deep, and then it began to rise. It covered my thighs and my shoulders, until my entire being was eventually submerged. There was no bottom, but I could easily reach down and pick up golden nuggets larger than my fist and diamonds and other precious jewels just flowed through my fingers. Jesus, The Light shined upon them, producing colors that are beyond my ability to describe. The beautiful water was actually cleansing me of any debris that may have clung to me in my transition from earth to glory. In the water, John and I could communicate with one another without verbally expressing ourselves. All we needed to do was think what we wanted to say, and the other just knew what it was. Jesus was in the water playing with us and splashing it joyfully. The water receded, and we came out on the other side of the bank.

Growing along the crystal river were orchards of fruit-bearing trees. The fruit represents a gift, and when you eat the fruit, the gift explodes within you, and you become the fruit, so to speak. I'm not saying you become an apple or a pear, I mean that if the fruit you eat represents the gift of knowledge, you then have perfect understanding. I next saw the Tree of Life. The trunk of the tree was gold, and the limbs grew long and were covered with fruit. *"The Lord God planted all sorts of beautiful trees there in the garden, trees producing the choicest of fruit. At the center of the garden he placed the Tree of Life, and also the Tree of Conscience, giving knowledge of Good and Bad"* (Genesis 2:9). God created Adam and Eve and placed them in a beautiful garden, then He planted two trees. One is the Tree of Life, and the other the Tree of Death. God then gives them the choice; its life or death.

God will not force Himself on anyone. I do not blame Him. I would not want to be with someone who does not want to be with me. Think of Jesus as that Tree of Life—you can choose Him and live forever. Think of Satan as the Tree of Death—you can choose him and have eternal death forever. Adam and Eve chose the wrong tree. Which tree do you choose? *"To him that overcometh will I give to eat the tree of life, which is in the midst of the paradise of God"* (Revelation 2:7 κJV). First John tells us, *"Whatsoever is born of God overcometh the world: and this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith. Who is he that overcometh the world, but he that believeth that Jesus is the Son of God?"* (1 John 5:4–5 κJV) The only way to become an overcomer is by putting your faith in Jesus.

Then I saw a multitude of people, all singing: "All hail the power of Jesus's name, let angels prostrate fall." They were from every tribe, nationality, and every color upon the face of the earth. I asked John why they were singing a song from the Baptist hymnal in heaven, and he replied, "Gary, all songs of the Spirit originate here in heaven, then they are given to someone on earth who will then birth that song into existence." It would be many years later

that I would hear songs that I had first heard in heaven being sung here on earth, songs like “Alleluia” and “He Is Lord.” There is something else I learned about the music. Many of the songs we hear in the secular world were stolen from heaven. Think about what I am about to say carefully, and see if it doesn’t make perfect sense. We know from the writings in Ezekiel that Satan was in charge of the music in heaven. He was the director of music. When Satan was cast out of heaven, he took songs that were intended to be songs of praise for our Lord Jesus and perverted the words, counterfeited them, and gave them to the world. That is why, when you hear a song on a Christian radio station today that was a popular “rock” song years ago, it is not because the Christian musician has stolen it from the world, it is simply because the Holy Spirit has put it back into its original form.

The hills and mountains before us towered in breathtaking beauty. I noticed a host of people on the hillside. They were observing things that were taking place on earth. When they witnessed a lost soul being told about the saving grace of God, if that person accepted Jesus as his Lord and Savior, all the people on the hillsides, mountain tops, and in the city would break out in applause and spontaneous praise. The mountains would begin to sing and the trees in heaven would clap their limbs together. And you could hear, “Rejoice, rejoice, for a lost soul is coming home!” *“For ye shall go out with joy and be led forth with peace: the mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing, and all the trees of the field shall clap with their hands”* (Isaiah 55:12 KJV). Isn’t it wonderful to know that when you tell someone about Jesus, you have all of heaven cheering you on? Hebrews twelve tells us about this great host of witnesses. I saw a man come to Christ and these witnesses went and found his mother to tell her that her son had accepted Jesus.

John then took me by what looked to be a school-area playground, with golden fountains and marble benches. Flowers grew

everywhere, producing a fragrance like sweet-smelling perfume. I marveled at the brilliant colors that the flowers had, each one was different from the other flowers, and no two were alike, not like here on earth, where if you've seen one daisy, you've seen them all. I marveled in amazement with the sheer delight that I experienced when I heard a sweet melody of praise being sung by the flowers! They were so vivid and so alive that I could actually see expression in each one. The flowers were singing. I saw a tiny little girl with long, brown hair that hung in ringlets down her back. She wore a white robe that glistened in the light of our Lord. She had sandals on her small feet. When she saw Jesus, she began to run towards Him with her arms stretched out. Jesus stooped down and caught her as she leapt into His arms. Then from all directions, children came running to see Jesus. There were children of every race and color. They all wore robes of white and sandals. They sat at His feet and listened intently as He ministered to them. I will never forget the way their tiny faces glowed with rapture as they looked up at Jesus. "Jesus Loves All the Children of the World." While Jesus was ministering to them, all sorts of animals were with the children. It was an awesome sight to see a magnificent lion frolicking with the children, as if it were a kitten, and seeing birds of elegant beauty sitting on shoulders and tops of heads. I saw teenagers that had left this earth prematurely. They were playing in crystal pools of water, laughing and singing. People in heaven are always joyfully dancing and singing praises to celebrate Jesus. I have been in many churches that could have been mistaken for a funeral service instead of rejoicing in the Lord Jesus Christ. They act like their best friend had just died. There are a lot of people who are going to have to go to school in heaven to learn how to praise God! I wanted to go and talk to Jesus. John said, "You will, but first come see the other things I have to show you."

As John and I walked the transparent gold streets of the city, I saw the brilliance of Jesus the Son shining on it. The soft colors

of light seemed to come alive with glitter in a ballet of color, gracefully dancing on those streets of gold. The streets are crystal clear, yet they are pure gold. I had an atheist approach me not too long ago who told me if I was going to go around making up silly stories about heaven that I needed to get my facts straight, and that any fool knew that gold was yellow and not transparent. It is a proven fact that there is an impurity in gold that makes it yellow. Nothing in heaven is impure.

Someone else once said to me that they believed heaven was just a “state.” My response was, “Like Texas?” There is a country song that says, “If Heaven’s Not like Texas, I Don’t Want to Go.” Well, I can tell you folks that it is not! Praise God it’s not! It seems so strange to me that so many people relate to heaven as just a place where we’re going to be floating around on a cloud, strumming a harp, and looking down on the earth. That’s so far from the truth. There will be many new adventures for us as we do what God asks us to do. There is more life in heaven than there will ever be here on earth. Even the flowers sing praises to Jesus and rejoice in His wonderful name!

I saw angels carrying golden bowls filled with a liquid substance. I asked John what it was, and he told me it was the tears of the saints below. Every time a child of God prays so earnestly that a tear drop falls, an angel is there to catch that tear and deliver it to God. The tears are stored in golden bowls at the base of God’s throne. I saw other angels carrying golden vials filled with a vapor-like substance. I asked the angels what it was, and they replied, “It is the praises of the people on earth presented to God as sweet smelling incense.” When we praise God, angels collect that praise and take it directly to God.

I saw so many angels. All magnificent in beauty, some had wings, while others did not. They each had their own personality and identity. Each angel had a great countenance. God has given them a great intelligence. The word *angel* means “messenger.”

Angels are God's messengers. Many people believe that angels were once men and women and upon dying, were transformed into angelic beings. Nowhere in the Bible does it mention this. Jesus created them as angels. There were no lazy angels! Each angel was working diligently at whatever task he was assigned. All were joyfully serving God. I have heard many untrue ideas about angels lately, such as they are cute, fat, little rosy-cheeked cupid dolls who flutter around bringing happy, good feelings, and they are available to anyone at any one time. "*No, for the angels are only spirit messengers sent out to help and care for those who are to receive his salvation*" (Hebrews 1:14). Angels are not sent out to help those who have rejected Christ. New Age people say that you can contact your angels whenever you need help with your love life, finances, for protection, or simply because you are lonesome and need your angel for company. They also say you can contact your angel by channeling or wearing the right colors or it may even be as simple as writing a letter to your angel. Oh, brother! To seek out angels, looking for anything of the spirit other than a close walk with the Lord, is welcoming demon activity with open arms and is very dangerous. Peace and comfort can only come from the Holy Spirit, and we are never to invoke aid by calling on angels to render their assistance in times of need. We are to call only on God. It is God who sends the angels to assist us; they act only under His direction and never apart from Him. We should be very thankful to God that He has given us the protection of His holy angels during our earthly pilgrimage. Angels are under subjection to God. They are, however, free like us to make their own choices. (Free but within the limits of God's laws.) We are to keep our eyes on Jesus Christ! There are angels which have fallen from God's grace, because they have acted independently of God. Satan and his demons were once holy angels. "*You were on the holy mount of God; you walked among the fiery stones. You were blameless in your ways from the day you were created till wickedness was found in you*" (Ezekiel 28:14–15 NIV). The devil is not a myth. He's not the cute little red guy on your deviled

ham. He does not have pointed ears, horns growing from his head, and a pitchfork. Because he has been pictured this way, some people claim that Satan is not a real being—that he is from Greek mythology and does not exist. No doubt this idea was inspired by Satan himself. After all, if there is no devil, then there is no hell, therefore no reason to receive Jesus as Savior. What would be the point? If there is nothing to be saved from, why was it that “*God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son... That the world through Him might be saved*” (John 3:16–17 NKJV). The Bible teaches us of the reality of Satan’s existence as certainly as the existence of God. “*You were the seal of perfection, full of wisdom and perfect in beauty*” (Ezekiel 28:12 NKJV). Satan was created perfect in beauty. Today, Satan uses his beauty to lead many astray. I was in a local bookstore not too long ago, and I picked up a best-selling book, written about a lady’s after death experience. She wrote that you don’t need Jesus’s salvation, because no one goes to hell, because there is no hell. My heart broke because Satan has used his power and beauty to deceive her. The untruths that she wrote are now a best-selling book that has led countless others away from the truth of Jesus Christ. As I stood there looking over the shelves, I counted eight other books about after death experiences. All eight of them have “The Light” in the title. I heard the Holy Spirit tell me “the name ‘Lucifer’ means light bearer.” Second Corinthians 11:14 tells us that Satan comes transformed as an angel of light. He is very beautiful, yet he is a very dangerous and deceptive light. Satan is real! He hates God and his purpose is to steal us from Him. People are being blinded by the light rather than being embraced by it.

In heaven, John and I entered into a room that was like a nursery. I saw what looked like big globs of flesh, heaped into mounds. That’s the only way I know how to describe it—just big globs of flesh that looked like mounds of clay. There was an angel with each one. “What is that?” I asked. John replied, “That is aborted babies from the earth below. An angel has been assigned to each one who

will fashion and form them into the child God intended them to be." Keep in mind that this happened in 1966. There were no statistics kept on the number of abortions performed during that time. Statistics now show that 1.5 million to 2 million babies are being aborted every year in America alone.

Sometimes the Lord will make a face stand out in the crowd, telling me to go pray for them. At one service, a young woman stood in the back of the church, her face stood out to me, and I went to her. She hesitated when I asked her if I could pray for her, and then she said, "Go ahead, I guess it couldn't hurt." I laid my hands on her shoulders and the Holy Spirit spoke through me saying, "Father, bless this woman and the baby in her womb." The girl's eyes got as big as saucers and she backed away saying, "Don't pray that." The Holy Spirit rose up inside me and I said, "I know what I'm doing." I bound up the evil spirit that was harassing her, and she fell under the power of the Holy Spirit. I led her to the Lord. She then told me that for the past year, she had been having an affair with a married man and as a result had become pregnant. Nobody knew that she was pregnant, except God who knows all things. She had an appointment at 9:00 the next morning to get an abortion, but she changed her mind and now knew that she would have the child. Seven and a half months later, my wife and I received a birth announcement—It's a Girl! That baby girl was almost cast away before her time. Jesus cares deeply about the aborted lives; the unwanted children of the earth. He also cares for the mothers who do not see any other alternative. They do not know that God is able to give strength in times of trouble. He is tender and forgiving. God is so good! If you have had an abortion, or are a man who has talked your wife, girlfriend, or maybe even your daughter into having an abortion, God will forgive all your sins, even the ones you have yet to forgive yourself for. Ask for His forgiveness and everlasting mercy.

Nowadays, many women and men think nothing of destroying their unborn babies, because a child may be inconvenient. The value of life has been so cheapened by abortion. It's a sorrowful thought to me that God may have had to move the unborn to a larger room. They are not a fetus; they are a real person known to God, and He values everyone.

After we left the nursery, we walked into a long building, much like a storage building. I was caught off guard by what I saw hanging from the walls. There were rows of legs, rows of arms, cubicles with hair and eyeballs of various colors. Every part of one's anatomy was in this room. You might be wondering why does there need to be a place like this in heaven? It reminds me of the joke, "Were you out of the room when God was passing out brains?" John knew that I didn't understand, and he told me to watch what happens. Before my eyes, from my heavenly vantage point, I could see the prayers of the saints below shooting up like arrows towards heaven. Angels would receive the prayers and bring them into the throne room of God. God would grant the prayer request, and the angel would be dispatched from that room to deliver the miracle. If a doctor says that something is no good and must be removed, I'm telling you that God has a miracle for you. God has a spare parts room! You say, "Well, I know people who needed a miracle, they may have even asked for one, and did not receive it." Let me tell you what I saw next. I saw the angels dispatched with the answered miracle from God, fighting principalities and powers, only to be stopped by doubt and unbelief from the mouth of the petitioner.

Such things as "It's not for me," or "It's not God's will that I be healed" is what I heard them say. Then the angel would sadly turn around and take the miracle back to heaven and deposit it into a room called unclaimed blessings. I have read the New Testament over and over and have not once found where Jesus turned anyone away saying, "No, it is not my will that you be healed." Most of us believe in the doctor more than we believe in Jesus's power to heal

us. I tell you why I believe this. The news media tells us when to get sick. It is “cold and hay fever season.” Commercials on TV begin promoting their cure, we get the symptoms, and begin to take cold remedies or go to the doctor. You may think I’m anti-doctor, but I’m not. I’m just simply trying to wake up God’s people to the fact that there is a better way to live.

*One day in a certain village he was visiting, there was a man with an advanced case of leprosy. When he saw Jesus, he fell to the ground before him, face downward in the dust, begging to be healed. “Sir,” he said, “if you only will, you can clear me of every trace of my disease.” Jesus reached out and touched the man and said, “Of course I will. Be healed.” And the leprosy left him instantly.* (Luke 5:12–13)

If you are in need of a miracle from God, don’t stop asking. Grab hold of the horns of the altar of God and refuse to let go until the miracle power of God is manifested in your behalf. Faith does not just believe God can, faith believes God will. Stop speaking doubt and unbelief and start speaking faith! There are people who make things happen, and there are people who ask “what happened?” “Anything is possible if you have faith” (Mark 9:23). What is faith? “Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen” (Hebrews 11:1 KJV).

*Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows: yet, we did esteem him stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted. But he was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed.* (Isaiah 53:4–5 KJV)

God the Father so willed our healing that He sent His only Son to suffer so that we don’t have to. This scripture leaves no room for doubt; that by His stripes we are healed! Claim your blessing so it won’t be put back in the room of unclaimed blessings. The

Bible tells us that Jesus is the same yesterday, today, and forever. He healed the sick when He walked this earth, and He still heals today!

John then led me through gates that sparkled of precious stones. Up the walkway stood the mansion where I will spend all eternity. It had great, marble columns, like some of the plantations you see in the South. It was magnificent. Walking into the mansion, we entered into what would be like a living room area. There was no furniture, only three buckets of paint sitting there. I had seen other mansions that had furniture, art on the walls, some even had pets—all the trappings of suburbia that we have here on earth.

No two mansions were alike. God knows you better than you know yourself. He knows your heart's desires, your likes and dislikes. If you have called on Jesus to save you, your custom-designed mansion in paradise is under construction, being made perfect for your liking.

John walked over and dipped his hand into one of the buckets and flung it against the wall, and instantly, a beautiful floral arrangement appeared. "This place needs more decorating," he said, handing me a bucket. If you really got to know me, you would find my nature to be exuberant, so I took the entire bucket and flung it against the wall. Suddenly, there was this beautiful, floral garden and scenery that was manifested before my eyes. A beautiful fragrance, like roses, consumed the room. I stood there gazing at the splendor of it all, thinking, *Could this be all for me? Could the answer be as simple as "Yes, because Jesus loves me"?* John looked at me and said, "It's not ready for occupancy just yet, so you need to leave." Jesus says, "*In My Father's house are many mansions*" (John 14:2 NKJV). I know this to be true—I have seen mine.

*"Christ was alive when the world began, yet I myself have seen him with my own eyes and listened to him speak. I have touched him with*

*my own hands. He is God's message of life*" (1 John 1:1). I could not have said it better than what the disciple John wrote.

I have never seen anyone or anything that could possibly compare to the beauty of our Lord Jesus, who I now stood before. Even though there are no words to express His divine presence, I will, to the best of my ability, try to describe to you what I felt as I talked to Jesus. He looked at me with the bluest eyes I have ever seen. I fell before Him like I was a dead man at His feet, which shone as fine, polished brass. He reached a nail scarred hand out to me and lifted me up, praise God! That is the business Jesus is in—picking you up and putting you back on your feet again! He then lifted me into His arms and held me to His chest as if I were a little child. I felt the most wonderful, joyful, peaceful, powerful love I have ever felt.

I have been writing about the glories and beauty of heaven, but we must never lose sight of the Lord Jesus. For all is given that you might know, love, and serve Jesus. He is the real subject of this book. Because we ask, Lord, what will we see in heaven? "I will be your focus." What will we hear in heaven? "Worship and enjoy me forever." What will we know in heaven? "All that I reveal to you." What is heaven? "It is my creation for you. Jesus is the center of it all!"

His hair and beard are as white as snow. He wears a regal robe of righteousness with a beautiful, purple sash that says "*King of Kings and Lord of Lords*" (Revelation 19:16), with a belt of solid gold around His waist. I saw indentions etched across His brow and forehead from the crown of thorns that had been placed on His head on that fateful day at Calvary. He is the "*Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end*" (Revelation 22:13 KJV). His name is "*Wonderful...The Prince of Peace*" (Isaiah 9:6 KJV). He is "*the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world*" (John 1:29 KJV). He is called "*a friend that sticketh closer than a brother*" (Proverbs 18:24 KJV). He is the Lord of Glory! Which "*none of the*

*princes of the world knew: for had they known it, they would not have crucified the Lord of glory” (1 Corinthians 2:8 KJV).* Oh, what glory awaits those of us who know Jesus! None can compare to Him! No words can do Him justice! I want to spend a thousand years just sitting at His feet. I want to look into those compassionate eyes and worship Him through all eternity! I will never be content until I once again see His wonderful face! He wore a prayer shawl, for He is Jewish.

Jesus spoke to me, and just as God almighty wrote the Ten Commandments with the tip of His finger, He wrote these words on my heart. He told me there was a song for me to sing, a missionary journey I am to take, a book for me to write, and that there was a purpose for me being here in this life. Then Jesus looked right at me with those piercing blue eyes and said, “Don’t ever buy the condemnation of the devil that you are unworthy. You are worthy. You have been redeemed by the Blood of the Lamb.” He said, “Why do my people not believe in me? Why do my people reject me? Why do they not walk in my commandments?” Jesus commissioned me to make Him real to the people of this earth. He said that there would be three things that would mark His soon return: a Spirit of restoration, a Spirit of prayer, and an outburst of miracles.