

The Reality of Heaven

By Pamela Truscott

From “Here Comes the Bride!” Volume Two

As long as Graham and I live, Sunday, February 12th, 1995 will remain for us a red-letter day--- one of those days that is forever etched in our memories. I arose that morning with expressions of “Happy Birthday” wishes to Graham, and the hope of many more birthdays to come. Never could we have imagined that by nightfall I would be in hospital, and he would be struggling with the thought that his wife would not live to see another birthday, hers or his.

At the time we were staying with friends in Auckland, New Zealand’s largest city. In the early evening we said our goodbyes as we left to minister in two different churches. Through the years this has become our regular Sunday pattern. As Graham expresses it, “Six days a week we live together but on the seventh day we separate!”

I had been invited to preach the Word at The Life Church in Epsom, Central Auckland, and Graham at a church in North Shore City across the harbor bridge. We were many miles apart. At the beginning of the service I did something unusual for me. Turning to the pastor, I said, “Pastor Bruce, after I have ministered I will make an altar call, but then I would like you to come to the platform and pray with the people.” Little did I know that within the next two hours I would become incapacitated.

I was filled with excitement and expectation as I spoke on the Signs of coming Revival in our country. I recounted events from the early 1960s when New Zealand was blessed by the Lord of the harvest with a sovereign move of His Holy Spirit. It was during this national wide revival that many of the New Life churches were birthed. Because we were now a generation on from that glorious outpouring, most in the congregation were not familiar with mighty impact this revival had on our nation , and in other countries around the world.

Struck Without Warning

As I came enthusiastically to the point of challenging this new generation to seek God and cooperate with Him as He sends a new move of the Holy Spirit on our land, I was suddenly, without warning, struck with an excruciating pain in the center of my chest. Even though I had never suffered with high blood pressure, heart, or related problems I immediately recognized what was happening...I was having a heart attack!

My first reaction was to look at my watch. Then I began to have a little talk with the Lord. (I had learned many years ago that it is possible to have a conversation with Him while continuing to preach.) I prayed, “Dear Lord, how exciting that You would plan to take me home from a pulpit in Your House! I can’t imagine a better place or time to be taken home. There is only 15 minutes left for me to complete this message, and I would really like to do that. Please just give me a few more minutes to finish.”

As the pain grew more severe, and the weakness in my body increased, I clung tightly to the pulpit willing myself to keep standing. The preaching must have continued satisfactorily, because the pastor, busy taking notes, didn't detect any problem. Finally I gave the service over to Pastor Bruce, came down from the platform, and took the hand of my friend Pam, who was sitting in the congregation asking her to wit with me in the back row of the church.

I answered her questions with assurances that I was O.K. In reality, I was simply waiting for the Lord to take me home. But as the pain increased, and I was struggling to breathe, my plea to the Lord took on a desperate tone: "Please, I'm ready. This pain is so bad. Let's go home." By this time I was sweating and wanted to vomit. I had moved outside, and there, sitting on the church steps in the rain. I tried desperately to gulp in some air. I whispered to Pam, "Can you get me to a doctor?"

Pam immediately asked her husband David to bring their car. I remember David's words as he drove: "I do hope this isn't too urgent. I know a 24-hour medical clinic, but we have to go through two long red lights to reach it, and the last time I was there it was so overcrowded I left without seeing a doctor." But as we drove through two green lights, David realized this was an emergency and began to pray in tongues for me. As we pulled up to the clinic doors, there stood my "angel" doctor awaiting my arrival. She tried unsuccessfully to stabilize me, and called for an ambulance. That is when I met my second "angel" – a young emergency medical technician who, during the ride to Auckland hospital, cared for me with such a degree of compassion it was actually tangible.

Instead of taking me to our nation's premier heart hospital at Greenlane, he chose to deliver me into the care of the medical staff in the intensive care unit of Auckland hospital. Later, as I pondered on the closeness of the two hospitals, I realized I had been brought to the place of the Lord's choosing, and that every step had been directed and established to the Lord.

I lay on that hospital bed, consumed by waves of increasing, unendurable pain, aware that the medical team was working on my heart. Suddenly, I suffered cardiac arrest. In the moment it takes to snap your fingers, I was in heaven! I have always appreciated Paul's words to the Corinthian church, but now I know the reality of those words:

"We are confident, yes, well pleased rather to be absent from the body and to be present with the Lord." (2 Cor 5:8)

In the moment it takes to draw one quick breath I was taken out of my pain-filled body and into His heaven. There was no sign saying, "Welcome to Heaven." But I knew where I was – in the most exquisite place which the Lord has prepared for His people that we may be with Him forever.

The remainder of this testimony is recorded in Volume Two of Graham Truscott's book, "Here Comes the Bride!" in the chapter entitled "The Reality of Heaven."