



JOURNEY TO HEAVEN

A.W. TRENHOLM

JOURNEY TO HEAVEN

BY ALLAN TRENHOLM

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Allan Trenholm

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Fact or fantasy?-If this extraordinary account of one person's journey into the spirit world and Heaven is true, as the author claims, then astounding events such as our planet has never experienced are about to transpire. Fascinating reading for all ages, this book could change your perspective on life, now and into eternity.

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About the Author

Allan Trenholm grew up on a farm in western Canada. He began teaching at 19. By 25 he had his degree and a few years of experience as a teacher and school administrator. Outwardly his life seemed promising and predictable, but he found himself increasingly despondent and in want of answers to life. When the son of a close colleague committed suicide, Allan was devastated.

Shortly afterwards, in the summer of 1972, Allan was awakened by a Presence that told him to drive onto the freeway and there he “would be delivered.” Once there, Allan felt urged to pick up some hitchhikers, who turned out to be traveling missionaries. Allan soon discovered that “the Presence” he had felt was Jesus, and he gladly received Him as his Savior. From then on his life was transformed and set on a new course.

For the last 40 years, Allan and his wife, his sweetheart of college days, have journeyed across four continents, living and working as missionaries, educators and writers.

Concerning the amazing experience that created this book he writes:

Life is a speck of our existence. We are tossed upon the staggeringly vast and infinitely greater ocean currents of spiritual reality that surround us, and fill us, and flow

through us, and carry us into unseen worlds, and at last into the loving embrace of the Creator Himself.

Preface

Have you ever imagined stepping through some mysterious portal and suddenly finding yourself in another world, another dimension? *Journey to Heaven* is an account of what actually happened to me. I was spending a lazy day reading and recovering from a cold, musing over a letter I just received from a dear friend. My friend had presented me with an interesting challenge. Since we humans are essentially spiritual beings dwelling in physical bodies, why is it that we are not more aware of, or able to more directly communicate with, those in that vast realm of the spirit where our own spirits have their origin, and to which we will one day return? What amazing truths would we discover if we could communicate with someone good and godly from that mysterious spiritual realm now hidden from us? What if the barrier to that world is of our own making, caused by our lack of faith or being too entangled with the affairs of this life and this world to simply reach out and believe and receive unlimited help from beyond? What if it is actually not as hard or as uncommon as we think to draw aside the curtain that divides us from God's world of angels, and the world of spirits that have gone on from here? What if we, by believing, could cross over the threshold dividing time from eternity?

As I lay there praying and thinking about the vast possibilities and the wonders one might discover once

through that door, and wanting it to be possible, I began to feel a strange vertigo-like sense of excitement and a rushing sensation within. Something strange and wonderful was happening to me. I felt the urge to pick up my small tape recorder, which was nearby, and turn it on. Then as I closed my eyes, the most amazing visions began to appear. They were more than just “pictures in my head,” for it was as though I was actually traveling-or at least some aspect of me was-and I was being transported unimaginable distances, not just to observe, but to actually participate and record my experiences.

While I was struggling to describe the things I was seeing and experiencing, I also had to wrestle with my own dismay and complete disorientation at so suddenly being plunged into a totally “alien” world. I was not afraid or apprehensive, for the place, although strangely rugged, was very appealing. Also, I had an exciting feeling that what I was seeing actually existed. I believe the people I met also exist, though I wonder if perhaps they took on forms and appearances that I would feel more “at home” or comfortable with. I say this because I myself was quite different, although still “me.”

I was somehow changed, or modified to where I was a young person going by the name of Travis.

My first “journey” continued for about two hours, and I recorded all that I saw and all that happened to me. Over the next few months in quiet moments, I had more visions, each of which began again at the place and the event where I had left off previously. I have no explanation for this or how I could possibly be two people in two entirely different places at the same time, or any of the other equally unusual occurrences and encounters I have recorded here. I believe that there is much more to this life and our life to come in Heaven than we realize or imagine. I also believe we do not

have much longer to wait before the portal dividing our worlds opens.

Allan Trenholm

1 - Arrival

I simply closed my eyes and I was there. In a moment of time, as fast as the speed of thought, I was carried over distances and into dimensions unimaginable in earthly terms. Suddenly before me was the breathtaking panorama of some unknown world. Eternity seemed to sweep out in all directions as far as the eye could see, and the sky of this place was charged with all the colors and tints of the rainbow, and some never yet seen by mortal eyes.

What magnificent world was this? Its landscape was so varied, so mysteriously and marvelously fashioned, so spiritual and mystical. It was all too much to comprehend in an instant: the magnitude, the mystery, the marvel of it all. Here was I, a child of the Earth, a creature of clay and spirit, plucked from the circle of life on Earth and carried up and out into some vast realm of the spirit where the great ocean of eternity surrounds us. How different life on Earth would be if everyone could see for a moment these unimaginable worlds and dimensions that lie just beyond our normal senses.

I traveled on for what seemed a great distance. At one point, though far off, I saw the radiance of what seemed to be the Great City of the Children of Light. What vast regions there were here! I came at last to a place where there was land, a great plain that stretched out as far as eye could

see, inconceivably vast distances. I was marveling at the wonder of the scene when I noticed to my right and slightly behind me a small figure in white approaching. I soon realized that a young lad was coming to greet me. I couldn't imagine that anyone would be expecting me. In the first few moments after my arrival I wasn't really sure who I was, or where I was, or even really what I was or how I got there. I'm not sure I even had a human form, for it seemed that when this person came up and greeted me, we somewhat flowed into each other's being.

As shocking as this experience was for me at first, a great peace came over me and I found myself very much at ease merging for a moment with my new friend. From all appearances, he was a boy of about 12 and I seemed to be about the same age as well. He was very friendly, reassuring, and instantly informative. I saw him as a boy, but again it seemed quite out of the question to put an age to anyone in that region. Time and outward forms and appearances seemed of little significance there.

I can't hope to adequately or even accurately describe for you all that I saw, felt, or that happened to me while there, but I'll do my best. I hope that as I recount this adventure, you might discover some of the secrets of this place. Or better still, discover that same portal through which I came that will whisk you off for an adventure in the mysterious and marvelous worlds of the spirit, off into those dimensions of eternity that totally surround us, but about which we still know so little.

Is this a true story, you ask? I believe it's real, but I leave it to you to ponder and determine for yourself the substance of what I'm about to tell you. And if the things I saw in those regions beyond are true, then incredible things are about to happen here on Earth as well. For we stand at the very doorway to eternity which will soon swing wide open and launch us all into a joyful future together.

Here, then, are the first thoughts and words the boy spoke to me as best I can recall them. At first he was somewhat formal in his speech, but quickly adjusted to me and spoke as a close friend.

“I am Jamal, the first-born son of Ja-al and Joyus. This is the land of Ekron. There in the grassy area just beneath that silvery patch in the sky is where my father’s stables are. He is the keeper and trainer of great horses that serve in the armies of the First Born of the Founder, the Holy One, whose Name is to be blessed forever. I will take you there tomorrow, if it is willed, to see these magnificent creatures. In all creation there are no horses so wondrous as these. They are full of all majesty and power. The sounds of their hooves when they run together is as thunder that could shake a thousand skies! It is a magnificent sight to see the herd running wild in the wind, their white bodies rippling with such strength and muscle and power. I will show them to you later.”

Pausing a moment to let me take in a view such as I’d never seen before in my whole life, my young guide continued, “And there in the distance is the beautiful city of Tricon. That unusual structure in the center of Tricon we call the Temple of Tricon. Tricon is a very small city compared to the Great City of Light, but I think you will find it a wondrous place to visit. We will pass through part of the city on our way home.” Turning and pointing towards a darker region in the distance, he said, “And off over there is a region we do not much go into unescorted. Our great armies are presently reclaiming that region for the Kingdom of Light. But of course you must already know these things, for in that region is your home world. I call it the Place of the Spheres, or the Land of Orbs. There in the distance is a great gateway to your world and the sphere called Earth, where the people of time live, and where the Prince will someday place His City-the Great City of Light!”

“Did I come through the great gateway to get here?” I asked, trying to understand how I had come here so instantly.

Jamal smiled at how little I seemed to know about what was probably quite simple geography to him. “No, you came here through the spirit. Your spirit is here, but your body is still back on Earth. You see, our Founding Father is a Spirit. He is the Father of all spirits and the source and substance of all life. In Him we live and breathe and have our being. In Him and through Him and within His Spirit, all things, all places, and all times are united. Through His Spirit we may easily travel from one place to another, communicate over great distances, or see places that are far off as though close by. In His Spirit you can even pass from one time to another, or one dimension to another almost instantly. God’s Spirit is like a great heavenly hyperlink through which He permits us, His children, to move and communicate.”

Jamal smiled at my reaction when he compared God’s Spirit to a hyperlink. He must have been familiar with that worldwide computer linkup that we call the Internet and used that term so I could relate to what he was saying. I was always amazed at the ability to just click on a certain “hot spot” on a computer screen and instantly be transported far away to another place on the planet. For someone who in appearance could have passed for a simple country boy, Jamal seemed to know a lot, not only about his world, but mine as well.

“Distance and time are very important where you come from, aren’t they?” Jamal commented. Then, reflecting a bit on what life on Earth must be like, he added, “It must be strange to live in a place where time is so important.”

I could see him trying to imagine what it must be like for me. At last he shrugged and added, “Well, there is sort of a sense of time here too, I guess, but I think we measure change differently than you do. Where you come from, time

is mostly measured by the movement of clocks, or changes in your own bodies, or the changes in things around you. We have changes here too. But in this region where the breath of eternity flows through every being and every element of existence, there is no real sense of time as you know it. Still, we do have changes-wonderful changes-and I'll get into that shortly.

"Anyway," he said, pointing off in the distance again, "over yonder is that dark region of the wars, where great battles are fought in the spirit. My father often tells me the stories of the wars fought there, the great adventures, and the victories won. Tremendous battles have been fought there. My father is a warrior in the armies of the Prince. All the men of my city are, and I am too, and some day we shall all join in the last, great battle. Oh, what excitement that will be, when we mount the mighty horses trained by my father, Ja-al, and ride across the Great Plain and down into that dark region where all the armies of God shall assemble to break the power of darkness and bring Light back into that land! Oh, what a day that shall be. How I long for that day to come soon!"

Jamal's eyes were alive with excitement as he spoke, gazing off in the distance at things and places I could not see as yet. He seemed to be speaking of a great, final, triumphant battle some time in the future, when the rulers of darkness would at last be cast down. The Earth would once again be ruled by the Lord of the Host of Heaven, the Prince of Heaven, the Only Begotten Son of the Founding Father, Jesus Himself.

Jamal turned to me excitedly, still caught up in his inner thoughts. "Can you imagine the rejoicing when your world will be set free and brought into the Light again? How we all long for that time!"

His face seemed to shine at just the thought of it. With an effort, he pulled himself back to our present reality, perhaps

realizing that I knew relatively little about all these matters and the workings of his world. He looked at me with concern in his eyes. "It must be very hard for you living there where everything is so dark, so confusing..." His voice trailed off a bit again as he mused for a moment longer about what life must really be like for those living on Earth. Then he cheerfully added, with a warm pat on my shoulder, "But I'm so happy you've been able to come, if only just for a short while!"

As we walked, he went on trying to fill me in on details about his world. "I could tell you of some of the regions here that I know. But of course I don't know them all, for there are so many more than I could possibly learn of. There are so many places in our Father's great Kingdom, bless His Name forever. Someday we'll get to explore them-but that will take an eternity, don't you think? Maybe when we're together again in the future we'll go exploring, but that may have to wait until the Fallen Ones have been subdued."

My mind swam through his words, not completely understanding all that he was saying. He noticed my eyes flash with interest at the mention of the Fallen Ones.

"You know," he said, "the Fallen Ones!-Those angels exiled to the dark region. They were once..." he paused. "Dare I speak of them? They were once fellow citizens and servants in Our Father's Kingdom. They were once Children of Light. They were magnificent, and none more so than their leader. I can't tell you all the glories, the wonders, the honor and majesty and privileges they once enjoyed, but they spurned it all and rebelled.

"Yes, even here in this wonderful place given us by God, we've had problems. It was sad for our great Founding Father and His Son. But you see, these Holy Ones have kissed all their children with life and given them the freedom of choice, so that we are like gods, able to choose to love and serve God, or reject Him and serve ourselves.

One-third of that great assembly was subverted and rebelled and went out from the presence of God in that day. What battles, what a falling away there was then! But the Prince of God, His only Son, Jesus, overcame them with His own blood, and now the end is very near for the armies and leader of the Fallen Ones. Though many of those unhappy creatures still wander through the dark and desert regions in torment, most of them have gathered on Earth to prepare for the final battle. But I will tell you more of those things later. Let us now speak of happier things, for this is a time for rejoicing! Come! Let me show you the city of Tricon, the city of a people who serve in the army of the Great Prince.”

To me, Jamal appeared to be a boy of perhaps 12 years old, yet in his speech and in his eyes I saw a depth of maturity and wisdom far beyond his age, and his spirit reflected the richness and vastness of this timeless place. He was a child of eternity, never having to hurry to grow up—though perhaps he already was grown up! Perhaps he was actually some ancient sage, who chose for my sake to appear in the form of a boy.

Everything here seemed so peaceful. I could hardly imagine there ever being a war, where angels fought pitched battles with degenerated creatures called the Fallen Ones. As we walked and talked, we came to the edge of a rocky outcropping that overlooked the beautiful city of Tricon. The view from the crest of this lofty place was breathtaking! I couldn't have imagined such a scene in a thousand years. As I looked out across this new land and down at the amazing city below, I wondered how my own world and my life on Earth fit in to all of this. Life on Earth seemed almost insignificant compared to living in this vast dimension, this unimaginable expanse and greater reality that surrounds and engulfs that tiny sphere, the home of humanity. Earth was somehow out there, encased within this

greater realm where mighty men and godlike beings ruled and did battle.

Certainly I wanted to know more about the dark forces that held hostage my home world, and how soon their empire would finally weaken and collapse, and what part this friendly boy and his father had to play in our lives and the heavenly wars waged in regions largely hidden from the view of those on Earth. It was hard to imagine that my world had almost since the beginning of time itself been involved in some great celestial battle. I had so much to learn, and I was very curious to learn more. I especially wanted to see and meet the Great Prince, the Only Begotten Son of the Founding Father, the One we served and followed by faith.

2 - The Temple of Tricon

We seemed to climb down from quite a height before entering the city. The buildings of Tricon were of unusual architecture, for they all curved inward toward the center of the city. I can't quite describe it, but it was not unlike a great flower beginning to open up. From a distance, the buildings seemed to resemble the golden petals of a chrysanthemum opening around a most amazing center. The city had such overall symmetry and beauty that clearly it had been carefully designed and constructed with both artistry and practicality in mind. It was a marvelous work of art, a thing of beauty, a joyful creation set like some precious jewel into the side of rugged but magnificent high ground that overlooked a vast expanse of land. One could see great distances here. Unlike Earth, there didn't seem to be any noticeable curvature of the surface, so the land seemed to stretch out endlessly in all directions.

Tricon was a marvelous crystal city, and at its center was the most beautiful structure of all-the temple. This towering edifice shone with a great light, and being at the very center of this flower-shaped city, looked much like a large, golden stamen. It was tall, pyramidal in shape, very much like a radio antenna or tower, but it was not made of metal. The whole device seemed to be formed from three columns of light that shone up and out of a foundation of precious stone. These three beams of light converged into a