

## Julia Wolfe's Trip to Heaven

My mother came into the kitchen and- my mother came into the kitchen and my cousin ran to her and said, "Oh, Aunt Martha, Julia's lost her mind. Julia's lost her mind."

And Mother came up. I kept screaming I'd seen the bed there before and the rain was pouring down on it. Mother, uh, came up and put her arm around me. She says, "Oh, it was your dream. Didn't you dream?"

I was frightened [...] I couldn't think what- where I'd seen that bed, but I knew I'd seen it. Seen the same new bed, made out of new lumber, uh, leaning up against the chimney and the rain was pouring. So that satisfied my mind that- that it wasn't a mystery. I had seen it before.

About five weeks after she [Sally] died, I had a very mysterious experience. I never have thought it was a dream, seemed more like a vision. Again I- I was asleep. About three or four o'clock in the morning. I thought that my grandfather and my sister Sally came in at the door. We were in the room and they came in. They looked just like they always did. And Father looked at me and he says, "Now don't ask 'em any questions because this is their first visit and they're too weak. Wait till they come again."

I never disobeyed my father up to that time. And I thought what can I do? I must ask them because I was afraid they wouldn't come again and I wanted to know. He sat down beside of me and I kind of watched Father and saw he was looking at Grandfather and I whispered very quietly: "Tell me about heaven."

[...] "Why I can show you better than I can tell you. Come on." We went to the door. There was a white light, a light that today we call a searchlight. But at that time we didn't know anything about search lamps or electricity either. But that white light went in kind of [...] - just a straight line and I don't know that she said, "That's the way," but we passed over quickly, quicker than thought, into a new world.

And- a most beautiful world! Trees and shrubbery and flowers, beautiful birds, everything so fresh and beautiful. I - I cried, "Oh are there flowers and birds in heaven?"

"Oh yes, yes. Come on," she says. "We don't have but a short while."

I said, "Oh no, no. I don't wanna go back. I wanna stay."

She says, "No, come on. We- we can't stay long."

And I started on with her; saw a man coming riding a white horse. And uh, I said, “Oh, horses in heaven too?”

She says, “Yes, that’s the second king that was on earth. That was his favorite horse.”

And I cried. I said, “Oh, are we going to see- meet a king?”

She says, “Why yes, this is heaven. This is not earth.”

Of course I thought to see the king would, uh, be a great advantage and uh, we were country girls. And we met him. She says, “I’m showing my sister. Oh,” she says. “I meet him- Oh I meet him often!” And uh, she says, “I’m showing my sister a little of heaven.”

And, oh, he had a radiant smile. He patted me on the head. He leaned down and patted me on the head, went off and looked back. And oh, I thought, “Well, what a- what a radiant smile, so happy!”

Still I says, “No, I can’t go- I don’t wanna go back.” I asked her then about the several of the cousins that had died recently and friends. And she says, “They’re all here, but we haven’t time. We have to go back.”

Turned and- to go and I said, “Oh, where’s Sam?” That was my little brother that died just six days before I was three years old. But I remembered him quite well. And I – I lacked three- six days of being three year old, but I had remembered him since the summer before when the blackberries were ripe- were ripe. I remembered him distinctly several- several times. And the day that he lay a corpse, I didn’t know what death meant but he looked like he was smiling. He was a beautiful boy about seven and a half years old. But I remembered him distinctly, so I said to her, I said, “Oh, where’s Sam?”

She says, “Oh, you know he’s been here thirteen years and he’s in a higher happier sphere. We see each other any time we want to or visit each other.”

And, I said, “Oh, aren’t you happy?” Oh, I felt like a pang thrust me through my heart. I said, “Oh, aren’t you happy?”

“Oh,” she says, “I’m as happy as I know how to be.” Now that’s a thought, as happy as you know how to be. I don’t know that I ever heard that expression before. And she says, “We won’t know the difference until we go higher. We all come here first until we’re prepared to go higher.”

And- but still I pled that- that I didn't want to come back. She says, "No, you must go back. It's not your time" and "await your time."

We came back. She and Grandfather left. We said good-bye at the door and they left over that same white way. I looked up at my father and with an agonized cry: "Oh, they're gone." And as I did, I found myself lying in my own bed in a rigor. My spirit had come back into my body. I was shaking all over.

It was about four o'clock in the morning. I didn't sleep anymore. But all day long I'd lose the sense of time. I went back over- going all through the- the heavens I had seen the night before. And, at times I realized, I'm back home. I'm back in my body.

But I don't know- it was a queer sensation. I've never had it since then or anything like that. And uh, I didn't- I didn't talk to anybody or do anything, only just walked around. I suppose that grandmother was visiting and she says, "Jule." She called me Jule often just for short. Says, "Jule, you must be reconciled." She said, "I lost three of my family in a year and- and a few months. I had to be reconciled."

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