

Sometimes, as I begin my time in prayer with the Lord, I'll begin by singing a song. This morning, instead of singing out loud, I imagined a song of praise sung to God as it would sound and heaven. I asked God to open my eyes and ears to this song.

I imagined an open space. I knew this was the area before the throne of God. My focus was drawn to the first thing I heard - the voice of a single, small child, wordlessly crying out a soft melody to the Lord. It was a beautiful sound that I could no sooner describe than mimic. It was just a beautiful sound coming from a child, in praise of God. Then another child joined in perfect harmony with the same wordless tune. Now there were two beautiful voices – no words – crying out in praise to the LORD. After a few more moments, several children of various ages and different vocal tones joined these two. They all remained in perfect wordless harmony. The group of children sang together, a wordless song, crying out in praise to God. As this pleasant song came to a crescendo, suddenly, the waiting choir of mankind, added their voice to the children's chorus in an exultant cry of praise to God. They had been waiting and standing nearby in the throne room of God. They were now adding their voices, raising, and lowering their tones, still in harmony, the exact same wordless song but now shouting in excited praise to God. As the tone of the song seemed as if it would come to a resting level, it somehow continued to raise to new increasing octaves. This happened twice, until from the previously unseen balconies, an angelic chorus joined in. Their voices were somehow distinct from the voices of mankind yet, neither more nor less beautiful. With the addition of the angelic voices, the song started to include layers of harmony with different rhythms, almost sounding simultaneous like both drums and trumpets had been vocally added to the orchestral song. As the praises rose toward the throne, there was simply a sensation that God was pleased in this adoration. It was not as if to herald some coming entrance or proclamation. The purpose of the song was purely to praise Him. The song came to a climax with all the voices together in one combined note of praise that wordlessly said, Glory, Honor, Victory, Redeemer, and more... before coming to a sudden stop and complete silence.

Then once again the original child voice began to declare praises softly and melodiously to God. It was once again that same indescribable beautiful sound – a child's voice, wordlessly crying out praise to God. Singing alone, the child's voice slowly grew louder. When the song reached a volume that seemed unsustainable, the entire heavenly chorus once more joined in. This time the praises were already to their peak, they had been built up from the great praises before. This triumphal final praise lasted for just a few more final moments, and then, instead of coming to a sudden stop, the voices simply faded as they lowered together until there was silence again.

I couldn't see God in this vision, but I had the sense that He smiled.