

Vicki's Vision

Stood I in heaven's halls
Soft was the glory,
Yet reassuring. Stood I amazed
Yet not bewildered in the quietness.
Seemed I alone, yet not alone.
No pain to sweep the mind
Nor anguish, wearying the body,
But just the quiet, the quietness.
Nor need I raise my eyes
In fearful feel of judgement,
Looking down long avenues
Of never-ending, oft-repeated
Dreary failure. A sweeter sight
Than conscience promised;
Of nothing done in spite or hate
Or evil or impurity. Nothing!
Cross-glory is the cleansing,
Cross-purity more brilliant
Than human mind conceives. Back,
Back to the primal innocence,
The pristine beauty of the image
Of the eternal, the faithful Creator.
Here in heaven's hall has dropped away
Tension upon tension. Only peace
Pervades the once weary mind.
The heart leaps up in joy
Beholding the King. His joy
Leaps down to cover and sustain
This first great meeting. Partly I knew,
Had known in days of prayer, fumbling,

Seeking His face through many veils,
Protected by darkness of intensest light,
Partly I had known. But now
It is seeing, face-to-face.
The other impression—fleeting
Yet permanent—of beings angelic
And beings human as more than human—
Since such smiles of joy are rare
In substantial cosmic scenes. Then
Incredible joy lilted down like showers
In a soft summer. Sudden understanding too
Of His true nature, and love's.
Knowing that to truly be is to be
As God Who's love; never a pain
Of human guile; never an evil
Of disunion or disparity; only love
As God is love.
Then the recall to life.
Back to the bed of pain, the human scene,
The strange surprise of bed, the room,
The earth's familiar light, and her—
The mother one—and him the father,
And the family. Now all the same
But different. A new meaning to the
Life about, and death-to-come. A new
Deep understanding so that death
Is love invited, and life is now
Not life, nor death, and both
Are the one, the amazing
And incredible one.

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The glory on the inside

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