

SURFING WITH JESUS

One evening back in 2010 my wife and I had been praying together in the living room. After praying I felt like God wanted me to hang out with Him for a while. I laid down on the couch I had been sitting on and began to lightly pray some more. The thought crossed my mind to ask Jesus to take me to Heaven for a visit. I have heard many testimonies of people being transported (in the Spirit) to Heaven and being healed or comforted by the experience. Some of the testimonies had been in direct relation to a traumatic or near-death experience which had kept me from ever requesting such an experience. However, there was such a peace in my heart (and in the room) that I immediately threw down any fearful reservations and made my request known to my Father. So I quietly prayed "Jesus, will you take me to Heaven with you so I can check it out?".

At first nothing happened, but I remained silent and patiently waited for a response. I was still lying back on the couch and was aware of my surroundings, like the ceiling fan above me and the occasional noise coming from the kids in the back of the house. But not very long after the request was made I began to see (in my mind's eye) the following experience.

I was standing on a hill overlooking the most beautiful beach I had ever seen. A really nice house was on the side of the hill to my right but I didn't really pay much attention to it. Somehow I knew that this was my house although no one told me this. Jesus was standing beside me watching my every expression. He was almost giggling as I stood in awe of this wonderful sight, the clear blue water rolling in row after row of perfect right-peeling waves!

The next thing I knew I was surfing on a wave and Jesus was riding a longboard right behind me. He was laughing as we flowed down the wave, up and down, up and down.

These were long waves, a perfect right point break. At one point Jesus stalled a little and was quickly covered up in a large tube. So I also stalled and positioned myself just a little in front and above him on the wave. We were both laughing and thoroughly enjoying this incredibly long tube ride together. Somehow, as I was looking ahead, I saw him grin and then grab the outside rail of his surfboard. Pulling up he intentionally wiped out inside the tube. Knowing there were plenty of waves to catch I did the same and quickly wiped out also. There was no pain in the wipeout like you would normally experience getting rolled in a big tube. As I came up out of the water I grabbed my board and looked out at the next wave approaching. I asked "How often is it like this?". Jesus replied with a laugh, "It's always like this!"

I looked around and saw someone sitting on a lounge chair on the beach. As I moved closer I recognized that it was my mother who had passed away about ten years earlier. She was much younger, probably young twenties and I recognized her from old family pictures. She was reading a book and enjoying the warmth of the sun. I did not get to speak to her, but as I walked up to her I thought "Mom, what are you doing here?". She looked up and over to her right, down the beach. There was another cove prior to the one we were at and there was another point break there with a young guy surfing the perfect waves. He was too far away to see much detail but he was obviously having a blast. My mother did not speak a word but I heard her thoughts as she said, "That's your little brother. I told him stories about you and how you really liked surfing. He wanted to come here to learn how to surf so that you would have something in common. He's looking forward to meeting you and surfing with you. I come here every day to watch him." My little brother died a few hours after he was born so I was never able to see him.

Heaven started to fade away as I became more aware of my physical surroundings again. I was still lying on the couch and I didn't want it to be over. I waited a few minutes, reflecting on what I had just seen. Then I went back to my room and went to bed. If I had to guess, I was probably out there only about five minutes or so, however when I told my wife about my experience, she said that I was out there at least thirty to forty-five minutes. She had come back out to put some laundry in a couple of times and noticed that I was just enjoying the peace of God so she decided not to disturb me.

Jesus' love for me is so complete that he was willing to show me a glimpse of what is waiting for me. And he enjoyed every minute of it as much as I did! I also was left with a greater sense of the realness of God and his concern for us and the reality of Heaven. I know that my mother and little brother are doing well. I really am an alien here and look forward to seeing them and surfing with Jesus again!

Gary Jeter

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