

Jack Hayford's Vision of Our Daughter Robin Entering Heaven

In reference to the vision, I can only say that it came to me in a time span of about 2 minutes, though the time of prayer was lengthier. While receiving this “word,” I felt a clear and distinct ‘knowing’ that I was witnessing Robin’s *startled-with-wonder, first-moments of experiencing heaven*, immediately following her having stepped from the realm of our world—and, “being absent from the body, to be present with the Lord”—passing from earth here into heaven; to enter:

“Mount Zion and the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, to an innumerable company of angels, to the general assembly and church of the firstborn who are registered in heaven, to God the Judge of all, to the spirits of just men made perfect, to Jesus the Mediator of the new covenant and the blood of sprinkling that speaks better things than that of Abel” (Hebrews 12:22-24).

The Vision

I saw a woman standing—just having arrived, and now seeing a group of people, perhaps fifty yards away from her, walking her direction and clearly focused on her. There is an air of greeting in their manner, as well as of celebration. From my point of view in the vision, Robin is walking away from me, and moving toward the group as it is approaching her. As she nears them, there is a marked, slackening of her pace—not as though she is fearful or resistant, but as though something has occurred to her, and affected her response to the moment. Nonetheless, she moved toward them, arms extended, reaching as she shows the same readiness to greet them which they do as they come toward her—openly reaching, with joy-filled smiles, affection, hugs and warm words as they welcomed her.

As I witness the scene I see of her encounter with those welcoming her occurring in front of me, I am viewing a large, vast and sprawling plaza. There are numerous small groups in many places across the plaza where similar groups are apparently celebrating the arrival of others. Robin’s open, extended arms had first been lifted and spread when the whole panorama of this amazing scene appeared. She not only saw the group approaching, but also experienced a brief scan of the plaza and all occurring there.

I can only describe the part I saw of it as a vast, sprawling plaza, magnificently paved with stones such as marble. The stones somehow seemed designed to create a warm, hospitable sense of being “at home,” rather than being coldly formal or institutional, as those so often seen or used in bank or office settings where they appear more to “impress” than to “welcome.” There was also another primary feature to the scene: Central to the magnitude and splendor of the plaza was a grand and glorious building. The architecture was simple but nonetheless striking in appearance—seeming to be something like a great cathedral, but definitely not of the 15th-18th century designs with which we would expect or find more familiar.

Most of the time, as I am witnessing these things, Robin is facing away from me toward both—the group *and* the plaza/cathedral scene just described. However, I was fully aware and certain of two things: (a) I knew it was Robin I was witnessing; and that (b) the two times I hear her voice during the vision, I know I was also sensing her thoughts/feelings as they are reflected in the manner of her walking, and as she spoke both times.

As she was met—engaged by many of the group who took her hands and reaching toward them with the glee of a child—she was welcomed, and greeted with warmth and loving embraces. The group clearly appeared to be an escort, not only to welcome her, but also to take her with them, and as they did I recognized a slight, bewildered and intentional slowing of Robin's pace.

The whole of her arrival had swept her from earth, to glory, to this immediate encounter with loved ones and friends. I felt the encounter was as emotional and overwhelming to her as it was to my own view; an unimaginable stunning encountering—all at once--of the marvels of heaven beginning to unfold, begetting a sense of awesome grace and transcendent wonder. Thus, it seemed that her first view of the group, and the panoramic scene before her, was reason enough to occasion her "slower, uncertain pace." (I would soon be impressed with more reason for Robin's seeming "uncertainty;" but as I continued to observe, the "greetings" completed, the group began to turn toward the plaza and move to another area. Robin's steps began to quicken as she moved with them—still being "escorted," and all of it being flavored by an excitement with her having arrived Home. It became apparent they were all moving across the plaza, generally moving toward the "cathedral.")

The first time I heard her speak the words from Psalm 122:1, she said, "*I am glad you have said unto me, 'Let us go unto the house of the Lord!'*" Her eyes and voice were fully sincere in expression, but there was a slight edge of hesitation. I sensed she was speaking what she *knew* was her true and proper *belief*; yet as she spoke, she evidenced everything of joyous amazement these first moments in heaven, but I distinctly noted in her tone of voice (as well as in the slight awkwardness of her occasional slowing of pace as she walked, that somehow her sensitivities would not allow her to feel completely "comfortable" saying "*I am glad.*")

As I said, I earlier thought it was her voice which spoke those words when I heard what seemed the "title" of the vision: now I was hearing them for the first time—from Robin's lips, as she was first meeting the greeters. Simultaneously I was sensing two things regarding what Robin both "knew and felt" in the flood of awareness sweeping over her in those first seconds of arrival.

1. I "knew" that the group were *all* relatives—perhaps covering 3-4 generations; but I "knew" also that she *immediately* recognized some she had known in her lifetime, and that she also was made intuitively "knowing" that they were *ALL* members of recent generations of your family; something that was unsurprisingly exciting to her.

2. I also “knew” that a residue of “earth-consciousness” was still with her “wife-and-mother-heart;” still lingering with concern for the world and the loved ones she had just left. It was not as though she felt guilt, but I distinctly sensed her feeling an element of residual emotion which was prompting an ever-so-slight reticence; a self-initiated sense of maternal and wifely duty; somehow unresolved in the rush of her sudden transition, and causing her to inquire of herself, “Is it alright for me to ‘let myself go’ into all this wonder, beauty, love, release and joy?”

These thoughts/emotions had been the source of her caution and early slowing of pace. I believe they were what it seemed, I could “read” of her internal inquiry of mind and partial reserve of emotion. However, her expression had been progressively modifying as she continued to move forward with the group. In the brief time since the group had concluded their greetings and focused on moving toward the large building, their conversation changed from exclamations of welcome to an express mood of happy anticipation as they approached the worship site.

As they did so, their advance was bringing them nearer the huge building, which I was coming to perceive as much larger than I thought; my not having anything but the vision as I saw it, and being without anything I recognize for “size” to enable my perspective: the size and distance was more than I thought.

Drawing nearer, I was touched to note Robin’s countenance and pace were clearly unfettered by concern. I would describe what I saw as there being a liberating perception that everything was changing—something of her “acclimating to heaven,” if the term is acceptable. It was apparent that the very atmosphere was alive with song, joy, peace, etc. (As we would measure time, it seemed the short trek had only taken about ten minutes, and now they were within what I judged to be about 150 yards of the “Cathedral.”)

That’s when I heard Robin speak a second time.

This time, her demeanor was visibly filled with a peace that had only briefly eluded her in the suddenness of her encounter with her momentary, residual “limiting moment” of “temporal concern.” It struck me that her being thrust—suddenly “stepping into heaven from a death bed” to find herself in the stunning, disconcerting vastness and newness of the heavenly realm as the mental and emotional context at first. But the objective--transitioning from the effusive joy of arrival to the awareness she was about to enter into the Great Hall where *worship* could be heard within, modified her demeanor—bringing an ease, a restful confidence.

Now, as she neared the central structure, from which one could sense a flow of worship and music that affect those drawing near. It was as though the atmosphere “breathed a joy-becoming-strength,” and this time her words were lifted on wings of an infused awareness of God’s presence and all-encompassing care for all that could concern her regarding what she was leaving behind, and her countenance radiant as she turned to those escorting her. They paused together, as she captured the attention of the small

throng accompanying her—and she beamed—smiling gloriously, and lifted her voice as she declared with what was a confident shout of thanksgiving:

“I am glad you have said unto me, ‘Let us go to the house of the Lord!’”

Her proclamation came with nothing of caution, reserve or reticence. Her gratitude for their greeting, their presence beside her as loving escorts, and their having brought her “to the house of the Lord...

...and with that, the vision concluded.

That, perhaps, could be my concluding point: but forgive me, please—
But, I humbly ask any who read this that you to indulge these few final words. They are prompted by the spirit and tone I saw on Robin’s face and what I sensed of her feelings when the vision was concluded.

I was so moved by the great change of mood and manner evident in her *whole being*. She virtually *sang out* her second quoting of Psalm 122:1. Her bright, jubilant declaration evidenced something of her having been caught up within a stream of the glorious truth; that worship not only exalts God, it releases the exercise of His will and works!

Her increasingly narrowing distance—moving toward the “worship destination” to which she was being lead, had a “*releasing*” effect. It was as though the atmosphere of “flowing praise, love and rejoicing—all joined to her becoming more “deeply, internally filled to overflow,” had relieved her of any residual burden regarding what she left behind.

This is a truth that we can learn and apply even now: **Drawing near**—i.e., “moving in” with an open heart toward God; we posture ourselves in a manner that enables us to discover a “finer tuning” to His heart, and a “turning”—an altering or reversal of problems, needs, circumstances. The “turns or changes” things *that burden our mind, distract our focus, or block our God-intended comfort and peace*. It is always available—but only if we will draw near His Throne; only when our hearts are open and available and readied with a will to worship Him. By “worship,” I refer to a choice—a will to honor Him, to seek Him with all our heart, and to bring everything of our need, longing, failure, fears or problems to Him; coming humbly, without presumption and with our hearts and minds available for His instruction and transformation.

Additionally, there is another truth that is pivotally important for us all to note:

I feel this vision was given to me to comfort all who read it, and I want to highlight this final point, especially for all Robin’s family who yet remain here: *The “relief” Robin received was not because she had been rendered “indifferent to earthly issues” amid the fresh joy of being “Home” forever. Rather, it was—indeed, *is*--because, even though she had been momentarily transitioning from the world behind her, where “Now*

we see through a glass darkly," she was (in the vision) and is (now and forever) where we are all invited to join her, and when we will all "see face to face."

It's an invitation extended to every person, by the mercies of God the Father, and whispered to our hearts by His Holy Spirit in the words of His Son, Jesus, who not only died to bring us back to God through His death for our sins, but Who promises He will not turn away any who come to Him, that He might lead us to the Father. And it is that union—of our being brought to the Father by our Lord Jesus—that assures that the day will come not only will all the Robisons and Robin be united, but when we may ALL “see face to face”—the fullness of the beauty, promise and glory God has for us to share with Him, as well as the joy and fellowship of one another--*all because of God's love to us through the Lord Jesus Christ.*

John 3:16, 17