

98. *Our home is Paradise*



Our home address is Paradise. You are here on earth as an alien, and an ambassador, on temporary assignment. Heaven is not what the comedians portray in pearly gates jokes; we don't want such images to dominate our thinking on this vital subject as we progress towards our terminus here on earth. In fact, it's more like an airport than a terminus. There is ticket printed for you and a seat assigned all ready to take you into the presence of Jesus, His Spirit and your Heavenly Father. And with them, stand a huge crowd of people who arrived before you, as well as all manner of splendid angelic beings.

It's as if we're running a race to get to our heavenly destination. And as we cross the line there are others waiting for our arrival... family and friends who have gone before us, eagerly awaiting our arrival.

There is an account of a steam ship berthing in New York a hundred years ago. A millionaire was one of the first to alight, with a brass band is playing for him and VIPs on the podium with streamers ready to give him a formal welcome back home. On the third class deck a woman walked the gangplank, coming home to retire after investing her life on the mission field. She had sacrificed family and the chance of marriage as well as all manner of comforts and opportunities for making a career.

As she walked ashore there was no one to welcome her and no band playing for her, but she sensed the voice of God saying with great tenderness, "This is not your homecoming. That entrepreneur is having his grand welcome now but I am preparing yours. You can't imagine the grandeur and scale of what I have prepared for you!"

No quitting, no slacking off. Today I run the race of life with my eyes firmly set on the finish line.