

# In heaven now

February 28, 2011

Looking at Selah, I couldn't help but think the same thing. She looked so peaceful. Maybe that was because she was gone, and her body was OK with that departure. Before the funeral home took her body away, we all knelt beside her bed and prayed. I pictured her dancing and singing in the presence of God; even doing the hokey-pokey, which she learned in the refugee camps.

The sobs of Selah's daughters brought me back to earth, and reminded me that death still has a sting. It stung here, there is no doubt. But it will not sting for long: death has been defeated, and we have hope that we too will do the hokey-pokey with Selah someday.

I explained to a boy that my shirt has a Bible verse on it: "Because we loved you so much, we were delighted to share with you not only the gospel of God but our lives as well." As we mourned together, there is little doubt that we were living this verse out.

They shared with us their songs, and we shared our prayers. I looked across the room to the short Mongolian man with few teeth left and wearing a "happy new year" hat and saw my brother. My sisters were there crying, then singing, then serving us tea. I held my daughter today, and was touched by the joy that such innocence can bring.

I pray that you will share with me. Be burdened with me. Lose sleep with me. I know God goes to great lengths to pursue us. He saturated me with his truth until I was convinced of it. He showed himself to Selah through dreams and visions. He pursued another Bhutanese friend through little gospel tracks handed to him as he worked in a restaurant.

Pray that God will pursue the Bhutanese, and reveal himself to them. I pray

for more people to go and share the good news. I pray that more Bhutanese will join Selah in heaven one day.

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