



# **44 HOURS IN HEAVEN**

## **My Walk With Jesus**

by  
**ROBERT MARSHALL**

Foreword by Christopher Brock

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## Foreword

Before we start, I want to give God all the glory and honor. Without His mercy none of us would draw breath and without His presence none of us would understand the wonders that stretch beyond the veil of this world.

My name is Christopher Brock, and I serve the Lord by teaching and proclaiming the truth of His word to the remnant body that He has awakened in this final hour. Over the last several years, the Lord has entrusted me with His messages, prophetic warnings, and a wonderful community of loving believers to shepherd. Yet nothing could have prepared me for the divine appointment the Lord orchestrated when He brought Robert Marshall into my life. I knew immediately that this connection was not accidental. It was heaven sent.

I have spent countless hours speaking to Robert about his precious story of what the Lord allowed him to see during the 44 hours he spent in heaven. Robert did not have a dream or a vision or an emotional moment at the brink of death. He died. His brain was gone. His body was lifeless. He was dead. His family did not know whether to prepare the funeral or wait for a miracle. After a CT scan of Roberts' brain, the doctors saw no hope. Yet in the realm beyond the veil Robert was walking, speaking, learning, laughing, crying and being personally instructed by Jesus Christ Himself.

When Robert first began to share his testimony with me, I felt the weight of eternity in every word that came from his mouth. This was not storytelling. This was not imagination. This was not sensationalism. This was a man recounting a holy experience. It felt as if heaven itself were sitting in the room. As he spoke, I could hear the same voice behind his experience that has guided me through the last several years of prophetic revelation. The same tone. The same clarity. The same authority. The same heart of Jesus that I have encountered in prayer. It was undeniable.

In fact, just days ago, I sent Robert over 36 of my teachings so he could understand where my ministry stands and what the Lord has shown me over the years. After reading through them, he was elated to discover that nearly everything the Lord had given me matches what Jesus spoke to him during his time in heaven. Independent encounters. Same Spirit. Same truth. Same message. The Lord was confirming His word through two witnesses, one on earth and one who had stood in His very presence.

This book is written through a third person perspective, almost as if a cinema camera followed Robert and Jesus through every moment in heaven. The effect is breathtaking. It allows the reader to experience the beauty, the light, the wonder, the questions, the conversations, and the glory of heaven with a vividness that makes your heart long for the place Jesus has prepared for His people. It reads not like a theological argument but as a living testimony of a man guided by the Lord through realms far beyond anything this world can imagine.

This is not a book introducing new doctrines but providing the reader, an incredible glimpse of what to look forward to after they transition from this realm to eternity. It is the testimony of a man who walked with Jesus in a place where scripture becomes sight. It is a window into the world believers long for yet struggle to comprehend. It is a reminder that heaven is real, that Jesus is alive, that eternity is approaching faster than most realize, and that every choice we make in this life echoes forever in the next.

My prayer is that as you read this testimony, your heart will be stirred as much as mine was. That your eyes will be opened. That your hunger for Jesus will grow deeper than it has ever been. That you will rediscover the joy of salvation, the seriousness of eternity, the beauty of holiness, and the comfort of knowing that death is not the end for those who belong to Christ, it is just the beginning. I pray that every page draws you closer to the One who loves you more than you have ever understood.

May this testimony lift your spirit and strengthen your faith. May it remind you of the promise in scripture that says no eye has seen and no heart has imagined what God has prepared for those who love Him. Robert stood in that place. Now through his story you are invited to glimpse it.

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# **44 Hours in Heaven**

## **My Walk With Jesus**

### **Prologue**

On May 19th, 2024, my earthly life came to an end. Yet just a little over three days later—on May 23rd, 2024—I was restored to a new life, forever changed by what I experienced in Heaven. During those sacred days, I walked with Jesus and was taught by Him in ways far beyond anything I could have imagined while alive.

What I encountered there—the glory, the love, the peace, and the beauty—was beyond words. Heaven was not merely a place of light and splendor; it was a realm alive with the very essence of God’s presence. Every color, every sound, and every breath was filled with divine purpose and harmony.

And at the center of it all was Jesus. To meet Jesus face-to-face, to feel the love that radiates from Him, was to stand in the presence of perfect compassion, unshakable peace, and love. Jesus’ kindness was beyond measure; His gaze, filled with eternal understanding, and His ever-present love and warmth, were in every word Jesus spoke and in every moment we shared. I felt a love deeper than anything known on earth.

As we walked together through Heaven’s gardens and along the River of Life, I marveled at the beauty surrounding us: trees shimmering with life, flowers of colors unknown to earth, and melodies carried upon the air that stirred the soul. Yet even these wonders paled beside the joy of being in the presence of Jesus.

Jesus taught me about life and the Bible as we walked, and His teachings were unlike anything I had ever known or imagined. On earth, learning is often a process of study and discipline—

lessons conveyed through words, demonstrations, or structured instruction. But in Heaven, Jesus did not merely *teach*; He *revealed*.

Each lesson came alive before me, unfolding as living truth. I did not simply hear the words Jesus spoke—I *experienced* them. Jesus would manifest the very events or scenes He spoke of, immersing me fully into the heart of His message. I could see, feel, and understand each truth in its divine fullness. Scripture, history, and the mysteries of God’s kingdom opened before me as living reality.

Through it all, Jesus was my Teacher, and my Lord—revealing the depths of His Word, His ways, and His love with perfect patience and grace.

This book is the account of those moments: the journey through Heaven, the teachings of Jesus, and the revelation of His unfathomable love and manner and method I was taught by Jesus. I have written this book in the hope that all who read it will come to know, as I did, that life in Him is eternal, that the love and power of Jesus is boundless, and that Heaven is more real, more beautiful, and more near than we have ever dared to believe.

What Jesus taught me and allowed me to experience are in the chapters that follow. Although it appears that I returned to another place, time, or on earth, it was in fact Jesus’ immersion technique of teaching that allowed me to experience and remember each principle and message as if I experienced it. Jesus knew He would be sending me back to earth to be His vessel to share all that He taught me, and what I experienced, with anybody He put in front of me, and Jesus made sure that I would be equipped to do so. It was on May 23<sup>rd</sup>, 2024 Jesus gave me a new Life and a mission to share all I learned and experienced. The following chapters are my journey through Heaven and my experience of learning from Jesus while in Heaven.

## **Chapter 1**

### **The Arrival: Walking in the Light of the Kingdom**

I was immediately standing in Heaven for the third time. Only this time, I was standing in the inner courtyard, and I was going to meet Jesus.

I immediately experienced the peace and love that was carried by the engulfing light from Jesus. It was alive, moving, not shining from a single source but breathing through everything around me. It wasn't the kind of brightness that hurts the eyes; it was the kind that wakes the soul.

I felt as if I was weightless, and was able to move with what seemed like no effort at all, it was as if the air itself carried me, and yet I felt rooted more deeply than I ever had on earth.

As I stood there taking in all of the beauty I realized I was within the very heart of Heaven—at the edge of the vast inner courtyard radiant with living light. All around, creation itself seemed to breathe in perfect harmony with the Presence that filled the air. Majestic trees rose in perfect symmetry, their trunks like pillars of crystal and their leaves alive with colors unknown to earth—emerald and sapphire hues mingling with soft tones of amber and rose. Each leaf shimmered with its own light, whispering gently in a breeze that carried the fragrance of holiness. Among them grew flowering shrubs and vines that poured forth blossoms of every shade conceivable, their petals gleaming as though woven with light itself. The air was rich with the scent of living grace—fresh, pure, and filled with peace that seemed to flow through my very being.

The ground beneath my feet shimmered like translucent gold, soft as moss yet gleaming with purity. Every step released a faint melody, as if even the stones rejoiced in song along with the trees and flowers.

Through the center of this glorious courtyard wound a river clear as glass, yet alive with color. It shimmered with movement like fluid flowing diamonds, every ripple catching and scattering rainbows across the nearby trees and blooms. The sound of its flow was neither loud nor soft but perfectly, like laughter, like music, like the eternal heartbeat of life itself. I knew without question: this was the River of Life, flowing from the throne of God, nourishing all that grew around it.

Surrounding the inner courtyard before me stretched a horizon that refused to stay still—mountains folding into gardens, rivers lifting into the sky, all shaped by the pulse of the light itself. I realized this place wasn't made of stone or soil but of meaning; of love and it shifted according to truth.

I was asking myself, “How is this possible? Is this really happening?” The first time, I was in Heaven for 15 minutes and saw my dad. The second time, I was in Heaven for 17 minutes and learned our pets are in Heaven, and I was able to visit with them. Both of those times were a miracle and a blessing in themselves.

Now I was standing in Heaven, for the third time, at edge of the inner courtyard, and although I didn’t know it yet, I was going to be in Heaven this time for 43 hours and 28 minutes.

I was about to have my life's questions, and many more answered in a way that I can only describe as the greatest blessing I have ever experienced. I was going to meet Jesus!

As I took in the beauty of Heaven, I saw Jesus standing in the distance, and I began walking toward Him. The light around Him was radiant, not blinding but comforting, a warmth that filled every corner of my soul.

As I approached Jesus, I was immediately overwhelmed by being in His presence and fell to the ground. The love of Jesus radiated outward and completely filled and surrounded me. I could do nothing but weep tears of love, Joy, gratitude, and humility. I realized that I was in the presence of my Lord and Savior, and His love was unlike anything I had ever experienced. It filled every part of me, a love that was boundless, unending.

Jesus stood and walked over to me; Jesus stretched out His hand and said, “Everything will be alright; take My hand, stand and walk with Me.”

I would like to be able to describe what I was feeling at that moment. However, there are no words outside of heaven that could ever describe the love and comfort that can only come from being in the presence Jesus. This is my Lord and Savior, who is going to hold my hand and walk with me in Heaven. I can only ask you to imagine how you would feel or react. It is overwhelming, humbling, and feeling loved beyond anything you or I could imagine.

Jesus stretched His hand out and took mine in His; Jesus helped me up and literally wiped away my tears. Jesus told me that He had many things to show me and much to talk about and teach me. The voice of Jesus was full of compassion and understanding. He knew everything about me, my life, my love for Carol, the pain I had experienced in dying, and the love I was feeling in Heaven.

As I took Jesus’ hand in mine, an indescribable warmth spread through me. It was a feeling of being loved, belonging, and of being home. When I was able to stand with Jesus' help, I looked into His eyes, the love and caring that flowed from His eyes filled me with the greatest love I have ever felt. Jesus’ eyes were pure love and truth.

When Jesus spoke, I knew that whatever He said was absolute truth conveyed from love. I knew that everything was going to be alright. I also knew I was about to be shown around Heaven by Jesus. Jesus would explain how and why this was happening to me as I walked with Him.

As Jesus and I began to walk and talk His presence was not as if I just met Him, or that He was suddenly appearing and walking beside me. It was more as if He had always been there and my eyes were only now able to see. Jesus' presence didn't press upon me; it opened me. I turned, and where I expected a form, I found a Person who was also light, gentle, strength, and peace woven together. His eyes carried galaxies of knowing, and the moment they met mine, all fear dissolved.

"Robert," Jesus said, His voice was quiet but filled every corner of the space around us. "you've been through a lot, and I know you are searching for understanding. Walk with Me."

We began to move; the landscape seemed to breathe with us. Flowers unfolded where His feet touched the ground. Each one glowed for a moment before releasing its color into the air, becoming part of the atmosphere itself. I knew instinctively that this was a place where nothing good was wasted.

After a time that couldn't be measured, Jesus spoke again. "You have tried to love well," He continued, "and that desire is precious to Me. But love without truth becomes something else—something that drains the soul instead of feeding it."

I felt the weight of Jesus' words. Memories surfaced: times I had said yes when my heart whispered no, times I had poured out until I was empty because I feared disappointing others more than I feared disobeying truth.

Jesus continued, "Compassion is powerful, but it must be guided by discernment. Imagine a river with no banks—it floods everything it touches. The water is good, but without boundaries it destroys what it was supposed to nourish. So too with kindness."

We stopped beside a pool so clear that it reflected not only the light above, but the thoughts within me. I saw moments of my life ripple across the surface: faces of those I had helped, others I had avoided, those that I harmed, the exhaustion that came from trying to be everything for everyone. The reflection shifted again until I saw something unfamiliar—threads of light connecting each scene. Some threads were bright, others dimmed or tangled.

"These are the connections of your heart," Jesus said. "I designed you to carry love, feel love, not abuse it, and not to be consumed by it. You cannot heal what refuses to be healed. You cannot save what will not turn toward saving. Even here, mercy and choice walk together."

I looked up at Jesus. "How do I know when to stop giving?"

Jesus smiled, and even the light seemed to soften. “When your giving begins to silence the truth in you. When peace leaves your spirit each time you say yes. My peace is your compass; it never lies.”

As we walked again, I noticed the sky changing color with each truth He spoke—gold when He mentioned peace, blue when He spoke of wisdom, green when He spoke of life. Heaven itself was agreeing with Him.

Jesus gestured toward the horizon where a valley shimmered with silver mist. “Many in the world mistake appeasement for love,” He said. “they fear rejection, so they offer comfort without correction, acceptance without discernment. But this creates a counterfeit peace, one that rots the foundation of their souls.”

I felt the ache of recognition. Jesus looked at me knowingly. “You have seen this,” He said. “and because you did not want to appear unkind, you swallowed truth that could have set others free.”

The words landed like medicine—stinging for a moment, then bringing relief. “Yes,” I whispered. “I didn’t want to lose them or be wrong.”

Jesus stopped walking and turned towards me, facing me directly. “You were never meant to keep, control, or save everyone,” He said gently. “only to keep your light burning. Some will walk away from the truth you carry; let them go. I will send others who are drawn to the flame rather than threatened by it.”

We resumed our walk, and I noticed that the ground beneath us began to sparkle like crushed glass. I realized it was made from tears—every one redeemed, transformed into light. Jesus seemed to read my thoughts.

“Nothing surrendered in love is lost,” Jesus said. “even your tears have become the foundation beneath your feet.”

We reached an archway of living stone, each block inscribed with a word that pulsed like a heartbeat: *Courage, Clarity, Wisdom, Boundaries, Truth*. Jesus placed His hand on the word *Courage*, and the whole archway came alive with color. “You will walk through this again if you return to the world,” He said. “each word will be tested in you, not to break you, but to anchor you.”

A soft wind carried music from somewhere unseen—melodies woven of joy and memory. “This place sings what is true,” Jesus said. “but on earth, truth often whispers. You must learn to hear it through the noise.”

I asked, “How can I, when so many voices claim to speak for You?”

Jesus turned His gaze toward the horizon. “You will know My voice by the fruit it bears. My voice produces peace even when it convicts, hope even when it challenges, life even when it corrects. The voice of deception flatters but leaves confusion. It mimics compassion but feeds fear. Look not at the words but at what they produce in your spirit.”

As we walked, the scenery shifted again. The valley rose into a hillside where luminous trees stretched upward, their roots glowing beneath translucent soil. Jesus touched one of the trunks, and instantly I saw visions of people—leaders, teachers, friends—all appearing like trees with different fruits. Some fruits sparkled with living color; others looked perfect on the outside but were hollow within.

Jesus explained, “Discernment is not suspicion. It is love’s eyesight. It protects what is pure so that love can continue to flow freely. Without discernment, even good hearts become captive to manipulation.”

Jesus picked one of the glowing fruits and placed it in my hands. “Taste.” Jesus instructed. As I did, warmth spread through me—truth recognized, but not forced. “That is what truth tastes like,” Jesus explained. “sweet, but also clean. It removes what does not belong.”

I looked again at the valley below, where some trees had begun to wither. “What happens to those who pretend light but live through pride?” I asked.

“They are given time to turn,” Jesus said. “but if they refuse, their own deception consumes them. It is mercy even in that—for I do not force the heart.”

Jesus gestured forward. “Come. There is more for you to see.”

The path ahead curved toward a river that glowed from within, flowing both upward and downward at once—as if heaven and earth were exchanging breath. The sound of it filled me with courage I didn’t know I had. Jesus’ eyes shone as He looked upon it.

Jesus said, “This river carries wisdom”, “each drop is a revelation given to those who ask in sincerity. When you drink from it, you will see without any pretense. Not to judge, but to protect what I entrust to you.”

Jesus knelt and cupped the water in His hands. The light inside it pulsed like a heartbeat. He offered it to me. “Drink,” He said.

I did, and instantly I felt awareness expand—memories aligning, motives clarifying. I could see where fear had disguised itself as kindness, where exhaustion had been mistaken for humility. Yet there was no shame, only understanding.

Jesus smiled. “Now you begin to see as Heaven sees. Remember: clarity is not cruelty. To see truly is to love rightly.”

As Jesus spoke, the river began to glow brighter until everything around us was radiant silver. The light grew so intense I could barely stand it, yet it didn’t burn. It filled me with strength I had never known.

And then Jesus said quietly, “This is only the beginning of what I will show you.”

The horizon opened like a door of light. We stepped forward together, and I knew that each step would take me deeper into understanding.



## Chapter 6 The Summit of Truth: Standing Boldly, Loving Wisely, and Carrying Light in a World of Deception

The final hill rose before us, its path narrow and luminous, carved from the same radiant stone that once paved the streets of faith. The air shimmered with living light—neither day nor night, but a perpetual dawn. I sensed that every step upward was not merely movement through space, but through understanding. Each breath carried echoes of every lesson learned in the valleys and gardens below.

Jesus, who had walked beside me since the beginning, looked toward the horizon. “This is the Summit of Truth,” Jesus said. “Few reach it without first passing through weariness, disappointment, and solitude. The ascent itself reveals what no comfort can teach.”

The path was lined with memorial stones. On each was inscribed a word I recognized: **Obedience. Courage. Discernment. Boundaries. Faith.** As I stepped past them, I felt each word vibrate through my bones like music. Every lesson behind us was alive here, woven into the climb.

Halfway up, we passed a narrow ledge where the wind was fierce. I could barely hear my own breath. Jesus turned to me. “This wind is the voice of the world,” He said. “it will shout a thousand opinions at you, demand your compromise, and call it compassion. It will label conviction as cruelty and obedience as arrogance. Then Jesus said to me, Can you still walk when every echo mocks you?”

I hesitated, then replied, “It feels impossible to stand alone in that noise.”

Jesus nodded gently. “That is why truth must live deeper than approval. You are not sustained by agreement, but by alignment. Remember: storms refine what comfort cannot.”

Jesus and I pressed on, and the wind changed tone. It became a chorus of familiar phrases—Half-Truths and slogans that sounded noble but bent reality toward comfort. ‘Everyone has their own truth.’ ‘Love means never disagreeing.’ *‘Peace is avoiding conflict.’*

I stumbled; the phrases seemed to sap my strength. “Why do they sound so reasonable?” I asked.

“Because deception rarely appears as darkness,” Jesus replied, “it wears the vocabulary of virtue. The enemy rarely lies by denial—he lies by dilution. He weakens truth until it is tasteless, then calls it kindness. To stand for what is real, you must let truth have its full strength, even when it cuts.”

The words pierced me. I realized how often I had softened truth to preserve comfort. “How do I speak truth without wounding?” I asked.

“By letting love set your tone, not your threshold.” Jesus explained, “Love determines *how* you speak, but truth determines *what* you speak. One without the other is distortion.”

We reached a plateau where the path split in two. One trail glittered with gold dust: the other looked plain and unadorned. The golden path hummed with promises—ease, popularity, endless affirmation. The simple one was quiet, narrow, steep.

Jesus gestured. “Both lead upward for a while. Only one reaches the summit. Jesus looked at me and said, “Choose.”

I looked at the golden path. It radiated success, the admiration of others, a sense of being right without the pain of resistance. Yet something in it felt hollow, like applause without music. The plain path, though difficult, pulsed faintly with authenticity, the same resonance I’d felt in the Garden of Boundaries. I chose to turn toward the plain path.

Jesus smiled. “Truth recognizes truth. Well done.”

As we climbed, the air grew still again, but this stillness was not emptiness—it was awareness. Every sound, every movement seemed purposeful. Finally, we stepped onto the summit itself, a vast expanse of crystal light. The horizon stretched infinitely, and in every direction I saw reflections of what had been learned—streams of obedience flowing into seas of peace, rivers of discernment watering fields of clarity. It was as if creation itself breathed in rhythm with truth.

Jesus stood beside me. “This is where Heaven and Earth meet,” Jesus said. “Here you learn how to walk among humanity carrying the fragrance of this place without being crushed by the weight of it. What you have seen here must not make you proud; it must make you present.”

I asked Jesus, “How do I carry what I’ve learned into a world that rejects it?”

“By living it,” Jesus said, “truth shouted can harden hearts, but truth lived can awaken them. Be a quiet flame in the wind. Let your consistency preach louder than your voice. When the world demands compromise, answer with clarity; when it demands silence, answer with peace. Your task is not to win arguments, but to remain a living testimony and invitation to what is real.”

Jesus pointed to a pool at the summit’s center. The water reflected not my face, but countless faces—people of every culture and time, each carrying a small light through darkened streets. “These are those who learned what you have learned,” he said. “They stood when standing, cost them everything. They loved when love was despised. They spoke when silence was celebrated. Their courage became the seed of generations.”

I watched as some lights flickered under storms, yet none were extinguished. “How do they endure?” I asked.

“They draw from a source not of the world, their strength is not personality but presence—the steady awareness of truth within. When fear comes, they remember that light is not fragile. It only seems so to those who forget its origin.”

I looked up; the sky above the summit was alive with movement—currents of color and sound that felt like music and memory combined. It was not a choir but creation itself rejoicing. “Is this what truth sounds like?” I whispered.

Jesus nodded. “Truth is harmony. Every lie is dissonance—brief, loud, and hollow. When you live in truth, even silence sings.”

We stood for a long moment in that radiance. Finally, Jesus turned toward me. “The time comes when you must descend,” Jesus said, “No vision is given merely to be admired. What you have seen must become what you embody.”

A pang of longing caught me. “I don’t want to leave.”

Jesus smiled with that familiar, patient warmth, and said, “You will never leave what you have become. The Heavenly Kingdom is not a place to visit; it is a reality you now carry. The world below is waiting—not for words about Heaven, but for the evidence of it.”

I looked over the edge. Below lay the valleys, gardens, and hills I had crossed—each glowing faintly, connected like veins of light through the landscape of the soul. “Will I forget this?” I asked.

“Only if you stop practicing it.” Jesus said, “Truth fades not by distance but by neglect. Keep walking in alignment, and Heaven and I will walk with you.”

The wind rose again, gentler this time. It carried with it echoes of human voices—questions, confusions, cries for hope. I understood, these were the people for whom the lessons had been given, the ones who would never set foot on this mountain but could see its light through those who had.

I turned to Jesus. “What if I fail?”

“You will.” Jesus said kindly, “All do, in part. But failure is not being defeated, unless you refuse to rise. Truth is patient, love is relentless. Begin again as many times as needed.”

Jesus stepped back slightly, his form brightening until he seemed woven entirely of light. “You don’t understand yet, but you will return to the world.” Jesus said, “and you will walk in the world as one who remembers. Guard the sacred within you, speak what builds, refuse what deceives, forgive quickly, and rest often. Your life itself will become one as a teacher.”

Then Jesus extended his hand—not as farewell, but as commissioning. When I took it, light surged through me, not blinding but clarifying. The summit dissolved around us, or perhaps it entered me. When the brilliance faded, I found myself standing at the edge of a sunrise over a familiar landscape—the world below, vast and waiting.

Jesus’s voice lingered in the wind: “Let your light be steady, not loud. Let your truth be kind, not soft. Let your love be strong, not blind. And remember—every step you will take in the world is a continuation of this walk in Heaven.”

I breathed deeply. The air of the ordinary world no longer felt ordinary. The lessons of the journey pulsed like a living rhythm inside me. I began to walk, quietly, carrying the light that had once surrounded me, now burning from within.

And though the path that would lie ahead led into uncertainty, I knew this: the same voice that had guided me through Heaven would guide me through the noise of Earth. Truth was no longer something I sought, it was someone I had learned to become.

## Chapter 15

### The Conviction of the World and the Power to Testify

Jesus and I left the quiet valley behind, stepping onto a high, sunlit ridge that overlooked the expanse of Heaven and, beneath us, the threads of the world. From this height, I could see the struggles of humanity, the joys, the pain, the confusion, and the moments of fleeting faith. It was overwhelming, yet Jesus walked calmly beside me, radiating a peace that seemed to make the chaos below almost irrelevant.

Jesus turned to me and said, “The world does not understand what is happening. It cannot. It is blind to the truth, deaf to the Spirit, and deaf to Me. But you will. You will see things as I see them, because the Spirit will guide you into all truth.”

I hesitated. “Lord, what does it mean to see as You see?”

Jesus looked at me with gentle intensity. “It means knowing that what appears to be failure, defeat, or confusion is often the stage on which I am at work. It means recognizing that the Spirit will convict hearts, not to condemn, but to awaken them. He will convict the world of sin, righteousness, and judgment — not to shame, but to point toward life. You will testify, and your words will carry weight because the Spirit speaks through you.”

I nodded slowly, still taking in the magnitude of what Jesus was saying. Then Jesus pointed to the horizon, where flashes of light flickered across the earth like sparks in the dark. “Every moment of conviction is a spark,” Jesus explained. “Every soul that responds, every life that turns, is a flame. But many will resist. They will despise the truth. They will mock. They will persecute, and you, My disciple, will bear witness. You will testify of what you have seen and heard, not in fear, but in confidence.”

“Even when people hate us for it?” I asked.

“Especially then,” Jesus said. “The Spirit will remind you of My words: ‘Do not let your heart be troubled. You have believed in Me; you abide in Me, and I will abide in you. I will always be with you. The world’s rejection is not the absence of My presence. It is proof that the Spirit is working, that truth is being revealed, and that freedom is being offered. Your testimony is the light in the darkness. Do not fear it. Do not shrink from it. Stand boldly, because the Spirit will guide you and remind you of every word I have spoken and everything I have taught and shared with you.’”

Jesus and I continued walking along a narrow, glowing bridge that spanned above the earth, and I realized that I was walking in both Heaven and the shadow of the world at the same time.

“Lord, it feels so heavy to testify,” I admitted. “Sometimes I feel inadequate. I fear failure, fear rejection, fear even death.”

Jesus smiled, and His eyes seemed to shine like the morning sun. “Do not fear,” Jesus said. “You are not alone. I have overcome the world. My victory is your victory. The Spirit who lives within you is greater than every fear, every opposition, every trial. He will speak through you. He will give you words, courage, and wisdom beyond your natural ability. When you are weak, He is strong. When you are silent, He is loud. When you are afraid, He is fearless. This is not theoretical — this is experiential. You will know it when it happens. And even if you must walk through suffering for My name, remember, I am with you always, even to the end of the age.”

I noticed Jesus’ tone change slightly, softer but urgent, as though Jesus was preparing me for something vital. “The world will hate you,” Jesus said. “It hated me first. But the hatred of the world is temporary, and it cannot touch your eternal position in Me. The Spirit will convict, comfort, teach, and guide you. The Spirit is your power, your strength, your counselor. And through Him, you will bear fruit that cannot be taken away — fruit of faith, of love, of obedience, of courage. This fruit is eternal.”

Jesus and I paused at a point on the bridge where the air shimmered, as though reality itself was layered in light. Jesus turned to me fully, His presence radiant, and said, “Remember, the Spirit will not only convict others; He will teach you. He will show you what sin is, not to crush you, but to free you. He will show you righteousness, not to make you prideful, but to draw you closer to the Father. He will show you judgment, not to condemn you, but to reveal the consequences of rebellion and the beauty of obedience. This is the Spirit’s work. Trust Him. Abide in Him.”

I swallowed hard, trying to grasp it all. “So, I am not testifying on my own?” I asked.

“No,” Jesus said firmly. “You are a witness, but the Spirit is the power. You do not speak as the world speaks, you do not act as the world acts, and you do not fight as the world fights. You are not alone. Every word, every act, every prayer is empowered by the Spirit. Even when it seems you are failing, He is completing the work. Even when it seems the world is winning, He is bringing souls into My Kingdom. The Spirit brings clarity where you see confusion, strength where you feel weakness, courage where you feel fear.”

Jesus and I continued walking, and I noticed the earth beneath us reflected in waves of light. Every act of obedience, every word spoken in truth, every demonstration of love, faith, and courage formed luminous trails that stretched across the land. “Do you see this?” Jesus asked. “These are the lives touched, the hearts shifted, the souls awakened. Every prayer, every faithful act, every testimony contributes to this tapestry of eternity.

I looked down, amazed. “It’s... incredible, Lord. I never realized our lives could be so visible, so... eternal.”

Jesus smiled, a warmth in His eyes that penetrated every doubt I had ever carried. “You were never meant to live unseen. Your life, your witness, your obedience — all of it echoes in eternity. The Spirit ensures that nothing is wasted. Nothing. The Spirit magnifies, multiplies, strengthens, and when the world seems to resist, when rejection stings, when persecution comes, remember, it is a sign that truth is at work. The Spirit is convincing hearts, the Spirit is preparing the harvest, and you are the vessel through which He operates.”

Then Jesus added, almost quietly, but with weight: “Do not be afraid. You may face challenges, doubt, hatred, sorrow, rejection, slander, rumors, or even death. But fear has no hold over those who abide in Me and are led by My Spirit. Even in the valley of suffering, even in the shadow of rejection, my presence brings peace. My Spirit brings power, and your testimony brings eternal fruit.”

I fell silent, taking it all in, feeling the reality of Heaven around me and the work of the Spirit within me. Jesus walked a few steps ahead and turned, extending His hand once more. “Come,” Jesus said, “there is more to see, more to understand. The world’s struggle is vast, but My Kingdom is greater. And through the Spirit, you will testify of what is real, true, and eternal.”

And in that moment, I felt it, a certainty deeper than fear, stronger than doubt, brighter than any earthly joy; I was not alone. I was not powerless. I was a witness, a participant in the unfolding Kingdom, guided by the Spirit, walking with Jesus Himself.