

# **The Crowning Of Saint John**

**by Karl Kohlhase, 2007  
[www.k4communications.com](http://www.k4communications.com)**

## **The Crowning Of Saint John**

Here I am at last, beholding Your face again, my Lord, my God, my Brother. How I have longed for this day! You are now more radiant than the sun, but Your scars remain. And Your embrace is the same as I remembered it, too. I imagined Heaven would be like this, on the night I leaned my head upon Your breast, as You broke the bread and blessed the cup.

How good it is to be home, finally freed from the last of my sins, which stubbornly clung to my old corruptible body. How good it is to see the brethren again, rising from their thrones to greet me with joy. How good it is to finally know the fullness of this uninterrupted union with You, and Your Father (who is also my Father), and the Holy Spirit.

Holy! Holy! Holy! Let me join the unending hymn of praise. I adore You, Holy Father! I adore You, Holy Lamb of God! I adore You, Holy Spirit!

Lord, though You have promised it, lay not a crown upon my head. Let me, with the rest of my brethren, cast my crown at Your feet before I even receive it. You alone are worthy of all glory, honor, and majesty. And give me not a throne, for I prefer to eternally prostrate myself before Your ineffable holiness.

But, at Your bidding, I will rise from my knees. Take me where You will. I am Yours forever, Love Of My Heart, for You have purchased me with Your own blood.

Where are You taking me, Lord? I couldn't imagine a greater glory than at the lower gate, yet as we proceed I behold an ever-increasing splendor. From glory to glory to glory we walk, greeting angels, archangels, and holy souls made perfect by Your blood, their faces shining with unspeakable joy. At each level I stop and say, "I can fathom no greater happiness than these have, Lord. Shall I remain here while You ascend to Your throne?"

But, at Your bidding, I will follow where You lead. Take me where You will. I am Yours forever, Love Of My Heart, for You have purchased me with Your own blood.

As we ascend, my eyes are drawn to something familiar. I have seen these four creatures before, as did Your holy prophet Ezekiel. How could I forget their faces? One is like a lion, the second like an ox, the third like a man, and the fourth like a great eagle. And, behold, they have six wings! When Ezekiel saw the cherubim, they had only four wings, but at the time of my revelation they had six. Neither Ezekiel nor I could count their eyes, for these cherubim are full of eyes round about, as are the whirling wheels that accompany them wherever they go. Why, my Lord, have You fitted them with an extra set of wings? Your smile suggests that the answer lies just ahead, and that there will be plenty of time for questions once we arrive at our final destination.

And why do we still ascend, my Lord? Surely I've not merited a place higher than these exalted cherubim, whose wings touch the bottom of the crystal sea, the resting place for the soles of Your feet.

But, at Your bidding, I ascend with You. Take me where You will. I am Yours forever, Love Of My Heart, for You have purchased me with Your own blood.

Lord, it is too much! Are you sure my heart will not burst? I see an empty throne among the twelve, and it bears my name, but this is not the cause of my unsurpassable exultation. I see my Mother! Your Mother! Our Mother! Behold, she stands upon the glassy sea beside Your throne, clothed with the sun and with a crown of twelve stars upon her head!

Mother, how I have missed your gentle smile! Now is my joy complete.

Lord Jesus, surely that empty throne among the twelve, so near our exalted Mother's, could not be mine.

But, at Your bidding, I will gladly sit upon the throne of Your choosing. Seat me where You will. I am Yours forever, Love Of My Heart, for You have purchased me with Your own blood.

I am spellbound as I watch You approach our radiant Mother, both of You gushing with joy. She presents her star-jeweled crown to You, and I see Your fingers drawing something golden from the light of the first and brightest star among the twelve. Behold, You fashion it into a crown, and I know it is intended for me.

But why should I be so favored as the first star in Mother's crown? You have always seemed to treat me with a sort of preference, Lord. But why?

It was always Peter, James, and myself whom You drew into Your closest confidence. I was among the three favored ones who accompanied You on the mountain of Your transfiguration. I was among the three friends whom you chose to have nearest on the night of Your betrayal. But even among the three, I noticed some surpassing favor which I had found in Your sight. That's why I described myself as the disciple whom You loved, in the Gospel I penned at Your request.

How could I have been wrong in interpreting Your gift to me as a sign of Your preferential love? To Peter You gave the glorious keys of the Kingdom and seated him as the first Pope in Rome. To James, my beloved brother, you gave the resplendent honor of being the first among the twelve to be martyred for the sake of Your saving Gospel. But these gifts, brilliant as they were, could not be compared with mine. Your gift to me was none other than Mary, Your own Blessed Mother.

From Your sorrowful cross, Lord, You said to her, "Woman, behold your son". And to me You said, "Behold, your Mother". And from that hour I took the very Mother Of God

into my humble home. You alone know how blessed my dwelling was on her account. Just as the house of Zacharias was blessed with the Holy Spirit at the greeting of Your highly favored Mother, so I, too, was blessed with a double portion of Your Spirit, giving me insights into the most profound mysteries.

You revealed marvelous things through the pens of Matthew, Mark, and Luke, but I alone had the special honor of shedding light upon the mystery of Your Incarnation, when You, the Eternal Word of God, became flesh in our Blessed Mother's womb. I alone had the privilege of making known the mystery of the wedding at Cana, Your first public miracle, which You performed at Mother's bidding, for You have never refused even one of her requests. And I gave to the people the formula she pronounced for experiencing Your miraculous graces, full of motherly wisdom: "Do whatever He tells you."

And though You showed Saint Paul, when he was caught up to the third Heaven, things which he was not allowed to utter, You permitted me to reveal these mysteries (except for the words of the seventh angel). Through my final book, written on the Isle of Patmos, I had the distinct honor of revealing Your glory and the glory You have deigned to give all the saints, but especially to our glorious Mother, whom I saw clothed with the sun, standing on the moon, and wearing a crown of twelve stars. I manifested her maternal care for all true Christians when I named them "the rest of her offspring". I spoke of her victory over the serpentine dragon who, although being enraged with the Woman, has never been able to touch our Immaculate Mother. And I spoke of the two wings of the great eagle that were given to her and placed in the honorable service of Heaven's Queen.

Lord, is that why You have given the all-seeing cherubim an extra set of wings? What a marvelous way to honor the Queen of Heaven, the Queen of the Angels! And what a wonderful way to honor those glorious beings placed in her service! I see, by the delight in the faces of the four creatures, especially the great eagle, that this is so.

Lord, hear my prayer on behalf of the rest of Mother's children (for they are Your children), still waging war with the dragon upon the earth. May they go out and be nourished with her in the wilderness, safe, as if in an ark, from the vile flood that pours forth from the serpent's venomous mouth. May the wings of the cherubim cover them as they take refuge inside the Ark of the New Covenant, under the roof of Your Divine Mercy. May neither the wine of their offerings nor the oil of their lamps ever run out, as long as they implore her irresistible intercession. And may they discover the blessings You bestow upon all who take into their homes Your highly favored Mother, who is called Blessed by all generations.

And now, how will You bless the one who first took Your Blessed Mother into his humble household? I have already received too much, for having her under my roof was a magnificent reward in itself! I am not worthy to also receive this crown of glory from Your hand.

But, at Your bidding, I will glorify You with the glory You place upon my head. The brighter my crown, the more our glorious Mother's will sparkle; for I am but a star in her

crown, and she is but a star in Yours. Give us what You will. We are Yours forever, Love Of Our Hearts, for You have purchased us with Your own blood.

Come, let us cast our crowns before Him who sits on the throne, and let us blend our voices in thunderous praise and exultation: “Holy, Holy, Holy, is the Lord God, the Almighty, who was and who is and who is to come! To Him who sits on the throne, and unto the Lamb, be blessing and honor and glory and dominion forever and ever! Amen.”