

Vision of the Cross

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2007

Vision: Several years ago I heard the amazing tale of the following vision from a credible individual. I'm including it here because it was told me in confidence, and I don't want to the story to become lost in time. The vision is so spectacular that I've returned to hear the story retold three times. The person who had the vision told me confidence, so I am not disclosing any identities. I can tell you this much: He is a scientist (mineralogist in geology and curator at a museum), well over 60 years old, and not known for visionary episodes, and he attends a conservative church. His story stands alone as the most extraordinary supernatural event of his life. In this account I refer to him using the moniker "CJ."

Earlier in my life I attended a community church with a membership of some 500 people. I was there for eighteen years, but I did not know many other members. During the fifteenth year of my attendance, I was approached by CJ, a distinguished elderly man, who asked me the following question: *"Do you believe that we have access to God directly because of what Jesus accomplished on the cross? I'm talking about something more than prayer."* I replied, *"That is an interesting question, and yes, I definitely believe more is available."* CJ further explained that something unusual had happened to him thirty years earlier, and he felt God wanted him to share it with me. *"I have not told anyone this story for over thirty years. I don't know you, but for some reason I'm supposed to tell you what happened. I'm struggling with this decision. You may hear more from me later."*

About one month passed before I heard again from CJ. I received a one page letter in the mail that talked about how the curtain in the Temple was ripped in two when Jesus was crucified. He asked me if I believed this meant we had access to the Holy of Holies (where God dwells), or if I believed this meant God had access to us. I shared the letter with KC Von Treckk, and said, *"There's much more to this than CJ is letting on."* After reading the letter, I picked up the phone and called him. CJ told me there is much more, but he wanted to make sure I was safe. I told him I believed our relationship with God works both ways: we go to Him, and He comes to us, that there is a supernatural dimension to this and we could expect anything to happen in the relationship. I told him I wanted to hear his story. He agreed. *"Can I come over tomorrow evening, and can I bring KC with me?"* He agreed.

The next night we found ourselves in CJ's living room. I learned right away that his wife was part of the story, because she was there as well. CJ's wife, whom I will call JJ, introduced the vision. She talked openly about CJ's early years, how hard-hearted and abrasive he was as a younger man. She explained, as only a wife can, how difficult it was for CJ to believe God could forgive him. One night, in particular, they had an irrational argument about God, and CJ was livid. Emotionally, he could not get past his own sins and God's justice. He stormed out of the conversation with JJ, retreated to their bedroom, and sat down on the foot of the bed. He was in a rage, one that was becoming a pattern in their marriage. JJ quietly prayed, *"Dear God, please show CJ that you love him."*

CJ sat on the edge of the bed. He was steaming mad, with no way to escape his reasoning - trapped. Then...

Suddenly I was standing in the middle an ancient, eastern city, surrounded by large crowd. I did not know where I was, but the city was not modern. It looked like we were inside a very old city, surrounded by a high, fortified stone wall. We were all moving aggressively along a cobbled street. The crowd around me was in an uproar, shouting in a language I did not know. The people were shorter than me, the smell was disgusting, and everyone was angry (though I did not know why).

The crowd was packed together, and many of the people bumped up against me, pushing me along, stepping on my feet and shoving each other. I also saw domestic animals in the mix.

The crowd kept moving in one direction, all the while pushing me along. At one point, I looked up and saw we were moving toward a large gate in the city wall. As the crowd surged forward, the people seemed to be growing more and more angry. I was afraid for my own safety. Fear swept over me, as I had no idea where I was, why I was there, or what was causing the anger in those around me.

Eventually the crowd moved through the city gate and outside the huge stone walls. It was windy and clear. Dust clouds were blowing in the air, and the anger of the crowd grew stronger. Those around me continued to yell and shout angrily, many began pushing and shoving me toward the front. I was helpless to resist the pressure of the crowd, which deliberately included me in their frenzy. Near panic grabbed me when I reached the forefront of the crowd.

The shoving stopped at the crowd's edge, but the people continued to shout and wave their arms in anger. Then something caught my attention. I turned and looked at the scene before me. Three men were hanging ~ crucified. The cross in the middle was set back from the other two, and I realized where I was. God had taken me back 2,000 years to the sacrifice of His Son. He was covered in blood. The wind blew dust up to mix with the sweat and blood running down His face. My world stopped. Jesus was all I knew at that moment. While I stood there staring at Him ~ dumbfounded ~ Jesus turned, looked directly at me, and smiled.

CJ stopped telling his vision at this point, and JJ explained what happened next. She went to the bedroom and found CJ in a fetal position, crying uncontrollably. This continued for about two hours before he finally calmed down.

Shortly after the vision occurred, CJ told one of the pastors at his church. This pastor told him not to tell anyone about what happened to him. He said others would not understand. It would be 30 years before CJ told his story to another person. I was that person. I've listened to CJ retell the vision two additional times since that first night in his living room, and I've tried to reproduce it as accurately as I can.