



*A firsthand account of what heaven is like*

“MY DAUGHTER, Choo Nam, I am your Lord.” It was the familiar voice of my Master speaking so compassionately and confidently in my bedroom during the wee hours of the night. I was getting somewhat accustomed to His presence. His figure was bathed in a soft, warm glow of pristine whiteness.

The Master took me into a huge tunnel. Unlike most tunnels, it was bright and shiny. I reasoned this must be the tunnel that people who have near-death experiences frequently describe as the passageway from this life to the next. *This, I thought, must be the doorway to the indescribably wonderful kingdom of heaven*. Now my Lord and Savior was taking me there. Jesus then said, “We are going to heaven.”

No sooner had Jesus announced our destination than I began to fly. I had flown in airplanes before, and those flights were always exciting and exhilarating; but this time my body was taking flight like a bird. I remember the passage from Isaiah: “But those who wait on the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings like eagles, they shall run and not be weary, they shall walk and not faint” (Is. 40:31, NKJV). I’d always interpreted that verse from a spiritual perspective, but now it had become a living reality. I was flying and soaring like an eagle, and I wasn’t afraid because I knew Jesus was with me.

The experience of flight didn't last long, however. It seemed like only a second. Soon we touched down on a narrow, winding road that was beautifully bordered by tall trees and lush, green grass. Just ahead I could see a huge gate that was set in a white fence. As we approached the gate I noticed that the road on the other side of the fence was all white, and on both sides of the lane, gorgeous flowers of every type and hue displayed their varied colors and tender blossoms. The array of flowers was more spectacular than any garden I'd ever seen. I found myself thinking, *I'm happy to know there are flowers in heaven*. They had the most lovely blossoms I'd ever seen, and they seemed to grow brighter and more colorful as we approached the entrance to the large, white palace we had been walking toward.

Jesus led me up the steps to the double doors at the front. I noticed that the entry was framed with gold, and beautiful stained-glass panels were on both sides. We walked through the doors onto a white marble floor. The shiny stone walls of the corridor reminded me that I was in the vicinity of the throne room of God and with each step we took, my heart pounded more intensely.

We entered a room, and it was even more awe-inspiring than before. The Lord's glistening, golden throne stood atop a raised, oval-shaped platform. Beams of radiant glory streamed from the center of the room where this platform was located.

The Lord took me to another building that looked like pictures of medieval European castles I'd frequently seen. There was a rock wall on both sides of the castle, and magnificent flowers were planted all around. As I took in the scene in front of me, I felt like I was in a wonderland of beauty, peace and happiness. I didn't want to return to Earth. We entered the castle, and I immediately noticed how colorfully carpeted the foyer was. The elegant furniture was selected to fit the color and style of the carpeting. The walls were sparkling and shiny—so brilliant, in fact, that they almost blinded me.

Then the Lord took my hand, and we were miraculously transported to a beautiful beach. He held my hand as we walked along the shore, and the Lord seemed eager to talk with me. It was as if He had a burning desire to share many things with me.

We sat down on the sand near the edge of the ocean. As the waves ebbed and flowed in front of us, an amazing thing happened. The edge of the water turned to blood. A dark red, foaming surf surged in front of us. It seemed as if the blood was filthy, and I asked, "Why is the blood so dirty?"

“It is My blood, Choo Nam,” He said. “It has washed away all the sins of My children.”

I began to weep as I heard this statement. He had shed His blood for me, to cleanse me of all my sins. He who knew no sin became sin for me so I could be clothed with the righteousness of God. The blood of the perfect Lamb of God had washed me clean and set me free. The tears I cried came from a deep reservoir in my soul as I recognized with gratitude all that Jesus had done for me.

“Don’t cry, My daughter,” He said. He took my hand, and off we flew once more. As I ascended with the Lord, I knew He was going to reveal more truth to me. I was filled with eager anticipation.

The next stop on our heavenly itinerary was the huge white mansion where Jesus had taken me before. I noticed that inside the great room were numerous men but very few women. “Who are these people?” I asked. “These are people who sacrificed for Me.” I wondered how many of them were the patriarchs and saints of the Bible, and I remembered faith’s “hall of fame” in Hebrews 11, which lists the great men and women of faith, such as Abel, Enoch, Noah, Abraham and Sarah, and what they accomplished through faith. By showing me this room that was filled with people wearing beautiful gowns and bejeweled crowns, Jesus was portraying the importance of sacrifice.

After seeing all these scenes, the Lord took me to a peaceful pond where we sat and talked. “I am telling you all this and showing you these things so you can tell the world,” He said. “I know that a lot of My children don’t think I will come back for them for a long time. Some even think I will never come back for them, but I want you to tell them that My kingdom is ready for those who are ready and waiting for Me. I am coming very soon.” There was such an urgency in His voice.

The Lord showed me the ocean of dirty blood once more and then concluded that visit to heaven with these words: “I’ll never leave you. I’ll be with you forever. I will guide everything that you do. You will not have to worry about anything because I will be there to do it for you. I am releasing My power to you and in you. You will be able to heal the sick and do the same things I did when I lived on Earth. The key to these gifts is your faith, My daughter.”

His words, so tender and uplifting, opened fountains of tears deep within my soul. “Do not cry, My daughter.” He continued. “I want you always to remember how precious you are to Me. I will talk with you again.”

From that day forward I have felt like I’m living more in heaven than on Earth. My visit to heaven has wrought permanent changes in my life. I don’t even require as much sleep as I used to, because I feel supernaturally energized by the power from on high. Truly, I know that heaven is real, and this makes all the difference in this world.

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**Choo Thomas** became a Christian in 1992 and says that four years later Jesus escorted her on the first of numerous trips to heaven. He told her to write what she saw and heard and put it into a book. Her experiences are recorded in *Heaven Is So Real*, which was first published in 2003 and has since been reprinted in 60 countries.

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Watch Choo Thomas recall her vision of heaven and hell at [choothomas.charismamaq.com](http://choothomas.charismamaq.com)