



The Unspeakable Glory of God

I will praise the Lord, who counsels me; even at night my heart instructs me. Psalm 16:7

by Jerry Tobias

It is now 4:00 in the morning. I just had the most incredible dream, and must try to write it down before I forget the details.

The early part of the dream was, in itself, not significant, although it set the scene for what followed.

My wife and I were back in Israel, but nothing about it was familiar. I believe the setting related more to a symbolic place than an actual locale. I was very aware that we were being led to some specific location. Wherever we were being taken was not an easy place to get to, nor was it a place that many were seeking. As a matter of fact, most - so it seemed - were avoiding the route.

Our destination was a small, shallow room at the top of the very high ceiling that appeared to be 100' or so above the floor of a huge room below. The place itself, however, did not seem significant. What was significant was that there was a small opening in a lower corner of the room that provided a view of what was below. And what was below was - well, awesome is the only word that even comes close.

On the floor those 100' or so below was *the glory of the presence of the Living God!* But not entirely. It was just a *partial glimpse* of the glory of God, something like a one-millionth portion (we were told) of His glory, which - we completely understood - was all that we could possibly bear.

But, even this portion of the glory of God was so indescribably and unspeakably awesome, so beautiful, so compelling, so cleansing, so healing, so completing, so fulfilling, and so drawing. The ONLY thing that mattered was that God - or all of God that we could stand - was there.

We were told that if we would wait down in the corner by that opening, we would eventually be taken down into God's presence. Again, it is impossible to describe even the minute portion of the glory of God that we observed.

First, though, we had to take off our outer garments...and then wait until we were eventually summoned. The answer to our obvious concern came before our question: "Don't worry; you will be given new robes." But in the meantime, we had to wait by the opening in the corner.

I believe having to disrobe was symbolic of the fact that nothing we could wear - or do - had or has anything to do with being fit for the presence of God. *Nothing* we could possibly adorn ourselves with would ever be good enough; *we can only enter God's presence robed in THE RIGHTEOUSNESS OF CHRIST.* The *one thing* that could keep us from being taken down into the presence and glory of God that we longed for so much, therefore, was *our attempt to continue to clothe ourselves in our own (un)righteousness.*

Not a new truth, certainly, but simple, clear and profound: ***His righteousness alone, His Life alone.***

I have never longed for God the way I do at this moment. I am not sure, exactly, what really took place in my sleep. I do know, however, that nothing I have ever seen, heard of, nor experienced compares to the awesome portion of the glory of God that I was allowed to witness this night. Even now I weep about leaving that place. Still, "*No eye has seen, no ear has heard, no mind has conceived what God has prepared for those who love Him.*" 1 Corinthians 2:9

Death will be an incredibly wonderful thing for the believer! The unbeliever, though, will stand before and experience the *full and infinite glory and power of God* - and then be banished from His presence forever. *Nothing* could be worse than the pain and finality of that endless expulsion!

Lord, may we who believe live every moment for Your purposes and glory, and may we fully comprehend the eternal significance of every opportunity You give us to be vessels of Your Life to those among whom You set us or send us. ■