

Throw Away Your Fear of Death!

One time after breakfast, an angel I had not met before came to me and said, "Lord is asking if you and Tad, the angel, would please come with me. Would you please put on your white robes?"

We all went up and changed. We came back down and went out through the inner and outer gates. Jesus was waiting for us at the foot of the ramp.

He said, "We are going to visit Playland. It is a very holy place."

The Lord was smiling at us. All of a sudden, we were standing on the edge of a vast park-like area.

There were numerous babies. I was struck by the fact that mothers on the earth were heartbroken over the death of their children. If mothers only knew—while they are enduring the rigors of life on the earth, their babies are in a delightful place.

I do not know how long we stood there, watching the children. They all were dressed in white clothing, or else the whiteness was the purity of their own bodily selves. After having seen this spectacle, no one ever would be the same.

There was a multitude of little children. It seemed to me that the children were of all races, including the race of angels. I don't really understand about there being young angels. I thought God created angels at a certain age. Perhaps not!

The little ones were laughing, singing, dancing, playing all sorts of games, and acting out imaginary scenes. I saw Ring Around the Rosie, tag, hide and seek, jump rope, hopscotch,

Simon Says, Follow the Leader—all the childhood games with which I am familiar. There also were games I have never seen before, such as playing tag while everyone was hopping on one foot.

There were rocking horses and seesaws. There were playhouses. Different kinds of colored balls were being thrown back and forth and kicked. There was a long line of children who were playing train. Each child had his hands on the shoulders of the child in front. The boy at the head of the line, obviously a Chinese youngster, was hooting and huffing like a steam engine.

There was another parade going on at the same time. At the head of the parade were five young children, boys, and girls. There were marching and singing a song. Here are the words:

We are happy doggies, marching in a row.

We all play together; we are friends, you know.

We are different sizes. Jesus made us so.

We are happy doggies, marching in a row.

One of the children, I couldn't tell which one, was singing in English. The others were singing in different languages.

Behind the five young children was marching a brown Great Dane. He held his head high. He was stepping in time to the music and his tail was wagging in time to the music.

To finish reading and to receive Chapter 11 from *Godwill Castle* please [CLICK HERE](#).

{eoa}