

It felt like home



Ascension Day

He was there, of course, but I could not see him - only the light. The office seemed to be splitting apart with the intensity of it. There are no other words but - glory! Divinity in a single space!

I turned to the window to rest my eyes. We are on the hillside - a rocky place of sparse pasture where a few sheep nibble among the scattered olive trees. We are above Bethany and this is ascension day. He has turned to walk away, leaving the crowd of men and women - hearts aching - minds in turmoil. How can I begin to imagine what Mary, his mother, and Mary Magdalene were feeling or how his faithful men were coping, except that he had prepared them for this - his home-going.

He walked uphill through low early morning clouds - white - misty. The light intensified - and he was gone - home! The light continued bright - there were angels about.

Words ran through my mind as I thought of his presence - the Light; Son of Man; Son of God; Saviour; Lord; King of kings; superior to all created beings; co-creator of everything that exists throughout limitless universes; head of the church and source of its life! All of God!

What a homecoming. But home is no longer far away. Here on the hillside is his home. He has brought heaven to us and made it ready for the time of our home-going. With that thought I turned to the 'today' window. Yet it was not today, but some day in the future - a Kingdom day. The scenes flicked past like a rapid film clip. I watched pitiful shacks become decent houses; war-weary deserts turned to lush fields and pastures; a hospice wrapped in peaceful hope; people were dancing and singing; national leaders held hands in peace greetings; everywhere crosses were clothed in resurrection; all things seemed new and over everything was the radiance of his glory.

Heaven, the home to which the Lord was returning, was now here in the world. There was a sadness ... a sort of home-sickness ... the sadness of a dream from which I did not want to wake.

I did not stay long today to do so would make it harder to leave but as I half-closed the door behind me, the light followed. I sensed I had been to the other side of everything – and it felt like home.