



Message from Betty Jean Robinson

MY VISIT TO AN OLD SAINT'S HOME

I recall, many years ago, going back to my home in the mountains, and a special visit to Brother and Sister Lankford's simple home. As we sat down to talk, she took my hands in hers and her kind, gentle eyes and her soft voice said, "Honey, I had a dream last night about heaven and oh I wish you could have been there with me. Honey, the floor of heaven sparkled like glass, and standing way over there was millions of saints, everyone dressed in pure white, and over each of their heads was shimmering light." Then she added, "And Willie (Brother Lankford) dreamed of heaven too. He went to the top step and sat down, and watched as all of his loved ones who had gone on before passed by one-by-one."

HEAVEN – I'm going over there one of these days to be with Jesus and all of the old saints that I have known in this life and my loved ones also—BLESSED, ETERNAL PEACE. The Bible says in Hebrews 9:28: "So Christ was once offered to bear the sins of many; and unto them that look for Him shall He appear the second time without sin unto salvation."

I've heard this remark by those who say they are born again that "there are those who are too heavenly minded to be any earthly good." Well, I disagree. If you are truly born again you want what Jesus wants, "whosoever will let him come." Your heart will be burdened for the lost. Jesus said it is not His wish that any perish, and as His children we must have His heart.

I remember a few days before my Dad was called to his heavenly home, I sat on the front porch with him and sang a song he requested:

The burdens of life may be many; the frowns of this world may be cold,
But to me it will matter but little when I walk up the streets of gold,
When I walk up the streets of gold, oh how my heart will rejoice in that morning
When I walk up the streets of gold.

And maybe you will sing this song with me:
How Beautiful Heaven Must Be

I dream of a place that's called heaven, it's made for the pure and the free,
These truths in God's Word He has given, how beautiful heaven must be.

How beautiful heaven must be, sweet home of the happy and free,
Fair haven of rest for the weary, how beautiful heaven must be.

In heaven no drooping or pining, no wishing for elsewhere to be,
God's light is forever there shining, how beautiful heaven must be.

Only the young people who grew up around the old church will remember these songs. Strobe lights and rap music don't sing about that eternal home, "heaven." Where have all the hymn books gone?

To close my visit at Brother and Sister Lankford's home, we will eat dinner (city folks call it lunch), then we all get down and pray. You never say goodbye until everyone prays. The Lord bless you; let us pray for one another.

May the Lord bless you is my prayer ... Betty Jean