

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.

Acknowledgments and Appreciation

I want to thank the Holy Spirit of God for guiding me through this book. I also take this opportunity to thank 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 thank my illustrator, Kevin Ngugi Gitau, and my editor, Willson Macharia, for their patience 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 named Okello. He was a big, mean, and ruthless boy who liked preying on timid boys and girls. Most of his classmates and the children in the neighborhood were extremely terrified of him because of his muscular physique. Whenever they crossed paths with him, they hid immediately. They had nicknamed him "Okello the Puncher" because he loved punching them.

Okello the Puncher had four friends : Cozy, Jimmy, J.M., and Skinny P. Together, they were the tyrants and bullies of their school and neighborhood. The five atrocious boys tormented the younger 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 the crimes that Okello and his awful friends had committed at school and in the neighborhood, yet they did not know how to change him.

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

“Ahhh... if it isn’t the four-eyed, geeky boy,” Okello said, 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 pounding out of his chest, unable to utter a word.

“Where have you been? How long has it been? 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 Bible study, I always hide at that corner and wait for you guys to leave this spot, then I pass by.”

“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 would get back early to help her,” Jonathan muttered.

“Uuuuuuwiiii! We have a mummy’s boy here,” Skinny P exclaimed, 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, then punched Jonathan hard in the stomach.

“That is for hiding from us.” He swung his iron fist, punching Jonathan again in the left cheek. Jonathan fell to the ground immediately.

“And that is for being a sissy and a mummy’s boy,” Okello said, then laughed hysterically.

“What a loser!” the five boys said, laughing as they strode away, leaving Jonathan on the ground.

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



Jonathan would have loved to report the bullies. However, whenever he did so, they denied the accusations, taunted him, and beat him again for telling. Because of this, Jonathan learned to keep quiet and forgive them, just as the Bible instructs believers to forgive those who have wronged them.

When he arrived home, Jonathan spotted his mother in the living room, entertaining the guests. He did not want her to see his swollen cheek, so, as quietly as a mouse, he tiptoed to his room, locked the door, and began nursing his wounds. His stomach, jaw, and head were all throbbing painfully.

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

"Hi, J... I saw you sneaking in. Are you okay?" Jonathan's mother called out through the door.

"Yes, Mum... I'm okay. I'm just tired. I had a long day," Jonathan replied. He was afraid of how his mother would react if she saw 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 help yourself. I'm going to bed," Jonathan's mother called out, and then walked away.

After lying in bed for a couple of hours, staring at the beautiful, twinkling stars through the window, Jonathan sat up. He reached for his Bible, which was resting next to a lamp on his bedside table, and opened it to Psalm 91. He read verses 1, 5, and 11: "Whoever 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, asking God to forgive the bullies, change their hearts, and help them turn from their wicked ways. He then switched off the lamp and snuggled under the cozy bedsheets.



Meanwhile, Okello was lying in bed at home, busy playing a video game on his mobile phone. His parents had called him to join the family for 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 in supernatural conspiracies that science could disprove. Therefore, just like on other nights, after playing his video games, Okello fell asleep soundly.

After a few hours of enjoying a tranquil slumber, Okello was woken by the banging of his windows. He had forgotten to close them, and a violent gust was slamming them back and forth. It was freezing, and magnificent moonlight filled his bedroom. Okello rubbed his heavy eyes while searching for his flip-flops. After putting them on, he stood up and began striding towards the window to close it. But as he walked sluggishly, his eyes were fixed on the banging window. In the blink of an eye, a male angel appeared out of thin air and sat on the edge of the windowsill, his pale legs swinging back and forth like a pendulum.

Okello was stupefied and froze in surprise. "I must be dreaming," he thought while staring at the angel. The angel was pale, dressed in a long, white robe. He had short, black, curly hair, and his blue eyes glistened. He had long, thick lashes and beautiful eyebrows. His nose, mouth, and chin were perfectly proportioned, 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 close 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 and mystified, and wondered why he was not waking up from the dream. While he was still 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, staring 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 asked fearfully, his heart pounding rapidly. “Maybe I’m dead,” he thought to himself.

“No, you are not dead,” the angel said swiftly, having read Okello’s thoughts. “I am your 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. He spun around immediately, his eyes landing on his bed. Okello was thunderstruck to see himself lying on the bed. “How is this possible? ... I’m definitely dreaming,” he mumbled, stupefied.

“No, you are not dreaming,” the angel assured him, stretching out his right hand and gesturing for Okello to take it. “We have to leave now.”

Okello was petrified. He did not want to hold the angel’s hand because he did not know what would happen next. But despite his intense apprehension, Okello found himself reaching for the angel’s hand hesitantly, and the angel grasped it firmly. The moment their hands touched, they began to ascend. They rose up and passed right through the window. Okello was utterly dumbstruck; he could not believe he was flying.

“This is incredible,” Okello said, gazing at his neighborhood, which was illuminated by gleaming streetlights. As they continued upward, Okello watched his home, his neighborhood, and the entire city fade away. Before long, the Earth had become a tiny ball disappearing behind him.



They were now in space. As they rose higher, Okello was fascinated to see how the planets were aligned. They were exactly as drawn in his science book. He was also mesmerized to see countless shooting stars going up and down.

“Hmmm ... this is unusual,” he thought, because his science teacher had not mentioned stars going up. He recalled clearly what his science teacher had taught him: that shooting stars were solid matter, usually rocks that enter Earth’s atmosphere at high speeds and then vaporize.

“Those are not shooting stars,” said the angel, startling Okello, whose mind had drifted far away.

“What are they?” Okello asked in surprise, glancing at the bright balls of light.

Then they paused, hovering in space and watching the lights go 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 inside the glistening balls.

“You see, the balls of light going down are the souls of children who will be born soon on Earth, and the balls of light going up to heaven are the souls of people who have just died. The souls going to heaven belong to people who lived righteously while on Earth. They were good, and they believed in Jesus Christ and the Creator of heaven and 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. He glanced to his left and saw a transparent, glass-like tube. Inside, there were angels dressed in white. Some were going up, while others were moving downward slowly, like snails.

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

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

Okello was stunned. He had no idea that such things took place in the spiritual realm.

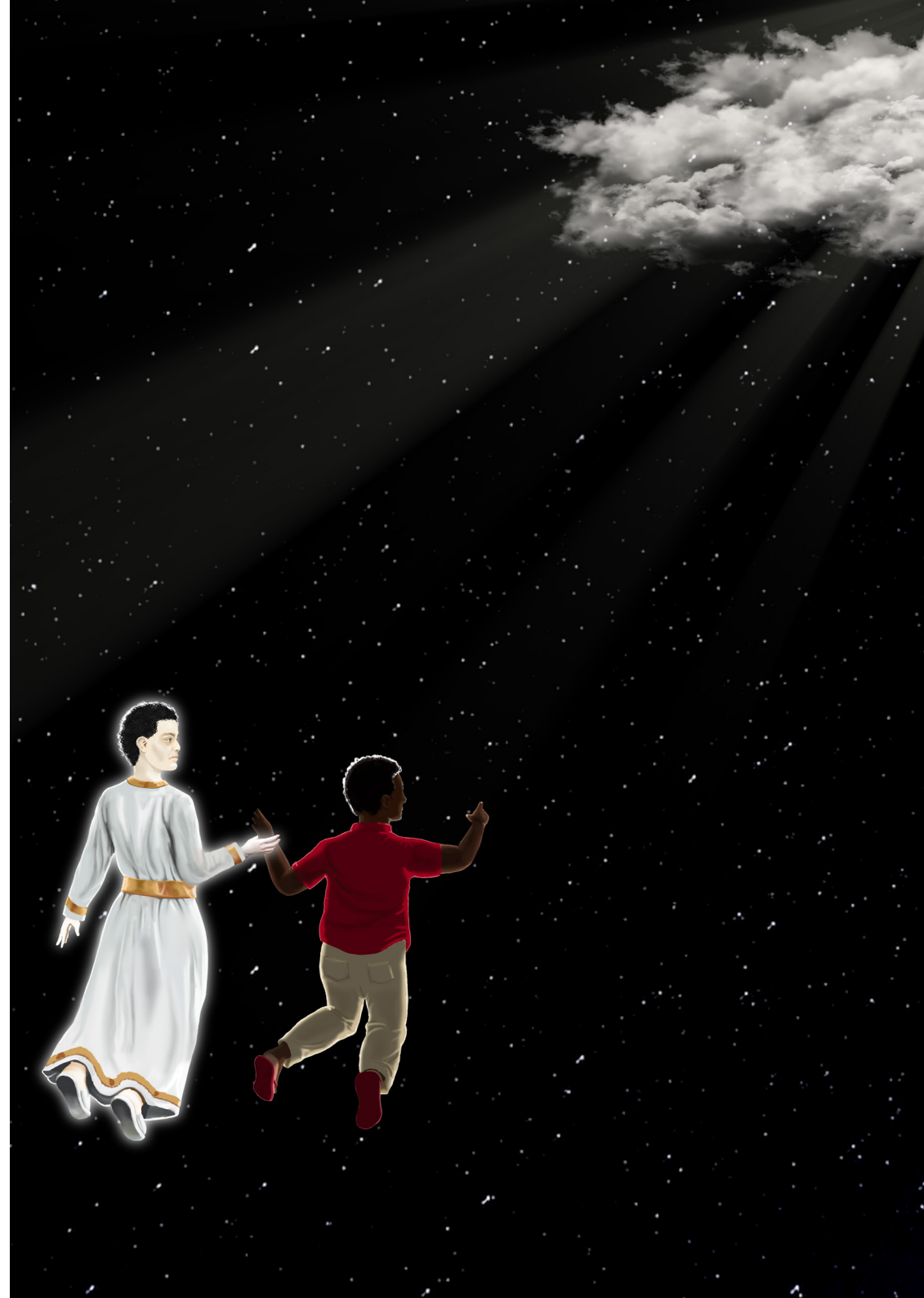


They continued to ascend, and after a while, Okello spotted clusters of dark gray clouds. Within them were striking, gleaming lights.

“Is that heaven?” Okello asked the angel, pointing at the brilliant lights.

“Yes ... that is heaven,” the angel replied.

They continued rising, heading toward the radiant light, even though Okello was indescribably terrified. He did not understand why he was being taken to heaven, but he did not want to ask the angel, so he kept quiet, eager to see what heaven looked like.



After a short while, they passed through the clusters of clouds, through the shimmering 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 every race—walking toward the gigantic gate that was gleaming with indescribably beautiful light. Okello did not utter a word. He assumed that the glistening gate was the entrance to heaven, so he began striding behind the angel, who was now heading in that direction.



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 it was. The gleaming, gigantic door was made of the finest precious stones and sparkled with radiant colors—the kind of colors that Okello had never seen before. The gate was so unusually long that he was unable to see its end.

On the right side of the glorious gate stood an angel as tall as a giant. He wore a long, white robe that swept the ground, and around his waist was a golden belt adorned with intricate patterns. He had short, curly hair and clutched a very long sword with gleaming edges. His expression was as stern as a soldier's. A few meters to their left stood another angel of average height. Looking closely at the angel, Okello was utterly surprised to see a book floating in the air in front of him.

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

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



Gazing at the book, Okello was extremely intrigued to see how it floated and how its pages turned by themselves. The book was wide, with white pages and names written in royal blue ink on both sides of each page. As the pages flipped, Okello was 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 others disappearing?” Okello asked the angel nervously.

“The names appearing in the Book of Life belong to people on Earth who have just received Jesus Christ into their hearts after repenting before the Creator of heaven and Earth. The disappearing names belong to those believers on Earth who were doing good deeds and staying on the right path, but somehow have lost their way and are now committing evil deeds. If a person dies and their name is not in the Book of Life, then they will not enter heaven,” the angel explained.

Upon hearing that, Okello’s heart began to pound rapidly, and he was filled with great agony once 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 gates of heaven began to part, opening slowly and majestically. Okello’s eyes were fixed on the gleaming entrance, eager to catch a glimpse of heaven. Once the gates were fully open, Okello’s awestruck eyes landed on the enormous, glorious city.



The megacity had shimmering golden roads . Okello was perplexed and stood frozen like a statue, unable to blink. “Heaven really exists!” he mumbled. Then, all of a sudden, a feeling of unworthiness enveloped him . He was unable to take a step forward because his heart and deeds were unrighteous; they were condemning him and holding him back.

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

As they strode inside, Okello was awed beyond words by everything his dazzled eyes beheld. They were walking on stupendous, shimmering, broad roads made of fine gold. Beside the golden road grew immaculate, radiant flowers that had blossomed brilliantly. The flowers displayed amazing shades of color that Okello had never seen before. Okello hurried over to the flowers and crouched down to take a good look at the divine blooms.

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

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

Okello straightened up gently, and they continued walking through heaven. “Nobody will believe me if I tell them I was in heaven,” Okello thought.

The sky was bright blue and filled with fluffy white clouds. It was neither cold nor hot, but felt like a perfect, warm spring day. 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 to himself.

The angel gazed at Okello and said, “We don’t have a sun or a moon here. Also, there is no night.”

“Wow ... that is incredible,” Okello exclaimed in awe. He had a lot of questions he wanted to ask, but he was distracted when they came across a graceful, glorious field. The field was blanketed in short, green grass that shimmered. It resembled a green lake scattered with countless, tiny diamonds, and at the far end stood beautiful trees with colorful leaves.



On the shimmering ground, children were 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 coexisting peacefully in the same space, with various birds and butterflies fluttering above. "What a happy, marvelous place!" Okello marveled. He saw two old men wearing ancient robes. One man was standing next to a lion, 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 wild animals at such close range before. Right then, he and the angel walked across the gleaming grass and approached the old men.

When they reached the two old men, the man patting the lion greeted Okello and introduced himself, saying, "Hello, I'm Daniel." Then, the other man holding the tiny blue weaverbird grinned at Okello and said, "I'm Noah."

When Okello heard their names, he grinned broadly. "Oh my ... you are Daniel and Noah from 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 he had thought they were just made up.

As Okello stood there in awe in front of the legends, he saw a brown-and-white dog running toward him. He looked at the dog intently. "I remember this dog," he thought. "This was my dog when I was six years old, but he was run over and killed by a speeding truck," Okello told the angel. He did not understand how the dog was still alive because he had buried him.

The dog, named Bosco, ran up 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 told the angel in amazement.

"Here, we mostly communicate through thought," the angel explained.

"Wow! You have really grown, Okello," Bosco exclaimed.

Okello grinned gleefully while petting Bosco's soft fur. "I'm so happy to



see you, Bosco,” Okello said, almost in tears.

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

Okello wanted to bring Bosco with him, but the angel wouldn’t let him.

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

Sorrowfully, Okello said his goodbyes to Bosco, hoping to see him again.

Then, he and the angel continued walking on the glistening ground.

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

“It is very big. I am unable to estimate its size,” the angel answered.

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

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

“Infinity?” Okello asked in wonder. “How can somebody have infinite years? Unless one is created and then lives forever,” Okello thought, but he did not utter a word. He seemed confused, engulfed by countless questions.

Before long, while still lost in thought, they came across 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 flow produced music—a symphony that was soft, calm, and relaxing.

“Is the water singing?” Okello asked the angel, curiously and in awe.

“Yes, everything here is alive. That is the River of Life,” the angel added, indicating the river with his right hand.

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

“Come, let’s cross the bridge,” the angel said, then began striding toward the golden bridge, and Okello followed him. They crossed it 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. 'לך 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 deeply astonished to see how huge the space was. He was unable to see its end, and there were thousands upon thousands of angels dressed in white, standing in rows. Each angel was holding a glass sphere, and inside each one glowed a white-blue light. The angels had serious expressions and stood rigidly, as though they were protecting the spheres cradled in their hands.

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

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



The moment 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 had appeared to be of standard size, but once inside, he realized that it stretched for 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 in their cradles.

“Oh! What is this place?” Okello asked the angel in astonishment.

“After the children grow in the other room, they are brought here, where their family members take care of them. For the babies who don’t have family members here, the servants and Jesus do,” the angel explained.

“Jesus!” Okello repeated in awe. He was learning a lot and wondered if he would 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 through another door and emerged back onto the golden street.

Directly across from them was another immaculate, tall, ancient building with a captivating door made of exotic wood and carved with beautiful patterns. Above the door was written in Hebrew ‘תומושר’, which translated to “Records” in English. Okello was utterly astounded. “How on earth am I able to understand this language?” he wondered.

“Come, let’s go in,” the angel said.



"This is the library, and it contains all human records from the past, present, and future," the angel said while striding toward the entrance. Okello was confused for a second and stopped in his tracks. "Does this mean that in there I'll find 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 inside. 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 he could not see, and at the front, countless people were seated at tables, reading.

"Could these people be reading books about their loved ones who are still on 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, then strode closer to two elderly men wearing first-century robes. They were seated at a table scattered with books and scrolls.

"Good day to you, dear friends," the angel greeted the two men, and they returned the greeting. "This is Okello. He is touring heaven. Okello, this is Isaiah and John," 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 the Prophet Isaiah. He shifted his focus to John but had no idea who he was. "I'm humbled to be in your presence," Okello said.

"It is our pleasure to meet you, Okello," Prophet Isaiah said with a warm smile.

"Thank you for your time, dear friends. Okay, Okello, let's go," the angel said, then began striding toward the door. But before following the angel, Okello's curious eyes caught 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 rushed to catch 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.

“Yes,” the angel answered, nodding.

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

“Sure,” the angel said, and then strode toward the bookshelves. Okello followed him curiously, thrilled that he was going to learn about his future. After a short while, the angel halted and pulled out a book from a shelf to his right. The book was A5-sized, with 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 cover, he was dumbstruck, and his jaw dropped.

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

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

“I wish I could show you what is written inside, but I am 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 along the golden road. They passed people of all ages and races—young and old. 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 overheard their conversation. "You made it!" the old woman exclaimed to the young man. "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 with modern architecture. After climbing the front steps, they came to a massive steel door. The building's name was written above the door in Hebrew, 'מִיּוֹחָדָה', which translated as "Rejects" in English. Okello wondered what the rejects were, but he did not ask the angel. The angel gently unlatched the door, and together, they strode inside.



The moment 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 it decaying.

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

“These are the offerings that our Creator rejected,” the angel answered while striding deeper inside, 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 with pure intentions.”

Once the angel finished explaining, he led Okello out of the building through another door. Okello was amazed by everything he was learning. He understood that the way humans live on earth had implications in heaven. He also wondered where the angel was going to take him next. After strolling along the golden road for a while, they came across a beautiful garden.



The garden was enormous and was adorned with beautiful, manicured green grass, blossoming colorful flowers, and different types of trees. Scattered 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 toward the crowd as Okello followed him eagerly. Standing amid the joyful crowd, Okello marveled at the sight and understood why the crowd had gathered. In front of them was Jesus, and Okello could tell 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 as soon as He began praying, radiant, colorful flowers with beautiful fragrances began falling out of thin air like snowflakes.

“Oh my,” Okello muttered while gazing in awe at the majestic way 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 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.

Upon hearing that, Okello's mouth fell wide open. He had thought anybody could pray. Watching the happy crowd in the garden, Okello also realized that it comprised people from different time periods by the way they were dressed. As they were leaving the garden, Okello was amazed to recognize some people in 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 street lined with tall buildings and paved with gold. The angel led Okello to an entrance that resembled a hospital, and Okello was startled. "Why do they have a hospital in heaven? Do people get sick here?" Okello wondered.

"No, humans don't get sick here," the angel answered, reading his thoughts. He then walked into the building, and Okello followed him.

Standing away from the reception desk, Okello was astonished to see how busy the place was. There were countless angels dressed in white, each with a doctor's stethoscope around their necks, running up and down the corridors. It was as if they were attending to endless emergencies.

The tour guide pointed at another angel who was standing at the reception desk and said, "That is Rafael. He is the servant in charge of the health department."

"The health department?" Okello repeated, his tone full of curiosity and his eyes darting around. "But where are the patients?" Okello asked.

"The patients are on earth. The servants in this department help humans physically and spiritually," the angel replied, then led him to another massive room that was filled with human body parts.

Okello was shocked to see countless human body parts. "What is the purpose of these body parts?" Okello asked, bewildered.

"When someone is injured back on earth and prays for a new organ, the servants in this department deliver the organ to them as a replacement," the angel explained.

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



After walking for a short while along the glorious street, Okello spotted an enormous, ancient building directly across from them. Above its heavy, wooden door were the Hebrew words 'מִיטְפֶשֶׁמֶה דֶרֶשֶׁם', which translated as "Justice Department" in English. They crossed the road slowly, and the angel led Okello into the Justice Department building. Once they stepped inside, Okello was stunned to see countless angels dressed in white robes that resembled judges' robes, striding in and out of the courtrooms. They also passed through record rooms filled with piles and piles of files.

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

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

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

Upon hearing that, Okello was engulfed by such immeasurable fear that he trembled intensely, unable to breathe.

"Come, let's go," the angel said, then began striding toward another door to their right.

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



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

"The servants in this department protect humans from the Fallen Ones. They go to battle and always come out victorious," the angel said. Okello was puzzled. He did not understand who the "Fallen Ones" were or what battle the angel was talking about. After walking past the formidable army, the angel led Okello to another door, and they found themselves on another golden street lined with beautiful houses. These houses were unique—they resembled the houses on earth. Glancing at his surroundings, Okello believed that the doors they were going through were somehow magical because they led to different locations.



They began strolling through the neighborhood, and Okello marveled at the impeccable houses and their surroundings. It was quiet, and the people strode back and forth majestically. He could hear the birds chirping while they flitted from tree to tree. He also saw colorful butterflies landing on beautiful flowers in the manicured yards. "This is a very peaceful place," Okello thought.

After walking for a while, they came across a two-story mansion that was unfinished, and Okello halted and gazed at it. "This is unusual; why is there an unfinished house in heaven?" Okello wondered, and the angel answered him immediately. He could always read Okello's thoughts.

"The reason this house is not finished is that 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 earth," the angel explained, but Okello seemed even more confused.

They continued walking through 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 mud house.

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

Okello halted immediately and spun around to see who was calling. When he saw his grandmother, he ran as fast as he could and joyfully hugged her, shedding tears of joy.

"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, along with 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 ago," 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 curiously.

"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 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 we don't have much time," the angel urged Okello.

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

"Please, let me taste the cake," Okello begged the angel.

One day, back on earth, Okello's grandmother had 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 if the story was real. "I have an opportunity to taste something from heaven," Okello thought silently, eagerly waiting for his grandmother to bring refreshments.

In a split second, Okello's grandmother rushed into the living room carrying a golden serving tray. On it was a piece of cake that resembled a four-layered vanilla Black Forest cake with a cherry on top, and beside it, a golden cup with steaming hot chocolate.

Okello's eyes lit up with delight as he salivated because the cake seemed incredibly delicious. He could hardly believe that he was going to taste something from heaven.

Once Okello's grandmother placed the refreshments on the table, Okello quickly reached for the cake and scooped a mouthful with a golden fork. The cake was so flavorful that Okello had to close his eyes while eating.



It was absolutely delicious, and Okello had never tasted anything like it before. While Okello was enjoying the cake, the angel again insisted, "We really have to go." But Okello seemed lost, captivated by the taste of the cake and enjoying the moment.

As he was reaching for the golden cup, the angel touched his left shoulder. Instantly, 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.

"We don't have much time," the angel said, and then they continued striding deeper inside.

Okello wondered where they were. He could hear the pleasant, angelic music of a choir singing, "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty." The music was divine, calm, and heartwarming. As they continued walking further in, two men with long gray beards holding smooth, curved wooden staffs passed them. Immediately, Okello knew who the men were. They were Moses and Elijah of the Bible. Okello halted abruptly and stared at them, astounded, thinking about how Moses had parted the Red Sea and how a chariot of fire had taken Elijah to heaven.

The angel turned back, took Okello's right hand, and led him inside. The space was expansive, and young angels were walking back and forth majestically. At a distance, Okello saw an extraordinary, radiant light, and in it, a stunning, colorful rainbow and six-winged angels floating. In front of the bright light was a throne and twenty-four 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. Immediately, Okello dropped to his knees as well, finding himself praying and repenting of his sins.

Then, all of a sudden, Okello heard his mother calling him. Astonished, he opened his 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, 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 walked 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 wandering. 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 table. "Where did this scroll come from?" he wondered, full of apprehension. Okello walked slowly and stood next to the table, 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 astonished 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. Quick 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.



As soon as he reached Jonathan's home, he got off his bicycle, bolted to the door, and began knocking. Jonathan's mother opened the door, and when she saw Okello, she shrieked, calling for Jonathan. Shortly after, Jonathan walked toward the door. When he saw Okello the Puncher, he trembled. "Hey ... I didn't tell anybody that you beat me up yesterday," Jonathan said to Okello without wasting a single second.

"I'm not here because of that," Okello said, reassuring Jonathan, and then he paused for a long moment. "I'm here because I had an unimaginable encounter last 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 his spirit left his body.

"Hold on ... this is incredible," Jonathan said excitedly. "Then what happened?" he asked hurriedly, eager to hear more.

Okello continued with his narration. He explained how they flew to the gates of heaven and what he saw along the way, including the Book of Life. He told Jonathan how he had seen his name written inside it. He went on to describe everything he saw and the people he met.

Jonathan was utterly 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 overjoyed because he understood clearly that he was handling something heavenly. After reading what was on the scroll, he knew exactly which book of the Bible that scripture was from. 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 enthusiastically while riding away.

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



Okello narrated his supernatural encounter and handed the scroll to the pastor. After listening to Okello's story and holding the scroll from heaven, the pastor was utterly stunned and thrilled. He asked Okello if he was willing to share his experience with the congregation the following day, 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.

The following day, early in the morning, Okello's family prepared 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. They did not ask him, though they were happy. After they were all set, they boarded the car, and their father drove them to the house of God.

After worship, with everyone seated, the pastor stood up and welcomed the congregation, then told them 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, then broke down and began crying. Everybody was surprised and wondered what might have happened to him.

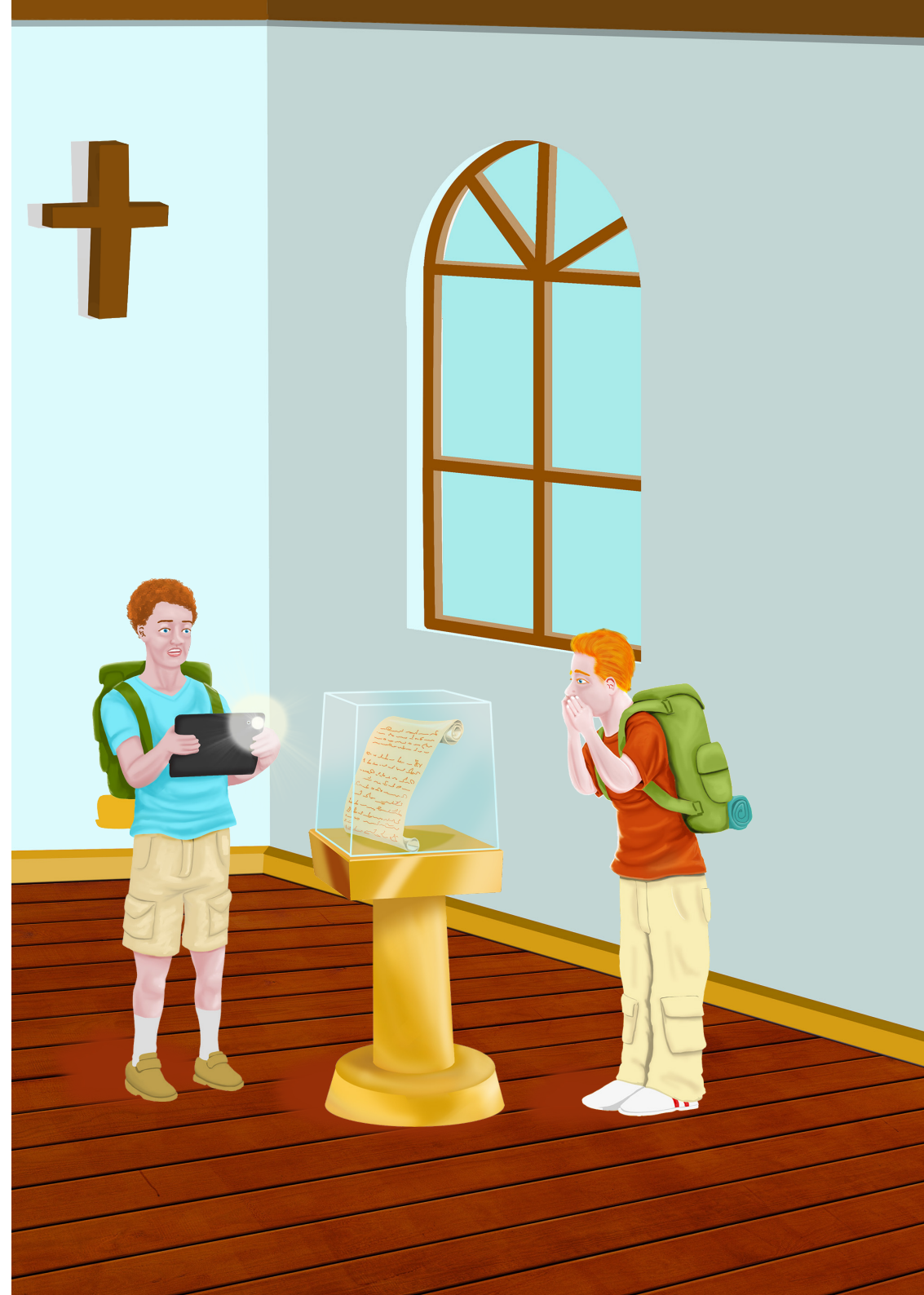
Okello sobbed and sobbed, then began apologizing. "I ask for forgiveness from everyone I have hurt," he said while wailing. After he regained his composure, he narrated the story, telling everything that took place, and the crowd was utterly astonished. When the pastor brought forth the scroll, people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



From that day on, Okello turned over a new leaf and began living according to the scriptures. His testimony changed a lot of people, including his wicked friends.

The scroll from heaven was encased in glass and was placed at the front of the church as a testimony. Crowds of people traveled from different parts of the world just to catch a glimpse of it. It was a reminder to them that there is a greater place after this life on earth, and 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 friends for cornering and beating 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



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.