

89 October 1, 2022 – Heaven Is Real (Cont)

Post #88 on September 24, 2022, entitled “Heaven is Real” described Heaven as a physical place as depicted by Don Piper in his book “90 Minutes in Heaven”. This Post is a continuation of that description which includes the “Music” component of that period he was in Heaven. Following is that description from the book Chapter “Heavenly Music”.

My most vivid memory of heaven is what I heard. I can only describe it as a holy swoosh of wings. But I would have to magnify that thousands of times to explain the effect of the sound in heaven. It was the most beautiful and pleasant sound I have ever heard, and it did not stop. It was like a song that goes on forever. I felt awestruck, wanting only to listen. I did not just hear music. It seemed as if I were a part of the music – and it played in and through my body. I stood still, and yet I felt embraced by the sounds. As aware as I became of the joyous sounds and melodies that filled the air, I was not distracted. I felt as if the heavenly concert permeated every part of my being, and at the same time I focused on everything else around me.

I never saw anything that produced the sound. I had the sense that whatever made the heavenly music was just above me, but I did not look up. I am not sure why. Perhaps it was because I was so enamored with the people around me, or maybe it was because my senses were so engaged that I feasted on everything at the same time. I asked no questions and never wondered about anything. Everything was perfect. I sensed that I knew everything and had no questions to ask. Myriads of sounds so filled my mind and heart that it is difficult to explain them. The most amazing one, however, was the angels wings. I did not see them, but the sound was a beautiful, holy melody with a cadence that seemed never to stop. The swishing resounded as if it was a form of never-ending praise. As I listened, I simply knew what it was.

*A second sound remains, even today, **the single, most vivid memory I have of my entire heavenly experience.** I call it music, but it differed from anything I had ever heard or ever expect to hear on the earth. The melodies of praise filled the atmosphere. The nonstop intensity and endless variety overwhelmed me. The praise was unending, but the most remarkable thing to me was that hundreds of songs were being sung at the same time – all of them worshiping God. As I approached the large, magnificent gate, I heard them from every direction and realized that each voice praised God. I write voice, but it was more than that. Some sounded instrumental, but I was not sure – and I was not concerned. Praise was everywhere, and all of it was musical, yet comprised of melodies and tones I had never experienced before.*

“Hallelujah!” “Praise!” “Glory to God!” “Praise to the King!” Such words rang out in the midst of all the music. I do not know if angels were singing them or if they came from humans. I felt so awestruck and caught up in the heavenly mood that I did not look around. My heart filled with the deepest joy I have ever experienced. I was not a participant in the worship, yet I felt as if my heart rang out with the same kind of joy and exuberance. If we played three CDs of praise at the same time, we would have a cacophony of noise that would drive us crazy. This was totally different. Every sound blended, and each voice or instrument enhanced the others. As strange as it may seem, I could clearly distinguish each song. It sounded as if each hymn of praise was meant for me to hear as I moved toward the gates. Many of the old hymns and choruses I had sung at various times in my life were part of the music – along with hundreds of songs I had never heard before. Hymns of praise, modern-sounding choruses, and ancient chants filled my ears and brought not only a deep peace but the greatest feeling of joy I have ever experienced.

As I stood before the gate, I did not think of it, but later I realized that I did not hear such songs as "The Old Rugged Cross" or "The Nail-Scarred Hand". None of the hymns that filled the air were about Jesus sacrifice or death. I heard no sad songs and instinctively knew that there are no sad songs in heaven. Why would there be? All were praises about Christ's reign as King of Kings and our joyful worship for all He has done for us and how wonderful He is. The celestial tunes surpassed any I had ever heard. I could not calculate the number of songs - perhaps thousands- offered up simultaneously, and yet there was no chaos, because I had the capacity to hear each one and discern the lyrics and melody. I marveled at the glorious music. Though not possessed of a great singing voice in life, I knew that if I sang, my voice would be in perfect pitch and would sound as melodious and harmonious as the thousands of other voices and instruments that filled my ears.

For those of us that love worship music this will be the ultimate in heart and mind sensations and to think it will be for Eternity.