

August 11, 2010

I had a dream so real I couldn't tell it till the next day because if I tried to tell anyone I'd start crying. I cried nearly all day, it touched me so deeply.

I was driving an old rusty school bus to go get my Moma in Heaven. She passed away on February 11, 2010, 4:30 p.m. in the afternoon, 11 years, 11 months, 11 days, the same hour my Dad passed away.

On my journey to get Moma, I drove a long way across a great desert. Had many break downs, had many trials and temptations along the way. The devil tried to stop me every way he could. It seemed I kind of blacked out for a bit. When I came to myself I was driving up this great mountain. Nearly to the top there were lots of people standing about 10 to 12 feet apart on each side of the road directing my way. It seemed that they were making sure that the old bus and I stayed on the right road. On their direction, I turned on a street made of beautiful black stone, very smooth. It also had about 4 to 6 inches of very pure, clear running water running down the road. It didn't run out of the street, it ran down the street (like a river). I knew that was traveling down the River of Life.

As I drove I noticed the scenery for the very first time. For the first time, everything was breathtaking and beautiful. The trees were large tall pine trees of some kind. Flowers of all kinds and all colors, some of them with blooms as big as dinner plates, they were everywhere. It looked like a park, most beautiful park I've ever seen. Everything was so green it almost hurt your eyes. The air was so pure and clean. With every breath it was like getting a drink of cool, clean pure water. I didn't see the sun, but it was light. It was a soft light.

As I drove I came to a Great City. I couldn't see the end of it, it was huge. It was absolutely the most beautiful city I had ever seen in my life. It seemed to be all mansions, but they were all different and beautiful.

Finally, I was directed to Mom's house by the people. I stopped the bus and got out and for the first time I really looked at the people that were directing me. They were all young, smiling and happy people – I really believe they were angels. They were over-joyed to see me. I didn't recognize any of them in particular, but it was like I knew them and I was finally home. I could feel such a great, great peace, as I have never felt before in all my life. The presence of the Lord was so strong that I was shaking and quivering inside. The Glory of the Lord was so strong! I felt the greatest, deepest love I ever felt in my life during this dream.

That's when I looked up the mountain at the most spectacular sight I had ever seen. It was the largest building I'd ever seen. I thought maybe it was a temple or church. It was huge. I couldn't even see the end of it, even from where I was standing. I seemed to be about 5 or 6 miles away. I couldn't see the roof of it very good. When I did see it, it looked like pure gold. The building was made of white stone with no joints. There was a mist over the top of it, it overshadowed it. It was swirling and moving. It was like a cloud. The most striking part of it was the front doors. They seem to be a hundred or more feet tall. They were trimmed in gold. The door facings were gold. It had a great porch with great columns holding the porch up and they were spiraled with gold and huge steps leading down from the porch. It gleamed bright, all of it did.

I asked one of the people directing me "what is that", and I was pointing at the building, and they said "you mean you don't know?", and he said "that's the Master's house". I thought to myself, the Lord God truly is Awesome! His Power knows no boundaries! Then I turned around and looked and saw Moma standing on the front porch. She was beautiful. She looked different than I had ever seen her, but I knew it was Moma. She looked to be about 25 to 30 years old I would say. She had long red hair, gleaming white smile (full set of teeth). She was very properly dressed (long dress with long sleeves). She was smiling so beautifully at me. She was so glad to see me. I run to her and hugged her for a long time. I told her I come to get her, and she said "oh no you're not". She said "I'm not going anywhere". She said "I'm so happy here".

Her house was built like an old-time house, but it was beautiful. It was large, very neat and very clean. While I was there, she tried to give me everything in her house. She had lots and lots of pretty what-nots and stuff. We visited for quite a while. After a while it was time to go. I hugged her again real good and tight.

While walking out on her porch, I looked down the mountain. The view was breath-taking. I told Moma I'd see her soon. When I got in the old bus it started driving itself down the street. We past 2 more mansions – they looked empty. Then I was passing a big white house with big columns and a big porch. I saw two little girls running around in the yard. They were dressed in white with big white bows in their hair. Then on the porch steps sat Sister Anita VanMeter. She saw me and recognized me. She stood and smiled and waved at me. She was so beautiful with long black wavy hair. She was also dressed in white. There was a little boy standing beside her on the steps. Behind him in the door way I could see at least one or two more children, but it was hard to see in it clearly. I tried to stop the bus but it wouldn't stop. I guess Jesus was driving.

Then I woke up crying and squalling. I praised God for this dream. It's a great gift to me and for all of us. I hope and pray we all make it to that Great City!

I hope this dream helps somebody to have a closer walk with Jesus. I know it has changed my life forever.

Larry Pierce