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Holiness Writers

There Must Be A Heaven Somewhere

By

Lawrence B. Hicks

*“Follow peace with all men, and holiness, without
which no man shall see the Lord” Heb 12:14*

Spreading Scriptural Holiness to the World

Wesleyan Heritage Publications

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THERE MUST BE A HEAVEN SOMEWHERE

By **Lawrence B. Hicks**

Pentecostal Publishing Co. Louisville, Kentucky

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[Transcriber Note: I have inserted the Roman Numeral numbered Outline points into this digital publication of L. B. Hicks' sermon, and I have divided some of the longer paragraphs. I have edited out a small amount of the original text. In those places where part of the original text has been omitted, I have indicated this by three periods: (...). Several minor errors in the text were corrected. Besides these changes, the only other change I have edited into the sermon text is the insertion of the word "mothers" instead of a synonymous term that may have been unacceptable to some. -- DVM]

Text: John 14:1-3

"Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself, that where I am, there ye may be also." May the Lord add his blessing to the reading of his word.

As far back as I can remember in my ministry, I have sought for a sermon on Heaven, that would satisfy the longing of my soul. I sat one Sunday morning at the breakfast table. Mrs. Hicks and the children having already gone to prepare for the morning services. As I sat in meditation, with an old envelope and lead pencil, the Holy Spirit, in that Voice that I have learned down across the years to know so well, whispered to me, "I'm going to give you that message on Heaven." I began to set the notes down, one, two, three, four, five, six, seven -- and when I got through my soul had been blessed, and the very bathings of the water of the river of life had flowed from Heaven's golden braes [peaks] down into my heart! I walked to the pulpit that morning feeling like I trode the air, ready to bring that message God had placed on my heart. We had the morning broadcast on the radio that we always have at 11 o'clock on Sunday morning from the church. The next week, people we met downtown on streets, in stores, said, "You are the new preacher at the Nazarene Church, I heard you preach on heaven the other Sunday morning; it blessed my heart, and lifted me up!" Beloved, I tell you those things not to boast, but to inform you that I believe that God has given me the message that satisfied my heart on heaven.

I. Heaven Will Be READY

The first thing I think about when I think about heaven is, according to Scripture, heaven will be Ready. There will be no waiting, loitering about the gates. There will be no finishing touches to be put on. There will be no evictions to make from our mansions. There will be no furnishing or polishing the golden avenues. There will be no trimmings to put on the stretching vestibules. There

will be no lack of fruit on the tree of life. The river of life will be running down in gurgling and bubbling cascades, an emerald rainbow that must be made from the crystal sprays of it, will be hovering around the throne of God, a perfect circle. Near the river's end will be the Lord Jesus Christ; and back out yonder tier on tier, will be that angelic host, down by the glassy sea will be another group, with their harps tuned to the sweetest music that mortal or angel had ever heard! Their white robes will be reflected in the crystalline sea. I say to you, there will be no lack, nothing to get ready, nothing to desire!

Heaven will be ready, when the first crowd swing around on old Zion, head in for the sheltered cove, and she nudges her figure-head against the harbor, the welcoming committee will meet us all at the pearly gates, as that redeemed multitude of all ages stream down a gangplank, to wave their palm branches and shout with the pilgrim, "deliverance has come!" Heaven will be ready, I repeat! When we shall walk up the drawbridge, with all its glittering jewels, to that Eastern Gate, if it be the eastern gate, and look down through it at the lovely retreats of the inner city, it will be ready! Everything that we had dreamed about down life's rugged, toilsome way, everything that we had thought about when the fever of the midnight mounted high, every aspiration we ever had when God got us through at a mourner's bench, everything we have ever heard in a Holiness tent meeting, every little dream and foretaste of heaven we ever had when we got loose and got out in the aisle, and got our hands in the air, and felt that God was all around, and heaven was not ten feet away, will that day become a glorious reality! Heaven, if you please, will be ready.

Not only will heaven be ready on that morning, but it has been ready for nineteen hundred years. Now walk with me back along the long ages, and stand near the gates of old Jerusalem. There is a little Jew with somebody standing by pointing an accusing finger at him. As he answers their accusations, he joins the "order of the shining face," and they "saw his face as it had been the face of an angel," the record said. When he pointed his finger toward them, and made his speech they were so angry with him they gnashed on him with their teeth and stoned him to death. As the stones brake his body, he looked up, and said, "I'm looking into heaven, and I see Jesus standing at the right hand of God!" Everything was ready, and in a few minutes he said, "Lord Jesus I am giving my spirit to you," and fell on sleep. For nineteen hundred years now he has found heaven ready! It will be ready for you and me when we step off into that glorious city.

Not only did Stephen find it ready, but there have been those in this day who found it ready. Sitting one morning in my study, my telephone rang, a neighbor lady of member of my church said, "Brother Hicks, will you go to a certain place. _____ has just shipped away." I jumped in my automobile and rushed down the street and turned into Greenwood, parked in front of the home and walked in.

When I stepped into what they call "the death room", the husband sat on the side of the bed, not crying, but with his hand in the air, and big tears streaming down his cheeks, and a shine on his face, said, "Brother Hicks, you have just missed it! You ought to have been here fifteen minutes ago! When she said good-bye and went to heaven!" She saw a golden stairway dropped down into a corner of the room, the little baby we lost in childhood walked down, a beautiful glowing creature, the Savior by her side, and beckoning said, come on, and she said I'm going and walked up the

golden stairway to be with Jesus." Thank God he will be waiting at the gate, when you and I go yonder to meet the Savior in that great city! Thank God, heaven will be ready!

II. Heaven Will Be RESPLENDENT

Second thing about heaven, not only will it be ready, but heaven will be Resplendent. Let an omnipotent hand pitch up all the purple mountains and roll out fruited fields. Draw all the crystallizing rivers, babbling down through their green banks. Arch them with the welkin of the blue skies, swing a golden sun to dash overhead, pulled by the power of God, stable his steeds in the black caves of the night to go to sleep, call the silver moon to ride a bediamonded crescent across the sky, sprinkle her milky way and shake the star dust down! Call all the beautiful daisies and flowers out of the grass, spread an emerald carpet for every cup of dew to walk when it falls as silently as the mist of the morning! Have all the beauties of nature, and it would pale into insignificance compared to the beauty and resplendence of heaven when we all get inside that great city.

Heaven will be resplendent! I read in my Bible about it. John saw it coming down a perfect bejeweled cube, twelve layers on top of layers; solid gold and yet transparent, adorned as a bride dressed for her bridegroom. There it floated out on the air, suspended only on the power of God. The great gates, three of them on each side, swinging out, always open. The beautiful golden streets, not paved, but solid gold. The lovely mansions, the jasper walls, the solid pearl of the gates. How resplendent heaven is going to be.

When a lad I used to strain my oyster soup, thinking I would find a pearl and get rich, and it already had been boiled and of no account if I had found it. But once we get to heaven, pearl gates! Some "smart Alec" has said, "How can there be a pearl gate in heaven? A pearl is a calcareous formation inside an oyster that has swallowed an irritating grain of sand which made a sore within him!" Beloved there is no difficulty here, the God who made all these things could create an oyster, if He had to do so, big enough, and drop a millstone into his bivalves, causing him to grow a pearl gate to be hanged on jeweled hinges anywhere around the walls of heaven if he wanted!

Did you ever see the bride adorned for the bridegroom on a beautiful June evening? The velvet petal of every rose weeps a silent dew drop. That evening she puts on the finest clothes she has ever had. The long white veil, the lovely adorned Bible, everything perfect loveliness as down the aisle of a chapel she walks. At the altar she will meet the man of her choice. There is a bit more of the bloom of health and loveliness in her cheeks. Her heart beats high that evening. She is going to go out to form a home!

John said, "I looked at that big city as it dropped down, and turned and shimmered in the eternal light of God; and it looked like a bride, with her wedding clothes on, adorned to meet the bridegroom." Beloved, you and I are going to be with that crowd that morning, when the first saints appear in that city, and see it with all its glory and all its resplendence!

III. Heaven Will Be RAPTURE DIVINE

The third thing about heaven, is not only going to be ready, not only going to be resplendent, in glory, but it's going to be Rapture divine! Did you ever get the first view of home when you had been away for a long time?

Reared hard in ... middle Tennessee as a lad ... I worked all day, from early sun to his going down, for a dollar. I ... tried to think of that day when I could answer God's call to me to preach. I never remember the day when God had not called me to preach. I remember when I would walk home, two miles, down across the hill and around the dusty road and across the little babbling creek, up a long hill and turned into an old hollow where the homeland was. Down between two great emerald hills, nestled like a jewel was grandmother's old southern home. Tall cedar trees standing like sentinels in the front yard, that seemed with heads to scrape some of the ultramarine from the sky above.

In the gathering twilight when I turned around a bend in the road, and saw a wisp of smoke out of the kitchen flue, I knew in a few more steps I'd be home where yellow butter would soon be oozing down through corn muffins like liquid gold. I knew there would be some meat, and a potato baked with the jacket on it, and I knew there would be a big glass of buttermilk. I knew that I'd have something to eat. After that I'd climb the steps to an upstairs bedroom, pull my clothes off and stretch out on an old straw bed, and while I slept the sleep of a saved boy, a southern mocking bird would ride the topmost twig of a cedar tree, and in the silver moonlight of a summer Tennessee night, would sing a love song to a mate below him, sitting on the eggs waiting for them to hatch! I think of how beautiful home was.

One of these days the last campmeeting sermon will be preached, one of these days the last hospital call will be made, one of these days the last door will be knocked on, one of these days I'll put the last bandage around the last broken heart, and one of these days we'll step off old Zion's battle-scarred deck and [I'll] shade my hand over eyes and take a look at heaven and cry out, "I've seen it now! I am at home at last!"

Heaven will be rapture because it will be home to the redeemed of God. Not only will heaven be rapture because we are at home, but heaven will be rapture because we will have the victory then. Did you ever lock horns with the devil, and like that story in Quo Vadis, when that ... maiden was tied on the horns of that big ox, and he was turned loose to gore her to death in the sands of the Roman Arena? That great big fellow who loved her and had found the Lord Jesus Christ broke out of the ranks and laid one hand on the left horn and the other on the right horn of the ox, and turned his head up and the knees of the ox sank to the ground. The big giant sank to his knees in the sand, and they stood there with every muscle straining and every tendon about to burst, until gradually the ox's head was turned up and a low moan broke out. The shattering of neck bones was audible, and the big brute was killed! The man stripped the girl from the horns of the ox and walked in front of the royal box and held her out. Every Roman's thumb was up! A brave man had won freedom.

You and I have locked horns with the devil a lot of times. We have come up battle-scarred and weary, you and I have hung on by the skin of our teeth, we have read our Bibles and wet them with tears, and have walked the long timorous ways, we've done a lot of different things down across life.

I have preached when it seemed that forty-nine devils sat across the mourner's bench, and every word flew back as if it hit a brass sounding board! I have preached when "the brush" grew thick and tall around! I have fought the devil, and have seen people backslide in spite of all that I could do. But on that grand and glorious morning, one breath of the air inside that celestial city, and I can join in the triumph with God's crowd, I will have gained Heaven! I will be in at last! I'll never have to go out again. Rapture divine will be the song.

Not only will heaven be home and we'll shout about the praises of God, but the thing that will make Heaven really is, Jesus will be there. I've longed since a little barefoot boy to see my mother who slipped away forty-one years ago just about now, when I was a little fellow about seven weeks old. When a little lad I've looked at the big old picture in my grandmother's living room, and said, "I wish that you could walk down out of that frame and put your hand on my head like any other little boy's mother would do," but she never moved. She slept the silent sleep that knows no mortal awaking in the bivouac of the dead.

When I've seen her, and I do anticipate seeing my mother, and having a great time just loving her, and telling her that her dying prayer was answered, God saved and sanctified her boy, and called him to preach. That he had been preaching second-blessing holiness as hard as he knew how to preach it, until Jesus called him home.

Then I'd like to meet converts that I've seen bow at mourners' benches in various church and camp meetings. I'd like to meet them all when I get to Heaven. But after I've seen that crowd and everybody has shouted around Jesus as long as they want to, I'd like to get through the crowd and bow down and kiss the nail-scarred feet and say, "Jesus, this is what I've waited for, Heaven would not be heaven if you were not here!" Just the first view of Jesus will make heaven rapturous and glory divine!

IV. Heaven Will Be RESTORATION

Not only will Heaven be ready in resplendence and rapture, but Heaven will be Restoration. It blesses my heart when I think about that. The children were playing hop-sotch down the city street, but one little tyke leaned against the wall and clicked his braces. Just leaned on his crutches, and couldn't play hop-sotch. Another group were happily flying kites, one little girl with all eyes longing, wishing she could get up and cast away a crutch and fly a kite. I saw them play dolls but her little hands were twisted and gnarled until they couldn't hold a little doll-baby. I saw others leap and run and play. But those unfortunates could not leap and run and play.

Then I thought about one day, blessed be God, if they would find Jesus and a lot of them will, when they step off onto the Hallelujah Avenue of glory, every finger will be straightened, every crutch will be tossed aside, every brace will be left to rust in the time that has gone by, for everything will be remade! Who knows that if God would care for a little boy, who never got to run and jump, to spread out silver hop-sotch sticks on golden streets and dance and shout over them, as he had a good time! Heaven will be a restoration in that great city of God!

I've seen them walk to the casket and say, "The undertaker made a nice job, my baby looks like she ought to say, 'mama'." They have done a wonderful job, but when all the make-up of that art is done away with, God Almighty will lay His hand on her one morning and will restore her to a realness and a beauty and a glory that she never had while she walked in this life. Heaven will be restoration.

I watched her walk to the revival platform, dragging a withered, weary limb. Someone put an accordion on as she held out her hands. She pulled her shoulders back as she spread the instrument, there came from it lovely notes, and with a voice she sang about, "My Ivory Palace Home". I sat back and the big tears trickled down my cheeks, and I thought, "My little lady if you keep singing like that, with a shine like that on your face, when you step inside that 'Ivory Palace Home' and get a harp perhaps with a thousand strings, with no withered limbs, no paralyzed arm to drag and let your fingers slip across it's melodious strings, the very angels will fold their wings while they hear the story of what Jesus could do!"

I slipped inside the bedroom of the "father of the Holiness movement" in a certain section. He received the blessing and went to Africa as a missionary and then was called back to a country village in Kentucky. He held a great revival, out of which came 3 nationally famous evangelists who went across the land preaching the doctrine of second blessing holiness. I went inside his bedroom that afternoon, he had been in a coma but when they said, "Brother Hicks is here!" his old mind cleared like you had snapped on an electric light! He said, "Brother Hicks I've gained the victory. I've walked with Jesus down across the years, and I'm soon going to go home to be with Him." His wife broke in about that time and said, "Last Sunday morning he took a text, when we didn't think that he knew he was in the world! Lying here he preached a sermon, and I thought I had never heard him preach like that before!"

About a week after that I preached his funeral sermon. I left the bed with the flu to go preach the funeral. I told them the testimony that he gave to me. I remember the withered form, I remember the broken features, I remember the horrible suffering, but then I thought about restoration just over on the other side! When he, and all other of God's holiness crowd, get to heaven the restoration that God's going to perform will be perfect.

V. Heaven Will Be REAL

Not only will Heaven be ready, resplendent, rapturous and a place of restoration but Beloved, heaven is going to be Real. You know that is the grandest thing, it's not make-believe.

When I was a little boy I climbed up in an old crooked grapevine, pulled another grapevine and called that the whistle cord, pulled another and rang the bell and put on the brakes, for I thought I was riding a train. I was reared so far back in the hills, that I could barely hear a train whistle. I didn't see many trains before I was twelve years old. Living way back in the hill country, and I thought I was ringing the bell and blowing the whistle and riding the train!

One night a few years ago I stepped out on the platform at Tullahoma, Tennessee, the big Dixie Flagler streamliner on the N. C. and St. L. railroad, pulled in and came to a stop! A porter jumped

out and took my bags and another attendant helped me aboard, directing me to a reclining chair, and as with an angry hiss of steam, she rolled off toward the Cumberland Mountains. As she came round those curves, I leaned against the window, to watch that big iron horse with a long black trail of smoke like, a hound wagging his tail. I heard the rattle of silver hooves, as they pawed those ribbons of steel in the moonlight. I felt the surge of power as she topped the Cumberland Mountains and rolled toward the Florida coast and the palm trees and the balmy air. Say, it wasn't make-believe that night, I was riding the train, and the things were real! Beloved, I've dreamed about heaven, looked forward toward heaven and wondered what golden streets would be like, but some of these days, blessed be God, it will cease to be make-believe, and become real.

When a little boy I saw an airplane just once. An old set of steps turned up in the front yard, and my cousins and I sat in it and thought we were riding an airplane! We looked down on imaginary valleys, and rivers below, we played that we were riding an airplane!

One night I walked under ground and out on a ramp in Los Angeles, and they put my grips inside of a big silver bird, I walked up high steps and sat down, a little white light came on, and a sign which read, "fasten the seat belt." I buckled it tight, looked out, and saw the silver sheen of the moon caught on the tip of those wings and flung back toward heaven! I heard those four big motors shake, and the plane pulsated, as they warmed up. I saw the long lashes of crimson fire leap from the exhaust. Presently she rolled down the long runaway and caught a breath and braced herself and preened her wings. She took another long run and the ground swam beneath us and we were air-borne. The next moment I looked down on the California desert, the next moment I looked down on the Rocky Mountains, as she cut a swath through the night and she droned her way to a Texas town! Say, this wasn't make-believe, that night I was riding the air currents on that airplane!

When I was a little boy I used to take a string, and put that on a stick, and cast it into the horse trough. I made believe that I was fishing. But one day I got out in the Gulf of Mexico, where the blue billows roll. The long trawling lines swung out behind as a guide said, "let her out!" Not long 'til a blue bonita hit my line! He broke out of the water in a sudden flash of blue flame, went down again, and came up again, and I reeled and reeled and pulled him in! That was not make-believe, because I wasn't fishing in a horse trough, I was fishing that morning!

Beloved, when I get inside heaven's gates and let my feet down on solid gold streets, and walk down to that lovely sea that is crystal glass, mingled with fire, it will not be make-believe. It will be real on that morning.

VI. Heaven Will Be REUNION

Then will not only heaven be ready, resplendent, rapturous, restoration, and real but heaven will be Reunion. Have you ever thought about reunion time?

I remember him. He sat back four seats from the front. I gave an altar call, his three daughters came to sob at the mourner's bench, I pressed the altar call, he got up and started down, dressed in coveralls. I started down to meet him, he had been a drunkard and outcast and had done everything

ugly, before he got to me, he lifted one hand in the air and shouted, "Brother Hicks, He has done it, God's saved me already!" He never did get to the altar.

It wasn't very long after that until they called me at midnight, to his home, and I went inside his room. I pulled the sheet back and there he was cold in what we call death. I put my arm around that eighteen year old son, and pulled him over to me and said, "Son, your 'daddy' made it to glory, he told me just the other morning that he had the victory and was going to make it in."

When I have shouted before Jesus a little while, I would like to take a walk down one of those long stretching avenues, maybe he will turn the corner of that city if there are corners in that city, and I'll say, "good morning, sir! Are you one of the angels, I never saw anything like you. You have the whitest robe and the prettiest face I ever looked into in my life. Are you Gabriel? Which angel are you?" "Why don't you remember the man who lost a government job by drinking, and was as mean as the devil. One night his two little girls went to an altar and God got hold of him and he got saved while coming down the aisle in a Methodist Church. I have been shouting here fifty years and still am not tired of it a bit." Thank God, heaven is going to be reunion.

I have walked out in "Babyland", in a Chattanooga cemetery and have seen a little white box deep beneath the lap of mother earth! I have stood with my ritual in my hand, and have sprinkled the dust into the tomb, and have said, "ashes to ashes and dust to dust", turning away with a sinking heart, among the little graves where a pattern of evergreens spelled, "Babyland". I have heard the bitter wail of a broken-hearted mother saying, "My baby, my baby, my baby". I have walked over to her automobile and have said, "Mother, you just settle it with God, one of these mornings, swinging across these hills, God's going to send a big angel, and he'll hold in his hand the golden hearted trumpet that has not been blown since the "sons of God shouted for joy and the morning stars sang together." He'll lift that trumpet to immortal lips, and sound reveille in the bivouac of the dead, and every one of his little ones will know what it is, and will rise, leaving the cerements [graveclothes] of the tomb behind and sweep in the redeemed! You will be with your baby again! Thank God, it will be a reunion when we all get yonder.

I think of the holiness companions I have known. I look back on them today! Some of them with whom I have preached, have gone. I am still a young fellow in the holiness movement, just 41 years old, a little silver that used to not be there, is in my hair. A bit of a stoop to my shoulders that used not to be there. I've carried a lot of burdens, and know what it is to carry my heart in a sling! I've seen a lot of my holiness companions slip off to the other world. When I get inside that gate and gather around with them and get my arms around some of them, and maybe they will get their arms around me, what a time we will have! I've always been rather quiet down here, but if I ever get there, I intend to get loose, and when I get loose I'm going to have a time. There are going to be Reunions.

So, one thing about heaven is, it is going to be Ready. Not only is it going to be that way, but it is going to be Resplendent. Not only is it going to be that way, but it is going to be a place of Restoration. Not only is it going to be that way, but it is going to be Reunion.

VII. Heaven Will Be RIGHT

The last thing, Heaven is going to be Right. Everything on this earth does not go right for God's saints.

Many folk take advantage of the holiness people and beat them out of their money. There will be a better day in the tomorrows. Some of the brethren say, "Brother Hicks, you just give all your money away and you don't even own a home." "Oh", I said, "I do! Just made a big payment on it this morning!" They said, "What do you mean?" "I put my tithe envelope in, and just pitched another big payment on top of that, I just made a good payment on it." Heaven is going to be right. All the dreams for it, all the longings for it, everything will be right.

Did you ever see a hungry little tyke, stand outside the candy makers window with his dirty little face, his bird-claw hands, a string over his shoulder for a suspender, a trouser leg off at one knee, a toe out of his shoe? He did not have a dime like other little boys had to go inside and buy a piece of candy. He looked at the candy and his little mouth watered. He leaned against the glass, to see if he could smell a bit of it, and he wished he had a little piece of candy like the other children had and he longed for it.

I've driven down the highway and wished I had a home. I've gone over the country and wished I had a few things that I've denied myself of. One day I saw a fellow walk down the street and put a kind hand on the little lad's head and say, "Son, would you like some candy?" "Yes mister, I'm just nearly starved to death for it." He took him inside and took out a big half dollar and flipped it over on the counter and said, "Fill up a sack of the best candy you have." The little face brightened in spite of the dirt, and the little head lifted in spite of the many knocks it had gotten. The little foot felt better and he wasn't ashamed, for he had a sack full of candy!

When I walked, a backslidden, sin-cursed young man, one afternoon in the cool of the day, in the month of June, eighteen years ago, I got on my knees by an old limestone rock in a Tennessee gully, where the water had ceased to run. I told God how hungry I was for a little of the sweetmeats of heaven. There walked down, from somewhere out of the ethereal world, a lovely creature, and he put a hand on my heart, and one on my head, and said, "Son, I came down to tell you that I bought you the sweetmeats, nineteen hundred years ago. I paid for it with ruby blood that splashed on the cold gray rocks of Golgotha!" I brightened up a little bit, and lifted up my chin, Jesus had come, and there was victory in my soul.

Coming down here a few years ago to the Lakeland Camp Meeting, as we drove that February afternoon, just the other side of Atlanta, Georgia, driving on the other side of Marietta, I reached over and snapped the radio on in my automobile. Three men were riding along with me from Chattanooga, and just as the radio faded on, a Negro quartet from Atlanta was singing. I don't know where they got the song, I wish I had it now. But one of them was singing in a high tenor falsetto away out in front of the rest of them, and they sounded like hounds after the fox trailing behind him. The three were humming in the background, trailing off to a deep bass; and that Negro was singing, "There must be a heaven, somewhere!" The rest of them were humming it in the background.

The Holy Spirit paid a visit to my automobile, and we got blessed! As we rolled down a Georgia road, with a mellow southern sun, and a southern Negro, singing "There must be a heaven, somewhere!" I thought of the cotton fields of Mississippi and Alabama in days of slavery. I thought of the old stories that my grandmother told me. I thought of the longing as they looked up and sang, "There must be a heaven, somewhere." I thought of all the bitter dregs and the disappointments, I thought of all the dying babies down in the "Quarters". I thought of all the old black mothers lifting up their heads, when their children went into slavery, and saying with a broken heart, "There must be a heaven, somewhere, with streets of gold and sparkling walls where healing waters run down the glorious hillsides, where everything will be made right, and I'll have my darling back in my arms again! There must be a heaven somewhere."

Beloved, I believe there has to be a heaven somewhere! To where from Tennessee hillsides God will call my baby from beneath the magnolia trees; to where from Tennessee hillsides God will call my old grandmother from beneath the cedar trees. "There must be a heaven, somewhere". Where reunion and readiness will be ours. For heaven is going to be exactly right when we get there! Until we could not dream about another thing, couldn't desire anything more. Heaven is going to be just exactly right to suit our needs, eternally.

Did you know that one way to get ready for that place is to get right yourself? See to it that two things have happened to you, one that you are converted, the other one that you are genuinely sanctified wholly. Let everything else be brushed away, but above all other things tarry until you know Jesus has come and has given you light. When you have gotten those works of grace and they are operating, rise to your feet and say, "by the grace of God, I'll not frustrate the grace of God and I'll live for Jesus from this time on."