

# Okello's Tour to Heaven

Inspired by true supernatural encounters



Rachael K. Hoffmann

Peace be with you. All the glory and honor belong to Adonai.

### **The Journey**

I wanted to write this book in the year 2015 but I did not get the grace until early 2022 when the Holy Spirit of God instructed me to write.

### **About the book**

This book reveals true accounts of people who were taken to heaven. Also, it includes my supernatural encounters.

### **Recognition and appreciation**

I want to appreciate the Holy Spirit of God for guiding me through this book. I also take this opportunity to appreciate my husband Martin Hoffmann for his support. Mighty Jesus, please write his name in the Book of Life. In addition, I want to recognize and appreciate my illustrator Kevin Ngugi Gitau and my editor Willson Macharia for being patient and for working tirelessly with me. May EL OLAM, The Everlasting God bless you eternally, and may you walk on the golden roads in Jesus' mighty name.

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Illustrated by Kevin Ngugi  
Edited by Wilson Macharia  
Book Design by Martin Hoffmann

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There once lived a boy called Okello. He was a big, mean, and ruthless boy who liked preying on timid boys and girls. Most of his classmates and children in the neighborhoods were extremely terrified of him because of his muscular physic that whenever they crossed paths with him they hid immediately. They had nicknamed him "Okello the puncher" because he liked punching them.

Okello the puncher had four friends, Cozy, Jimmy, J.M, and Skinny P, and together they were the tyrants and the bullies in school and in their neighborhood. The five atrocious boys tormented the young boys and girls by beating them up, stealing their lunch money, and making spiteful jokes. Okello's parents were utterly devastated and fed up with their son's dreadful behavior. They had settled countless disputes and paid for crimes that Okello and his awful friends had committed in school and in their neighborhood, yet they did not know how to change him.

One calm afternoon as the sun was setting gently, gracing the earth with its golden rays, Okello and his vicious friends sat on a wooden bench, aimlessly gawking at children from their neighborhood playing happily. Then, Jonathan, a calm, timid boy who wore glasses passed by nervously in front of Okello and his friends. Jonathan was in a hurry, trying to avoid the five goons, but the five bullies stopped him.

“Ahhhh ... if it isn’t the four-eyes geeky boy,”

Okello said and then chuckled deviously.

“Where have you been? Long time no see. Have you been hiding from us Four Eyes?” Skinny P. asked, interrogating Jonathan.

Meanwhile, Jonathan trembled like a leaf in a gale, his heart almost falling out of his chest, unable to utter a word.

“Where have you been? It’s been how long? Three months now? If you don’t tell us where you have been hiding, we will beat you up until you squeal,” Okello said, instilling more fear in Jonathan.

“Okay, okay. .... I will tell you,” Jonathan begged hoping that they would spare him. “Every Friday after the Bible study, I always hide at that corner and wait for you guys to leave this spot, then I pass.”

“Ahhh ... very clever, and why did you not hide today?” J.M. asked Jonathan, intensely.

“Because we have guests at home and I had promised my mum that I’ll get back early to help her,” Jonathan muttered.

“Uuuuuuwiiii! We have a mummy’s boy here,” Skinny P. exclaimed and then chortled loudly.

“And here I was, thinking that your family had moved out of this neighborhood. You deceived me Four Eyes, ..... you deceived me,” Okello said and then punched Jonathan hard on his stomach.

“That is for hiding from us,” he said, and then launched his iron fist and punched Jonathan again on his left cheek and Jonathan fell to the ground immediately.

“And that is for being a sissy, mummy’s boy,”

Okello said and then laughed hysterically. “What a loser!”

The five boys said and then laughed as they strode away, leaving Jonathan on the ground.

Lying on the dusty ground, Jonathan was engorged by tremendous sadness. His left cheek was swollen, painful, and dripped blood. After a short while, he stood up slowly, dusted himself, and wiped the blood that was trickling from his mouth. He then picked up his backpack and hobbled home.



Jonathan would have loved to report the bullies, but whenever he did so, they denied the accusations, tamed him, and beat him again because of reporting them and so, Jonathan learned to keep quiet and forgive them just as the Bible instructs the believers to forgive those who have wronged them.

When he arrived home, Jonathan spotted his mother in the living room busy entertaining the guests. He did not want to show his swollen cheek, so as quietly as a mouse, he tip-toed to his room, locked himself in, and began nursing his wounds. His stomach, jaw, and head were also throbbing heavily.

After the guests left, Jonathan's mother plodded to Jonathan's room and found the door locked.

"Hi J. .... I saw you sneaking in. Are you okay?" Jonathan's mother asked loudly.

"Yes Mum, ..... I'm okay. I'm just tired. I had a long day," Jonathan answered her. He was afraid of how his mother would react after seeing his bruises.

"Should I bring you some food?" his mother asked. "No, ..... I'm okay for now," Jonathan answered.

"Okay, when you're ready you can serve yourself. I'm going to bed," Jonathan's mother shrieked and then walked away.

After lying on the bed for a couple of hours, staring at the stunning twinkling stars through the window, Jonathan sat down and reached for his Bible which was adjacent to a lampshade on his bedside drawer, opened Psalm ninety-one and read the following in verses 1, 5, and 11: 'Whosoever dwells in the shelter of the Most High will rest in the shadow of the Almighty. You will not fear the terror of night nor the arrow that flies by day for He will command His angels concerning you to guard you in all your ways.'

Upon reading these verses, Jonathan said a prayer and asked God to forgive the bullies, change their hearts and help them turn from their wicked ways. He then switched off the lamp and snuggled between the cozy bedsheets.



Meanwhile, Okello was lying on his bed back at home busy playing a video game on his mobile phone. His parents had called him to join the family for the evening prayer, but he had refused. He was never interested in saying any kind of prayer; every day after dinner, he dashed to his bedroom to play video games. He believed there was no God and that Christians were stupid to believe supernatural conspiracy that science could vindicate. And therefore, just like the other nights, after playing his video games, Okello fell asleep soundly.

After a few hours of enjoying a tranquil slumber, Okello was woken up by the banging of the windows. He had forgotten to close the windows and a violent gust swayed them back and forth. It was freezing and the magnificent moon rays filled his bedroom. Okello woke up and abraded his laden eyes while searching for his flip-flops. After wearing them, he stood up and began striding towards the window to close them, but while he was sluggishly walking, his eyes fixated on the swaying windows, in the twinkle of an eye a male angel appeared from the thin air and sat at the edge of the window, his pale-white legs swaying right to left like a pendulum.

Okello was stupefied and halted in surprise. "I must be dreaming," he thought while staring at the angel. The angel was pale-white, dressed in a long, white robe. He had short, black, curly hair and his blue eyes glistened. Above his long, thick lashes were beautiful eyebrows. His nose, mouth, and chin were perfectly aligned, and he seemed to be the same age as Okello.

Okello stood perplexed for a while like a statue, his mouth wide open and unable to blink. "I must be dreaming," he thought again. "Maybe if I shut my eyes and open them I might wake up from this unusual dream." Okello forcefully shut his eyes and then opened them slowly, but the angel was still seated at the window, gazing at him intently. Okello was perturbed, mystified, and wondered why he was not waking up from that dream. While still in dilemma, pondering these questions, the angel said, "Good evening Okello."

Okello was immensely astonished that the angel spoke to him. Cautiously, he took some steps closer to the angel, gaping at him intensely.

"Am ... I ... dreaming?" Okello asked the angel, stuttering.

"No, you are not dreaming. I'm glad you're awake; I was waiting for you to wake up," the angel answered Okello.



“Why were you waiting for me?” Okello fearfully asked, his heart pounding rapidly. “Maybe I’m dead,” he silently thought.

“No, you are not dead,” the angel said swiftly, upon reading Okello’s thoughts. “I am your tour guide and I am here to take you to heaven and bring you back to your body before daybreak.”

“Back to my body?” Okello asked in amazement and then spun immediately, his eyes landing on his bed. Okello was extraordinarily thunderstruck to see himself laying on the bed. “How is this possible? ... I’m definitely dreaming,” he mumbled, stupefied.

“No, you are not dreaming,” the angel assured Okello and then stretched his right hand towards Okello, wanting Okello to hold it. “We have to leave now,” the angel insisted.

Okello was petrified. He did not want to hold the angel’s hand because he did not know what would happen next, but despite intense apprehension, Okello found himself reaching for the angel’s right hand, frightfully and the angel held his hand firmly. There and then, after the angel held Okello’s hand, they began ascending. The two elevated and passed through the window. Okello was utterly dumbstruck and could not believe he was flying.

“This is incredible,” Okello said, glaring at his neighborhood that was covered by gleaming streetlights. As they continued upward, Okello saw his home, neighborhood, and the entire city vanishing. Before long, the earth was a tiny ball disappearing behind him.



They were now in space. As they rose farther, Okello was extremely fascinated to see how the planets were aligned. They were exactly as drawn in his science book. Also, he was mesmerized to see countless shooting stars going up and down. “Hmmm..... this is unusual,” he thought because his science teacher had not mentioned the countless stars going up. He recalled clearly what his science teacher said, that the shooting stars were solid matter, usually rocks that enter the earth’s atmosphere at a high speed and then vaporize.

“Those are not shooting stars,” said the angel, startling Okello whose mind had drifted afar. “What are they?” Okello asked in surprise, glancing at the bright balls of lights.

Then they stood still, floating in the air and glancing at the lights going up and down. “These are human souls. They are actual human beings,” the angel said.

“What?” Okello asked in amazement. He was unable to see through the glistening balls.

“You see, the balls of light going down are the souls of children who will be born soon on the earth, and the balls of light going up to heaven are the souls of people who have just died. Those souls going to heaven are of people who lived righteously while on earth. They were good and they believed in Jesus Christ and the Creator of heaven and the earth. No evildoers can ascend because their sins will hold them back,” the angel explained.



Upon hearing that, Okello's heart was filled with great sorrow because he knew he was not a good person. Okello shifted his eyes to his left and saw a transparent, round glass that resembled a tube and in it were angels dressed in white. Some were going up while others were moving downwards slowly like snails.

"Who are those angels in the glass tube?" Okello asked the angel eagerly.

"Those are messengers. They work in the courier department. You see, when humans pray, those messengers take their payers up and after their prayers have been answered by our Creator, they bring them back," the angel answered him.

Okello was stunned. He did not know that such activities were carried out in the supernatural realm.





They continued elevating and after a while, Okello spotted clusters of dark gray clouds, and in them were striking gleaming lights.

“Is that Heaven?” Okello asked the angel, pointing at the striking lights.

“Yes, .... that is Heaven,” the angel answered him.

They continued going up, heading towards the lustrous light, although Okello was indescribably terrified. He did not understand why he was being taken to heaven, but he didn't want to ask the angel so, he kept quiet, eager to see how heaven looked like.



After a short while, they went and pierced through the clusters of clouds, through the shimmery light and finally, stood on a staircase made of clouds. Okello was extremely dumbfounded, he could not comprehend how solid the clouds were. They were strong enough to hold their weight. While on the staircase, Okello was also stunned to see other

people, young, old, and of different races walking towards the gigantic gate that was gleaming with indescribably beautiful light. Okello did not utter a word. He assumed that the glistening gate was the gate to heaven so, he began striding behind the angel, who was now heading towards the gate.



After walking for a short while, they stood in front of the glorious gate. Okello was amazed and could not believe how stunning and magnificent heaven's gate was. The gleaming, gigantic gate was made of the finest precious stones and sparkled with radiant colors emitted by the precious stones; the kind of colors that Okello had never seen before. The gate was unusually long that he was unable to see its end. On the right side of the glorious gate was an angel who was as big as a giant. He wore a long, white robe that covered his toes and on his waist was a golden belt that was embedded with charming patterns. He had short, curly hair and clutched a very long sword that gleamed on its edges, and his countenance was as serious as that of a soldier. A few meters on their left was another angel of normal body size. Glaring closely at the angel, Okello was utterly surprised to see a book floating in front of him.

“What kind of book is that, floating in the air?” Okello asked the angel, fascinated.

“That is the Book of Life. In it are names of believers who are still on the earth and are living right. Come, let's have a look at it,” the angel answered him and together moved closer to the Book of Life.



Gazing at the book, Okello was extremely intrigued to see how the book was floating and the pages turned by themselves. The book was set in landscape format with white pages and the names written in royal blue ink on both sides of the page. As the pages flipped, Okello was unbelievably astounded to see the full name of Jonathan, the boy whom he had punched that evening. He was also flabbergasted to see some names appearing and others disappearing magically.

“What is happening? Why are some names appearing and some disappearing?” Okello asked the angel nervously.

“The names appearing on the Book of Life are the names of people on the earth who have just received Jesus Christ in their heart after repenting towards the Creator of heaven and the earth. The disappearing names belong to those believers on the earth who have been doing good deeds and were staying on the right path but somehow, they have lost their ways and are now doing evil deeds. If one dies and his or her name is not in the Book of Life, then he or she will not enter heaven,” the angel explained.

Upon hearing that, Okello’s heart began pounding rapidly and was filled with great agony again because he knew his name was not in the Book of Life. The angel glanced at Okello and saw how sorrowful he had become. Then, in a fraction of a second, the gate of heaven began stretching out, opening slowly and majestically. Okello’s eyes were fixated on the glistening gate, eager to catch a glimpse of heaven. Once the gate was fully open, Okello’s baffled eyes landed on the enormous, glorious city.



The megacity had shimmery golden roads, Okello was perplexed and stood effigy-like, unable to blink. “Heaven really exists!” he mumbled. Then, on the spur of the moment, the feeling of unworthiness enveloped him and was unable to take a step forward because his heart and deeds were not right and were condemning and holding him back.

“I invite you to in,” the angel said and, instantaneously, Okello was able to take a step forward. Together with the angel, they passed through the enormous, magnificent gate and entered heaven.

As they strode inside, Okello was awed beyond words by everything his dazzled eyes were capturing. They were striding on stupendous, shimmery, broad roads that were made of fine gold. Beside the golden road were immaculate, radiant flowers that had blossomed brilliantly. The flowers had amazing shades of colors that Okello had never seen before. Okello dashed next to the flowers briskly and hunched down to take a good look at the divine flowers.

Gaping closely at the flowers, he was astounded to see that the petals sparkled and the fragrance they were emitting was beyond comparison. He was also able to hear a deep voice coming out of them saying, “Holy .... holy”. While Okello was still captivated by the singing flowers, a petal from one flower fell and as soon as it touched the ground, another flower grew instantly. “Oh, this is magical,” Okello thought.

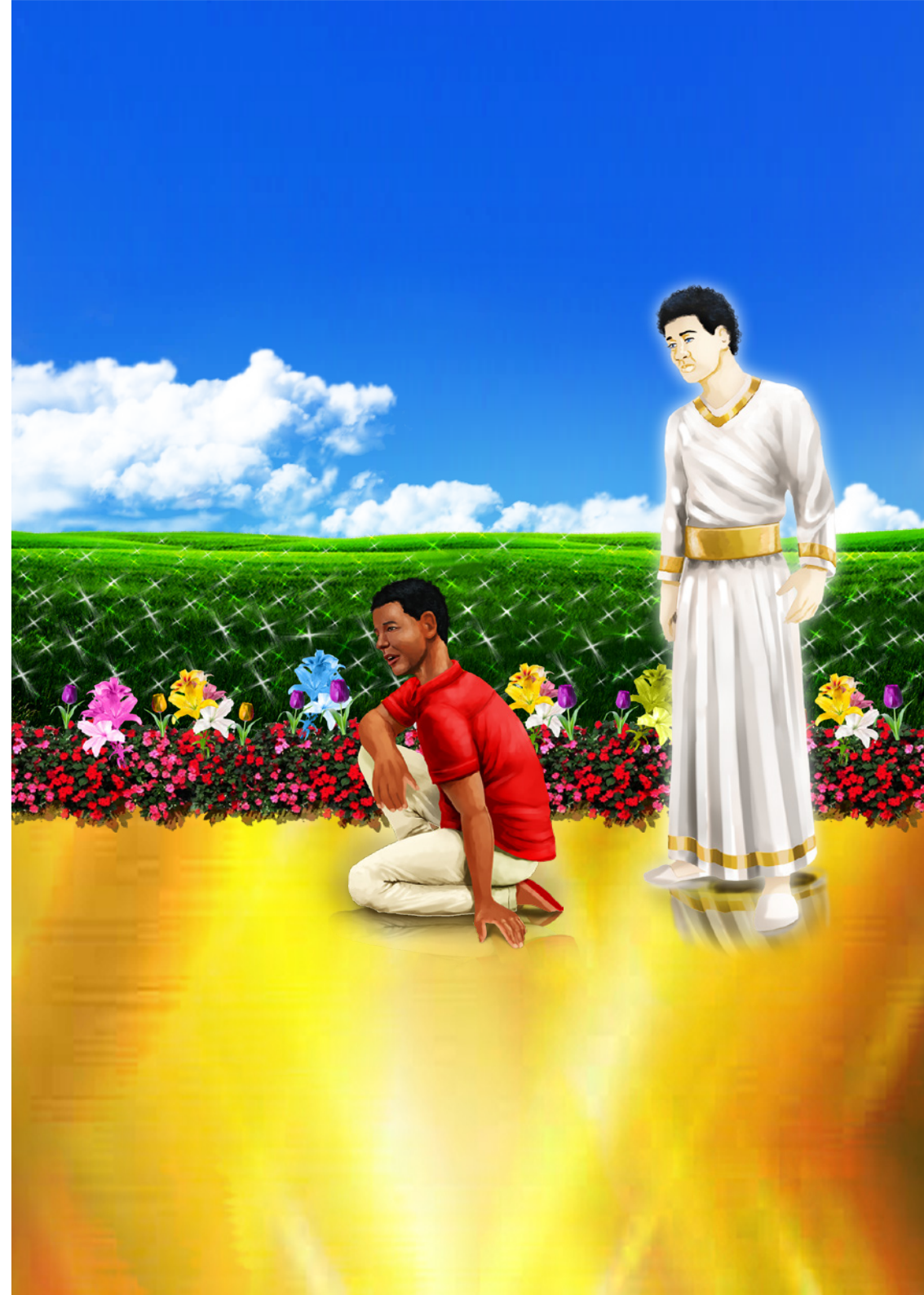
“Okello, we have to continue with our tour,” the angel said.

Okello straightened up gently and they continued pacing inside heaven. “Nobody will believe me if I told them I was in heaven,” Okello thought.

The sky was blue, bright, and with fluffy white clouds. It was neither cold nor hot. It was a blend of warm spring. Okello tried to find the sun but he didn’t see it. “There is no sun, yet the weather is warm and tranquil. How is this possible?” he wondered inaudibly.

The angel gazed at Okello and said, “We don’t have the sun or the moon here. Also, there are no nights.”

“Wow! .... That is incredible,” Okello exclaimed in amusement. He had a lot of questions he wanted to ask, but he was destructed when they came across a graceful, glorious field. The field was covered by short, green grass that shimmered. It resembled a green lake that was covered by countless, tiny diamonds, and at the farthest end were beautiful trees with colorful leaves.



On the shimmering ground were children running around, happily playing with wild animals. Some were riding lions while others were playing catch. Okello spotted giraffes, elephants, gazelles, tigers, and other animals existing in the same space peacefully, with different birds and butterflies fluttering above. “What a happy, marvelous place!” Okello wondered. He saw two old men who wore medieval clothes. One man was standing next to a lion and patting it while talking to the other man who was holding a beautiful, tiny, blue weaverbird.

“Can we go there?” Okello asked the angel excitedly. He was eager to understand why the wild animals were not attacking people and besides, he had never seen the wild animals at such a close range before. There and then, together with the angel, they walked on the gleaming grass and approached the old men.

Upon reaching where the two old men were, the man patting the lion greeted Okello and introduced himself, “Hello, I’m Daniel,” and then, the other man holding the tiny blue weaverbird grinned at Okello and said, “I’m Noah.”

When Okello heard their names, he beamed and grinned broadly. “Oh my, .... you are Daniel and Noah of the Bible!” Okello exclaimed, stuttering. He could not contain his excitement. Okello’s grandmother used to tell him stories from the Bible when he was younger but thought they were just fabricated.

While Okello was exuberant standing in front of the legends, he saw a brown-white dog running towards him. He glanced at the dog critically. “I remember this dog,” he thought. “This was my dog when I was six years old, but it was run down and killed by a speeding truck,” Okello said to the angel. He did not understand how the dog was still alive because he had buried him.

This dog called ‘Bosco’ went and jumped on Okello. “You’re here.... You’re here,” Bosco said joyfully while licking him.

Okello was immensely astounded that he could hear Bosco speak. “I can hear him,” Okello said to the angel in amazement.

“Here, we speak through our thoughts mostly,” the angel said. “Wow! You have really grown, Okello,” Bosco exclaimed.

Okello grinned gleefully while feeling Bosco’s soft fur. “I’m happy to see you, Bosco,” Okello said, almost in tears.



“Okello, we have to go. We do not have much time,” the angel said to Okello, his voice betraying a sense of urgency.

Okello wanted to bring Bosco with him, but the angel won't let him.

“Maybe you'll meet him again,” the angel said.

Sorrowfully, Okello said his goodbyes to Bosco, hoping to see him again, and then, together with the angel, they continued walking on the glistening ground.

“How big is heaven?” Okello asked the angel.

“It is very big. I'm unable to estimate how big it is,” the angel answered.

“And how old are you?” Okello asked the angel. He was very eager to understand heaven and its occupants.

“I am one plus infinity,” the angel answered.

“Infinity?” Okello asked in wonderment. “How can somebody have infinite years? Unless one is created and then he or she lives forever,” Okello thought but did not utter a word. He seemed confused, engulfed by countless questions. Before long, while still lost in thought, they came across an incredibly stunning scenery. “This is paradise,” Okello murmured while gazing around. He felt as though he was watching a magnificent portrait.

Above the glinting green ground was a river. Its water was as clear as crystal and its waves produced music, a symphony that was soft, calm, and relaxing.

“Is the water singing?” Okello asked the angel, rationally and in amusement.

“Yes, everything here is alive. That is the river of life,” the angel added while indicating the river using his right hand.

“This is unbelievable,” Okello thought. He was stupefied by the scenery and baffled by the music coming from the river. At the edge of the riverbank were colorful flowers that had blossomed beautifully and a bridge made of gold spanned across the river.

“Come, let's cross the bridge,” the angel said and then began striding towards the golden bridge and Okello followed him. They crossed the golden bridge and emerged on a golden road lined with tall buildings. Okello noticed that the gigantic city had both ancient and modern buildings and that every structure was breathtaking.



As they continued strolling, Okello noticed a tall, ancient building with an unusual door and wondered what lay behind that door. The angel saw how curious Okello had become and said, “Come, let’s go in,” and then sauntered towards the unusual, gigantic door and Okello followed him closely.

Standing in front of the thick, ancient door, Okello was startled to read the Hebrew words written above the door. ‘לכ מייחה מישודק’ which translated to English as “All life is sacred”. “How am I able to understand the Hebrew language?” Okello wondered.

The angel unlatched the door slowly, walked in and Okello followed him.





Upon stepping into the building, Okello was gravely astonished to see how huge the space was. He was unable to see its end and there were thousands and thousands of angels dressed in white, standing in rows. Each of the angels was holding something that resembled a round ball made of glass and in each of them was a gleaming white-blue light. The angels wore a serious countenance and were sturdy as though they were protecting the round glass wrapped in their hands.

“What is in the glass?” Okello asked the angel curiously yet timidly.

“They are children from the earth whom for some reason their mothers were unable to carry them. A soul never dies,” the angel answered Okello and then turned to his right and glared at another unusual door made of thick wood and engraved with strange patterns. The angel began striding towards the unusual door and Okello followed him closely and quietly, wondering what would unfold. After a short while, the angel unlatched the door and they walked in.



Instantaneously after they stepped into that room, Okello was stunned to see how massive the space was. “There is something strange, something magical about these buildings,” Okello thought. From the street, the building was of standard size, but once inside, he realized that the building stretched to thousands and thousands of acres. Okello and the angel had entered an enormous room that resembled a children’s nursery. The room was filled with a multitude of angels, humans, and babies on their cradles. “Oh! What is this place?” Okello asked the angel in astonishment. “After the children mature from the other room, they are brought here where their family members take care of them and for the babies who don’t have family members here, the servants and Jesus take care of them. “Jesus!” Okello repeated in amusement. He was learning a lot and wondered if he was going to meet Jesus. He also wondered if he had a family member in that nursery but after gazing around for a while, he did not see a familiar face. They strode out of that building using another door and emerged back at the golden street. Gaping directly in their opposite direction was another immaculate, tall, ancient building that had a captivating door made of exotic wood and engraved with beautiful patterns. Above the door was written in Hebrew, ‘תומושר’, which translated “Records” in English. Okello was overly astounded. “How on earth am I able to understand this language?” he wondered. “Come, let’s go in.



This is the library and it contains all human records from the beginning of time, now and the future,” the angel said while striding towards the entrance.

Okello was confused for a second and halted in bafflement. “Does this mean that inside there I’ll get a book that reveals my future?” he wondered. He would have loved to know about his future.

Standing at the library’s threshold, the angel said, “Come, we do not have a lot of time,” and then stepped into the library. Okello snapped out of his curious thoughts and immediately followed the angel.

Once in the library, Okello marveled at how massive it was. It had countless shelves of books and scrolls whose ends one could not see, and at the front were countless people seated at the table, reading.

“Could these people be reading books about their loved ones who are still on the earth? Or are they reading about the future of the earth?” Okello wondered.

“Come, let me introduce you to some famous authors. You might recognize them,” the angel said and then strode closer to two aged men who wore robes that dated back to the first century and were seated at the table that had scattered books and scrolls.

“Good day to you, precious people,” the angel greeted the two men and they answered back. “This is Okello. He is touring heaven. Okello, this is Isaiah and Paul,” the angel added as he introduced them.

“Good day,” Okello said humbly, gazing at the old men intently. “Could this be Isaiah of the Bible? the prophet who prophesied about the birth of Jesus?” he wondered. Okello recalled one Christmas Eve when his grandmother had mentioned people in the Bible who had prophesied the birth of Christ, among them Prophet Isaiah. He shifted his focus to Paul but had no clue who Paul was. “I’m humbled to be in your presence,” Okello said.

“It is our pleasure meeting you, Okello,” Prophet Isaiah said and then grinned.

“Thank you for your time, precious people. Okay, Okello, let’s go,” the angel said and then began striding towards the door. But before following the angel, Okello’s curious eyes captured the words written on a scroll that read, ‘Nothing impure will enter it, nor will anyone who does what is shameful or deceitful, but only those whose names are written in the Lamb’s book of life.’



After reading these words, Okello dashed and caught up with the angel who was standing next to the door.

“Excuse me, you said that there are records of all human beings here, right?” Okello asked the angel.

“Yes,” the angel answered, nodding.

“Please, can I see my record?” Okello asked the angel nervously.

“Sure,” the angel said and then strode towards the bookshelves as Okello followed him curiously while exhilarated that he was going to know his future. After a short while, the angel halted and pulled out a book from a shelf on his right side. The book was size A5 and had a navy-blue hardcover and on the front cover was Okello’s full name, ‘Aden Obed Okello’. When Okello saw his full name on the book, he was dumbstruck and his jaw dropped.

“Impossible,” he mumbled in disbelief, wondering what was written inside.

“Can I take a look?” Okello asked the angel eagerly.

“I wish I could show you what is written inside, but I’m not permitted because you are not here to know your future but to experience heaven,” the angel explained and then returned the book to the shelf.

Okello was distraught. He would have loved to know his future.

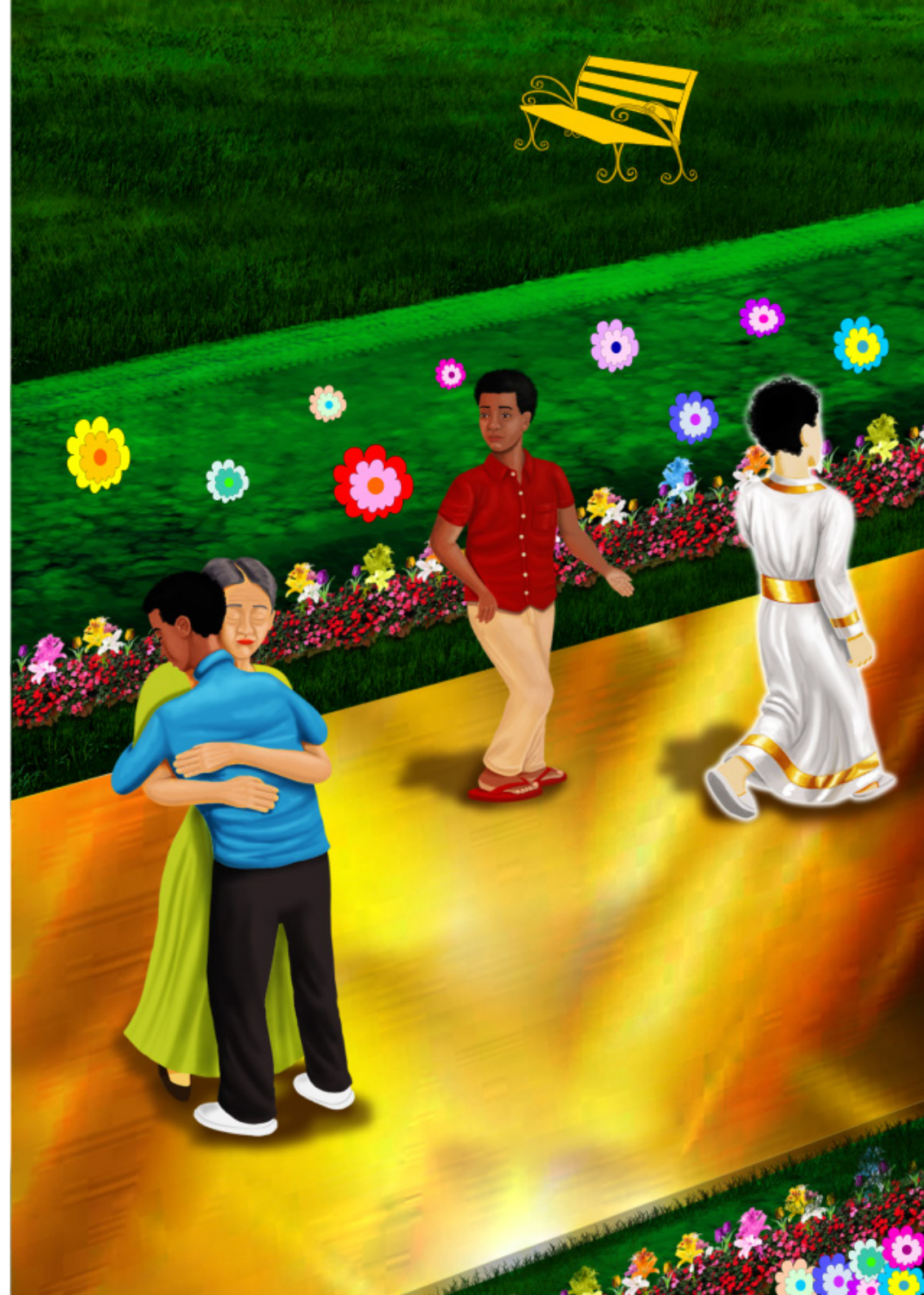


They walked out of the library and continued striding on the golden road. They passed different people, young, old, and of different races. These people's faces lit up and they appeared to be very happy. Okello saw an old woman joyfully hugging a young man and he was able to overhear their conversation.

"You made it!" the old woman said to the young man ecstatically. "Yes, I did. I'm so happy to be here," the young man replied. "They seem very happy to have met again," Okello thought.

The angel took a left turn and Okello followed him amazed by the joy of these people. The angel then led Okello to a tall building of modern architecture, and after climbing its front stairs, they came to a massive steel door. The building's name was written above the door in Hebrew, 'החור', which translated to "Rejects" in English. Okello wondered what the rejects were, but did not ask the angel.

The angel unlatched the door gently and together with Okello strode inside.



Immediately after Okello stepped into the building, he was amazed to see piles and piles of unrelated things. There were furniture, cars, kitchen appliances, clothes, food, and money, all of them decaying.

“Oh, what kind of place is this?” Okello asked the angel, his stupefied eyes inspecting the items covered by moss.

“These are the offerings that our Creator rejected,” the angel answered while pacing inwardly and Okello followed him quietly.

“You see, a lot of people from the earth give to the poor or donate to different organizations mainly because they want to show off, not out of kindness. They give and then start regretting or gossiping about it. These kinds of offerings are garbage in the eyes of our Creator and He rejects them. For any giving to be accepted, it should be good and done out of pure intention.” Once the angel finished explaining, he led Okello out of the building using another door. Okello was amazed by everything he was learning. He understood that the way humans live on the earth had implications in heaven. He also wondered where the angel was going to take him next.

After strolling on the golden road for a while, they came across a beautiful garden.



The garden was extraordinarily huge and was adorned with beautiful, manicured green grass, blossoming colorful flowers and different types of trees. Around were stunning white benches but Okello was surprised to see a number of people gathered in one place.

“What is happening there?” Okello asked the angel curiously.

The angel grinned but did not utter a word, and then began striding towards the crowd as Okello followed him eagerly. Standing amid the joyful crowd, Okello marveled and understood why the crowd had gathered. In front of them was Jesus, and the reason Okello could tell was because He had nail marks on his hands and feet. Okello was stunned and could not believe his eyes. He had heard a lot of stories about Jesus but did not believe them. Then Jesus said, “Let us pray,” and straightaway after He began praying, radiant, colorful flowers with beautiful fragrances began falling from the thin air like snowflakes.

“Oh my,” Okello muttered while gazing at how majestic the flowers fell. After Jesus finished praying, He left the crowd, walked away, and vanished into thin air.

“Did you see that?” Okello asked the angel in amazement and the angel grinned.

“Where did the flowers come from?” Okello asked the angel.

“This always happens here in heaven and on the earth. When a righteous person prays, his or her prayers produce a beautiful alluring scent in front of our Creator, but when a person who is sinning prays, he or she smells like a rotten corpse in front of our Creator,” the angel explained.

Once Okello heard that, his mouth went wide open. He thought anybody could pray. Watching the happy crowd in the garden, Okello also realized that it comprised people from different eras and epochs by the way they were dressed. While coming out of the garden, Okello was amazed that he was able to recognize some people who were from the crowd. Among them were the disciples of Jesus, Mother Teresa, David, prophets from the Old Testament, Billy Graham, and even the thief who trusted Jesus on the cross.

“How am I able to recognize these people?” Okello wondered in silence. But the angel read his thoughts and answered him, “Because you now have the gift of understanding.”



As soon as they left the stunning garden, they entered another lane that had tall buildings and was paved with gold. The angel led Okello to an entrance that resembled that of a hospital and Okello was startled. “Why do they have a hospital in heaven? Do people get sick in here?” Okello wondered.

“No, humans don’t get sick here,” the angel answered Okello after reading his thought and then walked into the building and Okello followed him. Standing at a distance from the reception, Okello was extremely stupefied to see how busy the place was. There were countless angels dressed in white, each with a doctor’s stethoscope on their necks, running up and down. It was as if they were attending to endless emergencies.

The angel giving Okello the tour indicated, pointing at another angel who was standing at the reception and then said, “That is Rafael. He is the servant in charge of the health department.”

“The health department?” Okello repeated, his tone full of suspense and his eyes wandering. “But where are the patients?” Okello asked the angel. “The patients are on the earth. The servants in this department help the humans physically and spiritually,” the angel answered Okello and then led him to another massive room that was filled with human body parts. Okello was baffled to see countless human body parts. “What is the purpose of these body parts?” Okello asked the angel, confounded.

“When one is injured back on the earth and he or she prays for a new organ, the servants in this department deliver the organ to him or her as replacement,” the angel answered him.

Okello was utterly confused. He did not understand how the angels performed the replacements, but he didn’t ask. Together with the angel, they left the health department building and were once again in the golden street.





After walking for a short while on the glorious street, in their opposite direction, Okello spotted an enormous, ancient building and above its heavy, wooden door were the Hebrew words 'דִּרְשָׁם מִיִּטְפֹּשְׁמָה' which translated to "Justice Department" in English. They crossed the road slowly and the angel led Okello into the Justice building.

Once they stepped into the building, Okello was stunned to see countless angels striding back and forth into the courtrooms dressed in white robes that resembled those of judges. They also passed through the record rooms which had piles and piles of files.

"This is where all the legal proceedings take place. Every person who commits a crime back on the earth is brought to justice and is prosecuted," the angel said, standing next to Okello. "A lot of people on the earth commit crimes believing that nobody is watching, but believe me, every crime is documented," the angel added.

Upon hearing that, Okello's heart began pounding fast and chills ran through him. "Do I have a file?" Okello asked the angel, stuttering.

"Sure, you have a file. You stole and beat up other young children," the angel answered Okello.

Once Okello heard that, he was engulfed by immeasurable fear that he trembled intensely, unable to breathe.

"Come, let's go," the angel told Okello and then began striding towards another door which was on their right-hand side.

Okello followed the angel while in distress, unable to comprehend that all his evil deeds were documented. Terrified, he followed the angel closely and they walked through the door to an open field.



Gazing at the tremendous massive land, Okello was perplexed to see a multitude of angels dressed like soldiers, lined up and holding swords. Okello had no idea there were soldiers in heaven.

“The servants in this department protect the humans from the fallen ones. They go to battle and always come out victorious,” the angel said.

Okello was bemused again. He did not understand who the “fallen ones” were or the battle the angel was talking about. After walking across the sturdy army, the angel led Okello to another door and they found themselves in another golden street that had beautiful houses. These houses were different and resembled houses on earth. Glancing at his surrounding, Okello believed that the doors they were using were somehow magical because they led them to a different location.



They began sauntering in the neighborhood and Okello marveled at the impeccable houses and their environment. It was quiet and the people strode back and forth majestically. He could hear the birds chirping while they winged from tree to tree. He also saw colorful butterflies on beautiful flowers in the manicured yard. "This is a very peaceful place," Okello thought. After walking for a while, they came across a two-storey mansion that was unfinished and Okello halted and gazed at it. "This is unusual; how come there is an unfinished house in heaven?" Okello wondered and the angel answered him immediately. He always read Okello's thoughts. "The reason why this house is not finished is because the owner stopped working." "Working how?" Okello asked the angel, baffled. "You see, houses in heaven are built by the good deeds a person does on the earth," the angel explained, but Okello seemed more confused. They continued pacing in the beautiful neighborhood and then, all of a sudden, Okello halted and was dumbstruck again. In front of him, on his left was a house made of mud, and next to it was a beautiful mansion. Okello could not believe his eyes because he recognized the house made of mud.

"I know that house," Okello said, ecstatically. "It belonged to my grandmother back in the village." He said while running towards it, and while he was almost at its entrance, someone came out of the mansion and started calling out, "Okello!"

Okello halted immediately and spanned to see who was calling and when he saw his grandmother, he ran as fast as he could and joyfully hugged her, shedding joyful tears.

"It's really you! .... I have missed you," Okello cried.

"Come on in, come on in." Okello's grandmother welcomed the two into the mansion, and Okello including the angel strode in.

Once they were in the mansion, Okello was utterly fascinated to see how stunning it was, and they sat inside the exquisite living room.

"I'm definitely dreaming. Grandmother passed away a long time," Okello thought but he did not dwell much on that thought.

"How is everybody?" Okello's grandmother asked him, full of joy.

"Everybody is fine," Okello answered, his eyes wandering. "Is this your mansion?" he asked his grandmother, mirthfully.



“Yes, this is my mansion. Jesus gave it to me,” Okello’s grandmother answered.

“Jesus gave it to you?” Okello asked in disbelief.

“Sure. Don’t you know that our Lord gives us what our hearts desire? Back on the earth, I always wanted a beautiful, big house, but I passed on before receiving it,” Okello’s grandmother explained.

“Wow, this is incredible! But why did you keep the house made of mud?” Okello asked, eagerly.

“Because I like it, it’s where I grew up,” his grandmother continued.

“Okello, we have to go now. We’re not done with the tour and time is not on our side,” the angel urged Okello.

“Please, before you leave, I want to serve you a cake and hot drinking chocolate. It is our custom to offer refreshments to visitors,” Okello’s grandmother insisted and then dashed away.

“Please, let me taste the cake,” Okello begged the angel.

One day, back on earth, Okello’s grandmother told him the story of the Israelites and how God fed them while they were in the wilderness. Okello thought that story was absurd although he wondered how manna might have tasted in case the story was real. “I have an opportunity to taste something from heaven,” Okello silently thought, eagerly waiting for his grandmother to bring refreshments.

In a split of a second, Okello’s grandmother trudded into the living room in a hurry carrying a golden serving tray and on it, a piece of cake that resembled a vanilla black forest with four layers and a cherry on top, and beside it, a golden cup with sizzling hot chocolate.

Okello’s eyes flickered, amused while salivating because the cake seemed to be very delicious. He did not believe that he was going to taste something from heaven.

Once Okello’s grandmother placed the refreshments on the table, Okello greedily reached for the cake in a flash and scooped a mouthful using a golden fork and ate it. The cake had incredible flavors such that Okello had to close his eyes while munching. It was extremely delicious and Okello had never tasted anything like that before.

While Okello was enjoying the cake, the angel again insisted, “We really have to go.” But Okello seemed lost, taken by the taste of the cake and enjoying the moment.



As he was reaching the golden cup, the angel touched his left shoulder and they vanished from Okello's grandmother's house and appeared in a gigantic room.

"Oh, what happened?" Okello asked the angel. He would have loved to spend more time with his grandmother and finish eating the cake.

"Time is not on our side," the angel said, and then they continued striding inwardly.

Okello wondered where they were. He could hear pleasant angelic music of a choir singing, "Holy, Holy Lord God Almighty." The music was divine, calm, and heartwarming. As they continued striding inwardly, two men with long gray beards and holding smooth, wooden curved rods passed them, and straight away, Okello knew who the men were. It was Moses and Elijah of the Bible. Okello halted briskly and stared at them, astounded. Thinking about how Moses parted the Red Sea, and the chariot of fire that took Elijah to heaven.

The angel strode back, held Okello's right hand and led him inside. The space was expansive and young angels were pacing back and forth majestically. At a distance, Okello saw an extraordinary beaming light and in it, a stunning colorful rainbow and angels with six wings floating. In front of the bright light were seats.

"What is this place?" Okello wondered, his heart thumping like a drum. He wanted to ask the angel where they were but when he turned to talk to him, he saw the angel on his knees praying and immediately he went to his knees and found himself praying, repenting of his sins. Then all of a sudden Okello heard his mother calling him and astonished opened his bemused eyes.



Okello sat down swiftly, gasping, as sweat trickled down his face. “What’s wrong? Are you okay? ... you overslept. Did I wake you from a bad dream?” Okello’s mother asked him. She was surprised to see how terrified Okello appeared and the way he was breathing heavily. “No .... No, I’m fine,” Okello assured his mother, stuttering. “Okay, ..... I just came to tell you that your breakfast is getting cold,” Okello’s mother said and then strode out of his bedroom wondering what could have made Okello sweat that much. Okello was shocked, struggling to understand whether his encounter was just a dream.

That bright Saturday morning, Okello strutted to the dining room and sat next to his sister. The rest of his family was seated around the dining table enjoying their breakfast. Okello seemed unusually quiet and everybody wondered what was wrong with him. “Maybe I was just dreaming,” Okello thought, his mind drifting afar. After a long, awkward silence, he stood up and went back to his bedroom without touching his breakfast.

Once in his bedroom, Okello noticed a brown, folded scroll lying on top of his bedside drawer. “Where did this scroll come from?” he wondered, full of apprehension. Okello walked slowly and stood next to the drawer, picked up the scroll, unfurled it gingerly and started reading it.

The scroll read: ‘Nothing impure will ever enter it, nor will anyone who does what is shameful or deceitful, but only those whose names are written in the Lamb’s book of life.’

Upon reading the scroll, Okello was dumbfounded because he realized that it was the same scroll that was in the library in heaven. “Oh my, .... everything that happened to me was real,” Okello concluded. As fast as lightning, he grabbed the scroll and ran out. He then took his bicycle which was on the porch, and rode to Jonathan’s home.



Promptly after he reached Jonathan's home, he got off the bicycle and bolted to the door and began knocking. Jonathan's mother opened the door and when he saw Okello, she shrieked, calling Jonathan. Shortly after, Jonathan walked towards the door and when he saw Okello the puncher trembled, "Hey, ... I didn't tell anybody that you beat me up yesterday," Jonathan told Okello without wasting a single second.

"I'm not here because of that," Okello said, calming Jonathan, and then took a long pause. "I'm here because I had an unimaginable encounter yesterday night."

"Oh, okay," Jonathan said, he was now at ease because Okello the puncher was not there to punch him. "So what happened?" Jonathan asked, eager to hear what had brought Okello to his doorstep.

Okello took a deep breath and then began narrating the story of how he was woken up by a violent gale, how the angel appeared at the window, and how he went out of his body.

"Hold on, .... this is incredible," Jonathan said, euphorically. "Then what happened?" he asked in a hurry, eager to hear more.

Okello continued with his narration, he explained how they flew to the gate of heaven and what he saw along the way, the book of life, and his name on it. He went on to describe everything he saw and the people he met.

Jonathan was overly stunned and could not believe his ears. Finally, Okello removed the scroll from his pocket and handed it to Jonathan.

Seeing the scroll, Jonathan was ecstatic beyond description because he understood clearly that he was handling something that was not earthly, and after reading what was on the scroll, he knew exactly where that scripture was quoted from the Bible. He immediately reached for his bicycle. "We have to go, ..... we have to go now," Jonathan insisted.

"Where to?" Okello inquired eagerly.

"We need to go to church. We have to show this to the pastor. This is big, .... this is huge," Jonathan said vivaciously while riding away.

Okello jumped on his bicycle and rode after Jonathan and before long, they reached the church. The two stormed in and hastily ran to the pastor's office and were lucky to find him, busy arranging books on the shelves. After catching their breath, Jonathan introduced Okello to the pastor.



Then Okello narrated his supernatural encounter and then handed the scroll to the pastor.

After listening to Okello's story and holding the scroll from heaven, the pastor was extraordinarily dumbstruck and thrilled. He asked Okello if he was willing to share his experience with the congregation the following day, which was on Sunday, and Okello agreed. That day, Okello spent time in his bedroom, he was a bit distant and his family members noticed. It was rather unusual but they didn't want to ask him any questions.

Come the following day, early in the morning, Okello's family members prepared themselves to go to church as usual and were speechless when Okello said that he was going to join them. They could not believe that Okello had woken up early and was already dressed for church.

"What happened to him?" Okello's family members wondered, exchanging glances, but they did not ask him, although, they were happy. After they were all set, they boarded the car and their father drove them to the house of God.

After worship and with everybody seated, the pastor stood up and welcomed everybody, and then told the congregation that he wanted to introduce a young man who had had a supernatural encounter.

The congregation was surprised and people murmured among themselves wondering who the young man was. Then, Okello stood up and strode to the pulpit. From there, Okello gazed at the congregation and saw how eager they were to hear from him. One of the ushers handed him a microphone. Meanwhile, Okello's family members were stunned, also eager to hear what Okello had experienced because they had noticed that he had become unusually quiet and distant.

"My name is Aden Obed Okello, but a lot of people know me as Okello the puncher," he began and then broke down and began crying. Everybody was surprised and wondered what might have happened to him.

Okello sobbed and sobbed and then began apologizing, "I ask for forgiveness from everybody I have hurt," he said while wailing. After he regained composure, he narrated the story, telling everything that took place and the crowd was utterly stupefied. When the pastor brought forth the scroll, people stood up and jubilated, worshiping and glorifying God. All of them wanted to touch the scroll.

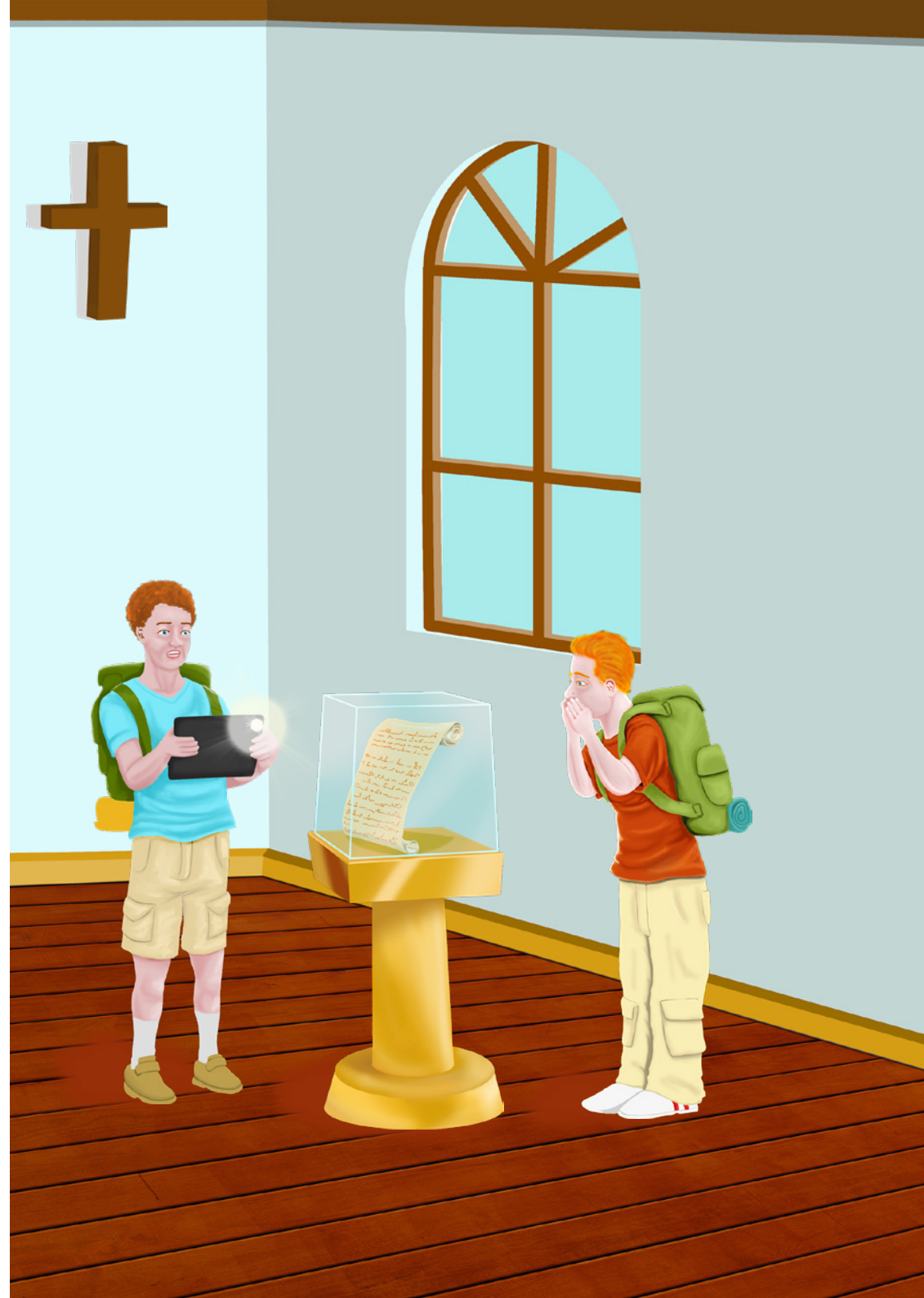




Thereupon, Okello turned to a new leaf and began living according to the scriptures. His testimony changed a lot of people, including his dreadful friends.

The scroll from heaven was sealed in glass and was placed in front of the church for a testimony, and hosts of people traveled from different parts of the world just to catch a glimpse. It was a reminder to them that there is a greater place after life on earth, that a soul never dies.

The End.



**Revelation 21:27**

‘Nothing impure will ever enter it, nor will anyone who does what is shameful or deceitful, but only those whose names are written in the Lamb’s Book of Life.’

**Revelation 3:20**

‘Behold, I stand at the door and knock. If anyone hears my voice and opens the door, I will come in to him and eat with him, and he with me.’

If you feel your heart is not right with your Creator,  
please say this prayer.

**Repentance Prayer**

Mighty Heavenly Father, in the mighty name of Jesus Christ,  
I humbly come before you. I repent of all my sins  
and I beg you to have mercy upon me and forgive me.  
Please cover me with the precious blood of Jesus Christ  
and fill me with the Holy Spirit to help me walk in righteousness.  
I beg you to write my name in the Book of Life  
and I plead with you Jesus our saviour to remember me  
when you come for the church.  
In Jesus’ mighty and glorious name I pray, amen.

After saying this prayer  
please find a church that worships the Father in spirit  
and in truth and get baptized.

**The Armor of God**

Ephesians 6:10-12

Finally, be strong in the Lord and in his mighty power.  
Put on the full armor of God,  
so that you can take your stand against the devil’s schemes.  
For our struggle is not against flesh and blood,  
but against the rulers, against the authorities,  
against the powers of this dark world,  
and against the spiritual forces of evil  
in the heavenly realms.

Prepare the way. The Messiah is coming.  
May the peace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you now and  
forever more. Amen.

This is an incredible book that helps believers and nonbelievers to delve deep into their life and reflect upon it.

**Summary:**

Jonathan's prayer is answered after he forgives Okello the puncher and his bully friends after they cornered and beat him up.

Okello the puncher is taken to heaven and is exposed to life-changing revelations. He meets the Bible's protagonists and understands how heaven operates.

Okello is a fictional character but his encounters are drawn from real supernatural experiences.

"I will testify. Heaven is real, and Jesus Christ is the son of the living God because through his precious blood, I have witnessed a lot of miracles. Glory be to Adonai."



**Rachael K. Hoffmann**

is a fiction story writer who loves writing captivating, adventurous stories. As a believer, she wanted to write this book in the year 2015, but she did not have the grace until early 2022; when the Holy Spirit of God instructed her to write.

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