

The Saints' Eternal Home

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While seated in this beautiful retired park [in Healdsburg, California], free from all confusion and bustle, a sweet peace came over my spirits. I seemed to be taken away from myself, and the bright home of the saints was presented vividly before me. In imagination I gathered with the saints around the wide-spreading tree of life. Friends and dear home relatives who had been separated from us by death were gathered there. The redeemed, white-robed multitude, who had washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb, were there. No flaming guard stood around the tree of life, barring our approach. With happy, joyous songs of praise, the voices were blended in perfect harmony as we plucked of the fruit from the tree of life. {9MR 104.1}

For a time I lost all thought of time, of place, or occasion—of everything earthly. Heaven was the subject of my contemplation—heaven, the much-longed-for heaven. I seemed to be there, where all was peace, where no stormy conflicts of earth could ever come. Heaven, a kingdom of righteousness where all the holy and pure and blessed are congregated—ten thousand times ten thousand and thousands of thousands—living and walking in happy, pure intimacy, praising God and the Lamb who sitteth on the throne! Their voices were in perfect harmony. They never do each other wrong. Princes of heaven, the potentates of this mighty realm, are rivals only in good, seeking the happiness and joy of each other. The greatest there is least in self-esteem, and the least is greatest in his gratitude and wealth of love. {9MR 104.2}

There are no dark errors to cloud the intellect. Truth and knowledge, clear, strong, and perfect, have chased every doubt away, and no gloom of doubt casts its baleful shadow upon its happy inhabitants. No voices of contention mar the sweet and perfect peace of heaven. Its inhabitants know no sorrow, no grief, no tears. All is in perfect harmony, in perfect order and perfect bliss. {9MR 104.3}

... My imagination saw the "pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb." On either side of this river was the tree of life "which bare twelve manner of fruits, and yielded her fruit every month: and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations" (Revelation 22:1,2). The Great Shepherd was leading His flock to living fountains of water and to green pastures, new and delightful scenery opening continually before His people. Heaven, sweet heaven, the saints' eternal home, the abode for the toilers, where the weary who have borne the heavy burdens through life find rest, peace, and joy! They sowed in tears, they reap with joy and triumph. Heaven is a home where sympathy is alive in every heart, expressed in every look. Love reigns there. There are no jarring elements, no discord or contentions or war of words. {9MR 105.1}

With our deepest study and our broadest experience we shall never be able to describe heaven or our senses to comprehend it. All that is pure, all that is excellent and lovely is there. The possession of heaven is endless bliss, infinite glory, riches, and knowledge. The character of heaven is perfect love, holiness, peace. We know these things now only in part. "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him" (1 Corinthians 2:9). It is the discipline imposed upon us all to walk by faith and not by sight.— Letter 30, 1882, pp. 2,3.