

Doors of Ministerial Opportunity

We don't know if the author of the following article received this material in a vision or if it was a creative expression flowing from his heart. The author refers to ministry unto God, communion with Him, and entering into His Presence as the highest door of opportunity. Read it, and you will surely be blessed!

“The Door” by Gabriel Hoffman

The Lord Jesus came to me and said, “Come; the Father has prepared something special for you.” Delighted, I followed my Salvador to the Throne Room. Father God was there in all His majestic glory. He greeted me and smiled.

“Son,” He said, “the time has come for you to choose the work and ministry that you would desire for your life. “Are you sure?” I responded, with surprise and joy. “O Father! This is the day for which I was praying. Is it really time?”

“Yes, My son, it is time. But you should choose wisely, because it will be the work of your life,” He answered. Then I remembered that I had made Him Lord of my life, and said, “But Father, which is your will for me?”

My Heavenly Father smiled and said, “Son, I have prepared you to serve Me in many ministries. The choice is yours. I am truly giving you the freedom of choosing among all the options that I have prepared for you. Your choice would please Me regardless of which one it is, as long as you are faithful in it. Do you understand?” “Yes, Father,” I responded, too surprised to be able to say anything else.

My Heavenly Father took me, and made me cross through a great **golden door**. It opened up to a corridor that was sloped down and turned slightly to the left, like a gallery. In this corridor was a certain number of tables, each one with an object above. Also, beside each object, was another door that exited the corridor.

“My dear son,” said my Father, “we will go to each table, and I will explain to you the ministerial calls and the gifts that are available in each one. I will answer each question that you have. At any moment you can choose an option and exit through the corresponding door that leads towards the ministry that you have chosen.” “Yes Father, I am ready to begin,” I answered.

The first table was covered in *green velvet*, and on it was a bottle of oil. This inscription was on the door: **“HEALING.”** I looked up inquisitively at my Father.

“This is the ministry of healing,” He said. “*The green table represents health and life.* The bottle you see, contains the healing oil of the Holy Spirit. In this ministry, you will have the power of touching many people, bringing healing to their spirit, soul and body.”

“Oh!” I exclaimed to myself, “This would be tremendous! The hurting hearts and broken bodies that I would be able to help! How much glory this ministry would bring to my Jesus!” As wonderful as these thoughts seemed, there was still hesitancy in my heart as I contemplated making this my choice.

“Father, this would be very wonderful, but I feel that You have something else better for me.” The Father smiled and guided me to the next table. When walking toward it, I noticed that the carpet in front of the door of healing was worn. I asked my Father the reason for this. He responded by saying, “Many have chosen to walk through that door. Those that have been faithful have brought great glory to the Kingdom and pleasure to Me. But those that have abused the gift, brought shame to us, and to themselves.”

The next table was a *cobalt blue color*. On this table lay a wooden rod. On the corresponding door was written in fire letters: “**MIRACLES.**” When stopping in front of the table, my Father spoke, “*The blue represents My power.* The rod of Elisha is on the table. With it you will have tremendous power with people and with nature. You will be able to make spectacular feats happen for Me.”

I expressed my astonishment by asking, “The stick of Elisha?” Secretly I had always admired the power that Elisha had and the big victories for God he brought forth. Still, with all this, a strange yearning for more developed in my heart, and I burst out, “This would be tremendous, my Lord, but somehow my heart wants something deeper; more durable.”

I thought for a second that I had noticed a gleam or twinkle of approval in the Father's eye, while He answered, “Very well then, do we continue?” I agreed with a nod of my head.

We continued along the corridor until we could no longer see the door through which we had entered. When we arrived at the next table I noticed it was of *black marble with white veins*. On the door, was written the word, “**PROPHECY.**” It had black letters on a background of pure white. Above the table there were a couple of sandals. When we stopped in front of the table, my Father spoke once again. He said, “The colors represent the nature of the white and black of prophecy. The prophet establishes very clearly the light of truth in a world blackened by lies and deceptions. The sandals belonged to John the Baptist. In this ministry, you will be My oracle to My people, and to the world.”

Prophecy? (I mused within my heart.) This would be wonderful! I have always wanted to speak the words of God. There are so many lies traveling the world, even in the Church. In this time, there is a desperate need to have true prophets. Perhaps this is what I should choose. As I pondered about this decision, the insistence in my heart for something deeper seemed to grow even more. “Father,” I said, “these first three doors seem to be for the ministries of power. These ministries can be very effective, but also dangerous. I don’t want to sound ungrateful, but I am not sure I am capable of handling correctly this much power.”

The heavenly Father smiled in approval once again and said, “Son, you are wise in thinking about these ministries with responsibility. Truly they are very powerful and as you have noted, very dangerous if they are used with wrong motives in the heart. Many have used these ministries well and they have entered into My Joy. Of course, many others have destroyed themselves and those who surrounded them when they abused these ministries. You are free to choose them, if you want, and I will work with you, and in you, so that you use them appropriately.”

“Thank you, Father, but do I want something deeper and nearer to Your heart.”
 “Near to My heart, son?” The Father responded. “Very well, then let’s continue ahead.”

As we made our way down the corridor, I noticed two things. First, the light diminished gradually in intensity, and secondly, I could hear a faint sound of what seemed to be a distant drum beating. I wondered what it could be, but for the moment I remained silent.

The following table was of *refined brass* to the point of being very shiny. On this table there was a very beautiful trumpet. On the door was the word: “**EVANGELISM.**” The letters were as brilliant as the sun. We stopped in front of this table in silence. I waited for the Father to explain to me this ministry of evangelism. He began by saying, “This is very special for the Kingdom. *The brass table represents the judgment against sin.* The trumpet announces the good news that My Son Jesus took on Himself the punishment of the world. The brilliant letters are a fleeting look into the heavenly Kingdom.”

For some time I meditated on these things. It would be so touching to lead others to a new life in Jesus. There are so many people suffering in this world that need the good news. The Lord Jesus and the Father deserve more people gathered in worship and praise around their throne. Does not all Heaven rejoice when a sinner repents? I knew that this ministry would bring great joy to the Father. But the uneasiness of my heart continued getting stronger.

“Oh, Father, although this would be truly wonderful, I feel that there is still something more that you are offering that is for me. Can we continue?” “Yes, son. The choice is yours. We will go to the following table.”

We advanced further into the corridor and we arrived at a table of *pure white alabaster*. On this table was a chalkboard and some chalk to write with. On the door were the words: “**TEACHING.**” The Father began by saying, “Son, this is a very special ministry in the Kingdom. There are so many that die from the lack of good teaching of My true Word. The chalkboard and chalk represent the instruments of an instructor in the things of God.”

I thought, this is it! For this reason I must have gone to Bible School. I know that the Lord put a calling in my heart to teach. And as the Father said, it is needed desperately in the body of Christ.

I was just about to tell the Father that I had made up my mind, when a very intense feeling of foreboding gripped my heart. I held off making any comment, and my attention focused instead on the corridor ahead of us. I noticed that it was much darker, and the sound of that drum seemed to come from that direction.

“Father,” I said, “this is the gift that I thought was for me, but I am not so sure now. Can we walk on a little further?” He said, “Of course, My son.”

When walking, I noticed that the ambient light turned even more pale, and that the sound of the drum became stronger. I asked Father about this and He responded by saying, “Son, the

lights are darkened when descending away from the ministries that are more public and visible. As far as the drum beat goes, I believe that it would be better than you discover it for yourself.”

When descending further down the sloped corridor, we arrived at the end of the corridor. There were three tables. One on each side, and another at the end. The table on the right side was made of *pure silver*, and shined in the darkness. On this table, was a small wooden cross. The letters on the door spelled the word: “LOVE” and crimson was the color.

“This is a very deep ministry, My son. Very few arrive here. *The silver represents a reflective surface that is clear, on which redemptive love shines.* The cross is a symbol of Jesus' sacrifice, demonstrating His willingness to go to the extreme to show His love for the world. The letters in blood color are in memory of the blood that He shed.”

“Love,” I whispered. “That is what this wounded world needs desperately. There are so few people that really love with the true love of God. It would be a great privilege to take His love to wherever He would send me. But, even with these thoughts, my heart still was not satisfied.

We turned toward the left wall to see the following table. *It was black, of ebony.* On this table there was a small piece of carpet. On the door was written: “INTERCESSION” followed by this question: “Who will stand in the gap?”

Softly, the Father began to speak, “*The black table represents the darkness and depth of the intercession.* It is dark in the prayer room, and the intercessor has to be willing to descend to the depths of the sin to rescue a lost soul through prayer. *The small carpet is the intercessor's simple tool.* Son, there are very few intercessors. Not many want to become available for Me, and reject a work that seems so insignificant and unnoticeable. Even so, it moves the whole universe.

I exclaimed, “Oh, Father! To be a true intercessor! To represent You before man, and to represent man before You! I would like so much being able to stand in the gap and to pray Your burdens for the world. I know that I will receive very little recognition from the world, but it will suffice me to know that I will have been part of Your touch in this world. But, which is the final ministry?”

We walked a few steps toward the last table and door. There was very little light by now, and the sound of the drum was appreciable. *The table was made of pure gold* and it seemed to shine with an interior light. On the table there was a *small altar of gold* upon which burned incense. On the door was written, in *golden letters*: “**MINISTRY TO GOD.**” The Father spoke very gently (hardly above the noise of the drum), “Son, this is a ministry that few, but very few people choose. *The gold represents our divinity. The altar is the one that is in the tabernacle in heaven and is burning fragrant incense to Me. This ministry won't obtain any earthly recognition. The world, and most of the Church, will think that you are wasting your time. It is the ministry of service to Me.* It doesn't try to achieve something or to affect the world. The sole purpose of those who choose this ministry, is to be My worshiper, My admirer, My partner, My friend!

My Heavenly Father remained there looking in silence at the door. I was not able to see His face in the scarce light. So I asked Him, "Father, which is Your desire for me?" "Son," He said, "you are the one, who with liberty can choose one of these ministries. I will simply enjoy your faithful service."

Immobile, I began to think. What do I want to do with my life? There are so many needs in the world and in the Church. There are so few that are faithful; the workers so scarce.

As I was thinking, the desire kept getting stronger and stronger in my heart. Only to serve God? Nothing else; only minister to Him? How many others will be there with me? Would they understand? How about my Church?

How worthy my heavenly Father is of being praised and adored? According to the book of the Revelation, this is what saints throughout the ages will be doing! Shouldn't a few of us begin now? Then I thought of all that Jesus had done for me on the cross. Could there be anything more sublime I could do with my life?

"Father," I said, "I want to take this door." "Are you sure, My son?" He answered. "Yes, Father!" I responded. "All right son, let's go with it!"

As He turned to face me, I could see My Father's face furrowed by tears. I was confused and bewildered for a minute. Before I could think of it, I impulsively extended my hands and I wiped His tears. Then I realized what I had done. "Forgive me, Father." I burst out, "I didn't mean to be impertinent."

The sound of the drum beat became faster and stronger! My Father immediately leaned over and hugged me. "Son," He said, "don't ever regret what you did. You have dried My tears, and you will be doing this many times in this ministry. There are so many things that take place in the world that pulls up tears of pain in My eyes. Very few move Me to joy."

He then opened the door and caused me to enter. When entering, the first thing that called my attention was the noise of the drum. It was much more silent there inside. I realized that it was not in fact the noise of a drum. *It was the sound of a heart.* The Father's heart!

I then saw Jesus coming over to me. He too gave me a big hug!