

“When I Met God”

When I saw God for the very first time, that I know of, he was sitting far off in the distance atop his throne, in the the clouds, over looking our world. The clouds were bathed in golden and purple hues, beyond him the light blue skies. Spectacular, like when you see the most incredible early sunset you have ever seen in your life.

I was on a lower plain, darker than above, and had to look up to see him there. There are nondescript, shadowy figures about, covered in hooded dark cloaks.



But I am not alone; there is a young man with me. We are standing next to a small stone obelisk, just he and I, the shadowy figures moving about around us.

Of a sudden, God turns, see's us, jumps out of his throne, and looking our way, he shudders a great shudder. And the heavens shook! Terrified, I try to hide behind the obelisk, which is too small to hide me, the creatures scramble. But the young man, he has stayed put.

God advances toward us, to the very edge of his plateau, and shudders again. This time the shadowy figures scramble to get away, then disappear. God jumps down to our plain, a great vibration is felt. It is God, the young man and I now. God comes toward us, I am too afraid to look. God is now in front of the young man, whose back is pressed against the obelisk. He is looking right at God, and he is bathed in a glorious glow of light yellow golden brilliance, he does not move.

I have moved from behind the obelisk, closer, without knowing. I am afraid to look at God, and I try to hide so he does not see me, but God he sees me.

And as I gaze upon God, he is a being like no other. His image is a giant, with long flowing hair and beard, and high cheek bones. He is fierce, all powerful, there is no other God. As I dare look at his face, he is smiling at me with a huge smile! A look of pure love and benevolence. His eyes crinkly at the corners, and shiny. As I look deep into his eyes, it is as if they are the eyes of every man ever born, swirling around slowly, like the earth on it's axis. Beautiful, of all the colors of the world. It is as if he draws me into him, and he is looking into my soul.



The feeling is indescribable. I am looking at God, and my Father is looking at me. I cannot find the words that express my feelings, except pure love and joy and greatness. *I have met God!*

As I awaken, tears streaming down my face, there is but one thought in my mind, placed there by God; it was of the young man, 'the weakest and smallest among us, he was brave, unafraid, *and he believed.*' *Oh, how I wished to have been that young man!* And God said to me "*be brave, and believe!*"

You see, I have been praying for God to let me see him, to show himself to me. Let me walk with him, to seek him out. And for God to find me. And God found me.

I Am Afraid No Longer.

When I met God ~ D.L. Cote

(This is a true story of my dream of meeting God. To me, it was an event. I had never read the Bible until recently, and don't really know much of man's religion, never having gone to church. My description of God and as I saw him are from the crystal clear memory of my dream last night. Uncannily, these pictures are very much as I saw God in my vision.)