



The Door to God's Heart

by Gabriel Hoffman

I saw the Lord Jesus come to me. He said, “Come, Father has something special for you.” Excited, I followed my Lord and Savior to the throne room. Father God was there in all His majestic glory. He greeted me with a smile. “Son,” He said, “It is time for you to choose your life and ministry.”

“Really?” I responded with joy and amazement. “Oh, Father! This is the day I have been waiting, preparing, and praying for. Is it really time?”

“Yes, My son. It is time. But you must choose wisely, for this will be your life’s work.”

Then I remembered that He was Lord of my life. “But Father, what is your will for me?” He smiled. “Son, I’ve prepared you to serve me in any number of ministries. The choice is yours. Truly I give you the freedom to choose from the set of options I have prepared for you. Any of them will please Me as long as you are faithful in how you carry them out. Do you understand?”

“Yes Father.” I replied, still too stunned to say anything more. Father took me to a great golden door and led me through. It opened to a corridor curving gently downhill and to the left. In the corridor stood a number of tables, each with an object on it. Beside each table was a door that exited the hallway.

“My dear son,” said Father, “We will go to each table and I will explain the ministerial gift and call you may choose. I will answer any questions you have. At any point, you may choose an option and exit through the appropriate door into your ministry and My happiness.”

“Yes Father, I am ready to begin.” The first table was covered in bright green velvet and held a bottle of oil. Over the doorway was inscribed, “HEALING.” I looked questioningly at the Father. “This is the ministry of healing. The green table represents health and life. The bottle is the healing oil of the Holy Spirit. In this ministry you will have power to touch people in spirit, soul and body and bring My healing to many.”

I thought to myself, “This would be great! Oh, the aching hearts and broken bodies I could touch. The glory that would be brought to Jesus by this!” Yet, something in my heart tugged at me. “Father! This would be wonderful, but....”

“But I feel you have something even more important for me.” He smiled and led me to the next table. As we walked to the next table, I noticed how the carpet looked worn in front of the door of Healing. I asked Father about this. “Many have chosen this door. Those who were faithful brought great glory to the Kingdom and pleasure to Me. Those who abused the gift brought shame to us and themselves.”

The next table was made of electric blue azure. On it laid a wooden staff. Over the doorway was inscribed “MIRACLES” in blazing letters. As we stopped in front of the table, Father spoke. “The blue represents My power. On the table is Elijah’s staff. With it you can have tremendous power with man and nature. You can do supernatural acts for Me.”

The Staff of Elijah! I had long admired his power, and his mighty exploits for God. And yet, that longing inside my heart was not satisfied. “This would be tremendous, my Lord, but somehow, my heart yearns for something deeper, and more lasting.” I thought I caught a glimmer of approval on Father’s face as He said, “Very well, shall we go on?”

I nodded. We went around the curved corridor until I could no longer see the door by which we entered. Next we came to a table of black marble shot through with white. Over the doorway "PROPHECY" was written in bold block letters on a pure white background. On the table was a worn pair of sandals. As we stopped in front of the table, Father spoke again.

"The colors represent the nature of prophecy. The prophet clearly sets forth the light of the Truth in a world darkened by lies. The sandals belonged to John the Baptist. In this ministry, you would be my oracle to those of the world."

"Prophecy?!" I thought to myself. "That would be outstanding. I've always longed to speak the very words of God. There are so many lies going around the world and even in the Church. There is a desperate need for true prophets in these last days."

Still, the tugging in my heart did not cease. In fact, it grew stronger. Father smiled again in approval.

"Son, you are wise to be thoughtful about these gifts. They are very powerful and can be quite dangerous if pursued with a wrong heart, like carrying a large electric current through a corroded wire. Many have used these gifts well and have entered into My joy, but too many others have destroyed themselves and those around them in their abuse of these gifts. You are free to choose these, and I will work with and in you for their proper use."

"Thank you Father, but I desire something deeper and closer to Your heart."

"Closer to My heart, son? Very well, let us press on." As we walked farther down the corridor, I noticed two things. First, the light was growing somewhat dimmer and second, I could hear a faint thump-thump in the distance. It sounded like a drum and although I wondered about it, I held my peace.

The next table was made of brightly polished brass. On it laid a finely made trumpet. Over the doorway was written "EVANGELISM" in letters nearly as bright as the sun.

We stopped in front of the table, and I quietly waited for Father to explain this ministry to me. He began speaking. "The ministry of evangelism is very special in the Kingdom.

The brass table represents My judgment against sin. The trumpet heralds the Good News that My Son, Jesus, bore the Judgment on behalf of mankind. The brilliant lettering is a glimpse of the Heavenly Kingdom .”

I pondered these things silently for a moment. It would be such a thrill to lead others to New Life in Jesus. There are so many suffering people who need the Good News. The Lord Jesus and the Father deserve to have more people gathered around the Throne in worship and adoration. Does not all of Heaven rejoice each time a sinner repents? I knew that this ministry would bring great joy to the Father, but the tugging on my heart grew stronger.

“Oh Father, this would be truly wonderful, but I feel that you still have something more for me. Father, may we go on?”

“Yes, son. The choice is yours. Let’s go to the next table.”

We walked farther down the corridor and came to a table made of pure white alabaster. On it were a piece of slate and chalk. Over the doorway was written “TEACHING.”

“Son, this is also a very special ministry to the Kingdom. There are so many in dire need of proper teaching of My true Word; the Word as it is recorded in the scriptures and that which is being poured forth day after day from the throne. The white table represents the purity of the properly taught Word. The slate and chalk represent the instruments of an instructor of the things of God.”

This is it, I thought. “This is what I came to Bible School for. I know the Lord has placed a call for teaching on my heart. And, as Father said, it is desperately needed in the body of Christ.”

I was just about to tell Father that this was the one I wanted when I felt the tugging even stronger in my heart. I looked down the corridor. It was dark but it seemed like the drumbeat was coming from that direction. It wouldn’t hurt to see what else Father had available.

“Father, this is the one that I thought was for me, but now I’m not so sure. Can we walk a little farther?”

“Of course, my son.”

As we walked on, I noticed that the light was growing dimmer, and the drum beating was more distinct. I asked Father about it.

“Son, the lights are dimmer here as we descend farther away from the more open and public ministries. As for the drum beating, I think it is best if you discover the source of that for yourself.”

We walked farther down the corridor and came to its end. Three tables were set there; one on each side and one at the end. We stopped in front of the table on the right. It was made of pure silver and glimmered, even in the dim light. On it was a small wooden cross. Across the doorway, written in blood red letters, was the word “LOVE.”

“This is a deep ministry, my son. Few come this far. The silver represents a pure reflective surface for My love to shine upon. The cross is a symbol of the sacrifice of Jesus, in demonstrating ultimate love to the world. The blood-colored letters are a memorial to the blood shed there.”

“Love?” I whispered. “That is what this hurting world needs so incredibly. There are so few who really love with God’s true love. It would be a tremendous privilege to carry His love where He bids.” Yet, the longing in my heart was still not satisfied.

We turned around to see the table on the left wall. It was made of black ebony. On it was a simple mat. Written above the doorway was the word “INTERCESSION.” On the door itself was this question; “Who will stand in the gap?”

The Father spoke quietly. “The black represents the darkness and depth of intercession. It is dark in the prayer closet and an intercessor must be willing to go into the depths of sin to rescue the perishing by prayer. The prayer mat is the simple tool of the intercessor. There are so few intercessors, son. Few people will make themselves so available to Me that they will not despise a work which appears to be nothing while in reality, moves the entire universe.”

“Oh Father, to be a true intercessor. To represent man before You and represent You before man. I would so love to be able to stand in the gap and pray your burdens for the world. I know I would receive little earthly recognition. I would be satisfied in knowing that I was part of your touch in this world. But, what is the final ministry?”

We walked a short distance to stand before the final table and door. There was very little light and the drumbeat was quite loud. The table was made of pure gold and shined with an inner light. On the table was a small golden altar with incense burning. Over the doorway was written, in gold letters,

“MINISTRY UNTO GOD”

Father spoke very quietly, barely audible over the drumbeat. “Son, this is a ministry that very, very few choose. The gold represents divinity. The altar is one that stands in the Heavenly tabernacle and burns fragrant incense to Me. This ministry will not earn earthly recognition. The world and most of the Church may think you spend your time for naught. It is the ministry of service to Me, not to achieve anything or affect the world but merely to be My worshipper, companion, and friend.”

Father stood there looking quietly at the door. I could not see His face in the dim light. I asked Him, “Father, what is your desire?”

“Son, you are free to choose any, I rejoice in all faithful service.”

So, I stood there quietly thinking. What did I really want to do with my life? There are so many needs in the world and in the Church. So few were truly faithful. I knew the workers were few. And yet, I could not shake the growing desire in my heart. To serve God? Nothing else; just to minister unto Him. How many others would there be with me? Would my family understand? What about my Church?

As I pondered all of this, I started thinking about how worthy Father was to be worshipped and adored. That very task would be our heavenly activity, according to the Book of Revelations. Couldn’t a few of us start now? Then I thought of all that Jesus had done for me on the cross.

What higher thing could I do with my life, anyway?

“Father, I choose this door, this path. Are you sure, My son? Yes Father, quite sure. Good son, go in.”

As Father turned to face me, I could see tears streaming down His face. I stopped in amazement. Before I could think about it, I reached up and wiped His tears. I then realized what I had done.

“Father, please forgive me. I didn’t mean to be so impertinent.” He reached down and hugged me. “Son, never be sorry for that. You have dried My tears and you will do it many times again in this ministry. There is so much in the world that brings Me to tears of grief. Only a few move me to tears of joy!

With that, Father opened the door for me and motioned me to enter. As I went in, the first thing that struck me was the drumbeat. It was quieter in the room. I realized that it was not a drumbeat at all, but His heart beat. Next, I saw someone coming to embrace me. I knew just by looking at Him that He was Jesus.

Warmly, He said, “It is wonderful to see you here. So you have chosen to minister to the Father with Myself and the other great people in this room. Slowly, I turned my head. Enoch, Abraham, Moses, Joshua, and many others gazed upon me with welcoming expressions.

“With you? All of you?” I asked bewildered. “Of course! What do you think I was doing for all of eternity before there was any creation? I ministered unto the Father. And now, I’m so glad that you are joining us in this marvelous duty and alliance.

Jesus then turned to me, His expression more serious. “It is time that I give you this precious gift.” In His hand was a beautiful ornate golden key. I was puzzled.

Then He said, “This is the key to God’s Heart. It allows you to have access to Him at all times. You see, this is a Master Key. In His house, it will fit all the doors you passed by.

Because you choose Him and ministry to Him, you will be afforded intercession, teaching, evangelism, love and all the other ministries.

For all of the lesser are found in the Greater!