

# A Dream of Heaven

By Roland Foster

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I had a little dreaming vision of Heaven today, as I sat nodding in my desk chair. It was wonderful. It was like a party, with folks smiling and laughing and hugging each other; like a grand family reunion with none of the family “baggage” that often comes along.

My dream was not long, but I sensed that now and then Jesus or someone else would tell a story. It was always a sweet story, funny and tender and beautiful like all heavenly stories. And the people would laugh at the funny parts and smile with delight at the tender parts, and just be filled with wonder at the beauty of the beautiful parts.

My daddy was there, and my brother Jerry, too, talking and listening as they both loved to do. There were other people I knew as well, though now I don't recall who they were. I did not see my mother there, but I'm sure she was there in the kitchen, fixing something wonderful to eat. (That would be her chosen role in Heaven.)

Children and adults played together, dancing or running or rolling on the ground. There was no competing; all were engaged in providing mutual enjoyment for all.

And we ate there, too, but not like a meal. It was more like a huge buffet table. We didn't eat because we were hungry. It was just that the food was there to be enjoyed, so now and then it was just good to take something and enjoy its deliciousness.

Laughter. I remember the laughter. Most of the time there was laughter in the air. But the people weren't laughing at jokes. There are no jokes in Heaven—they don't need them there. Instead it was heavenly joy being expressed as it must be.

The dream fades from my memory even as I write this. But its truth is real, and I will keep it and treasure it until I go there to experience it.