THE IMMORTAL

BOOK TWO

CHAPTER ONE

The New Jerusalem

Elizabethhad her ups and downs over the next week. Overall, it was a rather uneventful period. I seemed to pick up a strange vibration or feeling during this period, however. I felt a cloud was hanging over the whole planet. In the past, there were times that my wife and I seemed to be under some type of attack, but for some reason, this time, I felt as though the whole planet was under a cloud.

Elizabeth and I repeated the *Song of the 144,000* several times a day, and we felt some comfort, but something still seemed amiss. Since we didn't know what to do, we just kept on living life as usual. I was looking forward to seeing John, hoping that he could verify the reality of my feelings.

When Thursday arrived, I found myself concerned for John's safety. I tried to put the thought aside. Surely John has some type of divine protection, so long as he does not get directly involved with us regular mortals. After all, wasn't that the main reason he was teaching me… so I could teach others? This was his method of not becoming vulnerable, so he could finish his job as a teacher.

Ever since that time I was teleported to Israel, I have approached starting the car with some anxiety. As I got in my car that evening to drive to Denny's, I felt a little nervous as I started the car, but nothing happened. I drove to Denny's and found our favorite booth and waited. After about an hour, I noticed the time was a quarter to twelve. I began to worry that John would not show. I felt restless just sitting there, so I got up and went outside. As I was pacing back and forth near the front door, I thought of the time I witnessed John disappear from my sight. I gazed at the spot where I saw it happen and experienced a sad longing to see him again.

I looked at my watch. It was now five minutes to twelve. I thought to myself about how adamant John was about keeping his word. If he did not show up by twelve o'clock, I would know something was wrong. I found myself unconsciously saying a prayer within myself: "Please let John be OK, and let him show himself to me ..."

I opened my eyes, and there he was in front of me. He stretched his right hand toward me and said: "Go home and go to sleep."

I reached my hand toward him, and it passed right through him, and he disappeared from my sight.

I should have been used to being surprised by this man by now, but I was so disoriented that I was several blocks away from Denny's before I realized that I did not pay for my coffee. I backtracked, paid my bill, and left for home.

As I arrived, and (as quietly as possible) got into bed, Elizabeth spoke softly, "You're home early. Is anything wrong?"

“I’m not sure,” I replied. "You should be getting some rest.”

“I never get any rest when I know you're off seeing John. So did you meet with him?”

“Sort of.”

“Either you did or didn’t. What happened?” Elizabeth asked impatiently.

“He appeared to me briefly as an apparition and told me to go home and go to sleep.” I know I sounded vague, but I felt vague.

Elizabethlet out a short laugh. “I’m always telling you to get more sleep, too. You’ve been looking tired, lately.”

“I don’t think rest has anything to do with it. There’s some reason he wants me to go asleep.”

"Maybe you’ll have some special dream,” she said.

“Maybe,” I said. “It makes me nervous thinking about it. I don’t know if I can go to sleep.”

“Well, try and see what happens," she said, patting my back as I turned on my side. "You need your sleep whether something happens or not.”

“You’re right. I’ll see what I can do.”

I laid still and tried to go to sleep for a few minutes without much luck. Usually, if I feel anxiety like that, it takes me several hours to drift off. But then I heard the bells again. I found them very soothing and was drawn to the lovely sound. The next thing I knew, I was standing beside my bed viewing the bodies of two people I knew to be Elizabeth and me. Then I heard John's voice. "Come up here," he said.

Just thinking about being with John caused me to immediately shoot through the roof, and I was whisked off to the portals of a most beautiful city, of a beauty so rarefied there is nothing I can say to do it justice. Actually, I could not yet see that it was a city. For some reason, I just knew that it was a great city, a city beyond the imagination of men. What I saw was a large floating pyramid that had the appearance of being made of translucent gold. I stood in front of the middle of three great entrances on one of the sides. It was a large arched entrance, like something out of Greek or Roman architecture, with a large translucent circular pearl of light seeming to guard it. I had heard the term "pearly gates" before, but had never envisioned anything like this. As I looked up, I saw an inscription written at the top of the arch, having the appearance of Hebrew. I found myself wondering what the meaning was, and immediately the writing changed to English, and it read JOSEPH. "Wow," I thought. What a way to welcome me!

I somehow knew John was inside the city waiting to meet me, but I found myself wanting to explore a little first, and as soon as I felt this desire welling inside of me, I found myself checking out the other entrances. The next entrance had another name written on it. Again, it appeared to be in Hebrew, but as soon as I wondered about it, the name BENJAMIN appeared in English. Then something interesting occurred to me: the entrance called JOSEPH had nothing to do with me. Benjamin and Joseph are the names of two of the tribes of Israel. Since meeting John, I had made some effort to study the Gospel of John and the Apocalypse -- or the Book of Revelation -- and the remembrance came to my mind of the holy city of the New Jerusalem that is supposed to be in heaven. I remembered the city had twelve entrances with a name of a tribe of Israel on each of the entrances. When that memory came to me I found myself moving from one entrance to the other and viewing the names all in English now. In addition to JOSEPH and BENJAMIN there was ZABULON, ISSACHAR, LEVI, SIMEON, MANASSES, NEPHTHALIM, ASER, GAD, REUBEN and JUDAH.

Under each of the twelve archways were twelve great foundation stones, each giving off a different hue. I felt the urge to touch them even though they seemed to be miles away. As the thought came to me, I immediately found myself with hands outstretched, touching one of the stones that now seemed to be as large as a planet. The name PETER came with great power to my mind. Next, I saw a glimpse into his life and how it ended with a sacrifice for the cause of

truth. In another instant, I found myself at the second foundation, and the name JAMES came to me. I again saw his life briefly, ending with a sacrifice of his life. Then I touched the third, and felt the name JOHN. Again, I saw numerous sacrifices that John had made for the cause of truth. At that time, the words of the book of Revelation came to my mind: "And the wall of the city had twelve foundations, and in them the names of the twelve apostles of the Lamb (Rev. 21:14). Then I realized that the names of the other apostles were in the other stones. With this realization I saw the lives of all the apostles, one by one. I saw that all of them were far from perfect, but that they laid the foundation to a great work with the sacrifice of their lives.

Somehow, I also realized this whole city represented the completion of their work; that on the earth, only the bare essentials of the foundation are represented; and that a New Jerusalem will eventually exist on earth, as it does in heaven.

I drew back several hundred feet with a thought and viewed the walls and foundations as a whole. They radiated light and a great heavenly fire, giving off more than a rainbow of colors. The colors seemed to ascend to the top of the pyramid and form an oval of white light, making the appearance of an all-seeing eye.

I felt it was time to go in and picked an entrance at random. As I started to pass through, a beautiful male and female pair with Asian features appeared to me and said, "This is not your entrance."

Then I went to the next gate and a dark-skinned couple likewise appeared and said the same thing. As I found myself wondering if they were of African descent, I instantly saw their color change from black to the most beautiful and glistening white one can imagine. In this beautiful state, all I could say about them was that they were human or perhaps angels, or more: the differential of race could not be held in mind. Then I went to the next entrance and another couple appeared. This couple had the appearance of American Indians, and said the same words, and again had the same transformation into raceless beautiful angelic beings who glowed like the sun.

Somehow I now knew that my entrance was at the gate named JOSEPH, whether by design or coincidence I did not know. As I approached, a Caucasian couple appeared and spoke, "Only the pure in heart may reside here. Have you examined your deepest thoughts and intentions?"

I was taken aback for a moment, and after a brief reflection, I said, “I believe so. I only want to be of service to my fellow men and women.”

The two stretched forth their hands and seemed to run them gradually from just below my navel to the top of my head. “You may pass,” said one of them. The two beings merged into one and after a few seconds disappeared.

As I passed though the gate I found myself wondering how I even knew this was a city. Until now, all I could see were the walls and foundations, while through the arches I saw nothing but light. And now that I was through the gates, I expected to see a great city with streets of gold, as described in the scriptures. Instead, I was surprised to find myself in a pleasant city park, and I noticed John sitting on a bench feeding some pigeons. He looked up and smiled and said, “Come over here.”

I walked toward him and sat down. “So, is this the city of the New Jerusalem you wrote about?” I asked.

“This is the place,” he smiled.

“But I don’t see any city. All I see is a park -- something like a city park on earth.”

“Isn’t this to your liking?” he asked.

“It’s fine,” I nodded, looking around. “Just not what I expected.”

“What did you expect?”

“Didn’t your vision indicate there were streets of gold, or something like that?”

“Streets of gold ... Yes,” he smiled. “How’s this?”

In an instant, we both were standing on a beautiful translucent golden street, and before us was a magnificent crystal castle that would put the Crystal Cathedral to shame. I had never imagined anything so opulent and wonderful.

“Is this more like you were thinking?” John asked, amused by my expression.

“Yes, I believe it is,” I replied, trying not to sound awestruck.

“Then tell me, my friend. Where would you rather have our discussion... in the park, or in this castle?”

I looked up at the beautiful building. My first and only inclination was to go in there, but as I thought about it a moment I became a little uncomfortable in choosing it; and for some reason I felt a lot more comfortable going back to the park. “It may seem crazy, but I think I would prefer to talk with you in the park.”

"I thought as much,” said John. By the time he had finished the sentence, we were both back on the park bench. There was no one else around. Just he and I and a few birds and squirrels.

I looked at him with wonder, and said, “How is it I get the feeling you know better than I do why I chose the park?”

“You are probably right. I have a conscious recollection of dwelling in this city in my sleeping hours for almost 2000 years. I have introduced many to the translucent castle. Actually, it is a

final test.”

“A final test?” I asked perplexed.

“Yes. Every newcomer is introduced to the most opulent residence possible. He is also given all the servants he desires. If he then becomes comfortable with that situation and begins to feel he deserves more exaltation than those who are his servants, we know that his ego still needs work and he is sent to another place.”

“Would that be Hell?” I asked.

“Actually, it is a heaven compared to earth life, but in a way it becomes a hell because of the stories that are spread there about the crystal castle and other mansions, and how a person who lives there is almost a God. The funny thing is that all the residents in the next level down are pained because they want something that the true residents here do not even care about.”

“You mean they long for the great reward of opulence, and that is not where the true happiness is?”

“Exactly,” said John.

“So if the true reward is not a castle of translucent gold and many servants, then what is the true reward of the good guys?”

“It is written in my book of Revelations, Chapter 22, verse 12.”

Here, we did not need a Bible. I saw the verse within my mind’s eye. It spoke of the coming of Christ and said: “And, behold, I come quickly; and my reward is with me, to give every man

according as his work shall be ...”

“What do you think it means -- that your reward is with Christ?" John asked. "Do you suppose He carries in His pocket a million castles and mansions to pass out?”

“It does sound rather ridiculous,” I mused.

“Then what is it He has with Him to give as a reward?”

“Well, to be able to give it out to millions ... it would have to be intangible,” I replied.

“And what would that be?" he asked.

“I’m not sure. Would it be love?”

“It could be called that, but back on earth there are many interpretations of what love is. If you were to teach on earth that love is the great reward, it would mean something a little different to everyone.”

“What is the reward, then?” I asked, getting very curious.

“It is amazing how the truth of our questions is almost always right in front of us -- or should I say within us. Close your eyes, be still for a moment, and tell me what you feel.”

John closed his eyes and I followed suit. As I did so, I realized I had been feeling something different ever since I passed through the portal. I felt a very deep, abiding peace, which now

seemed to intensify with my eyes closed. In addition, I felt a presence I can only describe as the Spirit of God. It was something like what I felt the night John taught us the *Song of the 144,000* , but was even more complete. As I put attention on the Presence, the intensity grew. It continued to increase until I couldn't bear any more of it, and I felt a fullness of joy within myself. I call it a '"fullness," because I was full to the brim of the highest spiritual vibration one can imagine. I had all the joy and peace I could handle. One must feel it to accurately describe it.

I opened my eyes, and so did John. I felt like crying, but held back. “Is there anything more desirable that what you just felt?” John asked softly.

“I cannot imagine anything I could want more,” I replied. I continued to attempt to hold back the tears but could not. I rarely cry, but the inner joy was too much for me.

“Would you rather live in the great castle with a thousand servants for a lifetime or have this feeling for five minutes?” he asked. I noticed some tears in John’s eyes, also. This amazed me, since I thought he would be used to having this wonderful feeling, but on reflection, I have concluded there is no getting used to it. It is always new and wonderful.

“There is no comparison. Nothing can compare to this,” I said. “I’m not sure what to call it except for a fullness of joy and happiness. I have never been that religious, but I can only say that we are basking in a Presence that can only be called God or the Spirit of God. Even though I have felt nothing like it before, it is very familiar and I know what it is. It’s like ... coming home.” I felt close to tears again.

“It’s familiar because you have felt it before, and it’s like coming home because it is home,” John said, resting his hand on my shoulder.

“When have I felt the Presence like this before?” I asked.

“We’ll cover that in some detail a little later. Now it’s about time to get to your lesson.”

"Can I ask a couple of questions about this city, first?" I asked anxiously.

"We have some time. Go ahead."

"What is the meaning of the twelve entrances, and why could I only go through the one named JOSEPH?"

"There are twelve types of people upon the earth which belong to twelve different families of wavelengths, or vibrations, as some are prone to call them.. To enter the city you have to have your vibration tuned to the Presence within the City or you would suffer excruciating pain. You had to enter through the correct tuning fork, so to speak. The different races you encountered symbolized the different types of people. Did you notice that they changed into glistening white beings and then the male and female merged into one? This symbolizes the oneness of all classes and types of people who submit to the higher intelligence of the Universal Spirit. The twelve entrances symbolize the uniqueness that each of us has as an individual entity."

"Is this city just for Christians? I would imagine a Hindu or Buddhist would not even recognize the names of the tribes of Israel."

"The mansions of God are not for just one belief system. The quality of a human being is created by how well he follows the highest knowledge of which he is aware. When a worthy Buddhist approaches the gates of the city, he sees a name that has an important meaning to him."

"So why are there two names, one above the portal and one below?"

"The one above represents the personality,and the one on the foundation stone represents the soul, or the unseen part of the person. But the soul is also that upon which you as a personality are built. It would be profitable for you to contemplate and eventually write about the meanings of the higher and lower names."

“Very interesting," I nodded. "Now, you call this a city, but I haven’t seen anyone but you. How many people live here, and where are they?”

“The actual number is not to be revealed at this time, but believe me, it is a very large number.” He stretched out his hand, and a circular portal appeared, and I saw into it like a three-dimensional television screen. I saw people living in all kinds of pleasant situations, but all of them lived in a state of equality with each living in a unique situation geared to individual and group happiness. I wasn’t able to look for long, as John turned off whatever it was.

“One more question,” I insisted.

“OK, one more before we begin,” he sighed.

"I was amazed at the appearance of an eye at the top of the pyramid. It was something like the all-seeing eye on our dollar bills. Can you tell me something about it?”

"There are many mysteries connected with the city and the so-called 'all-seeing eye,' but I will tell you just a few things. There are three major divisions within the city. The first two each have three subdivisions. The three plus three plus the one represented by the eye equals the seven of completion. You and I are now in the foundation level. The angels who greeted you are from the fifth level."

"As a person grows in knowledge and union, he can progress from one level to another until he reaches the eye of the portal, which is both an eye and a portal. Actually, it is two eyes, each with two types of vision. One sees all things in connection with this universe, and the other sees into the formless worlds. They then blend their seeing as one great eye and transmit the knowledge to the lesser lives who are ready to receive. The city itself is a living entity, and the inhabitants are cells in its body. The great eye communes with millions of other cities of God, and when one reaches the sixth level of the city, he achieves such a state of oneness that he shares the vision of the eye and discovers new worlds and universes beyond anything we can imagine at this level. When the seventh level is attained, he reaches the portal where the disciple can travel to other universes and assume challenges that we can only guess at.”

I sat in silence for a moment contemplating the greatness of this knowledge. Finally, John said, “Now let’s get back to the basics. I sensed you have the correct key word. Now you must state it to me and tell me what it means to you.”

I found I had to adjust my attention for a moment. At that moment, the keys seemed mundane, if that is possible. “OK. Let me gather my thoughts and I’ll share them with you.”