

**Opal, A Precious Jewel Joins the
Heavenly Throna!**



Revelation 21: 18-21

The wall was built of jasper, and the city was made of pure gold, clear as crystal. Each of twelve foundations was a precious stone. The first was jasper, the second was sapphire, the third was agate, the fourth was emerald, the fifth was onyx, the sixth was carnelian, the seventh was chrysolite, the eighth was beryl, the ninth was topaz, the tenth was chrysoprase, the eleventh was jacinth, and the twelfth was amethyst. Each of the twelve gates was a solid pearl. The streets of the city were made of pure gold, clear as crystal.

Dear Friends,

On Sunday, November 22nd, Opal Glass, my dear friend that lived at Glendale Gardens became a precious heavenly jewel by joining the throng of saints in glory. As a volunteer at the nursing home, it was my good fortune to have been assigned to both Opal and her husband Charles who were known as a cherished couple that encouraged staff members and residents alike.

Although Opal's physical health was rapidly deteriorating, her greatest desire was to outlive her husband so that she could be at his side offering love and attention. In spite of the fact that pushing her wheelchair around his bed so that she could see him better was an increasingly daily struggle, she never took her eyes off him.

Given this longing, one Thursday when I walked into their room, she quietly asked if I would say a prayer to Jesus requesting that this wish be granted. Consequently, before departing, I placed my hand on her forehead and prayed to the Lord that Opal be granted peace that passes all understanding, courage to face whatever circumstances awaited her, and permission to be the last one to turn the lights out.

Folks, sometimes our Father lets his children feel his presence in a glorious manner by answering with an immediate and dramatic response; one that is so electric that it energizes the soul with astonishment.

And... that is exactly what transpired on this particular Thursday. As Opal's request was submitted to the throne of God that she be allowed to feel a sign that her wish was granted, this writer felt a surge of intense heavenly energy flow throughout her being all the way to the hand that rested on this sweet lady's forehead. Feeling the surge of power right from the throne, Opal immediately cried out in astonishment, "Oh, my!" Then, wearing a facial expression of pure delight, she hugged herself tightly where she felt the greatest impact and added, "He answered! I felt his love right here!" And...so she did!

Astonishingly, her husband Charles who was thought to be sleeping opened his eyes and exclaimed, "I felt it, too, all the way over here."

Ladies and gentlemen, our Great Promise Keeper is true to his word. Thus, in good and perfect time, it was only a short while later at the conclusion of the residents' Christmas party, that this writer felt the urge to check on her husband

Charles; a development that allowed me to touch his forehead and be the disciple that would pray over him in his final moments on earth.

Then, after his passing, continuing my relationship with Opal, we laughed, cried, philosophized, prayed, and solved the world's problems every Thursday.

Unfortunately, this personal contact was cut short by COVID 19, a virus that changed the lives of every creature on earth. As a result, instead of visiting this sweet lady in person, a weekly letter written around topics that would stimulate her active mind arrived to activity director Tim Trafford's email that he downloaded and faithfully read to both Opal and her roommate. Although Opal was 80% blind, she would still lean back on her pillow and nod in agreement with various statements.

However, over a period of time, it was obvious that the celestial shores of heaven were within her view because of Tim Trafford's feedback. She knew the race was all but finished and her light was dimming.

Responding in kind, this writer felt compelled to pen a prayer that was designed to be read over her in the event of her passing. It was precious cargo that was stored so that all staff members knew it was waiting anytime, night or day.

As it turned out, on November 22nd, Nurse Cindy was God's designated angel to assist him on sending a dear old saint to glory land. As the savage virus attacked her fragile failing body, it prompted her energy to ebb and flow until it was no more.

Think about this, friends! Isn't it fabulous that our Creator loves us so much that he reaches down and blesses each one of his children at the right time? All we have to do is listen and act!

Since you probably have become fond of my friend Opal due to having read the 32 letters in this collection, I thought you would want to have closure by viewing the last words Opal's earthly ears heard.

Psalm 116: 16

Precious in the sight of the LORD is the death of his saints.



Most Gracious and Loving Heavenly Father,

As our fingers touch Opal's sweet forehead one last time, we send praises to you with great jubilation for a life well lived. Those that knew Opal always felt overjoyed to be in her company and viewed her earthly journey as a blessing to behold. Throughout her walk down the pathways of life, it was obvious to all that you were holding her hand in a way that offered the courage to face hardships with confidence and the message that everything good was coming from your bountiful hand. During times of happiness and joy, laughter gurgled from her smiling presence that filled the air all around in a way that all nearby claimed it as a gift directly from you.

Father, only her unique personality could have been formed by your mighty hand; one so unusual that she was truly an original. You gave her a spirit of liveliness that caused her to always see the humor in every situation. She never thought of herself as being overly important, a point of view that allowed her thoughts and actions to be humble and forgiving.

Lord, as a sister, wife, mother, grandmother and friend, she always delivered encouragement and actions of love to all. It was obvious that she wanted the very best life had to offer for each sweet and precious person. The intelligence you endowed her with at birth always helped her solve problems and turn obstacles into blessings.

Kind Father, as she now makes her way toward the heavenly shore, we humbly lean on your promise that you will never leave or forsake her. You answered her request that she outlive her husband, a blessing she deeply treasured. Thank you!

Now that she has finished the race set before her, we ask that you receive her into her eternal home on the wings of glory. Since you are the Great Promise Keeper, there is no doubt in our minds that to be absent from the body means she will be present with you.

Lord, we now pray for each family member and friend that, instead of a time of sadness, it will be a celebration of assurance that she will soon be dancing with you, Jesus.

Finally, since Christians never have to say goodbye, we will close this prayer with, "See you later, dear one!" Hallelujah! Amen!

We close the last chapter of Opal's life with her favorite poem:

Crossing the Bar

BY: ALFRED LORD TENNYSON

**Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea,**

**But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless
deep
Turns again home.**

**Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark;**

**For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crost the bar.**



*Love,
Colene*