

Trying to Find the Words

⁹But, as it is written,

“What no eye has seen, nor ear heard,

nor the heart of man imagined,

what God has prepared for those who love him”— I Cor. 2:9

In 1962, The World’s Fair came to Seattle. It was such a big deal that even Elvis came to see it and perform. In that year, Jackie and I had already been married two years. Jackie was Head Nurse of a floor at Sparrow Hospital. I was a poor student working part-time at Sears. Together we hatched a plot to go out and see the fair. Money was scant and time was short. We would make the trip, see the exposition, and return in the two short weeks before the fall term. Jackie’s married sister lived in the area. Our brother-in-law was an engineer for Boeing. We would stay with them.

It was an era before freeways. We would take the two-lane highways. The good news: There was no speed limit for much of our intended course and gasoline was everywhere still under 30 cents per gallon. We drove North from East Lansing over the New Mackinac Bridge, across the UP, Wisconsin, Minnesota, North Dakota, Montana, Idaho, arriving in Washington in just three days. The end of day two found us at the Eastern gate of Glacier National Park. The last few hours of our drive had been in darkness. We checked into an AAA recommended hotel (about \$10). It had been a long and tiring day. We slept soundly.

When we awoke and looked out, we saw for the first time the unspeakable beauty of our surroundings. The sun was bright. A few fluffy clouds hung lazily in the bright blue sky. It was only the first week of September, but a light snow had fallen, providing a stunning contrast to the still visible green vegetation.

Neither of us had ever seen the Rocky Mountains. In the park area they present themselves with stunning abruptness - rising perpendicularly from the landscape without escalating introduction. Our schedule did not permit lollygagging. We took the Going to the Sun Highway through the park (We were going in that direction anyway). In my long life blessed with a fair amount of travel, I have never experienced such beauty as we enjoyed that day. One struggles to find the words!

Have you ever wondered why it is that we are told so little about heaven? The Lord has been preparing it for a long time. The Gospel tells of its existence, the great price that was paid to permit our possession and a few bare essentials of its design and features. But considering that it will be our eternal home, we are not given much detail. The apostle here tells us why: No elect eye has seen it. No human visitor has ever described it. The most

capacious mind among Adams race has not imagined it. Therefore: WE HAVE NO WORDS – NO LANGUAGE TO DESCRIBE IT.

We must be content to wait. If, in our present bodies, we could read an accurate account of our future abode or were allowed a quick peek at our new and eternal digs or were permitted to truly imagine our forever home – it would probably kill us!

To paraphrase Marlon Brando’s famous line from the film *A Few Good Men*: “We can’t handle the truth”.

We are on the Going to the Sun Highway

We know only the essentials concerning our destination but that is, as with all things, for our good!

George Moore

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