

THE NURSERY IN HEAVEN

The following is an extract from *Nine Days in Heaven – the Vision of Marietta Davis – rewritten in contemporary English by Dennis and Nolene Prince*.

The story was written over a hundred and fifty years ago when 25 year old Marietta experienced a remarkable nine day vision of heaven and hell.

A significant part of Marietta's story relates to the angelic care of the infants she saw in heaven. Many, many readers who have lost babies or small children have been enormously helped by these chapters.

Here is one example from a bereaved parent.

My daughter was born premature. God let me hold, sing to and comfort her for 90 minutes before she left. *Nine Days in Heaven* was a big help to me. It has been almost six years since my angel left and when I start to get selfish again I re-read *Nine Days* to remind me what her life is like now. She now receives more love and nurturing than any earthly father could ever give her. Thank you.

I think you should put out a short pamphlet on the nursery in heaven for people who have just lost a child. I know that if someone had handed me *Nine Days* when I lost my daughter I would have looked at the 150 pages and not read it. Parents need something short that can give them comfort when they have to face the loss of a child.

In response to this request the following extract of the relevant passage is now made available for free download.

The extract commences from the end of chapter five. Marietta is in heaven with her angel guide, and has just been talking to a boy who was taken to heaven as a small baby.

Marietta continues her story

Then I saw a completely different scene. Below me in a little room I saw a woman kneeling by the lifeless body of her dead child. Her body shook as she wept. Tears were streaming from her eyes. Then she stopped crying and her face became like marble, her eyes set and glassy. Her whole body quivered as she pressed kiss after kiss on the cold cheek of her lost baby.

A man dressed in black entered solemnly, and silently approached the weeping mother. Taking her hand he said, "Come dear one. Try to understand that the Lord gave and now the Lord has taken away; may the name of the Lord be praised."⁽²⁾ Remember that Jesus said, '*Let the little children come to me and do not hinder them, for the kingdom of heaven belongs to such as these.*'⁽³⁾ Jesus also told us that '*their angels in heaven always see the face of my Father in heaven.*'"⁽¹⁾

The scene changed and I saw the mother sitting beside a coffin with a gathering of people. She was staring at the ceiling, her face filled with grief. In front of the coffin stood the solemn man whom I had seen before. He read a Psalm, prayed for the distressed, and then endeavoured to encourage the mourners by explaining from the bible that the baby, though dead, would live again, and that an angel had taken it to Abraham's tender care.⁽⁴⁾

The scene eventually faded and the boy said to me, "That lifeless form you just saw in the vision was my body, and the weeping woman was my mother. The scene showed you what happened after I left my body. The solemn man was a Christian minister. The passing angel who paused before us just now was the one who carried me to the place prepared for young fragile children. These angel spirits are continually nourishing their little minds. Would you like to visit that nursery?"

He looked up at the angel, as if to ask permission to take me there.

Chapter B1

In a moment we were moving upwards, in the direction taken by the angel with the baby. Soon we approached a city, built in the middle of a plain covered in flowers. I saw stately buildings and streets lined with shady trees. Birds of all colours perched in the branches, their different notes blending together in perfect harmony. Many were identical to birds I knew on earth, but they were as superior to them as the Paradise itself was superior to the earth.

As we journeyed on, the beauty and harmony increased as new vistas appeared. I was struck by the stunning architecture of the buildings and magnificent sculptures outside them. Fountains sparkled in the light and beautiful trees waved their extended branches. The interwoven flowers and flowering vines became more beautiful the further I went. I also saw many avenues, winding up towards a common central point.

As we headed to this point a vast and complex structure rose in front of us. The outer walls and towers seemed to be made of marble, delicate as snow in appearance. This structure was the foundation for a vast canopy, like a dome, yet far bigger than any similar earthly dome could ever be. As we drew near I saw that the dome was suspended over a vast circular space.

"This dome," said my guide, "is the place where all infants from earth are gathered for instruction. The outer buildings are the nurseries where they are first brought, to be nourished by their guardian angel.

"Each nursery, though individually unique, is a miniature of the vast instruction dome. They are the homes for the infant spirits until they develop sufficiently to enter the Paradise of youth where the instruction is more advanced. Over each nursery are seven maternal guardians.

"You can see, Marietta, that no two buildings are alike in their decoration inside or out, yet they all blend harmoniously together. Also, each guardian angel has a different radiant light, and appearance.

"Whenever an infant dies on earth, the guardian angel who brings it here considers all of its abilities and places it with others of similar ability. According to its

artistic, scientific or social abilities, each is given a home best suited to the development of its gifts.

"Each building is directed by a group of seven maternal guardian angels. Each one has a similar type of mind to the others, and works perfectly together with them.

"The infants are taken out each day, or at special times, to the centre dome for their teaching and development.

"When they have developed sufficiently, they are moved from their homes and enter the general assembly in the great centre dome of instruction. As this happens an angelic choir forms a cloud above them, singing alleluias to their Prince and Saviour."

As the spirit finished speaking, to my amazement I saw on our right, the wall of one of the nurseries being removed, as though an invisible hand had drawn aside a curtain. I was able to see completely inside. Supremely bright, it was adorned with great artistic beauty, in keeping with the splendour of the entire Paradise of infants.

At first I felt ashamed and unworthy to even look at a place so pure and lovely. Almost without realising I cried out, "This is heaven!"

My instructress responded. "Marietta, you can see something of what infant life is like in Paradise. We will go in to see even more. Mortals know so little of the happiness of their little ones who die as babies.

We walked along together. "Those who believe in Christ become reconciled to their loss when they submit in their hearts. I was once a mother in the world of sorrow and loss. I learned what it was to farewell a baby who came into the world only to break my mother's heart at death. I learned to weep but I also learned the priceless value of faith in God's mercy through our Lord Jesus Christ.

"Three times I held my beloved babies in my arms. They were flesh of my flesh, bone of my bone and life of my life. I looked up to God and adored him for the precious gifts. But I had hardly begun to love them and look forward to the future when they were gone, and I was left wounded and hopeless.

Her face showed the sorrow she had once felt. "I trusted in Jesus, and gave them over to him, believing they were well. But, Marietta, if I had only known, if I could have only seen what you see! Knowing these things, together with my faith, would have given me a much greater peace. For the baby who left its parents in such sadness, waits here for their arrival safe from the evils of sin. Look, Marietta," her face brightened, "look at them."

As I looked, another section of the interior suddenly opened before me. It was a beautifully decorated temple. In circular tiers, one rising above another, I saw small niches shaped like segments of circles. In each lay an infant spirit attended by a guardian angel. Each angel's task was to prepare the infant for higher existence, bringing it to a holy usefulness for its never-ending life. The angel breathed upon the baby and each breath caused its capacity and life to expand. It instilled holy love and inspiration, for its power came from God. God's life-giving Spirit permeates all angels in heaven.

As we entered the nursery I watched the infants as they awoke to a still greater consciousness. They looked at their angels bending over them and responded with beautiful smiles.

If only I could properly describe even this one nursery! If only I could fix it in your mind so that you could fully appreciate its glorious magnificence! Then I would be happier! But I am not able to do so. Words frustrate me!

I saw other angels whose task it was to play melodies on a variety of instruments. This music mingled continually with angelic voices, all so soft and beautiful. It was life giving, bringing energy and strength to the infants as they lay there beside their smiling guardians.

"This", said my guide, "is only one of many great temples or nurseries, all of them similar. If only earthly parents could realise it, this is like the birth place of those who leave their bodies before they reach understanding. From here they go up to places specially prepared for them. But Marietta, you have still not seen the most delightful part of this temple."

Chapter B2

As she spoke, each of the guardian angels rose with their infant, and stood poised in the great area around the angel who held the Cross. As they did a brilliant light descended from above, lighting up a majestic retinue of angels surrounding the glorious Redeemer. I was completely awed by the scene.

As they approached the centre, the vision of the Cross faded away in the dazzling light. The angel retinue paused and the Redeemer smiled and said, "Bring these little ones to me."⁽¹⁾ I was overwhelmed by the sweetness and gentleness of this gesture and the love that shone from his face. My knees gave way and I sank at the feet of my heavenly guide, but she raised me up and embraced me.

I wish that the whole world could see and hear what happened next. As the Redeemer spoke, the guardian angels came forward, and presented their charges to him. He held his hand above them and goodness, like dew-drops, literally fell from it. The infants seemed to drink from these drops as if they were a fountain of living water. Each drop brought them a liberating freedom that was the very breath of life. They responded in sheer delight at the wonderful experience.

Songs of redemption then rose from the attending angels as they played together on stringed instruments. The Redeemer waved his hand to thank them, and they bowed in response, and veiled their faces in the garment of glory that subsequently enveloped them.

Then the angels in each nursery responded with their own songs, and the music swelled and rolled around the vast temple as the Redeemer and his angels rose out of sight. With that the angels of the temple went back to their tasks.

My guide spoke to me. "This is the simplest part of bringing up infant spirits here. It is a happy task, seeing them develop. Earth would have been the proper place for it, but men and women abandoned their original purity and broke their relationship with the exalted heavenly beings who could have helped this growth and maturing process."⁽²⁾

"Marietta, it was sin that brought about the difference between mankind and angels. It completely changed man's moral nature. Angels are pure and untainted. No evil desires stir wrong actions in them and the purest life flows from them.

"That life nourishes others. Dependent spirits can flourish because of the influence of more exalted angels. Then, in the same way, these more exalted angels

flourish in the glory of even higher groups of angels. Following on, these higher groups benefit from the influence of a still higher class of beings. In that way all pure spiritual beings are united and live in spheres of higher life. Then, as one great body, they live in the life which comes down from God, who is the Life of all.

. "Unbelieving and rebellious people are cut off from these higher natures. They don't know what they have lost, nor do they realise their need of the Saviour-Redeemer. He is the only one who can restore the lost relationship. In this place the mature come to understand the law of salvation and life in Christ, and so come to adore their Redeemer.

She took my arm. "You noticed after the Redeemer blessed the infants all the nurseries burst into praise. That was completely spontaneous. Those who know the effects of sin are well able to recognise the humility and mercy of Jesus, and they adore him from their inmost being. When he moves amongst them they sing silently inside, but as he withdraws they sing out loud. Marietta, these happy beings could no more hold back their joy and thanksgiving than life could stop flowing from Jesus. It is like that throughout heaven, but especially in the places of preparation for the spirits of the redeemed." My guide whispered in awe. "Did you realise that each breath around you is actually a separate song of praise to God?"

She burst out again. "If only men on earth knew how good is God in providing redemption for them! They would stop doing wrong and learn righteousness and the ways of peace. Marietta, do you understand this?"

I felt the reproof, remembering my lack of faith in Jesus' salvation. I wished I could hide myself from the scrutiny of the spirit speaking to me. I had often questioned whether man lives forever and doubted that he could be restored from wrong-doing through the Lord Jesus Christ. But now I realised that Jesus is everything and in everything. He is the source of every pure and holy delight, and the centre and theme of everything I had been allowed to see in the world of spirits.

When the angels returned to tending the infants, my guide told me that the baby spirits were now to be given to another group of angels for the next stage of their advancement. In this I would witness the reception of new infants from earth.

Above me and all around, I saw a new group of angels poised waiting to enter the temple with the new infants. When the first angels had given up their previous charges the new angels entered and filled the central area around the Cross.

"These angels are of a more exalted nature," said my guide. "They are encompassed in a light even greater than that of the temple, and they radiate a halo of light which gives life and love. See how it is concentrating and enveloping the infant spirits.

"There is soft music in this light and it thrills every fibre of their being. As it falls on their ears, the Holy Spirit is transforming the infants and increasing each one's capacity. Each individual part of the infant is brought together perfectly, bringing tone and energy and expansion to their system. This develops the intellect, judgment and understanding, and allows the infant to enjoy its life to the full."

(1) Matthew 19:14 (2) A reference to the fall of Adam and Eve, recorded in Genesis chapter 3

Chapter B3

We paused as a shaft of light moved over us. It enabled me to see that these delicate infants were actually incomplete and unable to function. Each part of them lay separately, able to move but without control, moving only in spasms. They reminded me of beautiful musical instruments, but without strings.

Puzzled by it all I questioned my guide. "When I first saw the infant spirit, it seemed so fragile that I thought it would die. But a light shone down on it and it moved, as though it had received life and energy. But now I can see the tissues and organs of the infant and they are all broken apart. Can they ever be restored? They are so complex."

For my answer I was once again surrounded by light. It enabled me to see the many functions of the infant's spirit responding to the touch of an invisible power so that they blended and adapted to each other in perfect harmony. When they combined together they lost their separate identities and became a single being, full and perfect.

Unconsciously I uttered the words, "Praise God for his mighty works," for I was now looking at an infant restored, a spirit in all the perfection of angelic life. Looking up into the face of the angels it smiled. I reflected on my first sight of the child, scarred by the effects of the sin cursed world, and then looked again at this brand new life. I remembered the bible text, "*Do not be surprised that I said to you, you must be born again.*"⁽¹⁾ I felt also the force of David's words in the Psalms: "*We are fearfully and wonderfully made*"⁽²⁾ Turning to my guide I asked, "Is this real, is this the redemption of a spirit?"

"Yes," said my guide, "What you have seen has really taken place. It is the work of grace on a spirit corrupted by sin." She paused and choked on the words. "Sin! The violation of the law of God.

"Marietta! The quality that was lost in this infant because of sin could not be restored simply by things like light descending from angels or by their beautiful music. The guardian angels could not supply it either. They can only give support during the process.

"The only one who has the power to do this work of restoration is the Redeemer. He tunes each fibre of the infant's being, purifying and breathing the life of holiness into the soul to give new life, health, energy, will and love. He then arranges this new being into a perfect life. So now you see a spirit made complete by redemption.

"Marietta. Treasure this in your heart. Remember too that this is but one infant of the multitudes you have seen in this nursery.

A wave of sound caught my attention. "Now listen Marietta. Can you hear those angels? They are singing praises to God and the Lamb for redemption. There are multitudes of these spirits, and they always thank God like this when a newborn spirit is brought into the harmony and home of heaven."

I looked up and my spirit caught fire as the song rose, wave after wave in ascending praise, adoration and glory - inexpressible and divine! As John said in the book of Revelation, it was like "the voice of many waters."⁽³⁾ It seemed that the whole city became one voice of praise.

"So this is heaven?" I exclaimed!

"It must be wonderful to be considered worthy of entering the city of God! And if

this is only the Infant Paradise, if this is only the song for the restoration of infant spirits, how much greater will the praise be when the redemption of all mankind is complete! How wonderful that day will be! All of the redeemed - the Bride of the Lamb - will take up golden harps to praise him as they rise from the great marriage supper in heaven.

The happiness I experienced was so uplifting that I attempted to join in with the beautiful songs of praise. But as I did, memories of my unworthiness overcame me, and I fell into the arms of my guide.

(1) A reference to John 3:1-17. See also John 1:12-13 (2) Psalm 139:14

(3) Revelation 1:15; 14:2: 19:6

Chapter B4

Looking up into the face of my heavenly guardian I saw an expression of deep emotion sweep over her. Her eyes were fixed earnestly above and her lips moved as if in prayer. At first she looked so sad that I thought she would weep, but I could tell that tears would have been but a poor expression of such deep and profound feeling. I wondered to myself - is it possible that angels can grieve? Can sorrow enter this Holy City?

The music stopped and its echo faded slowly in the distance. Silence reigned over the vast area. I did not dare to move. Then a light from above shone on my protector with increasing brilliance. Her eyes were still fixed, but her breathing became laboured, her lips still and her glowing face took on an expression of deepest reverence. I was so awed by her emotion that I did not notice the cause of it until, without turning her eyes, she gently touched my head and pointed.

With utter astonishment I took in the scene before us. There!! Oh! I wish all the world knew it! There, hanging on the Cross, bleeding and dying - my Lord and Redeemer! Oh! That sight! No human heart can know how it affected the spirits who serve in the Infants' Paradise. The crown of thorns, the nails, the mangled form, the flowing blood, the look of compassion, all were so plainly revealed to me. They told of the most intense and excruciating suffering.

From every part of the city, guardian angels with their infant spirits were gathered around the Cross in deep humility and holy reverence. The angels held out the infant spirits in their care, showing them the Cross and the Sacrifice. Then an angel descended, clothed in bright garments. He moved around the Cross, holding his glittering crown in his hand. Then, bowing, he worshipped in silence like all who had gathered there.

Turning to the guardian angels he said, "Adore him, for he is the Redeemer of a fallen race. Let all heaven adore him!" He lifted up his right hand and I saw in it a little book. Following suit, all the angels did the same, each holding a book of similar size.

At this point a choir of angels appeared. They had palms in their hands and with one voice they sang praise to God and to the Lamb. I could not understand the first song but they finished with the words that the Redeemer spoke long ago: "Let the children come to me. The kingdom of heaven belongs to such as these. God has ordained that little ones will bring him perfect praise."⁽¹⁾ Amen, alleluia, amen!"

Then the guardian angels drew closer to the Cross. Presenting the infants in their

care they were addressed by the angel with the glittering crown, but the message was entirely beyond my understanding. Following this, each infant was touched with a stream of light. They smiled and bowed their heads, and held up in their tiny clasped hands the image of the Cross which the angels had given them.

Once again they were cradled in the arms of their protectors, and the choir sang another anthem. The surrounding spirits joined in, filling the city with the sound. Then the Cross and the Sacrifice disappeared and the angels returned to their places.

(1) Luke 18:18 and Psalm 8:2

The story resumes at chapter six.

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