

To the Shore of the Sea of Heaven

A private room in the children's ward
a mother and small son together.

Into a thin and pale hand
a large needle is placed,
a drop drops silently
from a large bottle.

The mother moistens the hot lips of her son
with a damp cotton swab
and quietly strokes his brow.

-Mother, an angel visited here last night,
it was not the believing nurse
but an entirely real angel.

Mother, you do believe in angels, don't you?

-Surely mother believes.

The heavenly Father has sent an angel
as security to all the children of God.

-The angel said to me:

"Will you come to the shore of the sea of heaven,
There it is always warm,
there the sun shines all the time,
neither is it ever dark or foggy."

-What did you answer the angel?

Surely I could go with you, when here in the hospital
I can do no more.

But then I thought of you, mother
and father and all.

I said to the angel,
perhaps I would have a longing for home.

First, I would desire to visit my home and gather all the toys
and get my belongings put away.

--Dear Child, surely they are all in safekeeping
and you are in the hand of the heavenly Father
in better safekeeping
than the best loved toy at home.

Your mother and father and sisters and
brothers

would have great longing for you,
but from the shore of the sea of heaven there is no longing anywhere,
there the open seas shine as gentle countenances.

There we others would desire to be also.

--The angel said, that on the sea of heaven
are many white sails

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but not one sailboat will overturn there, nor will a boat overturn,
as once our boat almost overturned in high winds.

In heaven no one cries, that it hurts
or that strength is ending, that one is unable to rise from bed.

Neither is the tempter
around us in heaven
to fell us into many evil deeds,
which make our consciences sick
and the mind of the heavenly Father sorrowful.

--Would Jesus welcome us
on the shore of the sea of heaven?

--Jesus has a great white throne in heaven,
and there He welcomes all
the children of God.

From His face shines light
to the beautiful open sea of heaven.

--Mother, I desire to go there
neither do I ever have to lay in a hospital bed again.

Mother, yet forgive me everything.

--Dear child,
all transgressions are forgiven
in the name and blood of Jesus.

Already now you may be in the bosom of
your Saviour
and near to His eyes.

A certain summery Sunday
a small white casket was lowered near the shore of the sea
in the shade of the rowan tree.

The sea beamed brightly
and far off on the open sea
rose many gleaming sails
as if they had listened to the church bells chiming.

Niilo Rauhala