



Igor Bondar

*Once upon a time  
in Heaven*

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A novel



“Zolotoye sechenie”  
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The history of mankind on earth is well known to everyone. It is set out in the many books that we read enthusiastically. Still, there is another story so far unseen, but no less true. That is the story of Heaven, the story of Eternity, the story of all that was and is beyond the veil of our visible earthly world.

This book, in the genre of a fairy tale, is the author's endeavor to narrate to the reader the beauty and love of the world which people call Heaven.

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*No one can tell us exactly  
what is fact or fiction here  
except perhaps our Heart....*

## *Chapter 1*

“I will miss You so much, Son.” said the Father while looking at Jesus with great tenderness and love. Somewhere in the fathomless depths His look also disguised great grief, “It will often be difficult for Me...”

“I know, Father, I know” Jesus replied softly touching the Father’s hand with His own. “I know that you rejoice even more than us when we are happy and you grieve when we are sad. I know that... and I am grateful to You.”

Both stopped speaking. More precisely, no other words were spoken but their hearts kept talking with the same love and tenderness using the special and purest language of the heart.

Everywhere, as far as the eye could see, was a beauty and joy, which can only be found in Heaven. The woods and lakes were bathed in a resplendent luminance. Emerald rivers and waterfalls flowed from the elaborately shaped mountains. The very air was filled with some sort of special light and warmth.

Here and there magnificent buildings of the most unimaginable shape and colour could be seen. Everywhere surrounding those buildings were wondrous and blindingly white creatures sitting, walking or flying – the angels of heaven.

The Father looked upon them all with love.

“We shall all miss you very much, My Son!”

“Don’t worry, Father, I will be alright. Make Me strong and always stay in My heart! People desperately need Our help at this time. Someone must go to them and bring them Your word. Who better than I, Your Son?”

“You are surely right,” the Father said and gave Jesus a big smile. “It is just that I love you so much. Go, my boy, go.”

The people on earth now had to wait nine months before the coming of a new era...

\* \* \*

“Very well, Sain! Imagine you can earn as much money as you wish. What would you spend it on?” asked Manif, Sain’s older brother as he tossed some wood into the dying fire.

“I’ll get married, brother!” replied Sain who was five years younger than his brother and had answered without thinking twice.

“Get married? You? Yeah, right!” said Manif shaking with laughter. “And where is your bride, young man?”

“I’ve got one!” said Sain proudly raising his head. The very next second he continued bashfully, “But she doesn’t know about me yet.”

Manif rolled down from the stone he was sitting on collapsing on the ground from laughter and completely robbed of energy to say anything else.

Sain smiled at this older brother and leaned backwards dreamily. The starry sky understood him much better than those smart older brothers. It always agreed with him on matters of the heart.

In a little while Manif calmed down and went to check on the sheep they were herding. Sain kept staring into the night sky. After a few moments an unusual star caught his attention. It was much closer than other stars and much brighter too. After watching it for some time, Sain could almost swear that the star was moving across the sky and actually was moving towards him. His eyes remained locked to the sky.

Soon it became obvious to him that the star was moving quickly. Sain was an enthusiastic star gazer, but he had never seen anything like this. He sprang anxiously on to his feet and waited

impatiently for his brother's return so he could show him the unusual star.

"How you doing, groomie?" Manif asked gleefully when he returned to the fire.

"Look at this!" said Sain pointing to the star, even forgetting his habit of responding to his brother's jokes, "That star is moving towards us!"

Manif was ready to start laughing again at another of his brother's eccentricities but out of courtesy, looked in the direction Sain was pointing. Manif's smile slowly turned to slight astonishment and then to contemplation.

"This truly is a strange star, I've never seen any so close or bright." Manif looked bewildered. He gazed around and said. "Look how bright it is around us! Just like when the moon is full".

Indeed, the nearby bushes and rocks were clearly visible. The brothers' gazes did not shift from the star as it advanced across the sky. After some time the star was right above them.



Soon in the distance they could hear strange noises... The noises were coming from the same direction as the bright star had come. After some time the brothers could clearly hear footsteps and chatter accompanied by the clomp and clatter of animals. The brothers quickly extinguished the fire, grabbed their staffs and hid behind a large rock nearby. It was generally a peaceful place but who knew, who might be travelling in the night?

After about five minutes, the brothers saw people emerge into the glade. A quick look was enough to confirm that this was a peaceful caravan. It consisted of pedestrians and horse mounted travelers and even some camel riders. Most riders looked strange, dressed in unusual clothes, but the pedestrians looked almost exactly like the locals.

The brothers came out from behind their rock and walked up to the travelers. After exchanging greetings, they asked the travelers who they were, and why they traveled so late in the night.

In reply, they were told that the pedestrians were guides for some honorable wise men from the east, who came to worship some newborn king. They traveled in the night because the path to that king was marked by the star that moved in front of them. The travelers then said their goodbyes to the brothers and went on to catch up with their caravan. The brothers, remained in the glade, looking thoughtfully at each other.

Sain was first to break silence “Manif! Let me follow them. A king has been born somewhere nearby and the star in the sky guides the way! What are the chances of seeing something like this again?”

At first Manif wanted to prevent his brother from going, but for some unexplained reason, he couldn't. Something inside Maniff opposed him denying his brother's request.

“Very well, Sain, go,” said Manif quietly, surprising even himself, “But don't go far and come back soon.”

“Thank you, brother!” said Sain jumping with joy. He grabbed his stick, a small sack with food and water, rushed to his brother and gave him a warm hug.

“I’ll just have a look at the king and come back!” Sain gleefully shouted and bounced after the caravan and the departing star. There was a reason he saw it tonight! The stars not only understood him, they now called him to an adventure.

Sain quickly chased down the caravan and his new friends, and, after seeking their permission, joined them. The bright star in front of them kept on moving slowly through the sky, making everything look like a fairytale coming to life.

In about a quarter of an hour, the caravan approached the outskirts of the Jewish city of Bethlehem. The path took an uphill turn, although Sain, being used to such roads, barely paid any attention to it. A few moments later, the star suddenly stopped in the sky directly above a building.

The strangers were the first to notice this and they started to chat cheerfully and loudly in a dialect unknown to Sain and then dismounted their camels. At this moment, Sain began to tune into a common feeling of happiness, when suddenly he felt a large and warm tide in his heart — a tide which felt similar to that, which used to appear when Sain was thinking about his future bride.

Sain was surprised by these feelings so he decided to approach the place over which the star had stopped. Yet, what he saw could never be associated with kings or royal dwellings — the place turned out to be a livestock shelter. Sain had seen plenty like these in his village.

Still, the magi seemed not to share Sain's opinion. They were bowing at the place with great reverence and unpacking their bags, taking out expensive and exotic items. The eldest of them all then bowed and moved slowly towards the entrance. Other magi bowed as well

and followed their companion, carrying their own gifts.

As the eldest magus drew back the veil of the shelter, the sound of a baby's cry was heard. For some unexplainable reason, Sain suddenly felt enveloped in an overwhelming spiritual warmth.

At that time no one on earth but the wise magi understood that what was happening that night, was going to shape the future of the entire world.

\* \* \*

Angel Nias was standing on the upper terrace of his beautiful house, smiling at his friends, angels Asley and Fiu, who were frolicking on the shore of turquoise sea. Nias himself was eager to join the other angels, but he had a mission of great importance to accomplish on earth. Swimming together could be postponed, since there was absolutely no need to rush. They were in Heaven, and had an eternity before

them. The daytime never ended here. Nias smiled again, flapped his wings and flew down to the earth. He was hurrying now to his ward, a kind and jolly herdsman called Manif.

Nias loved this herdsman dearly. From the very first days of Manif's life the angel had guided him to do good deeds, to think correctly and carefully, as well as to laugh kindly. Nias himself was a merry fellow and gladly shared all that made him happy with Manif. In this, Manif's younger brother Sain was of great assistance, being an unfailing source of various merriment. Sain's vivacity and optimism was way ahead of his meagre life experience and it was rare for any discussion between the two not to end in Manif bursting into laughter.

Today Nias had a new and extremely important task. Sain was just about to come back to the glade, from where he had parted from his brother to witness an event of greatness for all mankind. The arrival of the Lord's Son Jesus. It was

most important for the angel to make Manif understand the event correctly, remember it well and for a long time.

The angel silently descended into the glade in the early morning. He sat down beside the sleeping Manif and for some time looked warmly at him. Dear Lord! It was so interesting and yet so difficult, to help humans strengthen their love and compassion! Through one kind thought, one good word, one good deed this priceless fruit, love and compassion, was able to grow day by day. This was the most important fruit which humans needed most of all. For the sake of their own happiness and good fortune. Our Father created this entire beautiful world only for this fruit. This fruit was to bring happiness to everyone.

\* \* \*

When Sain returned to the glade it was already morning. He saw his brother sleeping by the smoldering

fire, threw some more wood on it and went to check on the sheep. He came back and silently stared into the bright flames. He kept thinking about what he had seen that night: the unusual star, the magi, the new king, a shelter, child's cry. Each time he thought about the shelter, his heart filled with joy. All this was very strange and fascinating.

"You have a strange look this morning". Sain's brother's voice drew him from his thoughts. It turned out that Manif had been awake for a while watching him, "See anything interesting?"

"Good morning!" Sain smiled warmly at his brother. "What I saw is rather strange. I've never thought that kings were born in places meant for livestock. Yet, you should've seen the reverence that the magi showed when they were entering the shelter!"

Sain stopped momentarily to add some more wood to the fire,— it was always colder in the morning.



“You know, what was so extraordinary about all this, brother?” said Sain as he stared at the flames again, and at this moment his face seemed very bright to Manif. “It was the special feeling that I had. I’ve never felt such delight and pleasure in my heart before. Maybe, the newborn is a great king indeed.”

“Or maybe you were just thinking of your bride?” Manif smiled, “and that is what warmed your heart?” “No, brother.” Sain laughed. “You’re right, about one thing, whenever I think of her I do feel warmer, but this was completely different. Besides, she never even entered my mind there.”

Manif rose from his blanket and drew nearer to the fire.

“One thing is certain, Sain. A star led the magi to this king, we had both seen it for sure. I guess, only the greatest of kings are honoured this much.” Manif stood up and smiled, “Now let’s have something hot to eat, so that I can feel warm inside too!”

\* \* \*

Nias flew down to his friends playing in the sea. His mission today on earth was a complete success. Manif had understood the events of the past night correctly and he should certainly remember them for a long time. Now it was time to join his friends. Fiu and Asly beamed when Nias loudly whopped into the water.

“Hey, Nias! You look pleased. I take it your task with Manif went well?” asked Asly.

“Yeah, it could not have gone better. His romantic brother helped me a lot again,” Nias smiled and looked into the sea. “Now where do we swim today?”

“Let’s dive and see what happens.” said Fiu and jumped into the approaching wave. His friends immediately followed him.

At first, the angels swam along the bottom. The water here was less dense

than on earth and the angels could move quite fast. They could stay in water for as long as they wanted since heavenly dwellers have bodies different to that of earthly creatures — they need no air to breathe. In addition, water did not prevent the angels from talking to each other. Heaven is Heaven what else can be said? The Father did His best to make His children happy.

In a short time the angels encountered three big dolphins. These three merry fellows were well known to our friends. The dolphins playfully circled the angels and then joined them, inviting them to ride on their backs.

The angels didn't hesitate and jumped on the slippery backs of the dolphins. A common earthly saying, also popular in Heaven, is that a bad ride is better than a good walk. Moreover, now they didn't need to choose a direction — the choice was the dolphins'. Actually, there are simply no dull places in Heaven, neither on the ground, nor in the sea. A wrong turn was of no consequence as

the only choice was between a beautiful, a very beautiful or an incredibly beautiful place. Whatever choice you made in the Father's home, it would be the right one.

At first, the dolphins went into the deep. However, the depths of the sea didn't make it darker, since Heaven is not illuminated by the Sun. Here everything radiates light — water, fish, corals, the seabed. It is not possible to find a dark place in Heaven, either on the ground or under the sea. The Father's world, shining with multiple colours, is always dazzling.

Around the group of friends were coral gardens of incredible colours, underwater grottos, hundreds of fish and sea animals.

Soon the dolphins turned into a narrow crooked canyon, with walls that were glowing with a mild green light. The angels had never been here before. The canyon was too narrow for the dolphins to swim together, so they rushed forward in a single line, one

after another. Fiu and Nias screamed loudly in delight at each sharp turn. Asly, however, was the most cool-headed and experienced rider, so his emotions simply projected in a huge smile. All of a sudden, the canyon ended and the companions tumbled off onto the pink sea floor.

This is where the dolphins had brought their riders! The group was looking at the bottom of a crater, which hosted a powerful geyser. This geyser shot up colourful streams of water impregnated with bubbles. The geyser was surrounded by schools of fish. Fish swimming at speed would enter into the geyser and be immediately drawn upwards by the water streams.

The angels left their dolphins and came closer to this unusual phenomenon. Fiu was first. He built up speed and swam into the stream, squealing with joy as water shot him swiftly upwards. Nias and Asly immediately followed him. One of the dolphins tried to follow the angels, but, seemingly

looked uncomfortable, flying upwards quickly tail first. It seemed that he then discouraged the other dolphins from entering the stream. So the dolphins simply circled around the geyser, happily watching the angels and the fish riding the stream.

Having had enough fun, the angels jumped on the dolphins again and, after thanking them for showing them such an interesting place, asked to be taken to the closest shore. The dolphins gave the angels a final ride through the canyon and brought them to a sand bank. After warm goodbyes to their “sea horses”, the angels went onto the sandy shore. Even though it was quite a distance to walk to their homes the angels preferred to walk rather than fly. Why would you ever hurry in Heaven?

As they were walking back home, they chatted and gazed at wondrous homes erected on water and intriguing boats. Heaven and the earth have much in common since both are created and ruled by the one Father. Still,

the earthly world is just a school or kindergarden where the souls of men are brought up and prepared for life in Heaven, the Father's primary world. Before coming to Heaven, a soul must learn the simple rules of heavenly life. In this sense, the houses of men are similar to the houses of angels in the same manner as the houses made by children in a sandbox on earth are compared to real houses and cities.



## *Chapter 2*

Moses was on his way to the Father. He did not need to inform Him of his visit as God always knows all our wishes and intentions, sometimes even better than we do. But today Moses was very eager to see Him and to stay with Him.

“Hello, dear Moses! I am very glad to see you,” said the Father drawing His gaze from the earth and looking kindly at Moses.

“Hello, Father!” Moses stood on one knee and touched the Father with great respect. “For some reason I needed to come to you today.”

“It’s not that complicated, son,” the Father gave Moses a wide and cheerful smile. “I just wanted you to come and spend some time with me today,



and you always could hear me clearly in your heart. Come closer, I was just looking at the earth.”

“How is Jesus, Father?” Moses asked. He was missing the Lord’s Son who was loved by all. “Any news?”

“Well, He is becoming a good carpenter.” the Father’s eyes were shining with special warmth and love. “Yesterday in the temple was the very first time He was able to sense me clearly. He was so touched that He forgot about time and even dropped back from His earthly parents.”

The Father smiled and looked thoughtfully into Moses’ eyes and continued. “And I, in turn, felt Him well in my heart for the first time in twelve years.”

Moses’ eyes were full of tears. He was very glad for the Father.

“So, He’s with You again.” “Yes. It was only the first spark in His heart, but this was the spark of My Jesus, I could never confuse it with any other.”

The Father looked tenderly at Moses.

“You can understand. You love Him dearly too.”

Moses smiled. The Father was omniscient as always.

“Yes, that is true. But soon He will know more, much more... so much that He will need time to comprehend everything. What great joy and responsibility awaits Him in the future!”

Moses sighed and looked thoughtfully at the earth. “What a far from easy task it is for You to nurture the souls of men, Thank You for taking on this heavy burden. I hope that one day those who come here after their earthly lives pay you back at least some tiny part of the ocean of love that you are giving them now.”

“Trust, Moses and have no doubt!” the Father looked calm and confident. “They will come. Many will come. Our united family will adopt more beautiful children, and you will acquire new brothers.”

The Father laughed cheerfully.

“Why do you think, I spend so much time on them otherwise?”

\* \* \*

Young Jesus was walking along the road, following His parents. He was haunted by a strange feeling. He felt that yesterday something great had revealed itself to Him in the temple. Something so great that Jesus couldn't yet fully understand. Besides, this 'something' seemed very familiar, warm and touching.

Of course, from His very early childhood, Jesus had been hearing stories of God and of numerous prophets. This was interesting, however, what He felt in the temple, was completely different, as it did not come from books. If He had to give it a name, He would call it “home”.

In that temple He felt at home, in His own cozy home. He felt it with

His entire heart, with every little part of His soul. The home was so immense, bright and happy that it made Him short of breath. He also felt that He was loved in this home, so tenderly, the way only His parents could love.

These feelings so grasped the Boy that He forgot about time and that He and His parents were heading home. Eventually when He realized that He had trailed off behind them He became upset. Jesus loved his parents and tried to listen to and obey them, but for the moment all his thoughts were about the “other” home — and there was nothing He could do about that.

\* \* \*

Nias was sitting on the pink grass, admiring the splashes made by a waterfall. Actually, the grass in Heaven can be of any colour, but Nias had grown pink grass. Some spray from the

waterfall was reaching the angel, and it was quite refreshing.

Nias didn't have much work to do on earth at the moment. His ward Manif was growing into a kind and charitable person. Together with other dwellers of his village, Manif visited the synagogue every Saturday and deep in his soul truly believed in God. He believed in the God that was described in ancient writings and in the tales of the old priest — who too was another very good man. Nias could do little to help in Manif's understanding at the moment but soon he might be able to do so.

God's son, Jesus Christ, was growing quickly on earth and in a few years people would hear the living word of the Lord. The word would set forth a clear path to the Father and to Heaven. The angels would then have much more work to do! Each of them would try to awaken his or her favourite ward so that the words of the Lord could reach their hearts and minds. Most of the effort would come from the Father, who

would help everyone all the time with every tiny little thing.

Nias smiled at the warmth that filled his heart — the Father was always near each and every one of them. The Father was actually close to every kind thought and deed, whether on earth or in Heaven. Oh, our dear humans! If only they knew about the gifts that awaited them, should they in their earthly lives choose the right path and not stray from it. Their wildest fantasies in this regard would pale into insignificance to that which truly awaited them in the world that their Father had created for them.

But for now they must not know about it. They were only allowed to witness the miracles and prophecies that the Father showed them in their complicated and sometimes, cruel world. People must learn how to make their own way towards light, love and kindness, starting in the world in which they lived. They should think about their Father more frequently and always

seek His guidance and help. Only then would they be able to withstand sin and temptation. Only then could the Father be confident that those souls would never founder, neither on earth, nor in Heaven.

If a soul fails to resist sin, it can founder and there is no difference if it be in the world of angels or in the world of men. Sadly, the Father had already had such souls that were once close to Him but then turned their back on Him and abandoned themselves to sin. The Lord would hardly like to suffer again for those whom He loves. So men while still on earth must choose the world in which they want to live in. For those who choose light, generosity and forgiveness the Father has prepared the gift of all gifts — Heaven and Eternity.

Nias was not exactly sure about what happened to those who choose darkness and sin during their earthly life. At first, such souls would go to a world that resembled their previous

one, a world where evil, cruelty, condemnation and greed prevailed. It was called hell. Their future fate, however, was known only to the Father. However the Father was always merciful and just towards everyone who repented deeply. If anyone had one single drop of true repentance and a desire to return to the path of righteousness, the Lord would find a way to give them a chance.

Suddenly Nias heard a slight clatter behind him. He turned and saw his old friend, a beautiful white unicorn, standing behind him with a mischievous look on his face.

“Hey, buddy!” Nias called as he approached the unicorn and stroked its neck. “Why are you smiling so mischievously? You’ve probably found some awfully bad road and now want to take some poor angel for a ride along it?”

The unicorn nodded gleefully several times and stomped. Long ago Nias started to play a game that somewhat



resembled an earthly rodeo. The unicorn would find a new and very difficult riding route in the mountains, and Nias, who liked riding fast, would hop on the unicorns back and hold on trying not to get thrown off during the ride.

A bird can't fall off a branch, so too an angel can't really fall off a unicorn's back — if he were thrown he would instantly ascend. Besides, in Heaven no one would never intentionally do any harm to anyone. However playing just for fun was an entirely different matter for many of Heaven's dwellers.

“Well, let's look at your new route!” Nias hopped on his friends back “As I remember it the last time we rode, I called our ride a turtle's race?”

The unicorn snorted in challenge and charged off so swiftly that Nias almost had to make use of his wings at once. At the last second he regained his balance, shouted in joy and lowered his head closer to the unicorn's neck.



“And then the Father - God decided to take His favourite prophet Elijah to Heaven.” Jonah smiled as he looked at his sons Simon and Andrew who had been listening with round eyes. “So, a shining chariot descended from the sky just before the large assembly of people who worshipped Baal. It stopped beside the great prophet. Elijah stepped onto the chariot and it took him directly into the sky. Those who had not believed in Him remained there, standing agape.”

Jonah laughed loudly as there were open mouths everywhere. It took a whole minute for the children to close their mouths and start speaking again. It was a delight and a favourite pastime for Simon and Andrew to listen to their father's evening stories about prophets, kings and pharaohs. Their father retold the stories from ancient writings so vividly it always seemed as if he himself had been there.

“Now, my boys, it’s time to go to bed.” Jonah threw more wood into the fading fire and lay down nearby. “Lie closer to the fire and sleep, tomorrow we put out to sea at dawn. Fish like an early fisherman.”

After God’s chariot had taken a prophet right into the sky, getting to sleep was not as easy as their father claimed! The brothers turned and faced each other and began to whisper about the story they had heard.

“What do you think Simon, did they take Elijah straight to the Lord of Heaven or did they first have him change him into some nice clothes?” On such serious issues Andrew always sought to consult with his more wisely brother.

“I can’t believe you asked! Of course he did! If you can’t appear before a normal king in plain clothes then what do you think about appearing before the Lord of Heaven?” Simon’s logic was so incontrovertible that Andrew had no other choice but to nod in consent.

“You’re right. I wish I could have seen how they met the King in Heaven.” Andrew said dreamily placing his hands behind the back of his head.

“Well, that is never going to happen!” Responded Simon. Between fantasy and reality Simon tended to choose that which seemed the more reliable.

“Hey! Seeing a living prophet... that would be great, Simon, wouldn’t it? The Father sends them to earth sometimes.” Andrew was reluctant to give up on his dreams and tried to pierce his brother’s logical arguments of practical realities.

“Well, that’s possible in theory.” Simon said hesitantly not wanting to destroy his brother’s dream, though he didn’t really believe in it.

“Or, maybe, we could hope to meet a Messiah?” Andrew felt his brother’s silent support and tried to delve deeper into his own fantasies.

“A Messiah?” Simon grinned skeptically. “And who we are to meet

a Messiah? People and prophets have been waiting for him for a many years. If he finally came to the earth he would surely go the king's palace in the first place and who would let us into the king's palace?"

Simon's incontrovertible logic extinguished the last spark of Andrew's hope. He took his hands from behind his head and turned on to his side.

"You're right. No one would let us into the palace. It looks like we will never meet the Messiah."

"Perhaps on the road to the palace..." Simon, after all, was a kind brother. He didn't want to spoil Andrew's mood before bedtime. "If only we could find out the road that the Messiah will take."

Soon the brothers fell into a sweet sleep. The Father was looking at the two future faithful apostles of that very Messiah the brothers were thinking about and He was smiling.



Angel Bloss was very fond of painting. His brushes were made from very special fluffy plants that he collected high in the mountains. Sometimes the angel would look longingly at the magnificent tail of a bird that often came to his garden. The bird however seemed to be either blind to the artist's looks or not to be interested in art at all for it never offered its feathers to the angel, even though new feathers would re-grow in a very short time. Bloss, in his turn, was too shy to ask for the tail feathers. After all feathers from somebody's tail is a deeply private matter!

Today Bloss was painting the sea. He was especially skilled in marine scenes. He could sense the colours of water very precisely and put them finely on canvas. Sometimes his friends and neighbours asked Bloss to give them the pictures they liked and the angel was always generous. He would either

gift a completed painting or paint a new one.

In Heaven many are fond of art, painting, sculpture, poetry and so on. Everyone does what they are really good at, or are fond of. Everyone is keen to gift their works to those who appreciate them. The challenge is to persuade modest angels to accept a present.

Blos combined turquoise and yellow paint and made another brush stroke. Blos was painting this particular ocean scene for his friend, angel Nias. Nias was an experienced and talented fountain and waterfall designer. He recently noticed that Blos' garden was a bit empty. Within a few days of consulting with Blos, Nias constructed a small lake and lily-shaped fountain in the blue grass of Blos' garden. This part of his garden now became Blos' most loved spot. Blos was doing his best to draw an exquisite picture which his friend would surely like.

Nias was now on earth working with his ward Manif the herdsman. Blos openly admitted he was slightly

envious of Nias but only in a friendly way and frequently asked him about developments with the human. Bloss did not have human ward as yet, since not everyone in Heaven was so lucky as there were far more angels than men. But Bloss hoped that one day he would get his own human whom he would nurture and love and that their number would grow quickly.

Yet the final decision in such important matters lay only with the Father and an angel must be ready for such a complicated and responsible task. Basically, the souls of men are the most complex and important of all things that existed on earth. They are the tiniest parts of God Himself. An angel must always be very careful and attentive while working with them in order not to cause damage but rather to help them to grow up in virtue. This is why an angel must dearly love his ward.

Bloss heard steps behind him, followed by the energetic greeting of a new guest.



“Glad to see you, dear Blos!” Angel Anri’s voice was heard there more often than any other. Anri loved art as well, however, he was fond of sculptures. Creative natures tend to compete with each other and that was something that could not be helped. Moreover, they often exchanged their creative works and even though Blos’ house already resembled a sculpting exhibition and Anri’s house seemed a lot like an art gallery, both angels kept on meeting almost every day. They had plenty of free space in their houses.

“A pleasure for me too, my dear friend!” said Blos giving Anri a wide smile. “Look what I painted for our friend Nias, it’s almost finished.”

Anri studied the marine scene for some time and then smiled.

“Excellent as usual. Your pictures, dear Blos, emanate such a good mood. Depicting a sea in a sculpture, however, would be a hard challenge.” Anri slapped the nearby sculpture of a dolphin and laughed. “Still, there are doz-

ens of other motifs that look wonderful in sculptures.”

“Yeah, there sure are!” Bloss laughed as well. “Now let’s go into the house, my dear friend, to look at a few others.”

The companions entered the angel’s spacious house. Dwellers of the earth would be greatly surprised by what they would see if they visited any house in Heaven.

In the first place, Bloss had no roof over his house. This is quite usual in Heaven since there is no rain, no dust and of course, no thieves. Many angels prefer no roof in order to enjoy a spectacular vista of beautiful clouds, birds and various colours of the sky all pleasing to the eye.

Houses in Heaven often host many strange and unusual plants. Some angels have small lakes and even waterfalls in their dwellings. In fact, apartments here are sometimes an extension of the garden. Plants and trees of many hues replace the usual space reserved by humans in their houses’ for wardrobes, kitchen

furniture, bedrooms and so on as such things are not needed in Heaven.

Angels don't eat – they simply never feel hunger, they do not need to dress up – as they are always beautiful, they need no sleep to restore their strength – as they are always vivacious and are always happy.

In one of the corners of his house, Bloss had a small pond with a small beautiful island in the middle of it. On this island, among exotic plants, Bloss had several cozy armchairs. Here the angels often spent a considerable amount of time in discussion. Bloss and Anri passed over the bridge and took their usual places in their favourite armchairs. They began to chat about a very interesting creative issue.

In fact, humans could hardly imagine the tones and intricacies of discussions that angels conduct in Heaven. When people talk, they are often worried and disturbed, they condemn and exaggerate, while discussions in Heaven are free from all of this. The air is filled with love,

joy, sincerity and happiness. In Heaven all talks are always serene and cheerful irrespective of the topic.

Heaven is one large and happy house of the Father where no difficulties or problems exist. There, everyone loves the Father who shares warmth and makes their life brighter than the Sun. The Father, in His turn, loves all his children and does everything to make their lives even more splendid.

This time Anri was telling Blos of a new clay that he had recently discovered by the lake and had began to use for sculpting. This clay could change its colour and shape and even become a little bigger. Anri tested this clay by making some sculptures of flowers and was completely delighted. The sculptures he made of the new clay were almost living. Each morning an owner could see a slightly different flower.

Blos got very interested in this phenomenon and asked his friend to bring him a little clay. He was eager to add this clay into his paints and to see what

would happen. Would his paintings also change with time or not?

The angels became so absorbed in discussing their creative ideas that for a time they forgot everything. Only the jolly fish in the pond didn't seem to share their fascination. At first they tried to attract the attention of the angels by jumping out of water as they wanted to play with them, but eventually they turned their tails towards them. It is not a problem if fish comprehend art or not — their life here is happy enough.



## *Chapter 3*

Jesus was looking into the waters of the Jordan River yet didn't see it. Everything was illuminated by a bright and blinding Light. Heaven had suddenly completely revealed itself to Him. He was the Lord's Son and He now knew it.

He recollected everything. The Father, Himself, His friends and others close to Him in Heaven. It was as if a mist which had been blown away from a mountain's snowy summit and which then glistened bright in the sunlight revealing what had been shrouded from view. This gleam brought Jesus great joy, though, at the same time, it caused great longing. How Jesus loved His Father. His baptism by John this morning had washed away

the morning's mist and now He knew everything.

In a moment Jesus had transformed from a normal man into the Lord's Son and His ambassador on earth. He was charged with a task of utmost importance. A task which was going to help each and every person.

Jesus felt that He now needed to spend some time alone to be able to comprehend completely what had occurred. He wanted to be with His Father now.

\* \* \*

It was a day of festivities in Heaven. Everyone rejoiced - the angels, prophets and most of all, the Father. Men finally heard the living word of the God. Jesus, the beloved son of Heaven, had begun to give His first sermons on earth...

Although the words of the sermons were still very strange to people they

found them very touching! All the angels who had wards on earth were now busy making sure that not one word of a sermon would be lost or forgotten by people. The seeds that Jesus was now planting promised an outstanding harvest. The harvest would at some time be gathered into the Father's house.

Now everyone was busy. The number of the followers of Jesus was multiplying each day. There was a variety of miracles occurring. The Father spent every second near His dear Son and tried to support and strengthen Him wherever He could.

The angels would often smile when they saw people's reactions to the miracles. The Father could easily contravene the laws of His own creation when He needed to. The miracles would always remind people that Jesus was truly the Lord's Son and would help fortify their faith.

The Light of God was burning brighter day by day.





Manif was standing in the temple among other people, listening to the sermon. He saw this Preacher for the first time and was quite surprised at how young He was. Yet this was only a fleeting concern, as all the while Manif's heart yearned towards Him. Manif even moved closer to this Preacher to see and hear more clearly.

This One spoke differently to other preachers.

Over the course of many years Manif had heard hundreds of different sermons which had some things in common. Yet the sermon which this Preacher was delivering, wasn't similar to anything that Manif had heard before. Every word was simple, easy to understand and reached Manif's heart at once.

Today the Preacher talked about love, forgiveness and repentance of sins. Sometimes he provided examples in support of His preaching's with quotes from

various writings, without even touching any books. His powerful and memorizing speech never stopped but flowed the whole time Manif was listening. The most surprising of all was the warmth and joy that Manif felt in his heart throughout the whole sermon. He had never experienced anything like this before. There was some kind of mysterious inner light radiating from the Preacher.

Manif looked around. It became apparent to him that he was not the only one enchanted. The faces of the people around him also seemed unusually bright and happy. Everyone was giving their undivided attention to the Preacher and hanging on to His every word.

Soon the sermon ended, but the people weren't eager to leave the temple. On the contrary, many came closer to Jesus, (Manif had discovered His name) and began to ask various questions. Jesus did not hurry and answered everyone who asked a question.

A most interesting thing happened after everyone left the temple.

The streets were flooded with sick people who were coming to Jesus, asking to be healed. Jesus would lay His hands on their heads and the sick were instantly healed, completely free of illness and disease.

Manif could not even imagine that such things were possible, let alone to witness them. Manif was astonished by what he had just seen and he couldn't wait to share the news with those dearest to him, especially his brother Sain and his wife Leyla. "They should come here and see it with their own eyes" he thought.

Manif almost ran all the way back home.

\* \* \*

Angel Nias was walking in the woods. The woods in Heaven do not look like those on earth. There are no fallen trees, the grass is short, multicoloured and very soft to walk on.

Nias was smiling as he walked towards a beautiful forest and recalled the previous day on earth.

Manif described to Sain and Leyla in great detail what he had seen in the temple.

Nias couldn't resist smiling as he recalled the completely astonished look in Sain's eyes when Manif was telling him the story. Even though Sain was already well into his forties, his heart, thank God, still belonged to a trusting child. Angel Glen had done a great job.

Leyla, Manif's wife, who was kind and a little sentimental gasped continually and waived her arms about throughout the whole story. She trusted her husband unconditionally, so after listening to his story she felt as if she had been to the sermon together with her husband.

Sometimes humans are really like sweet little children! It is very interesting to watch them. Sometimes they look very mature, but, in actual fact, in their soul they often remain children.

Only their toys grow up. A small sandy house becomes a large house of stone one day, wooden horses turn into real ones and dolls are eventually replaced with family and friends. Still, the soul doesn't change much. In fact, all humans are still little children who trustingly entered the big world. It is always a delight if they manage to retain their kind childish spirit.

Nias reached the edge of the forest which ended in the mirror of the forest lake. The waters' surface was partially covered with water lilies and their beautiful flowers. A funny lake frog was leaping over lilies. A great number of birds were singing round about him and they created a tune complimenting the melody of the forest.

Nias sat in the grass listening to the song. Birds in Heaven sing incredibly beautifully! You could listen to their verses eternally. Nias himself liked singing — all angels have wonderful sonorous voices. So Nias found the right tone and joined in the song of the forest.

After the angel had joined in the singing and admired the lake for a while, he stretched his wings and flew in the direction of his house to meet his friends. They hadn't been diving together for ages and this needed to be remedied.

\* \* \*

Sain was resting on a haystack and staring at the stars. The stars and his brother Manif, were his oldest friends. It was easy for him to find a common language with them and they in turn would often provide him with assistance. They taught him to never be upset, to believe in miracles and happy endings.

Sain was already forty five. Half of his teenage dream was already a reality. The girl he had loved for a long time did not wait for him and married another man. However after some time, Sain found another woman who was also very lovely and kind. Now they had two

great sons and a daughter and Sain was very fond of them all.

Even though his life seemed fulfilled and complete, there was something inside him that kept telling him that in fact this was far from the case. There was something else of great interest and importance ahead. Something that would fill his soul to the very brim. The stars confirmed this, but what could it be?

Sain often recalled the unforgettable event from his childhood when he followed a star moving through the night sky. Something would constantly bring back the memory of that night and would not let him forget it. He was absolutely sure, that at that time he had touched something very real, although he was not yet able to explain the reasons.

This was so until yesterday. Yesterday he, Manif and Manif's wife Leyla came to a sermon given by the Man called Jesus. His brother had previously told Sain quite a lot about Jesus.

From that time on Jesus was always on Sain's mind. It had only been on that one occasion in his life, that he felt such a limitless happiness and joy. It was that particular and special night that Sain remembered so well from his childhood. However yesterday, at Jesus' sermon, Sain experienced that feeling again only even stronger.

That feeling during the sermon was so unexpected that for some time Sain lost touch with time and space. He could only stand, listen and feel what was happening inside him. His eyes met with Jesus' only once and he was completely taken aback. He could see that Jesus knew everything about him. Just like the stars he used to stare at! It was as though Jesus was one of those stars descended to the earth.

After a while Sain started to come to his senses and even began to comprehend what Jesus was saying. How simple and profound were His words. Sain had learned long ago that all the genuine things in life are very simple. Now, all



that he had always felt internally, was being articulated by this Man.

Sain rearranged the hay under his head and continued to watch stars. It was strange that he had only felt these same deep sensations surface now, thirty years later. He also thought about how unusual it was that a preacher as wise as Jesus, was so very young. He must have only been about 30.

Sains' next thought took his breath away. It couldn't be true! A king born thirty years ago and Jesus' sermon yesterday — the feelings were identical! No that's impossible. Thirty years ago Sain was told that a king was born, but Jesus was merely a preacher. Sain shook his head and kept watching the restless and crazy stars. No it couldn't be possible!

The stars were laughing and shouting: "It's true! It really is!"

Sain never argued with the stars — it was useless. He took a deep breath and turned on his side as a sign of consent. Soon he was sleeping soundly and his

angel Glen was flying home, wearing a big smile on his face. It had been a good day indeed. Sain had put it all together, two plus two — what a genius!

\* \* \*

This time the dolphins didn't meet the angels under the water. Maybe they were far away, or maybe they were giving some other angels a ride. So the angels decided to swim to their old friend Toby who lived near the shore at the entrance into a big cave. Toby was a merry giant octopus and the angels loved to play with him.

The game went as follows: The angels would position themselves at the end of each of the octopus' tentacles and take a firm hold. Then the octopus would start to spin quickly until resistance of the water against the angels caused them to be washed off one by one. The last angel hanging on was the winner.

Sometimes other sea dwellers, who had something to grab Toby with, joined the game. As an octopus only has eight tentacles others had to sit around this “carrousel” and wait for their turn. The crabs were the only ones who were not allowed to play. They could hold on to Toby so tightly that he was never able to shake them off and would always fall over from dizziness first.

Fiu was undoubtedly the luckiest today. He was holding Toby’s tentacle with his arms, legs and wings so tightly that he managed to win each round. Actually, a moray eel managed to beat Fiu once, but it was unanimously decided that tying itself into a knot over the Toby’s tentacle was foul play and victory was awarded to the angel.

The angels having had enough fun, thanked Toby and moved on. They wanted to play a different game and headed towards a clownfish called Tiksi. Tiksi was a very kind and inventive fish who had a special game for angles. Despite the fact that he could nearly

always beat the, angels it didn't discourage them from continuing to try to solve the puzzle of the cunning fish.

Tiksi's house was four actinia bushes and he could hide in any of them. The friends had to guess in which bush Tiksi was hiding. What could be simpler? It was odd that despite the fact that at each guess, each of the three angels would point to three different bushes out of the four available, they usually failed to guess in which bush Tiksi was hiding. Out of fifty turns at guessing only Anri managed to guess correctly and then only three times. Once again the angels congratulated the unbeatable Tiksi and headed home. One day they would certainly crack the secret to Tiksi's trick and he would then need a new set of bushes.

The angels had yet to finish the three-side chess match they had started at Fiu's house yesterday but had then put off. Nias was at the brink of losing but it was useless to try to persuade him to give up! They had no other choice but to finish the match.



The Father looked down to see His creation — His earth. He had so many children growing up there! Each of them had his own lessons, joy or woe.

This was as it should be. Every man would certainly try to become happy during his earthly life. Almost every man came up with his own recipe for happiness and a list of things that would, as it seemed to him, make him happy.

The souls of men grew and developed slowly. It took them even longer to understand what would really make them happy.

Some believed that money, a house or a pretty wife would lead them to happiness. Well, let them try. How else would they come to understand that happiness lies in other things. Let them give one thing a try. This will later lead them to another try, and then another, and then another again.

This would continue until they discover that there is only one word in a man's recipe for happiness and that word is "love". Love towards all other people and things, as it is only love that can make a person truly happy.

Jesus, my dear son! How difficult it is for you to deliver the words that only a few can understand. But things will change. One day your words will become the only escape and the true meaning of life for so many many people. One day your words will guide them to real, eternal happiness.

How wonderful would it be to see more happy people. It is always such a pleasure to look at your wonderful, loving and kind children and to make them happy and rejoice with them...



## *Chapter 4*

John, the disciple of Jesus, was sitting on the sea shore, smiling and looking at the water. Everything in his life had turned out to be very unexpected but wonderful. He could not be happier. He was by the Messiah's side, he heard Him, he saw Him and he learned from Him. People had been waiting hundreds of years for His arrival and now John the fisherman, unknown to anyone, was accompanying the Messiah himself! How had he earned such a gift?

The Messiah was the Son of the God. The God who created John, the earth and everything around him! It was incomprehensible and all John could do was to smile as happily as a child. In addition to being with the Messiah, he was accompanied by his

dear brother James and his best friends Andrew and Simon.

A huge wide smile spread across John's face. He was caught in this state by Simon, whom Jesus recently named Peter.

"Hello, my friend!" Simon gleefully looked at John. "Listen! Here we are thinking up a plan of how to get into Heaven and it seems that you've already found a way? Will you share your secret with me?"

"Oh, Simon!" replied John, "I've been thinking, how wonderful and extraordinary our lives have become. How did we earn this happiness? Sometimes I still don't believe all this is happening."

"God knows best." said Simon, whose logic and reason was often well-timed. "I think we must leave it up to His judgement and always stay with Jesus. By the way, did you try that wine He made out of water yesterday at the wedding? I did. You know, I have never tasted such a delicious wine before!"



“You bet! Of course I did!” John gave Simon a warm smile. “How could I miss such a miracle? It was good, really good.”

“It was for good reason that John the Baptist greeted Him in such manner. He recognized the Lord’s Son at once.”

“Oh, Simon!” John returned to his favourite topic as he always felt good when he was thinking of it. “We have plenty more things to see! Remember, He told us that we will see the gates of Heaven opened and that the angels descending to Him.”

“Yes, that is incredible.” Said Simon who was closely observing the thin stream of sand spilling from his palm. “To see the gates of Heaven opened... Andrew and I have been dreaming of it since we were kids. You too?”

“Yep.” John sighed happily and looked into the sky. “He heard us. You know, Simon, He always hears us and loves us. Somehow, I have known this since I was a child.”



Many angels are fond of various artistic pursuits and the Father always supports them. Some of them, for example, cultivate new plants and flowers. Successful experiments are then planted either in Heaven or on earth. Some angels are passionate about creating new breeds of animals and fish for both the earth and Heaven.

Once the Father was fascinated by one angel's work. It was a funny furry bouncing animal with a bag on its stomach to carry a cub. The Father made this a native animal unique to only one of the continents of the earth. And so it was that, everyone in Heaven was able to find an interesting hobby.

Even those who lacked either time or passion to create something new, they too could engage in simple creativity. For example, making clouds for Heaven or earth.

By the way, every failed attempt to design an animal, a fish or a plant becomes a cloud on earth. That is why people sometimes are surprised, when they see a cloud of a strange shape yet one which resembles something familiar. In this way no creative effort is wasted.

Today a young angel Elos was exactly doing this. He had tried to make an animal a couple of times before, but so far, his creations were only good enough to float over the earth. This is why Elos decided to practice making clouds for a while, but he was definitely going to return to making animals.

Now, in the earth's continent of Africa it was the wet season. So Elos used mostly grey and dark colours for the clouds that he intended to send there. He put lightning into some of the clouds to make it more fun for people during rainy weather.

An older angel revised Elos' work and approved it — there are very few accidents with clouds. Though Elos

once heard that one young angel had put so much thunder and lightning into his clouds that villagers beneath them had to spend a couple of days shouting at each other due to the continuous loud rumbling of thunder.

\* \* \*

Evening began to fall on the shores of the Jordan river. The flow of people, who were coming to John for Baptism and penitence, finally ended. John sat by the river's edge and put his hand into the water. Every day he would look at how the waters of Jordan carried away the large number of those sins which people repented. It was because the Father always forgave everyone those sins which they sincerely repented.

If only people knew that it was with their sins that pushed them away from a happy afterlife in Heaven, away from God and even from happiness here, on earth! It is a man's pride that always

prevents him from repentance and leads him astray. Poor people! Sooner or later each one of them will face that reality which is known as Eternity. What a difficult time it will be for those who did not make the time or the effort to repent their evil deeds. This is a most bitter moment which no unrepentant sinner can avoid.

John sighed. Thank God, His Son, Jesus is already among people. Soon He will show them the path to salvation, the path which if followed, will lead them to happiness and Eternal life. John smiled as he recalled his recent meeting with Jesus.

Truly, people never imagined that the King of kings would be like this. They still have to reflect and deliberate on many things before they finally understand that it is not power but Love that always has been and will be paramount in this world.

John stood up and headed home for a nap. Tomorrow people will come again and he must find time to help

everyone. None of those who confess shall leave with their sins still with them. John smiled at his thoughts and quickly fell asleep.

\* \* \*

Today angel Bloss was floating in seventh Heaven. Actually, he had always been in Heaven, but today he was especially happy. The Father had granted him a ward of his own, a little human!

Bloss had already come to earth ten times to see this treasure but he could never get enough. Of course, many could consider this incessantly screaming and eating package not very precious. Many, but not its parents and its angel Bloss who were besotted with it.

Bloss was absolutely sure that Mattie, for that was the diminutive of the baby's name, apart from being a great kind person, would be a very gifted painter and a master of seascapes. The fact that

there was no sea anywhere near the town where Mattie had been born never entered Blos' mind. He was unshakably optimistic.

After return from yet another visit to earth, the angel took a new canvas and immediately started to paint a portrait of his ward. His friend, angel Anri, came by and found him occupied in this fashion. After exchanging their usual warm greetings Anri took a long look at the new painting, tilting his head first right then left and finally asked Blos; "Dear friend! I fully understand your joy and share it completely with you but do you think it is necessary to paint a child on his first day of his life?"

Blos looked at his friend in surprise. "Of course, my dear Anri! Look, how handsome he is. He'll certainly become a painter, even a master of seascapes."

"Uhhh..." Anri was thinking, "Great idea, but where will you find a sea for him, dear Blos? There is nothing but a tiny river around his place. Maybe it

would be better for him to try sculpting? Then he will certainly find plenty of models for his works.”

Blos froze for a second and a drop of paint fell from the tip of his brush. It was complicated. On the one hand he didn't want to offend his friend, on the other hand... how could Mattie possibly be a sculptor? He was a dyed in the wool painter! Reason prevailed and helped him to come to the right decision.

“Maybe you're right, Anri, but let art itself decide for us. Here is my proposal. You make a sculpture of Mattie while I paint his portrait. Whichever is the more beautiful will determine his calling.” Blos had no doubt at all in his conviction.

Anri sadly looked at Mattie's portrait, then turned his gaze to his enthusiastic friend. Then looked down at his own hands.

“You know, dear Blos, it is not of the utmost importance what occupation Mattie chooses, be it a sculptor or



painter. What is really important is that he becomes a great person with a sweet and kind soul."

"Absolutely!" Bloss picked up Anri's spirit. "It is very very important that our future painter Mattie becomes a good and kind person!"

Anri vigorously shook his head in agreement and said goodbye. He was now eager to get back to his favourite work as he wanted to finish his sculpture of a beautiful violet unicorn.

\* \* \*

If asked Sain, would have had difficulty in explaining what was happening to him. The nuances of a soul can hardly be described in words, but Sain was absolutely sure that a time of great change was upon him.

More and more he was waking up in the morning with a feeling of freshness and joy. On the one hand everything seemed as it always had been yet at the

same time his life was getting brighter day by day.

Both his wife and his brother Manif, noticed the changes in Sain. He had never been somber or dull, mostly the opposite, but in recent times he was literally shining with overwhelming happiness.

The reason for such changes was quite simple, though sometimes even the simplest reason is very hard to discover. Sain had let God into his life. Not in the form of knowledge or conviction, as he already had these because Sain had from his very early childhood believed in God. No the reason was that now a living God had come into his life. It was very difficult to explain the matter but very easy to feel it in his heart.

There were many events in his life that he was now not able to consider without reference to God. Even looking at the stars, Sain now thought of them like a fragment of the Great Father's House. Magnificent mountains, fields and flowers also seemed to be God's

gifts, granted to people to share happiness. Whenever Sain was talked to people, he saw them as children of God. God was taking more and more space in Sain's heart and that made his life wonderful.

It was very much like a nice but dark room being suddenly pierced by sunlight. The light brought with it colour, beauty and warmth. In exactly the same way God's light was penetrating into Sain's soul.

Now when stargazing, Sain's eyes usually filled with tears of gratitude to the Lord for the path He was guiding him on. Gratitude for His light and joy which now filled his soul and for leading him to the King of kings that time. He no longer harbored any doubt who he had visited that night.

Every thought about the Lord filled his heart with waves of warmth and gratitude. He learnt that there was definitely no death. This knowledge was as simple and certain as the fact that day is always followed by night. In Heaven

there is no death, pain or anger. There is nothing like that in Heaven and there is nothing but Heaven.

Beyond the realm of this world there is only light and love and there is only God. Such sensations were difficult to explain even to his beloved brother Manif, However everything was very clear on the level of feelings and in the language of heart.

Sain closed his eyes but the eyes of his soul remained opened. Thank You, Thank you God...

Sain's angel Glen was standing near his friend and ward - smiling. He was very glad that these things were now happening in Sain's soul. This was very important — the most important thing that could ever happen to a man during his earthly life. The heart of a man united with God is a grateful child returned to his loving Father.

Once again, Glen listened to the melody of Sain's heart. It's alright, my dear friend and incurable romantic, it's alright. Sleep now. Within a few

minutes Sain was immersed in his first dream.

The angel walked through the wall of the house and out under the starry sky. Heavenly creatures faced no obstacles on earth. Glen stayed for a while and couldn't keep from smiling. It was a glorious day for him and the Father.

\* \* \*

“Dear Lord! Please, tell me about hell. Why is it that beyond this world of love you have another one?” asked the prophet Isaiah.

“My dear Isaiah, of course I will. Everything there is in the world is controlled by me. The other world, however, was not created by Me. It was created by those who did not obey my laws while they were on earth and want to continue live in it.”

“How is that?”

“Remember the time when you lived on earth and it will all become clear

to you. From the very first day, that the very first person entered into the world, I was by his side. I shall also be beside every person until his life comes to end. I want to bring each of My children to Heaven. Any person can at any time come to Me and open Me in his heart through love and righteousness.”

“However My world of love is not the only one that exists. On earth there is also another world, also alive — that is the world of animals and beasts. You know it well. Beasts have their own laws too, but these laws are very different to those by which My children live. The strong animals always dominate the weaker ones, and even the strong ones continually fight between themselves. The word love is not even in their vocabulary. There are either calm beasts or aggressive beasts but they are still just animals — wild beasts.”

“So there my dear Isaiah! When men abandon the path of kindness and love, they gradually move towards the world of other laws, the laws of the “wild”.

In these circumstances, the choice they make is completely theirs. During their time on earth, I repeatedly encourage the soul of every person, hundreds of times over, to make the right choice.

On passing beyond the realm of the earthly world, the soul continues to live according to the world of laws that person has chosen. Only this time the choice has been made is for eternity.

That world is known as hell.

That dark world has its own “tigers”, “rabbits”, “snakes” and “spiders”. The more cruel and dark was a man’s life, the darker and crueller is his corner in the “wild”. In that dark world there are no happy feelings. There everyone is obsessed only with their own personal desires and problems. Not one of them would think about another with warmth or kindness or offer help or assistance. There is no love there. They did not need love on earth and they do not need it there.”

A sad smile appeared on the Father’s face.

“This is how it is My dear Isaiah! Now you know that it is definitely not My world. However every creation of My children deserves to exist. It is for this reason that the creators of darkness simply continue to live in it. Anyone one of them can leave it by repenting ‘their sins and asking Me for help. But they have no desire to repent. Much in the way wild beasts have no desire to visit human communities.”

\* \* \*

Angels can move around in Heaven at any speed. Sometimes they stroll peacefully, at other times they fly and sometimes, when they need to they can instantly appear at their destination.

This time Nias, Asly and Fiu decided to ski from their favourite snowy mountains which were very far from their homes. The snow of Heaven is also very different from the snow on earth. In the first place, it is not cold and in the



second place it never melts. It is however slippery so in Heaven there are many that like to ride the snowy slopes.

This time it took an instant for the angels to move to their favourite mountain and in a blink of an eye they were on the mountain top looking at other Heavenly dwellers happily skiing. The angels recognized some of their friends and waved to them.

To ride the snowy slopes it was customary to use the large and durable leaves of one special tree. Each angel could choose a leaf of a size and shape according to his preferences.

Angel Fiu was first and chose an oblong leaf. He vigorously pushed off and rode down the slope. His friends Nias and Asly followed him at once.

In Heaven every sport or game is completely safe. The shape of objects here may resemble the objects on earth, but they are made of completely different material, as is the composition of heavenly dweller's bodies. Even the laws of the Heavenly world differ greatly

from those on earth. That is why no one in Heaven could ever hurt themselves or suffer injury or pain. The Father made this world completely safe. The most serious outcome of falling down is raucous laughter.

The three angels were rushing down the steep slope, occasionally shouting to each other. On their way, they encountered moguls and hollows and tried not to miss any of them. The descent was long and exciting. It also ended on the banks of a picturesque small river which almost instantly transformed into a waterfall. The angels were trying to ride so that at the end of the slope they would skim over water and then jump into the colourful streams of the waterfall.

On their first decent, only Asly managed to succeed. Fiu calculations were not very precise and he was now was swimming in the water with his leaf over his head. Nias crossed the river and was sitting on the opposite shore. Asly, being the only one who ended his descent as planned, having skimmed across the

river was now flying downwards, over the waterfall through a colourful cloud of mist. When he reached the large round lake which lay at the bottom of the waterfall, the angel started to glide along the surface and in no time at all was lying down in the turquoise water laughing.

In a little while, the angles were at the top of the mountain again, holding their leaves. They congratulated Asly on his fabulous ride and rushed down again. This time all of them managed to skim to the waterfall and they flew down together. Once again, Asly glided across the water surface while Nias and Fiu simply dived into water. Soon they emerged with big smiles on their faces. They briefly discussed their descent and headed to the summit once again, singing songs.



## *Chapter 5*

Jesus' mother looked at Her Son. Every mother on earth loves her children dearly, but having God as a child, nurturing Him and taking care of Him was Her unique privilege.

Jesus sensed His Mother's look and shared a warm smile. They needed no words. The language of their hearts was the most simple and at the same time, the most precise. The Son was always aware of Her thoughts and of what was happening in Her soul. The Father had chosen a very wonderful and bright soul!

From His very childhood, He was the kindest and the most obedient child that had ever been born on earth. She never had any cause to reprimand Him — Love doesn't make mistakes and He was Love.

She'd seen so many miracles throughout this time! All these feelings were carefully stored in a mother's heart — the most secure vault ever and She still had much to see and experience.

Her Son - Her God! It is very difficult concept for the mind to understand but it very easily and comfortably lives in a loving mother's heart. From a very young age Saint Mary was devoted to God. Now here she was raising Him.

Her life had turned into one big miracle a long time ago. It began when she was a young girl and the high priest Zechariah took her to a temple's altar. From then on, miracles never ceased to happen in her life.

As a child, Mary had read many scriptures of the prophets and She was well aware, of how difficult the path of the Lord's Messiah would be. Yet She would in an instant gladly take over all woes and burdens that awaited Her Son in His lifetime. It was torture to have to watch those ordeals from

the sideline. This, however, was known only to Her and the Lord.

All true feelings are always like this. Joy is the most pure and bright and sorrow is the deepest. The Mother of God experienced the ultimate range of human emotions. Her Son saw it clearly. Only real Love gives the ability to so understand each other.

True and pure love does not exist in isolation. It can only exist in relation to someone. Saint Mary was now living for Her Son, and He lived for His heavenly Father, His Mother and every man on earth.

\* \* \*

Angel Blos was smiling as he looked at the three fabulous feathers for his brushes which lay before his new painting in the garden. It turned out that all that was needed as an incentive was to simply paint the bird over the water in his painting. Yesterday, he had

for some reason wanted to do so, and today he couldn't stop smiling. The bird was finally starting to appreciate his painting. He must certainly remember to thank her when she next flew into his garden.

Actually, in recent times Blos was not as eager to paint as he used to be. He preferred to spend time on earth, by the side of his ward Mattie. The baby was growing fast and Mattie was already trying to take his first steps. Just like the parents, the angel could spend hours, watching the baby's unsuccessful attempts. As much as he could, Blos helped and advised Mattie and, day by day, the results improved. One day Mattie's feet would be firmly planted on the ground.

Blos heard steps behind him and turned. It was his friend Anri —, smiling and approaching his painting with the two feathers.

"Greetings, dear Blos! It looks like today you've got a real burst of creativity. New brushes, I believe, make your works even more intricate."

“Hello, Anri! Glad to see you. I definitely have to paint this bird more often.”

“Not too often though, my friend. Let her grow her feathers.”

The angels laughed and entered the house. They took their favourite armchairs and began to play with the fish in the pond. The fish were happy about their arrival and were leaping high above water.

“How is Mattie, my friend? What’s new with him?” Anri always asked Blos about his ward. He was eager to be awarded his own little man on earth one day.

“He managed five steps today,” Blos smiled widely, “While at the same time his parents and I took about five thousand steps around him.”

The friends laughed again and paid some attention to the flipping fish.

“You know, Anri,” Blos broke the silence, “I am really fond of looking into Mattie’s eyes. They are so bright and pure, as if he’s one of us, the dwellers of



Heaven. I wish he could save this purity until the very end of his life.”

“Yes, dear friend, that would be wonderful. But there is no guarantee in that world. Certainly much depends on you and his parents, but most of all it depends on Mattie himself, as it is he who was granted the freedom of choice by our Father. The only things we can do are help and advise people on how to act, but the final decision lies with them alone.”

“I have no doubt, dear Anri, that Mattie will always hear us with his soul and that his deeds will always be kind and just.” said Blos looking so confident that Anri smiled in reply.

“Yes, my friend, your optimism will always be a great benefit to Mattie. You’ll surely find a sea for your future seascape painter.”

They laughed again and turned to play with the fish, who became bored quickly without the angels’ attention.



That night there was a strong headwind, so the disciples of God, who were rowing in the boat, had to talk loudly. They had a long night's travel to Capernaum. The events of the previous day had surprised them so much that they were still discussing them. It was a miracle — their Master fed five thousand people with five loaves of bread!

Of course, the followers of Jesus had already seen many miracles, but was it ever possible to get used to them?

Andrew asked his brother "Simon! How many times did you come to the Teacher for new loaves?"

"Not really sure. Many times," replied Simon. "When those who were standing further away came to take some bread, those who were standing closer were already finishing their meal. I even grew weary distributing it. And you?"

“Many as well.”

“Did anyone see how new loaves were emerging from the Master’s hands?” asked John.

“I didn’t.” replied Philipp, “I only saw that each time He had a new loaf which He tore up and gave to me.”

“I didn’t see either,” responded Andrew, “maybe we don’t need to know how the Father was giving it to Him. Do you think we should ask Him?”

“What are you thinking!” Simon interrupted, “It’s a miracle! All we have to do is watch and smile at God. Who are we to try to examine miracles! If it comes to that, the Father will tell us about it if we need to know. He knows all our thoughts in advance. Whenever I just start to think about something, He is already is talking about it.

Everyone nodded in assent.

“By the way, how will our Master get to Capernaum?” John asked his friends once again.

No one had an answer.

“Maybe, tomorrow morning He will hire a boat. There are plenty on the shore,” Andrew finally replied.

“Strange that He didn’t come with us this time” Andrew continued pensively, “up until now we always used to sail with Him.”

“Oh, Andrew!” John looked at Andrew admonishingly “He probably needs some rest. We are tired from just carrying the bread, and He was taking it from Heaven and tearing it for us.”

“Exactly” agreed Philipp, “To get the bread is always harder than to carry it.”

Then he turned around to get some fat as the rowlock had begun to creak so loudly that it became a greater impediment to discussion than the wind. Philipp took the piece of cloth that the fat was wrapped in and raised his head when an involuntary shriek escaped from his chest.

Someone was walking over sea towards them.

“Hey guys look! There’s someone, walking on the water!” his voice was trembling.

Everybody looked at where he was pointing. The moonlight lit up everything around the boat and they could see quite well. What they saw startled everyone. It was a figure of a man in light coloured clothes walking fast over the rolling waves. It was heading directly towards them.

“A ghost!” whispered Peter and drew his oar out of rowlock. “Looks like we’re done for.”

“Maybe it will pass us by?” his brother asked quietly and hopefully.

“Not likely,” said John and grabbed his oar too. “Why would it walk into the middle of the sea to simply to pass by us?”

“Oars against a ghost?” Andrew sounded dubious “I’d rather pray. That is more dependable!”

The men all then started to whisper to themselves at the same time and the figure continued approaching them.

“Guys!” Philipp suddenly shouted in delight, “It is our Master, He’s coming to us!”

Everyone immediately looked up hopefully and started to stare at the figure.

“Cheer up and don’t be afraid. It is Me.” — they heard a familiar voice call out.

A sigh of relief passed through the boat. The raised oars were lowered to the bottom of the boat.

“Maybe it’s a ghost feigning our Master?” Peter was relentless. Still holding his oar, he shouted at the figure. “Lord! If it is You, let me come to You over the water!

Jesus smiled at stopped several steps away from the boat containing His stunned disciples.

“Come!”

Peter, under the bewildered gaze of his friends stepped overboard. His eyes were locked to his Master’s. A miracle had happened! The water around the boat became solid.

Peter became bolder and straightened his back, while still looking into his Master's eyes. He took the first step, then another one, and then another. The water was holding him! A million words would not have been enough to describe what was happening inside of Peter now.

A strong gust of wind blew into his back. Peter swiftly looked back and inevitably looked down. The sea was raging below him. His heart stopped abruptly in slight shock and in the same instant the water lost its solidity and he submerged. The big waves were drowning him.

"Dear Lord, save me!" he shouted to his Master.

Smiling, Jesus came to him and stretched out His hand.

"You of little faith. Why did you have doubt?" He asked Peter warmly.

In a moment, He pulled his disciple out of water and escorted him to the boat. The other disciples silently bowed their heads in awe before him. The wind hushed.



If an angel had to describe Heaven to a human, he would probably begin his story with the word "happiness". However this happiness is true and pure. People on earth can only glimpse such happiness and even then on rare occasions.

This happiness is often felt by a person deeply in love with someone. At such times all, usual cares and troubles disappear into the background and their loved one fills their heart completely. There are feelings of light and radiance of immeasurable proportion towards them and a feeling of unearthly and timeless happiness. In such moments, we think that we will always be that happy. Sometimes this is actually possible as the Lord always give people a chance to retain true love for their whole lifetime. However very few people are able to do so.

Every mother experiences some moments of such happiness connected



with her children. At such moments time stops and nothing exists but a simple yet beautiful and radiant state of the mother's soul.

Often people feel this genuine sensation when they admire nature and its beauty fills their soul completely and there is no room for anything else. There are, of course, other moments in our lives when we touch real happiness. It is impossible not to notice them or miss them.

In Heaven, everyone has this feeling, but it is brighter, more pure and it is there permanently. The source of and reason for this feeling is the Father, the Creator of the world. Just like the Sun illuminates and warms the earth, He fills the world of Heaven with His endless joy and love. The pure happiness in Heaven is never disturbed, since there are no passions, sins, frustration and deceit there. The Light of God is never obscured.

God shines this very same Light on earth as well, as there is no other. Sadly people nowadays rarely see it.

Just like the Sun may be overshadowed with clouds, our passions, sins, condemnations, turmoil of thought, bad deeds and lies obscure God's Light. Sometimes the clouds are so thick that midday may look like evening. In the very same way a soul can so tightly wrap itself in the darkness of sin that despite being surrounded by unlimited happiness it will in effect be living in hell. It doesn't matter, how many "treasures" it has acquired in its earthly lifetime as these are but dust in Heaven which have absolutely no meaning in Eternity and evaporate like the mist in the morning.

\* \* \*

Angel Asly had lived on the water for a long time. He was very fond of the sea and decided to never be apart from it for long. Since there are no storms or hurricanes in Heaven, life at sea is just as serene as ashore.

Asly's house was pretty and spacious. One floor was completely underwater and Asly would often go down to watch the underwater world. Instead of the usual pets that humans have, Asly had marine life as pets. A fur seal called Annie and a pink dolphin, Pus. These merry fellows never stopped playing with each other and were an inexhaustible source of laughter for the angel and all of his guests. Today, as soon as the angel came down, they started to press funny faces up against the glass wall.

Some time ago Asly lived high in the mountains, as he loved skiing down the snowy slopes. Later he left his previous house to a friend, settled here and never regretted the move.

Asly laughed as he watched how Annie tried to ride on the Pus's back. The seal was trying very hard to hold on to his friend's slippery back using his flappers. As soon as the dolphin moved Annie would inevitably slide down towards his tail. The seal, however was

a rare optimist and kept repeating the process over and over.

Asly's pet's favourite activity was performing for Asly's guests. Despite having tried almost every leap, roll, inversion and dance, they still managed to come up with something new each time.

Today they expected their favourite angle Fiu as a guest. As soon as Fiu appeared the dolphin used his tail to throw Annie up into air. During his short flight, the seal tried to imitate the angels by flapping his flippers. At the final launch Fiu caught him mid-air and flew him a couple of circles around the house. Annie was in jubilant. He snorted enthusiastically and even managed to lick the angel's face several times.

Finally, Fiu descended onto the terrace and released the seal into water. Asly then hugged his friend and together they took their favourite seats to watch the second part of the lively performance put on by the aquatic actors.



Sain was sitting on the hillside with his older brother Manif. From a great height they watched the tiny figures of people moving below. They often used to sit there together to enjoy a brief escape from their family responsibilities and to socialize with each other.

Nearly all of the brother's chats were about the same current topic of interest. They were well aware of all earthy things and mostly understood them. However, contact with Heavenly matters always brought something new to their souls and always beckoned them with its beauty and mystery. Only contact with this enabled them to become young boys again —happy, free and very alive.

In recent times the brothers tried not to miss any news about their favourite preacher Jesus. To be honest there was now an overwhelming abundance of news concerning Him. Almost every

visit to the temple in Jerusalem brought something new to their lives. After each sermon, they took time to stay in the temple or walk along streets and to hear about the various miracles that followed Jesus.

The brothers thought it strange that even after He performed so many miracles, He was still was not accepted by many priests who prohibited people talking about Him. This was not so easy to achieve as a wave of fame preceded Him.

“You know, Sain,” the older brother Manif continued their leisurely discussion of the theme, “I think they are simply very jealous of Him. They have no miracles themselves not even historically. It is not uncommon. Remember, when we were kids, one herdsman from our village burned his neighbor’s barn out of jealousy?”

“How could I forget? The smoke covered the entire village. I think you’re right.” replied Sain. “But I don’t understand them. You don’t have to be jealous

of Jesus, you need to listen to Him carefully instead. From our childhood we've been taught that those who commit miracles are God's kin. His words are very true and transparent and when you hear Him everything clicks into place. When you listen to Him it becomes clear what it is that man needs to do, and what he must avoid. When He gives His sermons our souls just soar, it is difficult to put into words.

"Yes, indeed, it soars. You got it exactly!" Manif smiled warmly. "In real-life with Him is more interesting and joyful. It is as though Heaven comes closer to you. Whereas at home it's all the same."

"Come on, brother!" Sain laughed. "You have a really nice family, and your Leyla is kindness incarnated."

"Yes, yes, I know, she's great! But tell me this — where does she manage to find so many different tasks for me? That's a rare talent for sure. I wish I could talk to her about Heavenly matters."

“You can talk now! There are no wives around here in the mountains,” Sain went on laughing. “Home, brother, is also good, especially when you find love and peace there just like we do. C’mon, let’s go back, I still have my gates to fix. My boy was swinging on them all day yesterday until they finally collapsed under him.”

The brothers laughed and slowly headed back home.





## *Chapter 6*

**J**esus was sitting on the mountaintop. Although His body was perched on a rock, His soul was very far away. It was in Heaven, at home with His Father. Nothing in this world could ever part them even for the tiniest moment, for the Father was already within the Son and the Son within the Father.

Our earthly language is completely inadequate when it comes to trying to explain the symphony of love that was always present between Them. Many of the notes of this symphony are unable to be heard by men, and some notes can't even be heard by Heavenly dwellers. The symphony is the ultimate summit of all feelings and it is the territory of God only.

On its own, the essence of love resembles a very high mountain. The more pure and true the love a man experiences in his life, the greater the height he has achieved in God's world. The purest of Heavenly dwellers, the angels, live very high on this mountain of love. Only a few men come even close to reaching such height. The very summit, however, can only be reached by God. He is the only one who knows its endless height. Jesus knew this as well.

Now Jesus found himself simultaneously at the top of the mountain of rock and at the foot of the mountain of human love. Nowhere in the kingdom of God was there less love than there was at that time on earth. Even the righteous John the Baptist was imprisoned here. It was for this very reason that Jesus came to earth — to help people start climbing the most important mountain in their lives.

Love. This is the main treasure in Heaven yet it is worth almost nothing in this world. Even worse, people

think of love as a weakness or unwanted peculiarity. Power, domination, money and passions are what men crave and this is the focus of all their desire and ambition.

Still, every man has a soul. There are not very many who are able to completely drown out its righteous voice and desires. It is for these people that Jesus came to earth, for those, who's souls are still luminous, for those, who can still learn to love — He was here for them.

Jesus smiled as He remembered all those who needed Him and He remembered His disciples. How bright and pure they are, just like children. Jesus stood up and walked down from the mountain. He was already missing them a little.

\* \* \*

Angels Nias was in Manif's house and was looking at Manif with a smile. His ward was about to learn a difficult lesson. Lying on the floor before

Manif was his favourite wine jar, or, to be more precise, only what was left of this jar, which was a large pile of small fragments. The fresh puddle on the floor also told Nias that there had still been plenty of Manif's favourite wine in the jar.

Beside this sorry scene stood his favourite youngest daughter Kina wishing that she could become invisible.

Manif groaned. He loved his daughter, and the wine, and the jar which had been an old present from his brother.

"Daddy!" it was his daughter's voice, "I am so sorry. It's all my fault. Now you have neither your jar nor wine."

Manif's heart melted instantly, he made the one and only correct choice. He embraced his daughter pressing salty and teary face to his chest.

"It's ok my darling! Don't be upset." Manif said tenderly, stroking his daughter's head, "That jar was old and the wine was sour. So don't you worry, it's not a great loss. Let's see if

we can make something beautiful out of those fragments.”

Nias was smiling — well played, Manif! You did the right thing today. In his thoughts, the angel said goodbye to all the family, flapped his wings and peacefully flew home.

Manif’s wife Leyla watched her husband lovingly from the corner of the room. She was eager to do something pleasant for him, and made plans to buy him some new wine as soon as possible. Meanwhile, her angel was already giving her clues, where she could buy the best wine. He had of course found this out ages ago.

\* \* \*

Felix the Pegasus stood at the lake shore. He waited for his friend, angel Fiu, who was about to return from the earth. To stave off boredom, Felix was playing with a frog. The frog sat on Felix’s hoof and he tried to throw it as

far as possible into the lake. Each time the frog flew further and further, but it was relentless and always returned to the Pegasus.

Kicking frogs as a sport wasn't actually Felix's favourite occupation. He liked giving rides to angels most of all. He was so very fond of those snow-white and very kind riders, that he was prepared to fly with them continually.

Of course, angels themselves are expert flyers, but riding a living Pegasus is very romantic! So, Felix had more than enough willing passengers.

Felix, liked all the angels, but there were some among them with whom he had been acquainted for a long time. Angel Fiu was one of them. Fiu liked to fly with Felix and find new places, and the Pegasus always tried to find something special for him. Today Felix had a surprise for Fiu — a wonderful spot in Heaven which he had only recently discovered.

Angel Fiu appeared at the exact time the relentless frog was flying to the

opposite shore of the lake. Felix abandoned the happily croaking champion at the lake and turned to his friend.

“Hey, Felix!” it was Fiu’s voice, cheerful as usual, “I see you’re keeping busy with the frogs. Where are we flying today?”

Felix snorted a reprimand, letting Fiu know that being over-inquisitive didn’t suit him.

“Okay, fine, fine.” agreed the angel and hopped on, “Carry me, my friend to wherever you wish and I will see for myself.”

Felix flapped his wings and flew towards the clouds.

The clouds in Heaven are quite different from earthly clouds. They can be varied and different! There are fluffy clouds that look like ours, and other clouds are solid. There are clouds that look like floating islands and even tiny planets. Their colour can also vary greatly!

The first cloud they encountered was dense and looked like cheese, not

because of its colour, which was pink, but because of its structure. It had a large number of different entrances and tunnels. It resembled a floating maze.

Felix flew into the widest tunnel at considerable speed and spent some time exploring its centre. The pinkish inner walls were quite spectacular from the inside. In a while, they left the cloud and continued their flight.

The next cloud was a small floating island. It had its own low mountains, a river and even a small waterfall. Fiu waved his hand in greeting the angels who were swimming in the waterfall, Felix clapped his hooves together.

Finally, the cloud that the Pegasus was taking the angel to, appeared before them. When they approached it, Fiu gasped in surprise — he'd never seen such clouds before.

This cloud was perfectly round and consisted entirely of water. In fact, it was a sea floating in the sky, except it had no bottom. Some slight waves



interrupted its smooth surface giving it a ribbed appearance.

The Pegasus without slowing down, burst into the cloud creating a fountain of splashes. Large schools of fish immediately dispersed before the unexpected guests, hardly having a chance to say hello. Felix continued to swiftly move deeper into the cloud when suddenly he emerged through the other side. Fiu screamed in delight and gratefully patted the Pegasus on his back for the new sensations he had just experienced. Felix was quite pleased and clapped his hooves together.

Then Pegasus quickly turned and flew swiftly back into the blue surface of the floating sea. This time the fish were expecting the guests and parted more elegantly. They were always pleased to meet new guests.

Having had enough of swimming in the sea cloud, Felix and Fiu headed home. It had been a magnificent journey. All the way back the angel was singing songs and the Pegasus was drumming

a rhythm with his hooves — he had no other use for them during flight. On the lake's shore a whole row of frogs waited, wanting to break the existing record.

\* \* \*

Archangels Michael and Gabriel were sitting beside God. A long time ago there was another archangel who used to join them in their visits to the Father, but since then many things had changed. Their former friend was now very far away from them and far away from everything that was good and kind. Things like this can happen even in Heaven.

“Father!” said Archangel Gabriel addressing God, “Why is it that sometimes even angels fall into evil? We dwell in Heaven where everyone is happy. Why do they do it?”

The Father looked at His faithful friends and companions with love.

Together, they had been through myriads of different challenges.

“Pride, dear Gabriel, pride and ego. All their skills and talents are granted to them by Me.” the Father smiled sadly, “Self-conceit can deprive any one of common sense, even an angel. Day by day, his vision of the world gets corrupted, and eventually he comes up with his own “truth”. After that, if they cannot overcome their conceit they become drained of love, and without love no happiness is possible.”

“Father, where does pride come from?” Archangel Michael joined the conversation, “I mean - You created light, not darkness.”

“Yes, you are right of course. I created only light, and everyone who wishes to stay in My light, may do so eternally. But, if they choose to move away from the light, it always gets darker. Darkness, however, has no essence. It is but the mere absence of light. Hence, anger and hatred are merely the absence of love. Getting further away from Me,

both angels and men fall deeper into the darkness, where there is an absence of My laws. The laws that prevail there are those that they have created themselves. In the darkness there is a complete absence of love, joy and happiness, there exists only pleasures. Supremacy, pride, boasting and possession become the pleasures, in which they become engrossed. Immersed in these pleasures they lose their heart as a heart has no place in a world of darkness.”

“Father! Why did You let pride and other passions to appear on earth? You could make the earth free of them?” archangel Michael asked God again.

“Of course, dear Michael.” the Father smiled. “Then it would be another Heaven, but why would I need two? Jokes aside -people need to learn for themselves that when given a choice between good and evil, they should to choose good. They have to learn that living in a world of love is always better than living in a world of fear and hatred. How would they learn this if they had

nothing to compare it to. So let passions be for now. Once people have learnt this well and start to swap their laws to good, life on earth may start to resemble Heaven. A heart belongs to Heaven as long as it is filled with love and is free of all passions. The more such hearts there are on earth, the closer its inhabitants would be to actual Heaven.

Archangel Gabriel looked at God deep in thought.

“Father, are people ever going to be able to build Heaven on earth?”

The Father laughed.

“Keep believing, my dear! If not, why would I ever create this earth? I have done so only because I strongly believe that love and kindness will finally prevail.” the Father looked at the wonderful blue planet and quietly added, “I have no doubt dear one.”

The Father was silent for a while, then added:

“But it won’t be soon, my dear friends, not soon at all. There is still much evil on earth and very much

depends on the people themselves. It is up to them to decide which world they wish to live in.”

\* \* \*

Zacchaeus was sitting in a tree. It was not that he didn't like climbing trees in fact the opposite. It was just that he was short and not very strong physically. Where would strength come from if the only thing you did was sit and count money all day as he did?

Today Zacchaeus had a very important task. He had to see a man named Jesus, Who was about to travel along the road he was watching. There were many people along the road, and many of them were taller than Zacchaeus, so he was afraid that he wouldn't see anything. Then he had a bright idea and now he was above everyone, watching the road intently.

Actually, Zacchaeus's life wasn't that happy, even though he was very

rich. His occupation as chief tax-collector of the city brought him large profits, but people would always turn their heads from him and were afraid of him. This made Zacchaeus's miserable in his heart as deep down inside he was a fair fellow.

Zacchaeus had asked God many times to bring joy back into his life.

Once Zacchaeus had a dream:

He dreamed that a very kind man came up to him and he looked him in the eyes for a long time. The man said "Come to Me".

"How can I come to You, I don't even know your name" responded Zacchaeus.

The man in white gave him a warm smile and said: "My name is Jesus". Here his dream ended.

Many years passed and Zacchaeus had long forgotten both the dream and the unusual sense of happiness, which he had felt the morning after it. Recently one of his neighbours told him of a preacher who had performed many

miracles and had healed many people in Israel. To Zacchaeus' amazement the name of this preacher was Jesus. Today this Jesus was about to walk along this road and nothing in this world was going to stop Zacchaeus seeing Him.

The group of travelers he was waiting for was already very close to the tree Zacchaeus was sitting in. People on the sides of the road were raising themselves on the tiptoes to see Him, about whom they had heard so much. Zacchaeus raised himself on his branch a little, even though no one was standing in front of him.

Jesus walked in front of everyone. Zacchaeus immediately recognized Him as the kind man from his old dream. Overwhelming emotions took his breath away and his heart was ready to jump out of his chest. The dream was coming true. Zacchaeus couldn't take his eyes off Jesus.

Jesus approached the tree, looked into Zacchaeus's eyes and smiled, just like in the old dream.



“Zacchaeus! Come down now quickly for today I have to be in your house.” said Jesus.

It is unlikely any apple could fall from a tree quicker than the delighted Zacchaeus descended from his. It was with great joy that he welcomed Jesus into his house. The people around Jesus started to claim that Zacchaeus was a sinner and that he collected taxes unjustly

Zacchaeus became very frightened. He was frightened that Jesus might turn and walk away. For some reason, Zacchaeus felt and believed He was more important and valuable than all his money and treasures. Suddenly, Zacchaeus shouted the words which were coming directly from his heart:

“Lord! I shall give half of what I own to beggars and to those I have offended I shall repay it fourfold.”

Jesus smiled and looked kindly at Zacchaeus.

“Today salvation has come to this house, because this man, too, is a son

of Abraham.” said Jesus. He and His disciples stayed in the house of happy Zacchaeus.

\* \* \*

“Father, why do people on earth live in families unlike us in Heaven?” an angel asked the Father once. “Is this because they need a family to have children?”

“Yes, my dear! But it is not the only reason.” replied the Father. “It is not important that there be a lot of people on earth, but that there be a lot of good people. Otherwise what would be the point of creating the earth?”

The Father smiled warmly and continued. “That is why I created families for people. Men and women are always attracted to each other and that is why they create a family. A family can be broken by that which destroys peace within it — passions, sins and pride. Without these the people in families

would always be happy. People who have families have to choose between their happiness and their passions since passions can hardly be hidden in a family. Those families, where people have learned to forgive, to be honest, not to blame their partner, will always be happy and vice versa, those who lie, rant and rave and condemn their spouse will eventually close their heart from whom they love.”

“I understand.” said the angel. “Why are people usually so happy at the beginning of their family life and usually so unhappy in the end?”

“Not all of them, my dear! There are people who maintain the happiness of their family throughout all of their lives.” replied the Father. “But in time the same passions and sins begin to pull the loving hearts apart. People build a wall of isolation between each other from their own wrath, condemnation and lies and then it surprises them how difficult it becomes to live together. Yet, this wall can easily be demolished.

One of them only needs to deeply and sincerely regret his actions and the other to forgive. Sadly a person's proud mind rarely seeks to be repentant or forgiving. So they are restless all their lives, seeking happiness but at the same time refusing to make any allowances for their loved ones. So for anyone who wants to understand what is most important and wants to always live with love, a family provides the means by which this can be achieved."

The Father looked at the earth.

"Blessed are those who learn to always choose only peace, love and forgiveness within their family! For them Heaven is already upon them and it will never end!"



## *Chapter 7*

John the Baptist was on his way to the Father. His earthly journey had ended recently. The entire world of angels came to greet him whom the Father had sent to earth before the arrival of the Son. Now John was returning to Him.

John's heart was on fire. It was always this way when he was thinking of the Father. It had been so on earth and now it was so as well. The love of God never ceased to flow into his faithful heart, faithful to the last breath.

The first thing John saw were his Father's eyes. Only He had such a look. His gaze was always a fathomless ocean of love, understanding and gratitude.

“Thank you!” pronounced the quiet and the kindest voice ever.

John with love and tenderness touched Him who he had for a long time been longing for.

“Forgive me, Father, if anything did not work out or if I failed to complete any of Your tasks.”

“You have done everything well and properly.” the Father smiled. “Thank you my loyal friend. The rest will now be done by our Jesus.”

“I was so glad to see Him at Jordan.” said John shifting his gaze to the earth. “He is walking a difficult road right now. The world of men is still very cold.”

“Do not worry, He will succeed.” the Father hesitated a second “Now I am always with Him and He is with Me.”

The Father smiled broadly.

“Take a look dear John and see how many new children have appeared on earth. They are amazing, all of them. At some time there will be more of them,

many more of them. So your efforts were not in vain."

"Indeed." John looked into His eyes again. "If You need any more help down there, I am ready."

"Thank you, my dear friend, it is not necessary. Rest at home, my dear child."

\* \* \*

Coonie, Sain's daughter, was staring straight ahead with her eyes wide open. She couldn't have even dreamt about what was presently happening. A beautiful young man was standing in the corner of her room, looking and smiling at her. He was blindingly white and had large wings. He was so beautiful and his smile was so warm that Coonie wasn't afraid not even for a second. On the contrary, she felt very glad and happy.

"Hi Coonie!" said the young man cheerfully and smiled broadly. "You

are very big already. You aren't afraid of me, are you?"

"Hello!" Coonie tried to sound as polite as she could. She always tried to be well-mannered, but in the end she couldn't resist and said very quickly. "What are those? Wings, right? You can fly?"

"Well, actually, yes." the young man was definitely enjoying his conversation with this vivacious and curious child. "I can if I wish to, and if I don't, I can walk."

"Fantastic!" replied Coonie with a childish plainness. "I can only walk and my mom and dad also can only walk. Can you teach me how to fly?"

The young man warmly smiled and stroked the girl's head.

"I will teach you, honey. One day I will surely teach you. Obey your parents, be a kind and honest girl and some day you will fly."

This young man, was certainly Coonie's angel. He took her hands and looked into her pure and trusting eyes.



“For now I could give you a ride over the sky. Do you want to come fly with me?”

Coonie began to bounce on the spot in happiness and cuddled the kind and happy young man.

“I want to, I really want to!” she nodded, but suddenly she remembered that she was a well-behaved girl and asked the young man. “Do I have to ask my mom and dad?”

“Always!” the laughing angel took her in his hands. “Don’t forget to tell them where you’ve been. Oh, and tell them, I have asked the main Father and He said you can fly with me.”

Then the young man flapped his wings and soared up high into the sky. Villages, mountains and fields were quickly passing by below them. Whenever Coonie saw people on the ground, she would wave her hand but for some reason they didn’t respond. Not everyone had the power to actually see them.

After some time they came back to Coonie’s house.

"I have to be off now" said the angel and smiled again.

"Will you come back?" the girl asked her new friend, still holding his hands.

"I will, sweetheart, I certainly will! Remember, I'm always near you. Be a good girl, Coonie! Grow up and be a delight for everyone!"

The angel kissed the girl in her forehead, flapped his wings and flew out of the house.

Coonie remained where she was waving her hand.

"Who are you waving to my girl?" she heard her dear father's voice behind her. Coonie jubilantly ran to him and cuddled him.

"A man with wings. He is very kind. We have just been riding across the sky." jabbered Coonie. "He told me to let you know that main Daddy said we can fly and that I must be a kind and good girl. If I do so, I will have wings just like him."

Sain kept his silence, holding his daughter in his hands and looking

into the Sky. His heart was being torn to pieces.

“Daddy, why are you crying?” asked Coonie. “Don’t worry, daddy, he was very-very nice.”

Sain lifted Coonie, spun her around and laughed.

“I know, girl! I’m crying with joy!”

\* \* \*

The three disciples of God, Peter, James and John were sitting at the foot of Mount Tabor at a small glade. They were enthusiastically discussing their recent climb to the summit with their Master. What they saw there was far beyond their earthly comprehension. After they descended, the Master told them not to tell anyone about it. Between themselves however they were now actively discussing all the details.

Of course, they held no doubts that their Master was the Messiah and God’s

Son, but they were stunned by what they saw on the mountain.

Beside the Master, there were two great prophets — Moses and Elijah. The disciples saw the great reverence that the prophets showed the Master, and also they heard the voice of the Father - God, Who told them: "This is my beloved Son, with whom I am well pleased; listen to Him".

But the most amazing was the bright white light that came from their Master. The light was as bright as Sun in mid-day — it was painful to look at.

It felt incredibly wonderful up there! So wonderful that Peter proposed to the Master and the Prophets to build three houses on the mountain for them. They had really seen the gates of Heaven open, just as was promised by their Master.

All this was absolutely amazing. Their Master was so noble and distinguished, but at the same time, so simple. To them His royal, divine simplicity was strange. The kings on earth that they

knew of were far from being plain, the kings of Heaven on the other hand...

Anyway, it needed to be thoroughly discussed.

“Simon!” James was smiling as he looked at Peter. They were still in a state of wonder. “For whom would you build first house on the mountain?”

“You need to ask? The Master, of course.” Peter responded instantly. “It is obvious that He’s the highest after the Father-God.”

“And who’s going to be the second?” John explored his brother’s topic.

“The second?” Peter needed to consider this. From his childhood he had loved both Moses and Elijah. A solution to this complicated issue came by itself.

“I say, both will be second” he responded being pleased with his answer.

“How is that?” asked the others in unison.

“Well, as I said, the first one would be a house for our Master. Then Andrew

and I will start to build a house for Elijah, and you will build one for Moses. This will let us finish both houses at the same time!” Peter was smiling as he was very happy with this simple solution and looked at his brothers.

Both John and James exchanged looks uncertainly.

“Sim...” started James, “We have never built a house before.”

“Not a problem. That was before and this is now...” Peter encouraged them, “I’ll guide you. So on this hill two new houses will appear for our favourite prophets.”

Against this argument the others had nothing to say in contradiction.

“Very well, Simon,” replied John on behalf of both. “If the Master agrees, we’re in.”

“Great!” said Peter encouragingly. He then took a big flatbread out of his bag and smiling shared it with everyone. “Let’s have a nice snack. The first law of construction is that builders always have to stay strong.”

\* \* \*

The angel Asley with his friends Nias and Fiu, decided to go on another ride. Unlike the previous time, they didn't choose the mountains but a very different place. One day, the people on earth will also come up with a slightly similar sort of riding but only ever so slightly similar. One day, on earth they will ride ocean waves with special boards. In Heaven, everyone loves to use big leaves to ride clouds, the surface of which is continually changing.

The continually changing cloud surface vaguely resembles the movement of an ocean wave. Waves move in only one direction and are roughly equal in size, while surges in a cloud's surface are very unpredictable. Waves in a cloud can move in different directions, have various shapes and height and different speeds.

Of course, the types of clouds which can be ridden vary. There are

small clouds with low waves, clouds with large but smooth waves and clouds with quite a turbulent surface. There is a wide range of choice to satisfy every rider.

Our friends were well experienced and headed for a big cloud with high and fast waves.

Fortunately, angels can fly; otherwise they would never be able to stand up after falling off. That is why Nias, Fiu and Asley would from time to time ascend from the cloud to regain their balance, adjust the leaf under their feet and then again position themselves on the crest of a big breaking wave.

Having had enough fun on the cloud, the angels happily headed home, sometimes stopping along the way to look at some especially interesting clouds.

\* \* \*

On this particular day Abraham was talking to the Father.



“Please, father, tell me about miracles. What is their role in ensuring faith, love and kindness in men?”

“You are right, dear Abraham. Miracles are not only designed to make people believe in Me and in Heaven. They are also to guide people to think about love and kindness as this is the only true purpose in their lives. Faith alone is not enough. So what if everyone in hell knows of us and can even see us? They believe in our existence as well, but this doesn’t make them want to abandon sin and evil.”

“Father, did you do your first miracles solely for the consolidation of faith?”

“My dear Abraham, fostering the souls of men is a very complicated task. At the dawn of mankind, I did many remarkable things. Sometimes I did it for the sake of the strength of their faith, sometimes to crush false beliefs, but that was then. Now the time has come to explain to people the fundamentals of the existence of our world and by which they

too can be happy. My Son is now performing many miracles on earth so that people will listen to Him very carefully. To simply make people believe in Me and in Heaven, the old miracles would have been sufficient. They were great both in number and magnitude. New miracles will not be performed by Me but through those who will deliver to people the truth about the importance of love, kindness, peace and forgiveness.

“Indeed, Father. If a person doesn’t believe in what hundreds of other men have seen, he, probably, won’t believe in anything. The great miracles you did by the Exodus of Your people from Egypt are more than convincing!” Abraham smiled. “In the future will You perform miracles on earth through many men?”

“Dear, Abraham, it depends on the men alone. Today My Son is showing them the way to Heaven using many miracles. I will be by the side of everyone who follows the way and leads others with him. If it becomes necessary, I will do miracles through them. These miracles

will confirm that the preacher who people follow is true. Without this why would I grant miracles to earthly teachers? Miracles out of context would only divert people from the true path and lead them astray. That is why those teachers who lead people in the wrong direction will never be given miracles by me.”

The Father warmly smiled to Abraham. “There we have it: miracles are a subtle matter which should only be demonstrated to people with great care and at the appropriate time.”

\* \* \*

Mattie was drawing in the sand with a stick. If angels could sweat, poor Blos would already be soaking wet. Since early that morning he had been with his charge Mattie, helping him to make accurate lines in the sand. The child, was trying as hard as he could, sticking his tongue out in a funny way from all the effort.

The previous day, with the permission of the Father, angel Blos made a heavy rain shower over the boy's village. Now surrounding the child were many large and beautiful puddles everywhere. A paradise for painting unlimited waterscapes! For some reason Mattie, was not really interested in the puddles and he continued to draw some sort of bugs in the sand.

Indeed, it is lucky that angels can't sweat. Blos tried everything to draw child's interest to the wonderful puddles. He even placed a frog in one puddle, though frogs did not usually live in the area. At first Mattie was fascinated by the frog and he began to examine it but then soon returned to his stick and began drawing. Blos' heart started to race happily. At last! But what appeared in the sand was only another bug.

Anyone else would have given up, but not angel Blos. He flew off quickly and brought a big bug that looked a little like the one in Mattie's drawing on the sand. He put it on a stone

in the middle of a puddle and then drew Mattie's attention to it.

The little boy happily shook himself and smiled widely when he saw his old friend. Then he took a stick and added something that looked like a stone to the already drawn bug. Then and only then, accompanied by the angel's loud applause which the boy couldn't hear anyway, Mattie drew the first wave under the stone.

Blos spun himself around several times on the spot with delight. Finally, the hardest part was done! It would now be easier in future. Blos collected all of the young artist's props: the frog, the bug and the stone and put them back to where they had come from. Then after one more adoring look at the child he happily flew home. Yes he would have something to tell Anri today.



## *Chapter 8*

“**F**ather! Why do wars happen on earth so often?” once asked prophet Isaiah.

“Passions of men, my dear, are the primary reason for all wars on earth.” said the Father. “It is man’s greed, animosity and unbridled desire to possess something and exercise power the drives them into wars and conflicts. Without these passions, people would always strive for peace, agreement and honest and fair trading between each other. If they continue to move towards justice, it will certainly be followed by their country making fair laws and creating good relations with their neighbours.

“Why Father do You, allow wars to happen? Why don’t You punish those who are guilty of a war at once?”

“Because people must first learn that they cause disasters themselves. They must experience the pain they inflict upon others. Sadly, people easily forget their history and the bitter experiences of their predecessors. They rarely draw the correct conclusions from them. That is why on earth matters seem to repeat themselves over and over again. If people were more attentive to past events, they would notice that everything fair and honest flourishes with time, while everything which is dishonest and sinful inevitably comes to ruin. So I give them another opportunity to understand the important principles that should be obeyed in order to be happy on earth. People caught up in their passions are blind and even the most obvious and repetitive things escape people’s notice.”

The Father smiled.

“Sometimes however, people get so many knocks that they eventually learn something. It is not unusual

that after the cruelest wars in which they all suffer terribly, people finally come to the negotiation table. This experience of peaceful resolution of conflict grows slowly and accumulates. In addition, those Commandments that My Son now leaves on earth will in time be of great help to people in their search for answers to many of their questions.”

“Father! Does this mean that there will be more justice in future?” asked the prophet again.

“Passions do not change their nature with time.” replied the Father. “Passions will always force people to conquer something while the people without passions will always long to live in peace and friendship. The answer to your question lies within men themselves. I granted them complete freedom of will. I will always nurture everything good and light on earth and destroy everything evil and sinful.”





At this supper Lazarus was growing weary of those strange looks that everyone was giving him. "Why do they shudder when they look at me? It is as though I am a ghost or something!" he thought.

Lazarus saw it very simply. He remembered that recently he was seriously ill, then someone turned the light off in his life, then the light came on again and he heard the voice of the Master: "Go out, Lazarus!" Then he obediently walked from some cave, wearing very embarrassing clothing.

What he saw next was myriads of completely round eyes. Since then, everyone kept staring at him like that. Only his two dear sisters Mary and Martha looked at him in a more or less usual manner and, of course, the Master, who, together with His disciples, were the first ones to meet him at the cave.

Of course, he had been told a number of times of what had happened in the past few days. He simply couldn't take it all seriously because he hadn't felt anything of what supposedly happened to him although he didn't doubt that it was all true.

The companions shudder again!

"Eat, just eat quietly. Look how many dishes there are!" he thought. Lazarus was eating with a keen appetite, as if he hadn't eaten for the last three days. He was also drinking wine. Why shouldn't he drink wine with the Master and his sisters for his own resurrection?

His sisters couldn't stop crying from happiness. Where do they really get all those tears from? Women! They could all do with a good cry. Lazarus hugged them and patted their heads from time to time. They were very kind and loving, but crying incessantly. There were enough tears to make the house damp. Not to worry they were probably going to calm down soon.

Lazarus looked into Jesus' eyes. He was the only one who understood Lazarus now. His Masters eyes also smiled knowingly each time He saw Lazarus' companions shudder. He was radiant. 'Completely out of this world' — Lazarus simply couldn't find any other words to describe Him. He was made entirely of love, light and happiness. Glory be to you Lord, and thank You for everything!

\* \* \*

Manif was sitting in the corner of the room and smiled as he watched his family. He felt good. Both sons were now enthusiastically constructing something on the floor, and his little daughter kept trying to offer them her help, first from the right and then from the left. A couple of times the brothers let her into the construction, but as soon as they did, for some reason everything would collapse. His wife

Leyla hummed something as she did some household chores, and occasionally would glance at the children then at her husband and smile. Peace and love reigned in this house.

Manif didn't know what might be in Heaven, but he very much wished that if he were to get there one day, that next to him would be his children and his lovely wife just as they were now. Day by day, peace and love filled his soul. Everything brought him joy and happiness and even little problems that did arise for either him or his relatives for some reason did not trouble him. Manif could always find a solution quickly, without losing the peace in his soul.

His talks with his brother Sain about God and life in Heaven were especially heartwarming. During those talks it seemed that God with all his love was somewhere nearby. This always filled Manif's entire being with light and joy.

God is near. It is difficult to comprehend but very easy to sense. Manif

began to feel it more and more often. The commotion of the world could no longer hide Eternity from him, the Eternity which can only be seen by the heart. The feelings of peace, tranquility in his soul and confidence that all will be well, rarely left Manif these days.

Manif switched his gaze to his children. His daughter Kina finally managed to persuade the brothers to give her another chance to help them with their construction. The next moment their creation loudly collapsed again. Manif was laughing, looking at the children. They were so sweet and funny!

Angel Nias too was laughing happily and with him all the angels of this close-knit family were laughing too.

\* \* \*

The disciples of God were glowing with happiness for everyone had finally acknowledged their Master! The cries

“Hosanna! Blessed is the King of Israel that comes in the name of the Lord” were heard from each side of the large crowd. People were smiling and greeting Him.

They were placing their clothes and palm leaves cut from nearby trees under the Master’s feet. Jesus was riding out in front on a young donkey and He was smiling too.

“Let everyone celebrate today. Good triumphed today even if it was a brief victory! Tomorrow many of these people will shout completely different words to Him. Not to worry. Today, good managed to win a whole day. This first victory will make a path for another one. In the future, there will be many more of such glorious days on earth.” thought Jesus as He looked back at His disciples and warmly smiled to them.

Today they shouted louder than anyone. For three long years they had been wandering with Him across the settlements of Israel and now they were welcomed at Jerusalem.

It didn't matter that today's victory of good over evil wouldn't last for long. It was more important that it had actually happened. Evil did not give way to good easily, but essentially, evil is weaker. All of the Father's seeds that would bring people kindness and love were already sown by Him in that ground and one day they will surely grow.

Jesus looked warmly at the joyful people around Him.

They had all already seen the Father's Light and they wouldn't forget it easily. It didn't matter that on this day there was only a tiny drop of kindness on the still cold earth. For the Father even this drop was priceless, just like all the priceless good that was happening. After all it was for this reason only that He created this world.

Jesus smiled cheerfully again and heard His disciples trying to shout something together in unison.

Let them be happy. The joyful memories are going to warm their hearts for

very long time. He looked at the sky. He was going home soon, back to His Father. His mission was nearly over. Only the hardest part of His journey on earth remained.

\* \* \*

The scribe was sitting in his yard and thinking over the words which Jesus told him today in the temple. "You are not far from the kingdom of God" He had said. He said this as if He knew exactly what He was talking about and after these words, the scribe felt very warm and joyful.

All this happened after the scribe had told Jesus about what he had been sensing in his heart for a long time. He said that in his opinion, all sacrifices and burnt offerings meant nothing to the Lord in comparison with true love towards Him and our neighbours. The scribe had told Him what he had been convinced of for a long time and



His answer was “You are not far from the truth...”

The scribe was sitting and smiling widely. How light and happy his soul was! Everything must be correct. Jesus was undoubtedly well aware of what He had said. It was not surprising that He performed great miracles and healings all across Israel. That would be simply impossible without God. God was surely by His side.

The scribe was thinking about the words “not far”. If he was “not far” that meant that there was more to do, to continue on this path, the path of loving God and loving and helping people. This way was not difficult for him and in fact quite pleasant. Each good deed elicited a warm response from his soul and it was filled with joy. His every address to the Lord brought warmth and light into his soul. He was happy to take this path.

With an indelible smile on his face, the scribe got up and went to get his tools. Then he headed to the centre of

the garden. He was planning to make a new swing for the children and saw no reason to postpone it.

\* \* \*

In Heaven, everyone was worried about Jesus. All the angel world had a fairly good idea of the terrible ordeals that may be encountered on earth by the Son of God. All the angels loved Jesus very much, but now they were unable to help Him. He had to finish His earthy journey alone having only the Father in His heart.

Angels Nias, Asly and Fiu were sitting on the sea shore in silence. They didn't feel like playing today. Their Friend on earth was suffering. All they could do was to stay with Him in their hearts and wait for His earthly journey to end.

They well understood that all this was necessary for mankind but for now Jesus' pain was their pain. They had

already seen the suffering of the many wonderful prophets whom the Father had sent to earth. At that time they worried about them too. Today however people were passing their cruel judgment on the Son of God himself.

The greatest injustice ever possible was now happening in Jerusalem. People's darkness and cruelty was trying its utmost to extinguish the Light of God. It seems the Light was too bright and searing for them.

People in darkness are brutal. Without love they cannot change. Darkness and passions will always prevail where there is no love, and are accompanied and are accompanied by their own cruel laws which are completely the opposite to the laws of Heaven.

But this won't last forever. No darkness can hide the Light of God on earth. It is simply not strong enough. It was only that some people could shield themselves from It and were reluctant to walk towards the Light. The choice however was theirs. The Father will help

everyone on earth who strives to reach the Light and He will eliminate even the worst darkness in their soul.

The Angels were looking at the earth. It was indeed hard work for the Father to raise pure and elevated souls for Heaven. It could only be done at the cost of much love. The Lord's Son was now paying the ultimate price for mankind.



## *Chapter 9*

Jesus was speaking.  
It was His last evening with His disciples. The next day He would be leaving the earth — his journey had finally come to end. Jesus was not thinking about the hard ordeal that He was going to face tomorrow. All His essence and thoughts tried to stay here with His disciples who were staying behind on earth.

He was very worried about them. He knew very well the difficult path that lay before each of them on this still cruel earth. Now only power and cruelty reigned, and His disciples had to deliver the Word of God and to preach peace and love.

Jesus had to ensure that He did not run out of time to tell them everything and not to miss anything important.

He could only help them with His assurance and conviction. He kept talking and talking and talking.

He was not thinking about the devastating day tomorrow as that was in the future. For the present He was absolutely filled with love towards His disciples and had no room for other thoughts.

Time went on, for time on earth never stands still. Only the Father knew what was now happening in the soul of His Son. Jesus? was sending His closest eleven friends into a very dangerous crossing of an unknown sea. Across a sea full of storms and hurricanes, a sea of men's cruelty and evil. He wanted to support and encourage them one last time.

He kept talking, and talking and talking...

\* \* \*

“I am glad to see you, my dear Moses!”  
Father's eyes were shining with endless

warmth as usual. Today however Moses noticed something that he had never seen in the Father's eyes before.

"What happened, Father?" asked Moses prompted by some inner feeling.

"He will be executed on earth." the Father said quietly. "They couldn't find any other way."

Moses felt his heart shrink. For a brief moment, he felt a tiny bit of the pain that the Father was feeling right then. It was very difficult for Him.

In silence, Moses tenderly looked at the Father. What could he possibly say in this moment? He could only stay with Him. Time was running slowly.

Suddenly the Father's eyelids shuddered.

"It's done." He pronounced. "My Son is home. Everything on earth has come to pass."

Moses sighed. He switched his gaze to the earth and in a while asked the Father.

"Could it have been different? Could they all have followed Him?"

The Father turned to Moses and smiled sadly.

“My dear friend! In every corner of my world at every moment, people can do good and right things. No one could ever prevent them from doing good. No one! Except themselves.”

“And what about the prophecies, Father? Are they not to be fulfilled?”

“Oh, Moses, Moses!” the Father laughed cheerfully at last. “Leave Mine to Me. The prophecies won’t be disturbed, they will just change a little. Child’s play...”

The Lord looked at the earth, now smiling joyfully.

“Now, dear Moses, let’s prepare to meet My Son. Oh how I want to hold Him again...”

\* \* \*

Jesus’ mother was looking into Her Son’s eyes. She wasn’t crying, this was beyond all tears.



People were crucifying love. They were crucifying Him Who was bringing only light and joy into the world since His first breath. They were crucifying Him who healed people and throughout His life did only good things. They were crucifying Him who with His every breath gave her warmth as well as all those who came in contact with Him.

The prophecies had told Her that this must happen, but until today she couldn't believe this would actually happen, that people would be capable of this. But they were and now Her Son and God of all men was hanging on the cross of shame.

Jesus was warmly looking into His Mother's eyes. What could He possibly say to Her? That this was the greatest injustice in the world but which may one day turn millions of men to God? Those were words for people, but not for a Mother.

No one in the whole world can prevent a mother from loving her child

and fighting for Him until her last breath.

Jesus closed His eyes for the last time. His Mother shut Her eyes too. She knew exactly which beat of His heart would be His last.

The brightest part of Her earthly life ended. The greatest miracle ever was now gone and would never be again. Now She had to live without Him.

\* \* \*

Jesus opened His eyes. "I'm home!" was the first thought which burst into His enormous heart with light and joy. His heart which now continued beat in Eternity. Thank God, everything had come to pass on earth.

Jesus looked around. It was difficult to explain what was happening around Him. Thousands of angels were greeting Him, thanking Him and singing their beautiful songs. His friends

Abraham, Moses, John the Baptist, archangels Michael and Gabriel and many many others were looking happily at Him. He was overjoyed to see them once again! To reunite with this huge and closely-knit family of the Father. His family.

Jesus looked down at the earth. In front of the cross where His mortal body remained, stood His Mother and His relatives. Immense feelings of love towards them overwhelmed His heart.

Jesus then looked at the house where His disciples were now sitting. He could now easily see whatever He wished. They were so wonderful! Now there were people on earth who can carry the Father's Word further. It doesn't matter that evil and violence still reign there. This would not be forever. The Light of God had arrived on earth and now no one would ever be able to hide it from people.

Jesus looked up to where he felt a warm and blinding light. The light

of His Father. Finally, they will be together again!

Jesus still had one little but very important thing to do on earth which was extremely important for mankind. He had to appear in flesh before some people, otherwise how would they be convinced that there is no death.

He smiled widely for this was the most pleasant part of His mission on earth. What could be better than to look into the happy, wide and amazed eyes of His friends?

Then it was back to the Father!!!

\* \* \*

The disciples of God were sitting on the shore of Sea of Galilee. They had never been so happy before. The happiness, endless happiness which they experienced the moment they saw their Master again and heard His familiar voice saying "Peace be with you!" would never leave them.

They were overjoyed to see Him! Finally, they understood what their Master had told them so many times before. That this was the resurrection for eternal life in Heaven!

Death, horrible and scary, turned out to be but a curtain in front of a happy and bright world. The Eternal world of the Father. The Master had brought the Commandments to earth to help people move the curtain aside easily.

The friends were talking and cheering. Their souls felt so wonderful now! From time to time, each of them looked up to the sky. Now they knew that the Master always waited for them with love. Nothing could ever take this knowledge from them — neither circumstances nor death itself.



## *Epilogue*

Years passed. The time had come for Manif the herdsman to leave this world. He was lying in his house, surrounded by his relatives. Manif knew very well that he would not live much longer but for some reason he had no fear of the future.

Manif smiled as he looked at those close and dear to him. He looked at his dear brother Sain and his own children. Only Leyla was not here having passed away before him.

It was strange as it was not the way Manif had always pictured death. He had expected fear or pain, but he was very calm. He had never been so calm before.

Manif closed his eyes.

At the other side, beyond the visible world, his good old friend was standing

and smiling. It was angel Nias who Manif didn't know yet. Everyone in the world of angels was smiling with Nias and the Father most of all. They were preparing to greet him..."



# *Contents*

Chapter 1 . . . . .	3
Chapter 2 . . . . .	23
Chapter 3 . . . . .	45
Chapter 4 . . . . .	62
Chapter 5 . . . . .	83
Chapter 6 . . . . .	104
Chapter 7 . . . . .	124
Chapter 8 . . . . .	141
Chapter 9 . . . . .	156
Epilogue . . . . .	165



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